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The Peterson magazine

Ann Sophia Stephens

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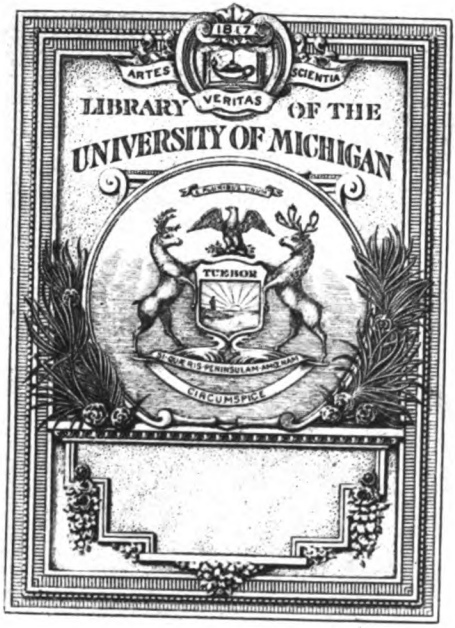

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE

1883

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February Number, Forty Engravings.
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MUSIC.

When the Mists Have Cleared Away.
Some Day.
Tell Me a Story.
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ELEANOR. [*See the Story, "An Innocent Bystander."*]

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CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR JANUARY. MUFF. CAPE.

UNIV. OF MICH.

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THE "AUSTRIAN COSTUME:" BACK AND FRONT.

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NEWEST STYLES FOR HOUSE-DRESSES.

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THE CHASSEUR JACKET: BACK AND FRONT. COLLAR.

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NEW WINTER COSTUME: BACK AND FRONT. CAPE.

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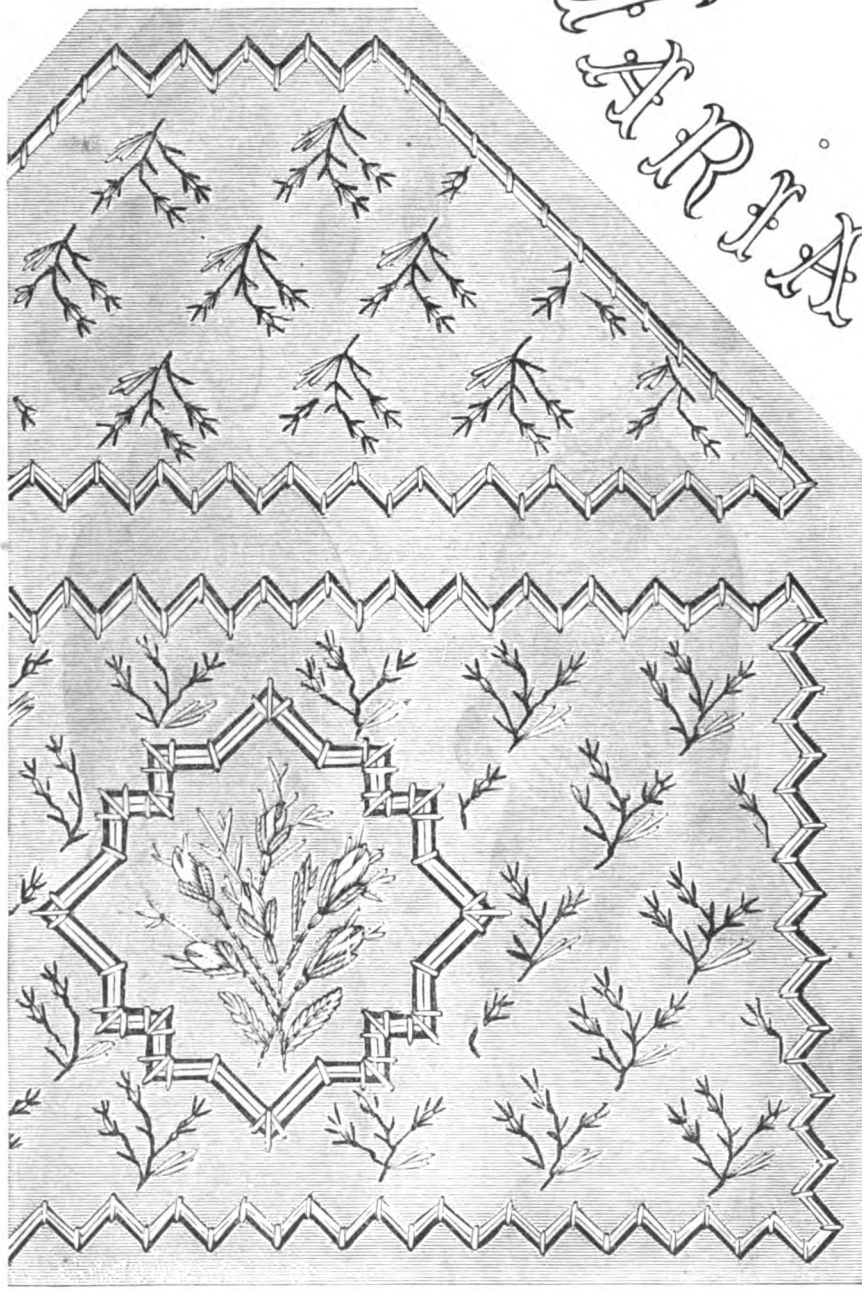
Clear Maria



POCKET, EMBROIDERED ON CANVAS. NAMES FOR MARKING.

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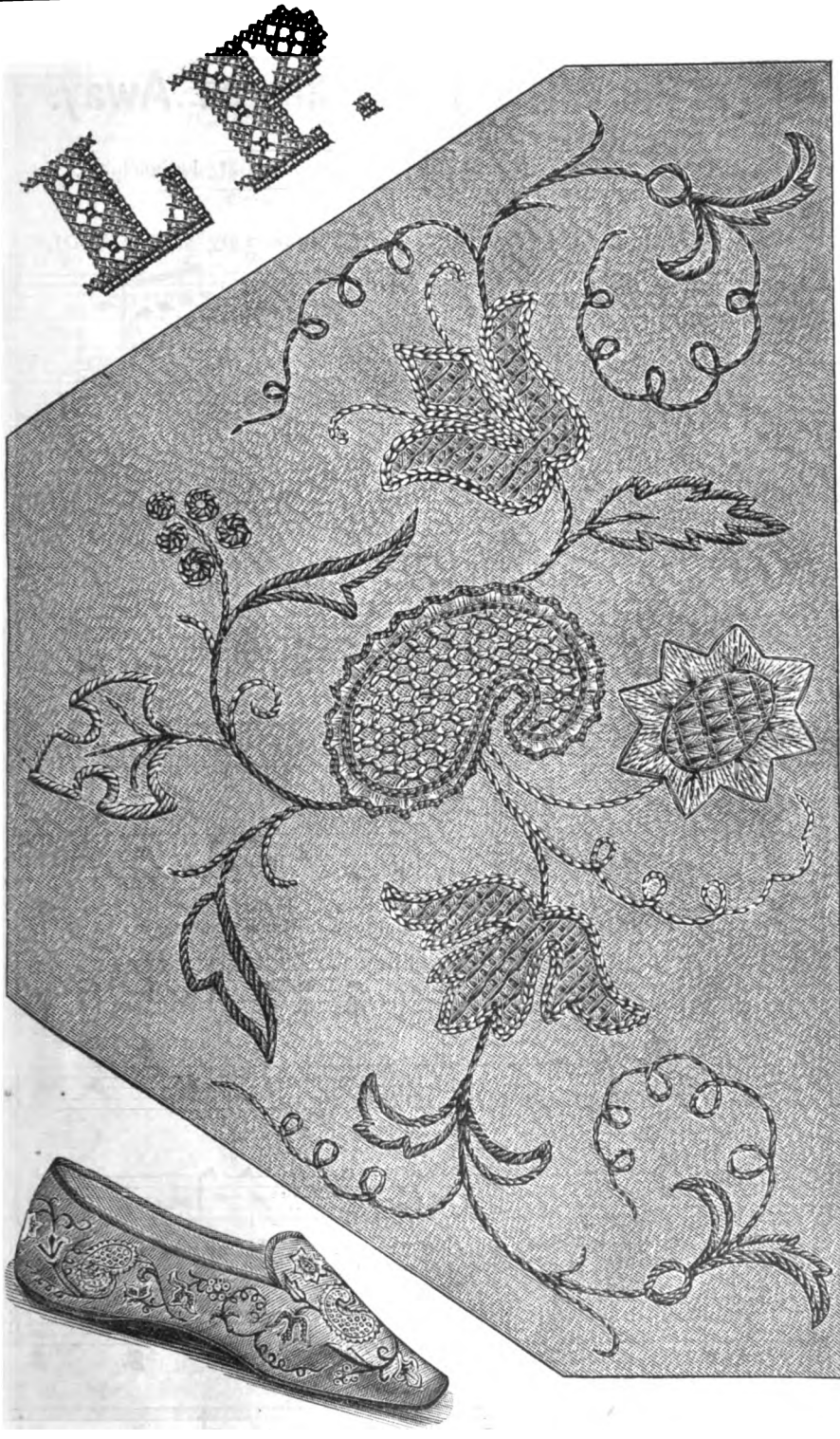

SLIPPER IN EMBROIDERY. INITIALS FOR MARKING.

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When the Mists Have Cleared Away.

As published by SEP. WINNER & SON, 1007 Spring Garden St., Philadelphia.

Moderato.

Composed by WM. J. WOLF.

1. When the mists have rolled in splen - dor, From the beau - ty of the hills, And the sunshine warm and ten - der, Falls in kiss - es on the rills, We may read love's shin - ing let - ter, In the rain - bow of the

2. If we err in hu - man blind - ness, And for - get that we are dust; If we miss the law of kind-ness, When we struggle to be just, Snowy wings of peace shall cov - er, All the an - guish of to-

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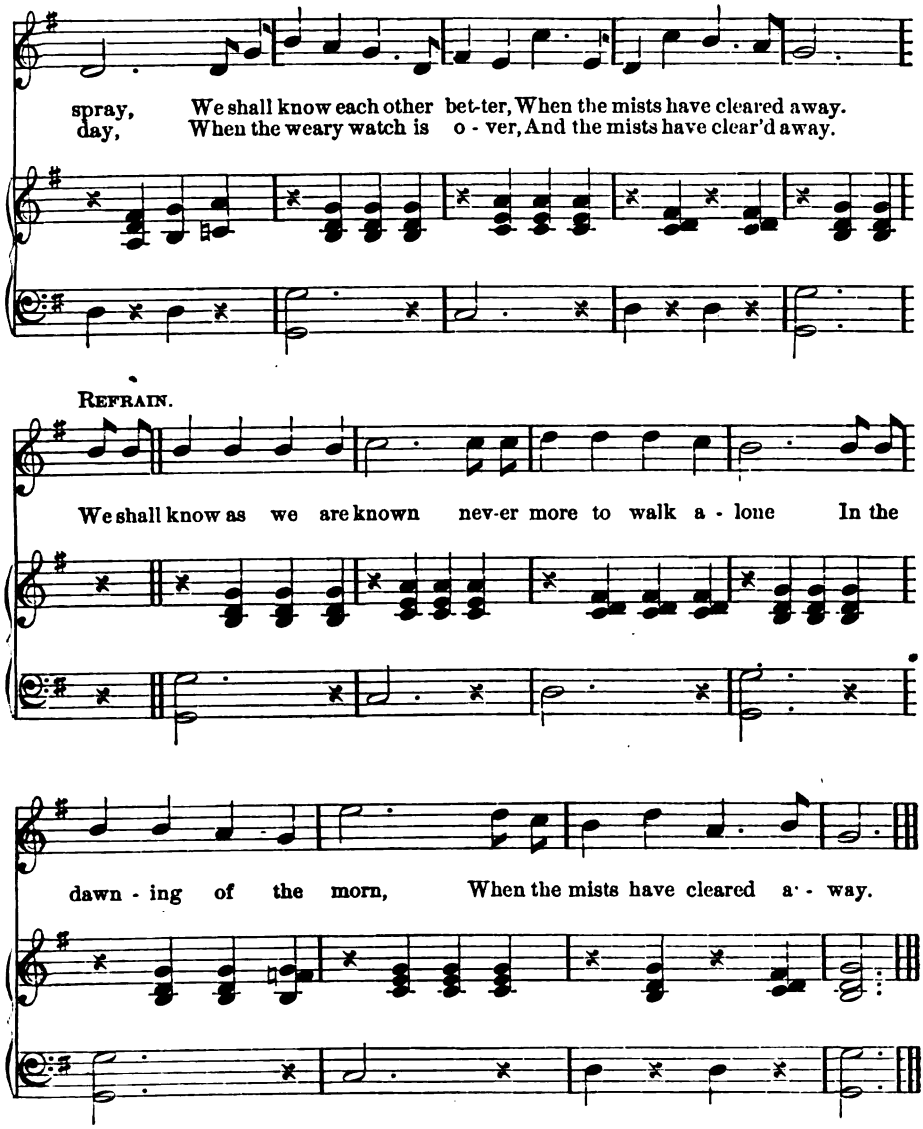

3.

When the silver mists have veiled us,
From the faces of our own,
Oft we deem their love has failed us,
And we tread our path alone;
We should see them near and truly,
We should trust them day by day,
Neither love nor blame unduly,
If the mists have cleared away.
We shall know, etc.

4.

When the mists have ris'n above us,
As our Father knows his own,
Face to face with those that love us,
We shall know as we are known;
Love, beyond the orient mansions,
Floats the golden fringe of day;
Heart to heart we'll bide the shadows,
Till the mists have cleared away.
We shall know, etc.

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LATEST STYLE OF HATS AND BONNETS.

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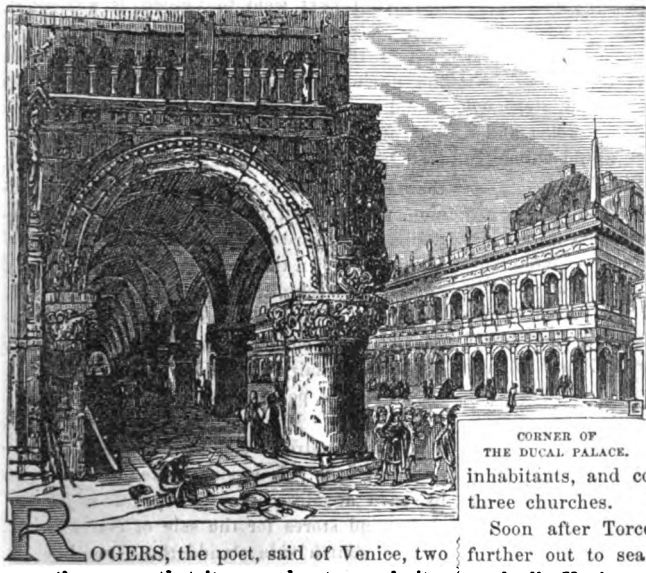
PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXXXIII. PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY, 1883. No. 1.

VENICE.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.



CORNER OF THE DUCAL PALACE.

ROGERS, the poet, said of Venice, two generations ago, that it seemed not a real city, but a city in a dream. Ruskin, thirty years later, used almost the same expression. And the description is as true to-day as it ever was. More than this: although volumes have been written on Venice, somehow the subject is always fresh.

The origin of Venice dates back to the seventh century of our era, when the inhabitants of Aquilia, then a thriving town on the mainland, sought refuge, from the hordes of Attila, among the low islands that lay off their coast. These islands were hardly more than sand-bars, thrown up by the rivers that emptied into the Adriatic. But they were not incapable of being made habitable, and they were at least safe from the ruthless barbarians, who had no boats in which to pursue the fugitives.

The first spot occupied was Torcello, about seven miles north of where Venice now stands. The fugitives could plainly see from Torcello the burning towns and villages on the mainland, which the savage invaders had sacked and fired. At Torcello they built a church; and afterwards, quite a city grew up there. The church yet remains, but the city is no more. A solitary house or two; a basilica, with its campanile; the Byzantine Church of St. Fosco; and a few scattered ruins, are all that is left of a stately sea-port that once numbered many thousands of inhabitants, and contained no less than forty-three churches.

Soon after Torcello was settled, the islands further out to sea began to be occupied; and gradually Venice grew up on them, being even more favorably situated for commerce. In time the "mistress of the Adriatic," as she loved to be called, came to monopolize the entire trade of the East. Nor was it until the discovery of the route to India by the way of the Cape of Good Hope that she lost this maritime supremacy. For a thousand years, at least, Venice was the great trader of the world. Her unrivaled palaces were built not from the plunder of subjugated populations, as palaces were built in the North of Europe, but from the legitimate gains of trade. Before a foundation for these palaces could be secured, however, enormous piles had to be driven in; so that the city is, literally, built up out of the water. Where other towns have streets, Venice has only narrow arms of the sea, which, by a sort of misnomer, have come to be called canals. The door-steps of the stateliest mansions open not on a sidewalk, but on

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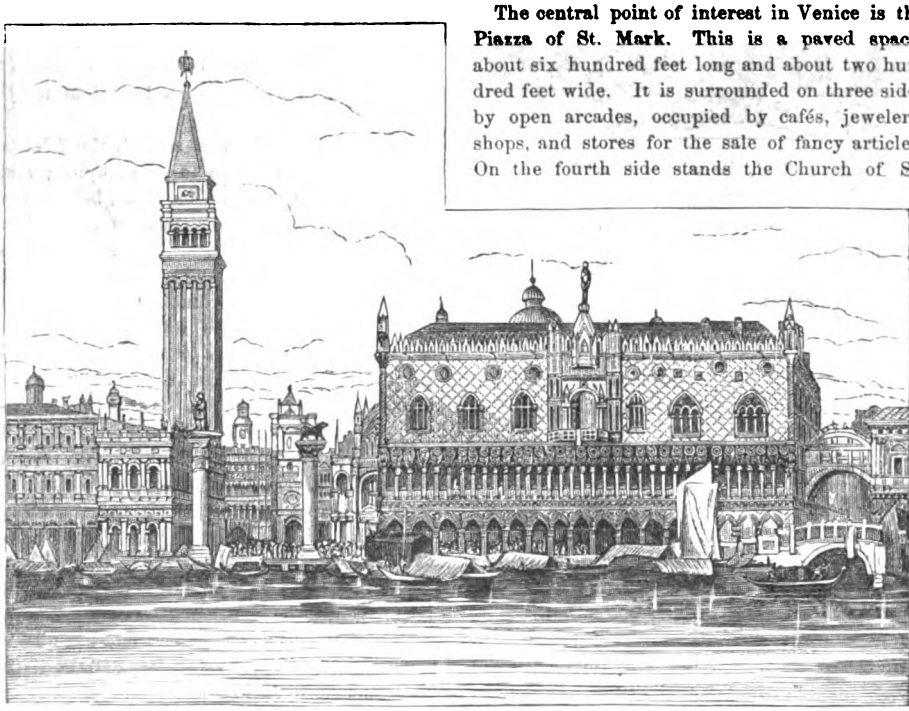
BRIDGE OF THE RIALTO.

the water. A fine lady, on going out, steps not into her carriage, but into her gondola; and a rise of a dozen feet in the tide would submerge the lower floor of every house in the city.

My first visit to Venice was in 1866. It was on the eve of the war that soon after gave independence to her. Hostilities were so imminent, indeed, that when I left it was on the last train that was run before the road was seized by the Austrians for military purposes. I shall never forget the sullen looks of the Italians, as they glared at the Hungarian sentinels who stood under the porches of the Ducal Palace, by the mouths of their cannon, the great guns loaded and pointing to the square. The day I left, the Count de Chambord, the Bourbon claimant of the French throne, who had been living at Venice, left also. I remember him at that time as a slightly portly, middle-sized and middle-aged gentleman, who walked with a limp, and who was affable even to good-fellowship, getting out at every halting-place to chat with the guards and other officials. He reminded me in this respect of what I had read of his great ancestor, Henry IV.

When I next went to Venice, it was several years later. Meantime, the city had become part of the new Italian Kingdom. One evening, during this visit, there was a *festa* on the Grand Canal, to celebrate this event. The water was alive with gondolas, decked out with colored lanterns. An enormous barge, larger even than the famous old Bucentaur, led the procession, with a band of music. Guitars and mandolins were heard from gondolas all around; and so, up and down the broad canal, with lights and melody and song, the gay fleet moved on. The moon was at the full, and the silver orb shone down from a cloudless sky. It was quite like a bit out of fairy-land.

The central point of interest in Venice is the Piazza of St. Mark. This is a paved space, about six hundred feet long and about two hundred feet wide. It is surrounded on three sides by open arcades, occupied by cafés, jewelers' shops, and stores for the sale of fancy articles. On the fourth side stands the Church of St.



THE DUCAL PALACE, FROM THE WATER: AND BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

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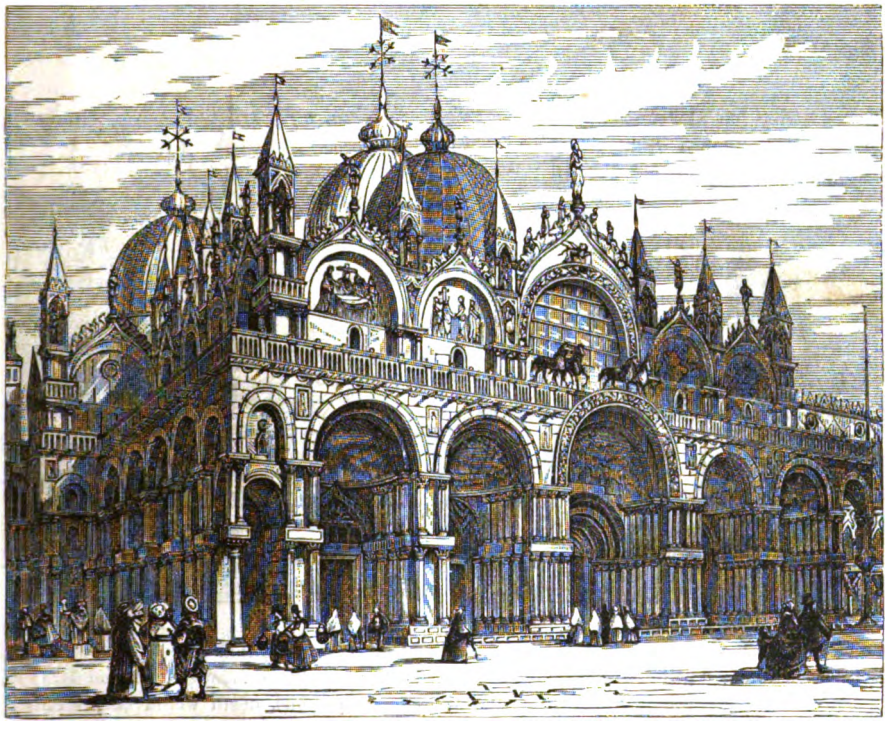
Mark. The southern side does not, however, quite go up to the cathedral, but makes way, near it, for a wide avenue that leads down, at right angles, to the Grand Canal. At this end stands the famous Campanile, and near it the great bronze sockets in which, in the palmy days of Venice, were placed the mighty staves from which floated the banners of the Republic. Here, also, are two ancient columns of granite, on one of which is the statue of St. Theodore, and on the other the winged lion of St. Mark. Every fine evening a band plays in the Piazza, which is thronged with the citizens, some eating ices on the sidewalks, others promenading, but all as gay as only people of Latin blood can be.

I shall never forget my first morning at Venice, or my first visit to the Ducal Palace and St. Mark's. I had arrived late the night before, and gone to the Hotel Danieli, because it was within a few minutes' walk of St. Mark's. I had slept in a vast apartment, which, hundreds of years before, had been the bed-chamber of a Doge. His portrait, and that of his wife, had looked down on me from the walls. The glamor of the past, the magic of its poetry, was already on me, as it were, when I awoke. A



CATHEDRAL OF ST. MARK.

light haze hung over everything, as I looked forth from my window. But through the half obscurity I saw a sea like that of "faery or old romaunce;" mirage-like islands; ships that seemed as if they had just anchored from the Orient, and had still about them the flavor of spice groves; and white churches, with strange Byzantine domes, that loomed dimly through the fog, as if parts of some strange dream.

Nor did this dream-like aspect of things change even when I had breakfasted and taken a gondola, to make my first venture on the Grand Canal. The sun had dissolved the mists, it is true; but the strange unreality of everything remained. When the oar of the gondolier dipped in the water, it seemed to make no sound. Other gondolas passed, but they glided by noiselessly, like black phantoms of boats. No stir of life was seen in the palaces on either hand. Silent and desolate they rose, like ghosts of a world dead and gone forever. Yet they were so beautiful, with their half Gothic, half Saracenic façades, that any one of them might have been the castle of the Sleeping Beauty herself.

These Venetian palaces are of all ages, some dating back to the eleventh century, and others having been built as late as the seventeenth. The earliest of them are altogether the most

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picturesque. They can easily be recognized by their round-headed windows, evidently rude survivals of the style of the Roman Empire. Next in antiquity are the half Byzantine, half Arabic ones. After these come the more purely Gothic, the casements more or less *ogee* in shape, like those in the Casa Doro or the Palazzo Cavalli. Finally come the Renaissance, such as the Pesaro and Vandramini. Some have mosaics ornamenting their fronts. Among the most celebrated, in addition to those we have already mentioned, are the Cornari, the Guistiani, the Foscari, and the Gimini.

About half way down the Grand Canal is the bridge of the Rialto, familiar to everyone by a thousand engravings. This was the spot first settled in Venice, and around which the city gradually grew up. Shakespeare has made it

VIEW ON THE GRAND CANAL.

immortal. One never sees it without thinking of Shylock, and the "pound of flesh."

When I had gone the length of the Grand Canal, I returned, and landing at the foot of the Piazza of St. Mark, stopped at the Ducal Palace. This famous edifice has its southern front facing the Grand Canal, where it reaches as far as the Rio della Paglia, a narrow canal that opens out at right angles. It is across this little water-way, a short distance up, that the famous Bridge of Sighs, connecting the Ducal Palace with the State prisons on the other side, is thrown. The bridge is a covered one. In the old days, when Venice called herself a republic, though she was really only a narrow oligarchy, State prisoners were conducted across this gallery to hear their sentence, prior to being led to execution. Hence its name. Everyone will remember Byron's famous lines about it. Several of the prison cells that I visited were below the surface of the water, and so dark and damp that, to many persons, death would be preferable to incarceration there.

The plan of the Ducal Palace is an irregular square, enclosing a court-yard. The southern façade looks out on the Grand Canal. Another looks westward, towards the avenue which, as we have already said, connects the Piazza of St. Mark with the water. Both sides are supported on double ranges of arches. The columns of the lower tier are partly buried in the pavement, for in the five centuries since their erection the land has sunk about fifteen inches.

There are numerous superb rooms in this palace, many of them former State apartments, decorated with frescoes by the great artists of Venice. In the court-yard are two finely-sculptured bronze well-coverings, surmounting cis-

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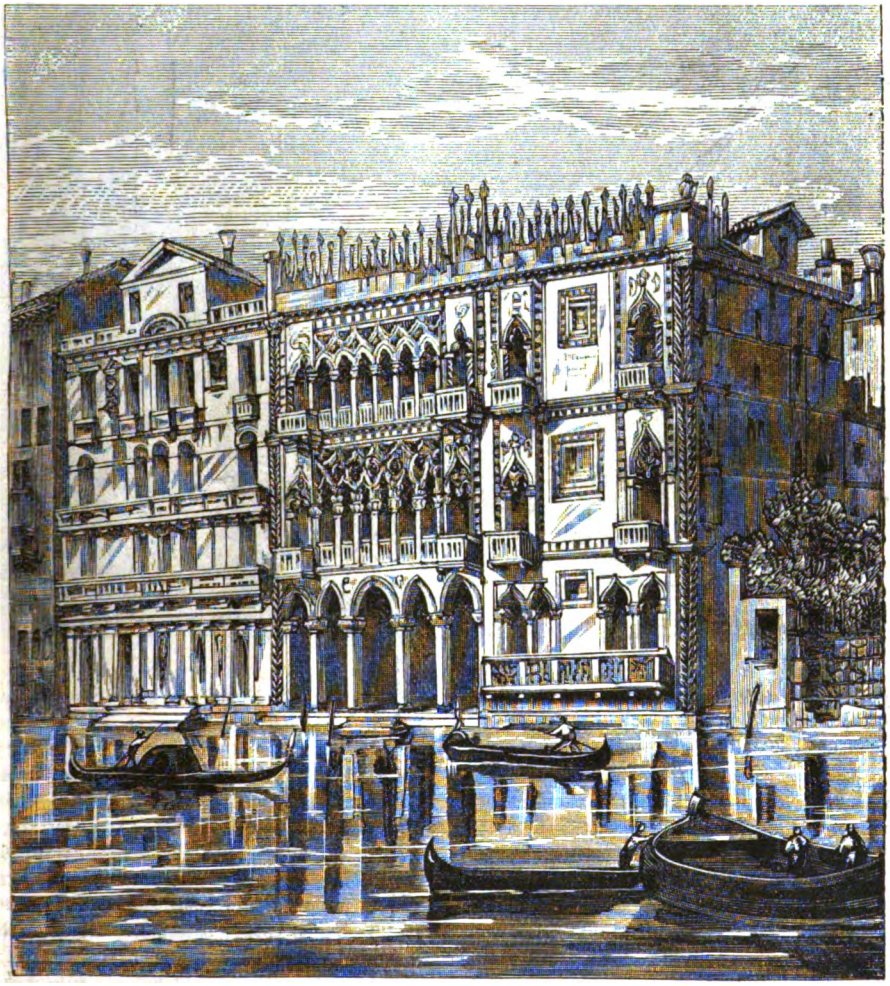
terns, both designed in the sixteenth century. At the northeast angle of the court-yard is the Giant's Staircase, celebrated as that where the Doge, Mario Falieri, was decapitated. This Doge had been detected in a conspiracy to suppress the Republic and make himself dictator, if not king. He was beheaded on the platform at the top of the stairs, and tradition says that the severed head afterwards rolled down to the foot of the steps. In the great Council Hall, one of the most magnificent rooms in the Ducal Palace, are the portraits of the Doges, seventy-two in number. But that of Mario Falieri is empty, and on a scroll is written in Latin: "This is the place of Mario Falieri, beheaded for his crimes."

Leaving the Ducal Palace, I passed on to St. Mark's, which abuts upon it. I had read all



THE CASA DORO PALACE.

that Ruskin had written about this wonderful church, but was hardly prepared, notwithstanding, for the splendors I saw. St. Mark's, indeed, is like nothing else in the known world. There it stood, with its mosque-like domes; with the famous group of bronze horses that had once ornamented the hippodrome of Constantinople; with the five great portals; and with that immortal mosaic, hundreds of years old, from which Christ looks down and blesses "the poor in heart" forever. A step took me into the vestibule, through one of the five great doors of bronze. Overhead, in a blaze of gold, also in mosaic, were prophets, saints, and martyrs: St. Mark, the other Evangelists, and angels innumerable. Before me was a door that had been

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brought from St. Sophia in 1205. I crossed the threshold, and entered the church proper. Porphyry, jasper, serpentine, verd-antique, alabaster, were on every side; spoils from heathen temples in Asia, from Antioch and Acre; gifts from Byzantium, and even from Jerusalem itself. What splendors of mosaic! What magnificence of color! What an array of sculptured monuments! Yet, as I walked on in the direction of the high altar, I could not help seeing that this magnificent church, like the Ducal Palace next door, was slowly settling into the sea; for the floor under foot was as uneven as a lake that is ruffled by a wind, and cracks were visible everywhere in the domes, and even in their supports. The time cannot be far remote, unless means are taken to prevent it, when St. Mark's, with its memories of more than a thousand

MOONLIGHT ON THE LAGOONS.

years, will sink into the deep, and the waters wash over it as they do over its rival of the ancient world—desolate, forgotten Tyre.

There is one curious custom in Venice, that is said to be centuries old. It is the feeding the pigeons, in St. Mark's Piazza, at noonday. By long custom the birds have come to know their privilege and their immunity. Before the great clock near St. Mark's begins to strike twelve, not a pigeon is to be seen. But no sooner does the first blow resound from the giant's hammer, than the birds begin to flutter down, at first in pairs, then in dozens, then by hundreds. By the time the last stroke of twelve has died away, while yet it is echoing and re-echoing, the pavement is alive with them. It is the habit of travelers to resort to the Piazza at this hour, to throw crumbs of bread to the pigeons; and the memory of this noonday experience is one of the pleasantest that the "forestieri" carry away with them.

The palaces of Venice are not all on the Grand Canal. A perfect network of smaller waterways threads the city, and on almost every one of these, however narrow, you see palaces. Sometimes, as you lie back on the cushions of your gondola, lost in reverie, you are startled by the sharp warning cry of your gondolier, and find yourself being whirled around a sudden turn into a side canal, and under the most picturesque of corner balconies. At other times you land where some tiny open space gives you a few feet to walk on, and passing into a courtyard, come upon a *casa* that was old before Marco Polo traveled into "far Cathay." Everywhere you see churches—some of them exquisitely beautiful. The Church of the Frari, that of Santa Giovanni and Paoli, that of San Giorgio Maggiore, that of Santa Maria della Salute, and a dozen others, are the most interesting. In the Academy of Fine Arts is a very fine collection of pictures, by Titian, Tin-

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toretto, Paul Veronese, and different native artists; and nowhere, bye-the-bye, do you see Tinterettos or Veroneses in such perfection as you do at Venice.

The excursions in the vicinity of Venice are all picturesque, and are, of course, all by water. One of the first you make is to the Armenian Convent, which lies a few miles to the south of Venice. It was here that Byron studied with the monks. A few miles still further to the south is the Lido, a narrow strip of land that separates Venice and its surrounding islands from the open gulf. Here the Venetians resort for sea-bathing, in the sultry months of summer. To the north of Venice lies Torcello, of which we have already spoken: and half way between the two, Murano, famous for its glass-works. It was here that the glass was made that was so much sought after two or three centuries ago, and pieces of which now, when perfect, bring such fabulous prices from connoisseurs. Within the last generation, the art has been revived, and is now carried on quite successfully again.

The lagoons are so shallow, that when the tide is out a large portion of them becomes bare. But when the tide is in, you see a wide waste of water, with only a few islands here and there, on which are low white buildings, occasional campaniles, and long rows of black cypresses. By a curious optical illusion, these islands do not appear to lie on the surface of the water, but to float in the air, just above it. The water itself is like no other water. It is clear and translucent, but of ever shifting hues; now aqua-marine, now malachite, now opalescent. Sometimes, by moonlight, the effect out on the lagoons is inexpressibly weird. You seem, as your gondola steals along, to be in a land of eld.

I recall many excursions; but particularly one: on the day we went to Torcello. The afternoon was far spent, before we could tear ourselves away from the curious old church and campanile. By the time we were abreast of Murano, on our way back, the sun was setting, bringing out the long line of hills on the mainland, to the northwest, in silhouettes of intense black. Before us, far away, vague and indistinct, lay the city. It was so vague, indeed, that at first we might have thought it a fog-bank, but for a sparkle of red light that broke from it, here and there, where the sunset lit up the upper window of some lofty palace. As we drew nearer, however, the gloom lifted. The undistinguishable mass began to assume shape. First appeared the long line of white buildings fringing the water. Then came the red-tiled roofs of the houses. Next, the domes of the churches. Lastly, rising over all, the tall campaniles, like black fountains shooting up into the sky. As the twilight deepened, lights began to glimmer all along the city front. They shot down and out, reflected in the still water. The buildings behind seemed to rise: to float in the air; we floated with them; and the enchanted islands all around us rose and floated, too.

Even when we reached our hotel, the illusion could hardly be shaken off: we were still, as it were, living in a dream, in a land of dreams.

FEEDING THE PIGEONS.

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AN INNOCENT BYSTANDER.*

BY AGNES JAMES.

I.

DAZZLE of lights and jewels, rainbows of color, odors of flowers and perfumes, swaying figures and floating drapery, as the "dancers dancing in time" go by to the soft strains of stringed instruments. And Eleanor Page stands watching it, with a pleased young face. A sudden shock startles her.

"I beg your pardon," a gentleman's voice exclaims, earnestly.

"Oh, my dear! Have we killed you?" laughs Annette Mallory, breathlessly. Then the speaker puts up her white, jeweled hand, gives her fluffy yellow braids and bangs a readjusting pat or two, unwinds her train from its tangle around her own and Eleanor's feet, and floats off again.

"Who is the pretty little girl we so nearly annihilated?" asks Annette's partner.

"That is the Miss Page I told you of. My Aunt Sarah's husband's niece."

"Country cousin, eh," he says, laughing.

"Yes, if you call that 'cousin.' But she is a dear little thing—quite a pet of mine. And she looks really nice to-night, doesn't she?"

"Yes—rather," Dave Hazlehurst says, with the lack of enthusiasm he finds it expedient to use in praising one girl to another.

Half an hour afterwards, he saunters up to Miss Mallory, and says, carelessly: "Introduce me to Miss Page, please. Really, I ought to beg her pardon for my awkwardness."

He has glanced once or twice at the girlish figure, seated now amongst the chaperones and wall-flowers, and somehow it pleases his fastidious taste. The dress, of some soft white material, with clouds of tulle close up around the throat, and sprays of pink wild-roses at throat and waist, just suits the slender figure and the pure fresh young face.

In a moment, he is bowing before her, with his most gracious, courtliest bow; and she has raised her gray-blue eyes, bent her head with its braids of soft light-brown hair, and given him a calm lady-like smile and greeting. Country cousin she may be; but no wild rose, on its mother stem, could be less fluttered by the notice of "His Royal Highness;" for that is what all the girls call Dave Hazlehurst.

"How awkward you must have thought me, just now, Miss Page," he says, finding a vacant chair, and taking possession of it.

"Not at all," she answers, with a light laugh. "It was quite my own fault. People who don't dance are always in the way, at dancing-parties. Innocent bystanders have no business here."

"Ah, that is sarcastical, as Artemus Ward says. I wonder what comments you have been making on us, as we gyrated before your severe eyes." As he speaks, he bends his handsome head a little, to look into her eyes.

She meets his glance laughingly, but without a trace of coquetry.

"Are they severe?" she says. "I certainly have not been severe in my thoughts. It seems to me that almost everyone is nice, good-looking, well-bred, well-dressed. Is it the gaslight, do you think, or—what?"

Dave shakes his head, and smiles. "It is the glamor of youth, good-nature, and—perhaps—a first visit to New York."

Eleanor smiles back, and says:

"It is true that I am dazzled by this wonderful great city. I have seen nothing but what is beautiful, as yet."

Dave shakes his head skeptically.

"Oh, I know you are not all perfect," she says, laughingly. "I have heard a deal of gossip, since I came here, about some of you."

"Is it quite in order to ask what they said about me?" Dave asks, lazily. "For that, I suppose, is what you mean."

Eleanor looks at him coolly.

"Are you sure—quite sure—that they even mentioned your name? I do not like to mortify you, but—"

She pauses, with a very natural air of hesitation and regret, that surprises Dave into a hearty laugh. But all the same, he knows that they have talked about him, and when he sees a quiet little smile stealing around Miss Page's mouth, he knows also that she is recalling something they have said of him. So she is. She remembers just how Annette Mallory looked, as she said: "Dave Hazlehurst! Oh, he is—well, they say he is my special—friend. He is awfully swell, you know. Rich, and clever, and handsome, and all that. Has a yacht, and belongs to the Westchester Hunt, and—oh, you'll see him to-morrow evening. He never misses coming to us."

The little conscious smile, the pretty air of

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taking her into confidence, with which Miss Mallory had said this, gave Eleanor reason to believe that Dave was deeply in love with her cousin; and to-night she has been watching the lovers with friendly interest. But not a word of all this, of course, does she betray to Dave.

"Miss Page," Dave says now, "since you will not dance, will you come for a quiet little stroll through the conservatory? I shall be so much obliged."

Eleanor is a little surprised. But after an instant's hesitation she rises, and goes with him. After awhile, they sit down on a rustic seat, where a white rose bends over and touches Eleanor's cheek with its soft petals, and a tangle of tropical vines and gorgeous scarlet blossoms form a background for the girl's white slender figure. And so an hour goes by, that seems to Dave only a few minutes.

Late in the evening, Miss Mallory encounters Mr. Hazlehurst in one of the drawing-rooms.

"Where have you been all this time?" she demands, eagerly. "Nobody could find you."

"Oh, I have been prowling about here until five minutes ago, when I found your father was going to escort your little friend, Miss Page, back to her boarding-house, and I relieved him of that duty. It's just around the corner, you know."

"Yes. Thanks. You are very good. The poor child had to go early, I suppose, because of Aunt Sarah, who is an invalid and full of whims; and Eleanor came to New York to take care of her," Miss Mallory adds, carelessly.

"I wonder if she finds it entertaining," Dave remarks, pulling his mustache thoughtfully.

Miss Mallory shrugs her pretty shoulders. "On the contrary, quite the reverse, I imagine," she laughs.

The musicians glide into a new waltz.

"May I have the pleasure, Miss Annette?" Dave says, and they whirl off together.

II.

SKATING at the Central Park. A clear, bracing winter day. Sunlight on the sparkling white expanses of snow and the glittering gray ice of the lake, where a thousand skaters glide and wheel to the music of their ringing skates.

Eleanor has come with the Mallorys, and stands looking through the glass front of the waiting-room: a little wistfully, it must be confessed. Mrs. Mallory and another matron are talking gossip beside her; while Annette's attendant cavalier puts on her skates, takes her hand, and off they whisk into the centre of the brilliant restless throng.

Eleanor never looked prettier. Her coquettish little bonnet; her wrap, lined with white; her becoming walking-dress, were, each and all in their way, perfection; and, after all, a stylish and becoming costume makes even the most beautiful girl more beautiful still. She feels that it would be nice to try, though she is really no skater, and has declined to go with Annette. It is snowing slightly, but this does not deter the skaters. She loses sight of Annette very soon, and begins to watch a gentleman who is doing the "outside edge" very beautifully. The tall fine figure comes gliding along, with folded arms, swaying carelessly from side to side, the very perfection of indolent grace, moving, apparently, with no more effort than it costs a bird to balance itself, as it sails on wide-spread wings. It is Dave Hazlehurst, and while Eleanor looks, he catches sight of her, wheels short around, and skates to shore. She loses sight of him for a little while, and then hears his pleasant voice beside her.

"Miss Page! You don't intend to be an innocent bystander this afternoon also, do you?" he asks, smiling, and holding out his hand.

Eleanor thinks it is very nice in Annette's lover to be so cordial and kind to her, and she gives him her hand freely.

"I am afraid I can only look on again," she says. "I can't skate."

"But you can try," he says, laughing. "Come with me. I will take excellent care of you. Let me bring you some skates."

Eleanor hesitates.

"Indeed, I should like it very much," she replies; "but the truth is, I should be horribly afraid too, and so awkward that you would be ashamed of me."

Dave looks at the light, graceful little figure in the pretty, stylish walking-dress, of dark-green. He thinks she would scarcely be awkward under any circumstances.

Dave puts a great deal of entreaty in voice and eyes, as he urges her again to try; and Eleanor finally yields.

Half an hour later, when Annette Mallory comes sailing past them, Eleanor is getting on very well indeed. Her cheeks are like carnations, her eyes like stars; and both her hands are clasped tight in those of Mr. Hazlehurst, who is skating backwards, and praising, encouraging, and laughing at and with his pretty pupil. Annette flashes past them, and it occurs to her that Eleanor is almost pretty enough to be dangerous; for she looks upon Dave Hazlehurst as her property; the captive of her own bow and spear.

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"Will you come to the Rink with me tomorrow afternoon, Miss Page?" asks Mr. Hazlehurst, as he kneels to unfasten Eleanor's skates. He is looking up at her, with the most persuasive expression in his very handsome dark eyes. Eleanor, standing on one foot and resting her hand on his shoulder, answers readily enough: "Certainly, if you are to be troubled with such a novice as I am."

"And you have really enjoyed it?" he asks, anxiously, smiling up at her rosy sparkling face.

"Enjoyed it? It was splendid!"

"Better than being a bystander?"

He is rather needlessly long about unfastening those skates; but she does look so fresh and pretty, and the little hand rests so quietly on his shoulder.

"Oh, yes! So much better!"

It was a fortnight later, when one of Hazlehurst's friends said to him:

"Look here, Dave. Who is the pretty little girl you have been skating with so often lately?"

"Have I been skating very often with any one girl, my dear fellow?" Dave asks, composedly.

"Yes, you have. You were with her yesterday. A nice little fair-haired thing. No champagne and soda about that hair, I'll wager; and no sham about her complexion. Real roses there."

"Ah, yes, I know whom you mean. Those are wild roses, Conrad. A little country cousin of Miss Mallory's," Dave answers, carelessly.

"Indeed. I've never seen her at the Mallorys'."

"Oh, she isn't there. She's boarding near them."

"Ah! Introduce me, can't you?"

"Couldn't possibly do it, my boy. She is nursing an invalid aunt, a regular old Tartar. Runs out with me sometimes, because I'm a friend of the family, you know; but she has no time for visitors." And Dave saunters off.

"Puppy!" he mutters to himself. "As if I would introduce him to that sweet, pure little soul."

"Ah, ha!" chuckles Conrad. "Very sly in Hazlehurst. I wonder if the Mallorys know how attentive he is to the little country cousin."

III.

MEANTIME, poor Aunt Sarah, whom Eleanor has come to New York to nurse, is ailing and nervous and miserable enough. Her head buzzes, and her nerves jangle: she is, in consequence, fretful and exacting at times; but she is very good to Eleanor, and gives her more pretty dresses than the child had ever owned before. She is glad, too, that Eleanor's kind friend, Mr. Hazlehurst, comes so often to take her skating, or walking, or to a matinee, and spends so many evenings with her, in that usually solitary waste, the boarding-house parlor. She can hear through the register the murmur of their voices—her room is over the parlor—the sound of laughter, and sometimes Eleanor's soft clear voice singing. Her tap on the floor brings Eleanor running upstairs instantly, so Aunt Sarah does not feel neglected, but is glad the child has some recreation. So the "regular Tartar" reads and nods and dreams upstairs, and Eleanor and Dave chat and laugh and sing downstairs.

One night, Eleanor is singing; and the words are those of "Douglas."

> "Stretch out your hands to me, Douglas, Douglas!
> Drop forgiveness from heaven like dew,
> As I lay my heart on your dead heart, Douglas—
> Douglas, Douglas, tender and true!"

Exquisitely sweet, soft, and touching, the girl's voice thrills, almost falters, in the last cadence of the sad little song.

Dave leans against the piano, with folded arms, looks down at the floor, and does not speak for a moment. Then he moves slightly, and half sighs. Eleanor looks up at him suddenly, and laughs.

"Is that a sigh of relief that my wail is over?" she asks, lightly.

Dave smiles, and shakes his head.

"Do you know that you have the most sympathetic voice I ever heard, Miss Page," he remarks.

"Have I? I know my songs are all old-fashioned to you," she answers.

"You have had the good taste to select songs that are never out of date; at least, never, when sung as you sing them."

"Don't flatter me, please," Eleanor says, reprovingly. "You know our little Virginia village is quite out of the world. There was no one there to teach me to sing, no opportunity to hear new music. We all sing the same songs, long after the real world has done with them."

"Wouldn't you like to live in what you call the real world? To live in New York?" Dave asks. "To have your lovely voice trained by the first masters of music? To hear all the divine singers and players on instruments? To see everything that is worth seeing—"

"Stop, please," Eleanor says, with a pretty, imperative gesture. "Of course I'd like all

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that. Six weeks in New York have taught me what life is. But I know I don't belong to this real world. I am only an innocent bystander, and I hope I may go home unhurt, and be contented to live our stupid little life there."

"But you need not go back," Dave begins, impulsively. "If you choose—if you will—"

"If I could!" Eleanor breaks in, impatiently. "There are so many dreadful 'if's' to everything."

"There is but one 'if' here," Dave says, in a low tone.

There is an expression on his face that puzzles Eleanor.

"What do you mean?" she asks, a little curiously.

Dave lifts his head, hesitates a moment, and is just about to speak, when tap, tap, goes Aunt Sarah's stick on the floor above, and Eleanor flies from the room.

But that instant's gaze into Dave Hazlehurst's deep, dark earnest eyes has set her wondering—set her heart beating and her cheeks glowing. Is it possible that he can mean—what his eyes said? Eleanor has had lovers before, in her twenty years of life; and they have looked at her—as Dave Hazlehurst looked, in that one moment.

Aunt Sarah is very nervous to-night. Eleanor comes down at last, after a long absence. Dave is seated at the piano, softly touching the keys, and whistling gently the air of "Douglas." He springs up, as she enters, and looks eagerly at her.

"Am I to stay or go?" he asks, quickly.

"You must go, I'm afraid," Eleanor says, smiling. "I can't leave her any longer."

"Well—if I must," he says, with a discontented shrug of the shoulders. "After all," he adds, "it is very good in her even to let you go out of her sight. If I were your—invalid aunt, say—I should be more exacting."

Eleanor laughs and says, "she is glad he is not her aunt then."

"On the whole, I am rather glad of that myself," he says, gravely.

Then he goes, lingeringly, reluctantly; holding her hand long enough to call the quick color into her cheeks, and reminding her more than once of her engagement to walk with him tomorrow.

But Eleanor, when she returns to her aunt, is hardly herself. Her aunt notices it, and finally says, rather tartly:

"What are you thinking of, child? I asked for the hair-brush; not the cough-syrup."

Eleanor laughs and blushes, and looks so pretty that poor withered Aunt Sarah draws her down to kiss her glowing cheek, and forgives her carelessness.

And the child goes on making blunders, while her thoughts are busy with the puzzling question: "Is it possible he loves me, instead of Annette Mallory?"

IV.

In two weeks more she does not ask herself this question at all. In actions, looks, tones—in everything but the actual words, Dave Hazlehurst has said a thousand times, "I love you."

His eyes say it now, as he sits leaning forward a little, playing with Eleanor's glove, which she has just drawn off, and watching her face.

It is twilight, and firelight, in the parlor. The low fire sends out a red cozy glow, and the two cushioned chairs, into which Dave and Eleanor have sunk, are drawn close before it. They have been walking, and Eleanor's cheeks are glowing.

"Next week?" Dave is saying, in a surprised, regretful tone. "Is it possible you go so soon?"

"It is not soon. I have been here two months, and Aunt Sarah is so much better now, that she can spare me. And they want me at home," Eleanor says, with her eyes fixed on the fire.

"Yes—very naturally—but—" Dave stops abruptly, and then goes on. "Well, I will see you every day until you do go."

Eleanor gazes in the fire, and does not speak. Dave is silent, too. A moody look is on his face.

"Are you very glad to go?" he asks, suddenly, looking keenly into the girl's face. "Is there any reason—anyone you care very much to see at home?"

Eleanor glances at him, colors vividly, and answers, with a laugh: "Anyone? Why, there are dozens of people I care to see."

"But is there anyone that you care a great deal for? More, for instance, than you do for—me?"

Dave, as he speaks, quietly lays his hand upon the little ungloved hands that lie clasped on Eleanor's lap.

Eleanor does not speak. In fact, there is not much need for words. Her crimson cheek, the little fluttering sigh that heaves her breast, and the shy drooping of her pretty head, speak for her. Dave knows that he may keep the soft hands he has taken. He clasps them closer, and bends to whisper:

"Eleanor, my little darling, do you love me?"

A sudden sound of voices and footsteps, and someone approaches the parlor-door.

"Oh, confound it all!" ejaculates Dave, under his breath.

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Two ladies come rustling in. But by that time he is decorously standing by the hearth, drawing on his gloves, and saying,

"You told me you would be occupied this evening. I may come, then to-morrow—at three o'clock? You will walk with me?"

"Yes," Eleanor replies. Her hand rests in his close, firm grasp for one second; and she meets one swift laughing gleam from his eyes, as he cavalierly turns his back on the intruders, and tucks Eleanor's glove into his breast-pocket. Then he is gone.

The next morning, Annette Mallory comes to pay Eleanor a visit.

"Why, how lovely you look, you dear pretty child!" she exclaims, as Eleanor enters the parlor to receive her. "And so you are going home next week? I am too sorry to hear it. Really going, are you?"

"Yes, really; but how did you know it?" Eleanor says.

"Oh, Dave told me, of course—last night. But you will come again soon? In the spring—about May, won't you? I really want you. A special occasion, you know," laughs the young lady, dropping her dark lashes prettily.

"Oh! You are going to be married," Eleanor cries. "I must not ask to whom, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes, you may. Because I know I can trust you never to tell anyone. But can't you guess? You know him very well. Indeed, he likes you so much, that I am almost jealous. He praises you so; says you are such a dear, artless little thing. A year ago, I should have been wild with jealousy, because really he used to be the most horrid flirt. But now, Dave and I understand each other so perfectly—oh, I have told you, haven't I?" This with the prettiest little shriek of dismay. "But remember, you must not breathe it. On honor, you know. Now I must run on. I only called for one minute."

Eleanor is conscious of a little stream of babble and laughter, falling on her stunned brain for a few moments longer. She hears her own voice replying carelessly, even laughing. When the door closes behind her visitor, she goes slowly upstairs to her own room, sits down on her little white bed, and folds her hands in her lap. She does not cry. She is utterly, tearlessly wretched. Grief, and shame, and indignation, sweep over her soul in stormy billows. It is pride, at last, that stings her into action.

"I will never see him again," she thinks. "He shall never know how he has hurt me—deceived me—broken my heart." For she does think, poor little soul, that her heart is broken, and that she will die of this great wound.

When Mr. Hazlehurst comes, in the afternoon, Eleanor's card is brought down to him, with the scribbled words: "I am very much engaged, and must beg you to excuse me, this afternoon."

Dave hastily scribbles back: "I shall call this evening, then," and goes away, puzzled and provoked. Eleanor pauses a second, in her packing, to hear the front-door close heavily.

She is working swiftly and silently, with very bright eyes and a very red spot on each cheek. Poor, bewildered Aunt Sarah is crying, scolding a little, wondering, lamenting, and making Eleanor a fresh present every five minutes.

"Take this lace, child. I'll never wear it again. It's very unkind in you to leave me like this. There is my fur-lined circular. I always meant you to have that. I shan't go out of the house, this winter; and you will freeze to death traveling without it, this weather. Oh, my dear little Eleanor, if you only belonged to me."

Dave calls again in the evening. "Miss Page has gone away," is the message he receives. "Gone?" he cries. "Yes, gone home," the servant replies: "she went away before dark." "You're surely mistaken," persists Dave. "No, for she took her trunks." "Did—did she leave no message?" stammered Dave. "No, she left no message for anyone." Then Dave asks to see Aunt Sarah; but the reply is: "Mrs. Page can see no one to-night. She is not at all well."

So Dave goes away, baffled, anxious, angry.

V.

And all this time, Eleanor, who has crossed the ferry before dark, because she will go without an escort, is sitting in the waiting-room, in Jersey City, wishing it was time for the train to start. Yet, when it is time: when the train does start: when it goes thundering on through the dark night, taking her further and further from New York—and from Dave—a wild regret seizes her.

If she could only have seen him once more. It is impossible that he could have meant to trifle with her so. Perhaps he is wretched, too, thinking how he has grown to love her, unconsciously, while he is in honor bound to Annette. But then memory goes back to the many times when he has sought her out, deliberately, persistently. It was not accidental: his constant association with her.

"Oh, why did he ever look at me—ever speak to me?" she thinks. "I never tried to attract him. Oh, it was cruel, wicked in him. But nobody—nobody shall ever know—"

All night long, in the dim car, thundering on through the darkness. Sometimes weeping pas-

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sionate bitter tears; sometimes worn out with grief, and dozing uneasily; and then waking to fresh tortures of thought and memory.

No wonder she reached home, the next day, pallid, exhausted, almost ill.

"Dear me, child! What have you been doing to yourself?" her mother cries, in dismay. "And why didn't you telegraph that you were coming? Come right upstairs to bed; you look utterly broken down."

Two weeks have passed since Eleanor has come home. Fourteen weary and heavy days! She has tried to take up her old life. But alas, she cannot. She drags through it all listlessly, never cross; even spasmodically gay, if anyone is looking at her; then sinking again into silence and bitter retrospect. And all night she lies awake and cries. And that, for a girl of twenty, who used to laugh and sing all day, and sleep eight hours tranquilly at night!

"Put down that sewing, Eleanor, and go straight out to walk," her mother says, one day. And she watches the girl's slender figure, passing down the walk to the gate, and wonders anxiously "what is the matter with the child? She has worked herself to death trying to humor Sarah's whims, I suppose. I wish I had not let her go to New York."

In an hour Eleanor comes back, as pale, weary, and heavy-eyed as when she went away.

"Somebody in the parlor wants to see you, Miss Ellie," announces a servant, who meets her in the hall.

Eleanor opens the parlor door listlessly, saying to herself "it is only one of the girls." The parlor is a pleasant, pretty room, warm with firelight, fragrant with the breath of blooming hyacinths. Eleanor enters, advances one step—and sees Dave Hazlehurst coming quickly to meet her.

She stands, white and still, as if she were frozen; and he stops, too; and gazes silently at the pallid ghost of pretty Eleanor Page, that stands there before him.

Dave is the first to speak. It is hurriedly anxiously.

"Eleanor!" he cries, "what, what have you been doing with yourself?"

"Why have you come here?" Eleanor falters out. She hardly knows her own voice, it is so hard and cold. She takes hold of the back of a chair to keep herself from falling.

"Because I could not stay away!" says Dave, vehemently. "You have treated me coolly enough, heaven knows! I ought to be sure that you don't care a straw for me; but I love you so dearly, that—"

"Stop!" Eleanor says, haughtily. "Please understand, first, that I know of your engagement to Annette Mallory—"

"What!" Dave exclaims, in intense astonishment. "Are you dreaming, child?" he adds. "I am not—never was—never will be, engaged to Miss Mallory. Who told you I was?"

But Eleanor does not answer. She sinks into the chair, and covers her face with her hands.

"Who told you?" demands Dave, again.

"Dont ask me, please!" Eleanor says, faintly.

"It was Annette Mallory herself," cries Dave, in great wrath. "She is false—well, beyond words. She told me you were engaged to someone here. That kept me from asking you to marry me long ago. When did she tell you this precious story?"

"The day I left New York," Eleanor answers, with a little sob. Then she looks up at Dave with her soft eyes full of tears. The grim look goes away from his face. He kneels down by her, and takes her hands in his.

"And that made you refuse to see me, and leave without a word to me?" he asks, reproachfully.

"Yes—and—it almost broke my heart to think you had been—flirting with me," Eleanor sobs.

But what matter is it, how many tears she sheds now, since they are such happy tears, and are shed in Dave's arms?

SNOWFLAKES.

BY ANNA EDWARDS SAMUEL.

When morning chased away the night,
The snowflakes lay all pure and white;
No soil of earth had yet been given
To mar the purity of heaven.
But 'neath the noonday sun's bright ray
All crushed and soiled the snowflakes lay;
So black with soot and stains of earth,
That they disgraced their heavenly birth.

Alas! thought I, when souls are born,
They're like the snowflakes of the morn:
Fresh from their Maker's hand divine,
Spotless and bright and pure they shine.
But ere they reach the noon of life,
They're crushed and marred with passion's strife;
So soiled and stained with sins of earth,
They oft disgrace their heavenly birth.

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THE PROFESSIONAL BEAUTY.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

CHAPTER I.

THE crowning success was won at last! Mrs. Treherne had made her three reverences to royalty, and had received a special compliment from her sovereign's lips. Now, as she passed through the mob of fine ladies and gentlemen, to reach the staircase, open murmurs of admiration followed her on her way.

The high and mighty dame who had been induced to present her, partly because it was secretly made worth her while, grumbled, however.

"Yes, yes; you've got what you wanted," she said. "But I doubt if you've head enough to follow up your triumph! I can tell you one thing, though: if I'd known, even last night, that there'd be those ridiculous paragraphs in this morning's papers, I'd have stopped in bed; and you might have used your train to wipe your tears on."

"Your grace has been so kind; oh, I cannot even thank you; I have no words!" murmured Mrs. Treherne, looking in her companion's face, with a smile which would have caused any masculine head to reel.

But the old duchess' head was formed of stronger material, and the monosyllable with which she responded sounded very much like "Stuff!"

After an instant she added, aloud, however: "Well, it's done, and you really are a pretty creature; and perhaps you told the truth, when you said you didn't know what the papers were printing. The 'new professional beauty,' indeed. And to be presented by *me*. Upon my word!"

Luckily there was no opportunity for the ancient lady to work herself further into a passion. People crowded up; some gouty general claimed the duchess' attention; and Florence Treherne, dizzy and fairly intoxicated by the incense of admiring looks and words, remembered nothing more distinctly, till she found herself seated in her carriage, and heard Colonel Stretton's rapid whisper. "The triumph has only begun," he said, as he leaned one arm on the coach window. "You will admit, at last, that the most devoted of your friends has proved a prophet."

Even in this supreme moment, as Florence glanced up at him, with his half-mocking smile on his cold, handsome face, a sudden reminder of her husband's warning struck her like a chill.

"Take care, Florence!" Mr. Treherne had said. "You call that man your friend—see to it, that he doesn't prove your evil genius."

The thought faded as quickly as it had come, and was succeeded by a certain feeling of irritation against her husband, as one who was ready and determined to stand between her and pleasure, which, like too many in these days, she had grown to consider synonymous with happiness.

But there was brief space for reflection of any kind. The evening, with its gay whirl, was at hand. She had an engagement at the opera. Here, her success at the Drawing-Room had preceded her; and she had quite an ovation. Later, at the Duchess of Argent's ball, she was the attraction of all eyes. Fine ladies stood on chairs, and fine gentlemen openly fought for places to see her to the best advantage. The scion of a royal house singled her out for marked notice. Her dominion, in a word, was established. She was the Society Queen of the season.

The next morning had come, or what was morning to her; though it was well on towards four o'clock before she left her room. Languid and pleasantly weary, she sat sipping her chocolate, glancing over the scores of notes and invitations that covered her table, in the intervals of reading the pencil-lined paragraphs in a pile of journals, which Colonel Stretton's thoughtfulness had provided. Elaborate descriptions of her toilette were given, the different items of her charms summed up, the full account of her overwhelming success detailed with sickening sycophancy; finally, she was hailed as the newly-risen star, whose beams dimmed the lustre of every predecessor; the great sensation of the season; the latest "professional beauty."

It was a title against which her good taste and every good instinct of her nature revolted; yet the sovereignty gratified her love of power. Alas, too, the newly-culminating tribute of adulation had become absolutely necessary to her vanity.

The door opened suddenly, and her husband entered. At sight of him, Mrs. Treherne threw down the papers she held in her hand, saying, with a rather nervous laugh:

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"You quite startled me! Who would have dreamed of seeing you at home, at this hour?"

"Home?" he echoed, with a bitter emphasis on the word, that brought an accession of color to her cheeks. "Home? I came to the house at this hour, because I knew it was the only one at which I was certain of finding you in."

"It was very good of you," she said, in her softest voice, and with her most radiant smile; for she thought that a little flattery might produce the effect on him which it did on other men, and so give her a reprieve from the lecture she so much dreaded. "I wish you would come and drive with me. Don't forget that we are to dine at the marchioness'." She spoke as if this lady were the only marchioness in England, and so did everybody; so grand and mighty was the dowager, who, eighteen months before, would have scouted the idea that she should ever invite the Trehernes to one of her banquets.

"I cannot go for a drive, but I shall be punctual to our engagement," Mr. Treherne replied, with a cynical expression on his worn, tired features. "You must have worked too hard to obtain this honor, for me to forget! Besides, I suppose, even a professional beauty requires the occasional presence and support of her husband." He laughed, oh, so bitterly; then added, with a repressed passion that fairly startled her, from its contrast to his usual restrained manner: "A professional beauty! Maybe you feel no shame in being one; but I feel that I have lived too long when I have become a professional beauty's husband."

"How ridiculous you are," she cried, angrily. "As if the newspapers did not always say all sorts of absurd things about noticeable people: nobody but you would dream of taking offence."

"We have indeed become noticeable people," he said, "and in a way that makes me ashamed to show my face. But there is something worse than that: it is to know that you glory in the notoriety."

"Coarse—brutal!" she exclaimed. "But I have learned what to expect of you. Any other man would feel a little pride in hearing his wife called—"

"A professional beauty?" he interrupted.

"In seeing her sought after and admired," she went on, hastily; "but you—you. I wonder you don't try to shut me up where no one can see me: or perhaps you would like to mutilate my face, or have me catch small-pox."

"I do understand a man's pride in seeing his wife admired, when such admiration is fitly expressed," he said; "but when it is done in this coarse fashion; when a woman submits to every license of word and look; when she becomes a show—"

"I will leave you," she broke in, rising.

"No," he said. "Have the goodness to stop for a little. There are some things I must say. We have been married two years and a half. Since the first six months, guided by your newly-awakened vanity and evil counsels, you have bent every energy of your nature to the position you have just gained. To do this, in spite of my advice, my warnings, my protestations, you have trampled under foot all that was good and noble in you, and trampled on my heart, too—though not that that counts."

"The old, old story," she said, with a sneer. Yet all the while something in her soul shuddered and shrank from this picture of herself. But she would not yield.

"One with which I shall not trouble you again," he said. "I learned long since that you married me for my money; it is grievous that I have lost so much. I want to warn you that you must be careful of expenses; that you must make no debts. It is only by the utmost care that I shall escape ruin. You will be *fêted* enough outside now. You can forego home entertainments. As for your conduct—"

"Take care, Mr. Treherne."

"I have no fear that you will be tempted into any wrong feeling. You have not heart enough. But remember, that there are limits you cannot pass. A professional beauty, of course, must have her train of admirers. Take good heed to keep them in the plural number. I have no wife; no home. But so long as you do not make me seem to play the part of a complaisant husband to any special person, I shall not interfere. So long, too, I will give you the support of my presence in public, often enough to satisfy the conventionalities of the world."

In spite of the wreck Florence Treherne had made of her nature, it still retained sufficient of good for this outburst to move her.

"Noel, don't say such dreadful things," she exclaimed.

"It was my duty to tell you the truth once more," he replied, in a voice that held more of pain than anger, severe as the words sounded. "You have wronged me and degraded yourself—"

"How dare you use such language?" she broke in.

"What other term would apply? Has it not been degradation to creep, and sue, and use petty deceit, endure slights, mortification—anything, to

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obtain the desired end? An invitation to the house of some titled grandee. An opportunity to display your charms to some set higher up in the social scale than those you already knew."

"No woman in London has a securer position to-day than mine," she cried, "and I have made it for myself."

"Yes, and I have just told you by what means," he answered. "But let us end the discussion here. I cannot help you. Now in regard to money, I will send you this evening a statement of what I can spare for your personal expenses during the season. You shall have the checks regularly; but I cannot go one farthing beyond. The bills you gave me are paid. They were wickedly large; but they were all: at least you said so?"

"Yes, yes," she forced herself to say.

"I have explained to you already the exact condition of my affairs," he went on. "You must regulate your expenses in accordance therewith. I cannot allow the extravagance of the past year to continue. I am, at least, an honest man, and you must not tamper with my credit."

The door opened, and a servant announced: "Colonel Stretton." And Mr. Treherne, after speaking a few polite words to the visitor, left the room. Florence's carefully-acquired power of self-control enabled her to subdue her anger and trouble sufficiently to welcome her friend and ally with apparent composure.

"I thought you would come," she said, as he bowed over the slender fingers she extended.

"I am afraid I came at an unfortunate moment," returned he. "Our lord and master was evidently in one of his bad moods, though he tried to conceal it, and be civil to me. Ah, don't be vexed—surely you can trust me. You must have some friend to whom you can speak freely, and I at least know what you are forced to endure."

"He says my success is a positive disgrace."

"The man is mad. Any other fellow in his place would be in the seventh heaven, with a wife admitted to be the most beautiful woman in Europe, and as witty and clever as beautiful. Good gracious, I lose patience. Don't think about him. Have you read the papers I sent? The whole town is talking of you. There'll be a crowd in the street to see your carriage pass. By the way, old Lady Pembroke has promised to drive you in the Park. I arranged that. It was very necessary you should have some influential person with you to-day."

"You never forget anything," she exclaimed. "How can I ever thank you for all your goodness?"

"One doesn't try to thank one's best friend—"

"And you are mine. No other woman ever had one so faithful," she interrupted, impulsively extending her hand.

"You make me very proud and happy," he answered, gazing at her with earnest eyes, though no effort could free his smile from the mocking, cynical expression. "May I say one thing more?"

"Yes, surely. Well?"

"Of course, money discussions lay at the bottom of Treherne's crabbedness. Husbands are all alike."

"He frightens me. But indeed, I must be economical," she said, excitedly. "I dared not tell him I still had heaps of unpaid bills; and he vows I shall make no more."

"Though, of course, you must—everybody must," rejoined the Colonel, calmly. "But you need not tell him. One thing you know. I shall be only too grateful if, at any time, you will grant me a real friend's privilege—"

"No, no!" she broke in, coloring to the very roots of her hair. "Never that—never!"

"Then your friendship does not go far," he said, sadly. "I should have hoped, if you found yourself in any serious difficulty, pecuniary or otherwise, that you could accept my help."

"In anything else. But not money. No!" she cried. "Ah, don't think me ungrateful. But you must never mention that again."

"So be it," he said. "But you will let me point out a way by which you can make some in a legitimate business fashion?"

"I?" she asked, incredulously. "Do tell me how."

"That new mining company, named after you, want to get a certain capitalist into their ranks. You could smile him into consent. I assure you, that the stocks the directors would put at your disposal will soon realize enough to make you independent of Treherne's parsimony."

She was startled at first: then angry. But he spoke so rapidly that she could not interrupt, though her refusal came decidedly enough when he ended. He ceased to urge; talked of other things; painted glowing pictures of the future, which made her eyes flash and her cheeks glow; and presently she was worlds away from the possibility of remembering her husband's counsels, or her own weak resolutions.

They were interrupted by the entrance of a footman, with a basket of marvelous flowers, on the top of which lay a note, to the seal whereof the Colonel pointed with a smile, and then renewed his artful pleadings and advice. With a prince the foremost in her train, was she

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likely to have a cloud upon her sky, unless she were wilfully obstinate? Why, what was asked of her amounted to nothing. Grand ladies did such things daily. The great marchioness herself would not hesitate.

And before the tempter took his leave, Florence Treherne had given the promise he wanted, and so drifted further away over the fathomless sea, whose perils were hidden by a glittering mirage, which she mistook for sunshine and the islands of content.

CHAPTER II.

THREE years before, Noel Treherne, seeking relaxation from hard work, in an autumn trip in the country, found Florence Gaston in a quiet neighborhood of Devonshire. She had been born and brought up there, belonging to a family of gentlefolk, who, during several generations, had been more noted for beauty and the temperament which we term artistic than for money or lands, or the practical talents that achieve such results. Treherne had reached middle age, having spent the last decade in a melancholy widowerhood, immersed in business; but making for himself more time for books and study than many men would have done.

He was rich, though not sufficiently so to attract notice in London; but to Florence and her relatives the wealth seemed immense. He fell madly in love with the beautiful girl; and she, whose glimpse of the world had been confined to a four weeks' visit in town, where she had received just attention enough to awaken her latent vanity and love of display into active life, listened to the counsels of her family and the dictates of ambition, and consented to become his wife.

She smothered her heart, which had already spoken. She nearly broke that of the noble young fellow who had worshiped her; and, after a brief interval of courtship, married Noel Treherne. The first few months of matrimony were pleasant enough, being spent in wandering about the Continent; but at their close, the newly-wedded pair returned to London, and Florence's new existence began. It proved very unlike her brilliant expectations. She had dreamed of balls and other gayeties, of social success, and an intimate acquaintance with the fashionable circles into which she had been granted a glance; but not so much as a ray of this happiness came within her reach. Life was dull and monotonous. Her few associates were persons with whom she had scarcely a sympathy in common. Her husband's pleasures were all of an intellectual sort, and did not attract her. She was as far aloof from the sphere of her ambition as if still buried in the wilds of her native Devon.

The only people of social importance whom she knew were the family of which her old lover had been a younger son, and these magnates ignored her completely. What she read and heard, and the occasional glimpses she caught of the famous beauties of the day, kept her in a constant fever of desire to emulate their triumphs; and when fate put it in her power to oblige an old lady, with a pedigree nearly as long as the list of her debts, Florence thought herself the most fortunate creature under the sun.

She displayed a talent that would have done honor to a diplomatist; and circumstances aided her. A noted artist, whose acquaintance Treherne chanced to make, went wild over her, and painted her portrait for the spring exhibition. A popular poet followed suit by chanting her praises in melodious verse; and gradually Florence found her horizon widening, the goal of her hopes gleaming in the distance.

About this time, she met Colonel Stretton, a man of forty, with fortune and an admirable position. No woman ever encountered a worse guide; and, alas, Florence yielded implicitly to his counsels; received his powerful support; and by hard work, perseverance, struggles, and heart-burnings, toiled up to the pedestal on which she desired to be set.

What her husband, a proud, rigid, over-scrupulous man, endured, it is not difficult to imagine; but he was powerless, as any husband must be, when the wife openly sets his wishes at defiance. He learned, too, by accident, that even in the beginning, she had deceived him; she had jilted Jack Erlescourt, whom she loved, for wealth and position. But he kept his knowledge secret: to avow it, would only render her more reckless and hard. Then came business anxieties and losses, and Florence's extravagance helped both forward; for she would neither listen nor see—she was blinded, in truth, by the brightness, and deafened by the music, of the dangerous tide, which was rising higher and higher, and bearing her more swiftly on.

This last winter she had spent in a round of visits from one stately country-seat to another; petted and *fêted*. Her success grew apace—everything proved that; the amiability of women who had at first tried to frown her down as a possible dangerous rival; the friendliness of party-givers, eager by any means to render their entertainments attractive; the condescendingly approving notice of lofty social

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dignitaries; and surest sign of all, the obsequiousness of trades-people, and the readiness of autocratic modistes and milliners to offer credit to her rapidly-increasing needs.

Then—still thanks to the Colonel—she secured an invitation to the castle of a foreign potentate, sojourning for a few months in England; and while there, a mighty prince drank her health as the Queen of Flowers, and avowed himself the most devoted of her subjects. Scores of fulsome paragraphs in the fashionable newspapers, meantime, announced that she was to be the reigning beauty of the coming season. And the season had begun. Florence's presentation took place at the first Drawing-Room, and Colonel Stretton's prophecies, and even her ambitious dreams, were fulfilled in the weeks that ensued.

Crowds followed her wherever she moved. Any entertainment, from a ball to a bazar, that could with certainty advertise her presence, was assured of success in advance. If she made a little trip into the country, people collected at the railway stations to catch a glimpse of her as the train halted; her photographs hung in every gallery; the favorite for the next Derby was christened after her; exploiters of stocks and foreign mines gave her name to their dazzling bubbles; each step and smile and look was daily chronicled; and she might absolutely be said to go to bed and get up in public, according to the fashion of monarchs in former days.

Her husband she scarcely saw from one week's end to another, except when at her written request he accompanied her to some place of social resort, in order that the proprieties should be strictly preserved; for the Colonel was as rigid as any legal Bluebeard could have been, in guarding her against the slightest hold for gossip.

The weeks flew by; spring blossomed into summer, and the gayest season that Mayfair had known for years reached its culmination, and began to wane.

For a time, Florence Treherne's intoxication had been so complete that reflection was impossible. But when, with the commencement of July, bills poured in, and she found herself as tired as an actress who had for months spent her days in rehearsals and her evenings before the foot-lights, she could not escape moments of uneasy thought and vague fears.

One night, in a crowded room, chancing to glance from among her group of courtiers, she saw a face, which, for a little, blotted out the actual scene, and carried her back amid the phantoms of her girlish past—the past which she had slain with her own hand.

She saw Jack Erlescourt standing there. She had not even heard of his return to England. Oh, how changed he was, looking so much older and graver, but far handsomer than ever. Their eyes met; he looked full at her, but without the slightest show of recognition: with a sort of disdainful wonder, as if gazing with languid curiosity at some paid show, which scarcely compensated for the money it had cost.

A stab with a sharp knife could not have hurt her worse. A blow in the face could not have humiliated her more deeply. She grew sick and faint. But harder to bear than the pain and humiliation, was the sudden longing that rose in her heart to start forward and fall at his feet, and sob out her repentance and remorse.

With a great effort she turned her head aside; and when she looked again, Erlescourt had disappeared. The men about were talking. Nobody had noticed her brief agitation. But even as she told herself this, she caught Colonel Stretton's glance—piercing, inscrutable—with a sphinx-like smile upon his lips.

"Of course it's Jack Erlescourt," she heard one gentleman say to another. "He only got back to England two days ago. Been off in America; found a silver mine in Nevada, or New Hampshire, or some of those Pacific Coast places."

"What luck some fellows have," sighed another dandy.

"You may well say so. Why, Jack was only a distant cousin of the old Earl: four stout lives between him and any hope of succession; and every one of them is now gone, and the Grand Mogul has had to send for Jack. He's very tottering; is the G. M.; and I'll lay any wager that within six months Master Jack will be 'my lord,' with a little rent-roll of forty thousand—talk about luck, indeed!"

In the sleepless hours which succeeded, after Florence Treherne found herself in the silence of her chamber, memory, like an avenging spirit, seemed to find a grim pleasure in torturing her, by bringing up pictures from the past, and showing her what might have been, had she remained honest and true. But it was not the thought, that, by her treachery, "vaulting ambition had o'erleaped itself," which was hardest to bear, bitter as that was. It was not the loss of the coronet which flashed before her eyes; of the wealth, the state, the freedom from a life which in this hour looked a galling, degrading servitude. There was a sharper pang than any of these. She knew that her thwarted nature and her carefully-smothered heart had, in spite of her, retained a certain power; it was her lost love

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she regretted; it was the happiness which might have been hers, had she proved worthy of her better self and of her lover.

It was late, the next day, when she arose. Her maid told her that Mr. Treherne was waiting to see her. She recollected that she had, on the previous morning, sent him a line, asking for an interview; now, she would have given the world to avoid it. She was shaken, nervous, frightened; and she must ask him for money; her needs were so pressing, that she could not yield to her impulse to bid her maid say that she was ill.

She went slowly downstairs, into a little boudoir at the back of the drawing-room. Treherne arose as she entered. The light struck full upon his face. She saw how pale and worn he looked, how gray his hair had grown.

"You are not well," she exclaimed.

"Quite so," he replied, quietly. "A little harassed and overworked only. As I am very busy, I must ask you to tell me, at once, what you wish."

She faltered, and turned red and white. She tried to think it was a fear that he would be crabbed and disagreeable which unnerved her; but she knew it was the voice of her smothered, benumbed conscience suddenly smiting her with stern reproaches, which she could not drown, strive as she might to justify or pity herself.

"I—I—must ask you for some money," she said.

"Weeks ago I gave you what I told you must last through the season," he answered. "I don't know how to spare a shilling from my business. Indeed, if I live through the next three months, without getting into the Gazette, I shall be fortunate. I know these details are tiresome to you; but it is necessary that I should make the explanation."

He spoke in a cold, monotonous voice, which still held an undertone of pain, that in her present mood touched her deeply.

"I'm so sorry," she began; "so sorry."

"When to be sorry implies no determination to atone and amend, it is time wasted to indulge in such emotion," he replied, in the same slow, passionless manner.

"You are cruel to me—hard as a rock," she exclaimed, bursting into a flood of tears, not so much from grief or anger, as from pure nervous excitement.

His lips trembled a little, and his eyes grew misty; but his voice was steady as ever, as he answered:

"I did not mean to be. I am in great haste, as I told you. Of course, you have no time to spare either. I will do what I can. Remember, it is *all* I can do."

He sat down at a table; took his check-book; filled up one of the pages; cut it out, and handed it to her. "Here are two hundred and fifty pounds. I beg you to remember, Florence, at what cost I give it. To remember, also, that very little is needed to complete my ruin."

She sank into a chair, and covered her face with her hands, trembling so violently, that if she had dared to speak, she lacked the power. The very smallest sum that would serve her needs was more than double the amount he had named.

She heard her husband leave the room. In a few seconds, another step sounded softly on the carpet, and Colonel Stretton's low, clear voice said:

"Forgive my entering unannounced. My dear friend, my queen, look up: listen to me. I heard unavoidably Treherne's parting words. I could scold you for forgetting me in your worries. You must at last grant me a friend's privilege. Tell me exactly what sum you require."

"No, no," she cried, wringing her hands; "not that—not that—I cannot."

"What a foolish child this newly-crowned queen is, after all," he said, with a musical laugh. "But even an absolute monarch must have some private minister, on whose advice reliance is possible. My dear Mrs. Treherne, can't you trust me even yet? Haven't I proved myself worthy? If you refuse, you will deal me the hardest blow I have ever endured."

He held her hands, as if with brotherly tenderness. He argued, pleaded; and, at length, when he laid a check among the papers on her table, she did not push it aside.

"I foresaw this tiresome little scene," he said. "Now it is all settled, and let me see you smile again."

He treated it as such a trifle. He talked of the harvest she was soon to reap from the stocks that he had gotten for her. He spoke of her triumphs, and her beauty, till the voice of conscience was again drowned.

"If you would take those stocks as security," she said.

He laughed outright.

"You shall give me an 'I. O. U.' instead," he cried, gayly. "Come, you never wrote one. It will be a new experience."

He laughed and jested, till she rushed into her wildest spirits.

She did not notice that he took from his pocket-book the little sheet of paper which he put before her, and on which she wrote, at his dictation:

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"Thanks, my dear, dear Colonel Stretton. Please consider this an 'I. O. U.' for a thousand pounds. Florence."

"We will only put your Christian name," he said, still laughing; "then you can deny the whole transaction, if you please."

After leaving the house, Gilbert Stretton drew from its hiding-place the sheet on which Mrs. Treherne had written; read the lines; turned the page; and perused twice a note, whose peculiar chirography Florence would have recognized as his own.

"All things come to him who has patience," muttered the Colonel, with his most sphinx-like smile, as he folded the paper, and walked slowly across the square.

CHAPTER III.

A FORTNIGHT later, a great charity fair served Florence Treherne's world as an excuse for a morning's excitement. Royalty was present. So were all the great and fashionable, and all who desired to be. The professional beauties were out in full force, and in eccentric toilettes, pitted against each other, as it were; and doing wonderful execution, as they stood at their respective stalls, not only in the hearts, but in the purses of masculine humanity in general.

Still, the Queen of Flowers retained her sovereignty unimpaired. Scores of voices proclaimed this, quite regardless whether in her hearing or in that of her rivals. It had been deemed appropriate that the selling of the odorous treasures from which she derived her title should be allotted to her; and the potent prince who had bestowed the name lingered often and long by her side, as she stood in her most radiant beauty, the cynosure of all eyes. Men pushed and struggled to get better places near her, as if it had been a sort of genteel Donnybrook Fair; and Florence sold her roses at fabulous prices. For an extra sovereign, she pinned the flower into the lappel of the purchaser's coat. For still another gold piece, she pressed her smiling lips to the blossom; and then the throng applauded.

A sudden parting in the crowd once again brought before Florence Treherne's eyes the man whose stern gaze, a fortnight before, had forced into her soul a trouble which neither occupation nor excitement had been able wholly to subdue.

From that night until now, she had not met Jack Erlescourt. But there he stood, only a few feet distant, yet as blind to her presence as if the sweep of worlds stretched between them.

She knew that several people spoke to her, and that she answered. She noticed the prince, who still lingered by the stall, address some words to a gentleman at his side. Then she saw the messenger approach Erlescourt, who returned with him, the dandies making way for the newcomer whom it pleased royalty to honor.

The pair conversed for a few instants, while the genteel mob stared and gaped, and Florence stood shivering and dizzy, sick with longing for one word, one look of forgiveness, from the man she had wronged. But he did not see her; and again there smote her the dreadful consciousness of the immeasurable distance which separated them—which separated her soul from innocence and right.

When the whirl in her brain allowed her again to see clearly, the prince had passed on; the crowd had surged up and pushed Erlescourt close to the stall; his hand almost touched hers, that she had laid on the edge of the table to steady herself. Their eyes met. But there was no more sign of emotion in his face than if he had been a figure carved in stone. Obeying an impulse which she could not resist, she bent forward, and against her will she heard her lips murmur:

"Jack! Won't you speak to me, Jack?"

He did not seem to hear. In a second, she told herself that he had not heard. It seemed to her that it was only this assurance which kept her from falling dead, with mortification and pain, at his very feet.

He was trying to move away. She essayed to avert her head. To meet his eyes roused the newly-awakened ghosts of her murdered girlhood in such horrible reproach that her brain reeled. Then she heard a voice say:

"Mrs. Treherne, here is a new claimant for your roses." And there was Colonel Stretton, with his sphinx smile, his hand pressing Jack Erlescourt's shoulder, so that he was close to the stall again. "You know Mrs. Treherne, Erlescourt, of course."

"I have not that honor," Jack Erlescourt replied, with a low bow.

"Good heavens, how awkward of me," cried Stretton, with well-affected annoyance at his blunder. "Mrs. Treherne, pray pardon my rudeness—at least, let me present Mr. Erlescourt now."

Florence's self-possession had returned. She stood smiling and outwardly calm, though in her bosom raged a storm of suffering and wrath, such as she had never before experienced.

"My memory is better than Mr. Erlescourt's," she said, with a gay laugh. "Ages ago, when I was a young girl, we used often to meet, down in dear old Devon."

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"Were you really Florence Gaston?" asked Erlescourt, quietly, looking full in her face again—oh, through her very soul, it seemed to the wretched woman. "I noticed a slight resemblance to her; but I did not fancy you could have been she."

"Ah, Mrs. Treherne," cried Stretton, "this Erlescourt's subtle compliments shame our poor attempts."

Jack Erlescourt smiled. For the instant, Florence could have killed him, and rejoiced in her work.

"You want to buy my roses? Two, you must have two," she exclaimed. "Wait, shall I pin them in your coat?"

Jack Erlescourt did not speak.

"He shall pay for the highest honor of all," cried the Colonel. "Two kisses to each rose, Mrs. Treherne. Down with your gold, my dear Erlescourt."

The young man laid the sovereigns on the table, moved away from the clasp of Stretton's hand, and bowed to Florence, saying only:

"I am keeping other buyers back. Good-morning, Mrs. Treherne."

"You are leaving your flowers," said the Colonel; and Florence held out the blossoms, with a forced smile.

"They can be sold a second time, and so bring a double sum into the treasury," Erlescourt answered.

Again, words that she fought hard to restrain escaped Florence Treherne's lips.

"Do take them," she whispered.

He bowed till he brought his head on a level with hers, and said, in a tone low as her own:

"We must all do our best for the charity. Besides, roses once put up at auction should be kept in the market as long as they have any show of freshness left."

He was gone; and Florence Treherne wondered how she could have thought her anger of the previous moments the fiercest she could ever know; it was like a flame of straw compared to the white heat of rage that consumed her now, at these pointed words.

"We'll punish the puppy for that speech—patience!" she heard the Colonel whisper.

That he should have heard and understood the horrible sarcasm, for an instant turned her wrath on him. A sharp retort rose to her lips; but, as she met his eyes—his mocking smile, she saw such a consciousness of power in both, that it froze her very soul. For the first time, she was afraid of him; yes, afraid.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

IN THE POET'S GARDEN.

BY MINNIE IRVING.

At morning in the garden close,
Dew-laden drooped a crimson rose,
While near it stood, in stainless pride,
A lily, vested like a bride.
Adown the walks a sunbeam came,
Setting the dew-drops all aflame.
It saw the lily's snowy breast;
It saw the rose in crimson drest;
It passed the paler one to seek
And kiss the other's blushing cheek,
While on a swaying branch above,
A sweet bird sat and sang of love.

When next the sunbeam sought again
The garden, it was wet with rain.
For in the night, a summer shower
Had bent the bough and broke the flower.
The lily, on its slender stalk,
Still stood beside the winding walk.
But, ah, no more the rose in bloom
Breathed out its heart in rich perfume.
For on the earth, whence it was born,
Its velvet leaves lay soaked and torn,
While on a dripping branch above,
The sweet bird sat and sang of love.

WAS IT AN ANGEL'S SONG?

BY HARRIET CHILDE PEMBERTON.

I know not why, but I could not sleep,
And I watched for the dawn to break.
And I saw the sunlight slowly creep,
And I heard the birds awake.

And one, oh! it sang such a wondrous song,
It never was born below.
A sweet, sweet song, that was never too long,
And such as the angels know.

'Oh! sleep is well for a heart forlorn,
For the peace and the rest 'twill bring.
But 'tis better, sometimes, to wake at the morn,
And hear what the angels sing.

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"SWEETEST EYES."

BY ADELAIDE MERRIMAN.

On a certain afternoon, in the month of September, Mr. Hamilton Earle might have been discovered, seated before an easel, in an attitude expressive of the deepest dejection. The half-finished picture in front of him seemed to have filled the artist with nothing but utter disgust.

Perfectly motionless he sat there, his elbows resting on his knees, and his head buried in his hands. So still and quiet was he, that he did not at first hear footsteps coming up the stairs. They were heavy, manly footsteps, but they moved leisurely, and a gay voice beguiled the way by warbling a cheerful and enlivening air: "Bob up serenely." The singer apparently was half-way up now. "Bob up serenely." He placed his foot on the last step. "Bob up serenely from below," he finished, as he pushed the door open, without taking the trouble of knocking, and paused on the threshold.

"Hallo!" he ejaculated, as he caught sight of the artist. "Got 'em again, I see! Well, that's the way with geniuses and artists, I suppose. Up in the clouds one day, down in the depths the next. Now, I was never known to have the blues; and that's the only thing which consoles me for not having been born a genius." He had entered the room now, and catching sight of the picture, he surveyed it for some time with a critical eye. Both hands were thrust deeply into his pockets, and he whistled, in an undertone, the same cheerful air with which he had enlivened his upward journey to the studio.

"Well now, I would really like to know what's the matter with that picture," he remarked, drily, at last. "In my humble opinion, it's good—it's first-rate. By Jove! Earle, that dog's about the best thing I ever saw in my life. He's got such an awfully knowing look in his eye."

The artist raised his head at this. "Do you really mean it, Jack?" he said, anxiously. "Do you really think that thing is good?"

"It's capital; one of the best things you have done yet."

The artist slowly arose, and came around to his friend's side. They looked at the picture for some time in silence. At last Earle spoke.

"You know what it is intended to illustrate?" he asked, interrogatively.

"Of course," said Jack. "That piece Norris recited so well the other night—'We're two travelers, Roger and I. Roger's my dog,' etc. And by Jove! you've got Roger to perfection. But why have you put them out in the road? Shouldn't they have been in some kind of a tavern or saloon?"

For reply, Earle picked up a book which was lying, face downwards, on a chair, and read the following lines:

> "I have seen her? Once. I was weak and spent;
> On the dusty road a carriage stopped;
> But little she dreamed, as on she went,
> Who kissed the coin that her fingers dropped."

He put down the book, and said: "That is what I want to paint, Jack. I want the expression on the face of my vagabond, just after his lost love has passed by. I want his look, just before he 'kissed the coin that her fingers dropped.' I know what the look should be, too. I can see it here," tapping his forehead, "plainly enough; but I cannot get it, try as hard as I may. Look at that old tramp!" he added, contemptuously. "No more expression in his face than there is in a gate-post. It's enough to give any man the blues!" And the artist began to stride up and down the room in a distracted manner.

"Why, I don't think it's so bad now," said Jack, putting his head on one side, in a critical way.

Earle paid no attention to this; but continued to walk back and forth. At last he suddenly paused before Jack and asked: "Who was the young fellow that sat next you, at the theatre the other night?"

"Why, how should I know who sat next me?" said Jack, in astonishment.

"But you do know!" cried Earle, impatiently. "I saw you talking to him. 'Twas the night Clara Morris played. He was a young fellow, with a sensitive face. Was wonderfully affected by the play. Don't you remember?"

"Oh, yes, I do recollect now," said Jack. "That was young Sherwin."

"Well, who is 'young Sherwin,' pray?"

Jack removed several paint-rags and a bit of yellow drapery from an antique chair, and seated himself before he answered.

"Young Sherwin," he said, preparing to light a cigar, "is a fellow whom I met over in Germany. To the world in general, he is known as

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Theodore W. Sherwin, of Sherwintown, Connecticut, only son and heir of the late Theodore W. Sherwin, sole proprietor of the Sherwin Iron Works, and currently reported to be worth several millions. To the privileged few, like myself, who are at all intimate with him, he is known as one of the oddest mortals who ever turned up in this benighted city."

"Confound it!" cried Earle, with a disappointed look. "That spoils everything."

"What is the matter now?" asked Jack. "What do you mean? What spoils everything?"

"Why, I wanted the young fellow for a model," answered Earle. "But I shall never dare approach such a bloated young aristocrat."

"Oh, if that's all," said Jack, "I'll bring him around to-morrow. Nothing would please him better. He's an odd fish, I tell you. Crazy over art, and music, and everything like that. He's never been to college; but got his education traveling with an old professor. He is without 'kith or kin,' as they say. He has come up to try city life; and I'm keeping him from falling into the hands of the Philistines. I like the young fellow hugely. One would never imagine he had a cent, from the way he talks and acts sometimes. Yet he is generous to a fault. I'll bring him around and introduce you. What do you want him for, anyway?"

"I want him for my vagabond," said Earle.

"Your vagabond?" cried Jack, in amazement. "That handsome young fellow? What do you mean?"

"I mean that he has one of the most sensitive and expressive faces I ever beheld," returned Earle. "I saw on it, the other night, for just one moment, the very identical look that I want to paint. You bring him around to-morrow morning, and I will show you a transformation that will astonish you."

"I'll do it," said Jack, emphatically. "I'll do it; that is, if he hasn't an engagement, and I don't believe he has. I must tear myself away now; but you can confidently expect me to-morrow morning, between ten and eleven," and Jack departed, leaving a cloud of smoke behind him.

He kept his promise, for a wonder. The next morning, at exactly eleven, Mr. John Holmes, universally known among all his friends as "Jack," and Mr. Theodore W. Sherwin, of Sherwintown, Connecticut, presented themselves at the studio of "Hamilton Earle, artist," and the usual introductions followed. Young Mr. Sherwin was in the best of spirits. He evidently regarded the whole affair in the light of an adventure. He admired the studio, praised everything it contained, and expressed his entire willingness to be at once transformed into a vagabond. Both he and Jack had considerable curiosity as to how this change was to be effected.

"Come into my bed-room, and I'll show you," said Earle. "I have everything ready."

The two young men disappeared, while Jack roamed around the studio, bringing to light various discarded sketches, which were deposited in dark corners of the room. Presently, Earle pushed aside the heavy curtains which separated the two apartments. The vagabond tottered out. "Pity the sorrows of a poor old man," he quoted. Jack stared, with open-mouthed wonder. Was that ragged individual, in the weather-stained garments—that careworn old man, with deeply-lined face and iron-gray hair, the bright, handsome young fellow who had left the room a few moments before?

"How did you do it? It is simply wonderful!" he cried.

"I only," answered Earle, "deepened the shadows under the eyes; strengthened the lines of the face; added a few wrinkles; sprinkled a little powder on the hair; crowned the whole with a battered old hat; and—behold the result."

"Well, I never would have recognized him," said Jack, emphatically.

"I don't wonder," said the transformed vagabond. "I didn't know myself when I looked in the glass. Shall I pose now?" to Earle. "I am quite ready to begin, and I am awfully anxious to see you paint. I never saw an artist at work."

"If you're going to begin, I shall take myself off," said Jack. "Adieu, my venerable friend," continued he, addressing Sherwin. "I'll leave you to the tender mercies of this child of genius, though if you don't find posing remarkably hard work, I'm no prophet." With which consoling remark Jack took his departure, and they heard him warbling all the way downstairs, as was his custom, announcing, in a cracked tenor voice, that he was: "An every-day young man, a matter-of-fact young man," etc.

Mr. Hamilton Earle and Mr. Theodore W. Sherwin soon became the very best of friends. The young fellow made a patient, and therefore excellent, model. The outlines of his face were sketched in readily enough; but the finishing touches had to be postponed again and again, because the right expression was lacking.

Earle spent much time with his new model, even accompanying him to the theatre, to hear

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the same drama that was played on the night he had first noticed his face. But all in vain. The peculiar expression that the artist had remarked on that one occasion never reappeared.

One afternoon, Sherwin was posing as the vagabond, while Earle tried to work on the picture: in despair, almost, of ever getting the look he wanted. Presently, light swift footsteps were heard ascending the stairs.

"You are going to have a lady visitor," remarked the model. "I can tell by the sound."

Earle turned suddénly, dropping his maulstick. "By Jove!" he cried, "it's Sweetest Eyes, and I have forgotten all about the appointment!"

Just as he finished speaking, there was a slight knock on the half-open door, and then it was pushed back, and a young lady stood on the threshold.

The vagabond glanced up, and then squared around, and stared in a truly remarkable manner, considering his years and disreputable appearance. The young lady in the door-way was well worth looking at, however.

Such a perfect figure, such a pink-and-white complexion, such a little rosebud of a mouth, such masses of rich golden hair; but above all, such wonderful violet eyes: deep, unfathomable eyes, with a world of expression in their dreamy depths, were not to be met with every day. She stood there, framed in the door-way, gazing at the picture with clasped hands, quite unconscious of any observation.

"Oh! Mr. Earle, that is splendid!" she exclaimed, at last. Then she entered the room, and for the first time observed the model. She gave a little start, while a look of pity came into those lovely eyes. "Poor old man," she murmured under her breath, as she crossed the room.

"Mr. Earle," said she, in a low, sweet voice, "I have come to tell you that I cannot sit to-day. My mother is ill."

Earle looked immensely relieved. "Very well," he replied, hurriedly. "I can easily excuse you to-day. Do you think you can come again on next Monday afternoon?"

"Yes, if my mother is better," she replied.

"All right. I'll be ready for you," rejoined the artist, turning once more to his work. She stood and watched him for a moment, then, with a pleasant "good-morning," she started to leave the room. She was obliged to pass the model in order to make her exit. She hastily thrust her hand into her pocket, as she approached him. He looked up, and encountered a glance from those wonderful eyes, a glance full of infinite pity and compassion. As she brushed quickly by, something dropped suddenly into his half-opened hand; and before he could turn his head, she had vanished.

The artist heard a little inarticulate sound behind him, and glanced around.

"By Jove! There it is now!" he exclaimed, with great excitement. "For heaven's sake, Sherwin, don't move! Don't dare to move a single muscle! If you can only keep that expression for ten minutes, my fortune is made!"

He began to paint with frantic haste. It seemed hours to the model, before he finally paused, and dropped his palette and brushes.

"There!" he cried, "I have it at last! I was just going to give the whole thing up, too. You can come and look at it now, if you wish."

Sherwin arose, and went over to the picture, gazing at it for a long time in silence.

"Yes," he said, at last. "You have it. I see what you mean. The expression is just what it should be now. Though, who would have imagined," he added, "that I could ever look like that. But see here," he suddenly continued, holding out his hand. "Just look at this, will you?"

A small silver coin lay on his outstretched palm. Earle looked at it wonderingly, for a minute, then a quick light came into his eyes.

"Did she—?" he began.

"Yes she did, God bless her!" cried Sherwin, enthusiastically. "She gave me such a pitying look, as she passed me—oh, I shall always remember it to the longest day of my life—and then she dropped this money into my hand; gave it to me, because she thought I was as miserable, and poor, and wretched, as I looked. You don't know, Earle, how it made me feel. I shall never forget it—never!"

"By George!" exclaimed Earle, "that's a good one. All you have to do, now, is to 'kiss the coin that her fingers dropped,' and carry out the full programme."

"And I'll do it," cried Sherwin, excitedly, raising the coin to his lips; "for she's the sweetest creature I ever saw in my whole life. Who is she, Earle? Don't tell me that she is a professional model."

"No," said the artist, "she is not a model. She is just as sweet, and pure, and lovely, as she looks. She is a sewing-girl, who works for my cousin, and helps support her widowed mother. I met her coming down the steps one day last winter. Her face was just what I wanted for a picture I was then painting; so, with the help of my cousin, I persuaded her to pose for me. We became very good friends, and she often sits for

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me now, though she cannot be induced to serve as a model for any of the other artists, and some of them have offered her quite tempting little sums, too."

"What is her name? What was it you called her?" asked Sherwin, with unusual interest.

"Oh, I called her 'Sweetest Eyes;' but that's not her name, of course; it is Leslie Duncan," answered the artist. "I will show you the picture for which she is now posing—though it isn't finished—and then you can judge for yourself whether I have not chosen an appropriate title when I call it 'Sweetest Eyes.'"

He brought from an adjoining room a partly-finished picture. It was only the head of a young girl, crowned with flowers; but he had transferred those marvelous eyes to the canvas in a wonderful way. Sherwin gazed at it in silence. Then a strange look appeared on his face. "Yes," he said, drawing a long breath, "it is rightly named. She certainly has the 'sweetest eyes that e'er were seen.' How wonderfully you have painted them, too," he added. "They seem to follow you wherever you go."

He went away soon after, and Earle noticed, as he passed through the door, that his face still wore the same strange look; and the artist smiled to himself in a peculiar way, as he placed "Sweetest Eyes" on the easel, and began to touch up the background.

"What's got into Sherwin lately?" asked Jack Holmes, lounging into the studio a day or two after. "He goes mooning off by himself all the time, and seems to be growing queerer and queerer every day."

"How should I know," returned Earle, as he industriously squeezed fresh paint on his palette.

Jack had hardly taken his departure, however, before Sherwin himself appeared.

"I just thought I'd drop in, and see how you were getting along," he said, carelessly; but he seemed to be uneasy, and wandered about the studio in a restless way. "I say, Earle," said he, suddenly pausing before the artist, "I wish you'd sell me that picture, when it's finished."

"What, 'The Vagabonds'?" asked Earle, looking up innocently.

"No, no," cried Sherwin, impatiently. "That other one—the one you call 'Sweetest Eyes.'"

Earle bent his head for a moment, and a little smile flashed across his face. It was gone in an instant, however, and he said, gravely:

"I would really like to oblige you, Sherwin; but I am afraid it is impossible. You see I have made up my mind to keep that picture myself; and, accordingly, it is not for sale. If there is anything else I can do for you, I will be only too happy, I assure you."

Sherwin turned quite pale.

"I understand," he said, in a low voice. "She is wonderfully beautiful, and you are an artist. It would be impossible for you to be brought into contact with so much loveliness without—becoming interested. I see how it is. I know why you wish to keep the picture, and—"

"My dear fellow," interrupted Earle, "what you say is quite true. She is wonderfully beautiful, and an artist like myself might easily become interested in her, if it were not for the one little fact that—he happens to be engaged to another young lady."

Sherwin seized both his hands, and shook them with unnecessary fervor.

"Allow me to congratulate you," he cried, enthusiastically. "I hope you will be awfully happy. And you must be sure and let me know when it's coming off," he added.

"I must go now," he said, a few moments later, starting towards the door. He paused, however, when he reached it, and stood there, idly turning the knob backwards and forwards. Then he suddenly turned around.

"Oh! I say, Earle," he asked, rather sheepishly. "Would you mind if I dropped in, on next Monday afternoon? To tell the truth, I'd like to get another glimpse of that Miss Duncan. I'd—well—I'd like to meet her, in fact. That is, if you have no objection."

"None in the least," responded Earle, with charming promptness. "She's as nice a girl as you can meet anywhere."

"You don't think, do you, that she'll recognize me as the vagabond?" asked Sherwin, anxiously.

"Of course not," said Earle. "Your own mother wouldn't have known you."

He started to go once more; in fact had reached the top stair, when Earle heard him stop, and then retrace his steps.

"Oh! by the way," he said, putting his head in at the door. "If you ever should decide to sell that picture, I can have it, can't I?"

"Yes," said Earle. "If I ever sell it to anyone, it will be to you."

"Oh! thank you, thank you," he cried, warmly. "I am really off now. Good-bye."

Earle waited until the sound of his footsteps had quite died away, and then he leaned back in his chair, and indulged in a hearty fit of laughter.

"Sweetest Eyes deserves it, though," he said, when his merriment had somewhat subsided.

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"She has had to toil and struggle long enough. She is well educated, too, and fit to shine in any society, even if she is a poor sewing-girl. But I wonder what Jack Holmes will say," he added, "when he finds out what is the matter with Sherwin?"

The young man was promptly on hand Monday afternoon; in fact, it might truly be said of him that "he came, he saw, he conquered," so smoothly did the course of true love run in his case. They met often after this. Two more unworldly creatures could never be imagined. Love came to them, therefore, in a flash, as it were. Theodore W. Sherwin, of Sherwintown, Connecticut, thought it the most natural thing in the world for him to marry a poor sewing-girl. As for Miss Leslie Duncan, she murmured "Yes," accompanying it with a thrilling glance from those wonderful eyes, without once knowing that her accepted lover was a young millionaire, the greatly-sought-after idol of all mammas with marriageable daughters.

It was about six weeks after our story opened, when this "Yes" was spoken. Sherwin, the happiest mortal in existence, turned to Leslie, and asked her very gravely whether she knew she had just promised to marry a vagabond.

"Why, what do you mean?" she cried, looking at him with startled eyes.

"Just what I say," he returned. "That, at one time in my life, I was no better than a beggar, inasmuch as I received alms. I thought I ought to tell you, though I hope it will make no difference in your feelings toward me."

"Of course it won't!" exclaimed Leslie. "I know what poverty is, myself. Only I am sorry, so very sorry, to hear you were ever so poor as that. I wish I could have known you then. I would have added my mite towards—"

"You did, you dear, sweet, tender-hearted little girl," interrupted Sherwin, suddenly catching her in his arms, and fairly smothering her with kisses. "You gave me the first, and last, and only money I ever received as a beggar; and I have loved you from that moment. Do you want to see the very money you gave me? What I value more than anything else I possess? Well, here it is."

He took a little package from his breast-pocket, and opening it, revealed a small silver coin.

Leslie looked at it with wondering eyes; but it was not until Sherwin told her its history, that she learned, for the first time, on whom she had bestowed her "lucky sixpence."

They had a quiet little wedding, according to Leslie's desire. Jack Holmes sent her a splendid India shawl, for a bridal present; but Hamilton Earle's gift, Sherwin declared, was the crowning drop in his cup of happiness. It was a picture, richly framed: the picture of a fair young girl, whose lovely golden head was crowned with flowers: and the name which appeared on the frame of this picture was: "SWEETEST EYES."

ANGELS UNAWARES.

BY MRS. E. N. WILSON.

SOMETIMES they come as bearded men,
Familiar with life's dusty ways;
They walk beside us all their days
With calm content, beyond our ken.
Sometimes they come in woman's dress.
We seek them in our daily needs;
We profit by their kindly deeds,
And sun us in their loveliness.
But oftenest, in childhood's guise,
They steal our hearts and homes within,
So innocent of guilt and sin.
We shrink before their wond'ring eyes;
But oh, their wings are hid from sight,
Until we see them plumed for flight.

IN ABSENCE.

BY J. WARREN CHAPMAN.

CAN longest miles that hide thy face from me,
Can countless years, or anything that blights,
Blot from this heart the glory rare that lights
Its darkness up? I never can be free
Again from love's sweet presence. Should it be
We meet no more, I know love's cunning rites
Still, still would witch thy face where man indites.
And, as in violet-time upon the lea
The south wind blows, thy voice still from the flow'r,
The sunshine, all things fair, would speak, would call.
I know not, dear, if yet from thy fair bow'r
The birds have fled: this only, all in all,
Despite the sea between, the mounts that bar,
Its one white rose makes glad this heart afar.

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THE POEM THAT NEVER WAS WRITTEN.

BY REBECCA HARDING DAVIS.

PART I.

"If you can give me a single reason for your course, I shall not say a word. That is, a reason based on common sense."

"Down with common sense!" laughed the Judge, trying to turn the discussion off in a joke. "I base my actions on higher ground."

"No, Judge," said the widow, in the tone which she would use to a refractory pupil, "you base them on your own moody whims. Oh, I'm not afraid to use plain language. You've been morbid and moody, George Choate, ever since you were a boy. All very well, when you *were* a boy. But now, for you, the father of a family, because you have been disappointed in politics, to come off to these savage wilds and bury yourself and your children for life—words cannot express my indignation. I heard of it in Raleigh, and I came up expressly to look into the matter. 'If George Choate,' I said, 'wrecks his life in this fashion, it will be because Louisa Moran has lost her power to argue.'"

"You never will lose that, Louisa," said the Judge, gravely, his eyes twinkling.

Mrs. Moran, when she closed her Young Ladies' School in the summer, always felt the need of somebody to control. She, therefore, looked into the affairs of her friends. Not that she was either vulgar or meddlesome; but she had a kind heart, perfect confidence in her own shrewd common sense, and a certainty that common sense was the one quality most lacking in the majority of her acquaintances.

"People, as a rule, mean to do right. They only need direction—head-work," she said now, oracularly, waving her feather-fan, and nodding her black curls to emphasize her maxims. "You mean to do right, Judge. For example: the ship is manned and stanch; the sails are set; you want to reach the right harbor. All that is needed is a cool observer—"

"Like yourself, to take the helm. Thank you, Louisa. But my resolution is irrevocable," said the Judge, sternly. "I have done with the world. These hills do not lie to me; birds and beasts do not sham friendship. The ground will yield me all I need. I shall live with nature, my books, and God."

"And your son? What is to become of him? Norris is a fine lad. Now, at the bar—"

"The bar? To have the same luck as his father? No. Norris shall be an honest farmer. He shall plough and dig."

"And Jeanie?" asked Mrs. Moran, with a shrug. "Is she to become the female Hodge? Is she to grow like that creature, for example?" nodding towards a gaunt woman, in linsey and hobnailed shoes, going up the mountain-road, a sack on her back.

The angry heat died out of Judge Choate's face.

"Jeanie?" he said, uncertainly. "No. I am not sure that solitude is the best fate for a woman; though, doubtless, it would remove her from many temptations."

"You have no right to decide in the matter," said the lady, promptly. "You have totally removed her from her own class here. The girl must have a chance to say whether she will be a nun, perforce, in the Black Mountains, or become a wife and mother, like other women. You see the justice of that? You are not, as yet, quite insane. And I'll see that the chance is set before her," she added to herself, as she left the room.

Jeanie was sitting on the porch, sewing on a heavy homespun coat for her father. The weight bent the child's slight figure down. She lifted a delicately-tinted, arch face.

"I am becoming a creditable tailor," she said. "Next year I shall be strong enough," coloring with pride, "to weave the cloth. All the mountaineer women here weave their own cloth."

"Next year? We shall see about that," said Mrs. Moran. She went to her room, in the pile of unplaned boards which the Judge called a house, and wrote a letter to Gilbert Payne.

Payne was a young man of about twenty-two, the only son of a wealthy and cultured planter, near Richmond, Virginia. He was now at Waynesville, a little village in one of the spurs of the Black Mountains, busied, professedly, in bear-baiting and trout-fishing. But in reality he spent more of his time debating with himself what his career in life was to be. He had just left the University, and hesitated between a profession, a tobacco plantation, or the great ranches of the West. He was honorable, energetic, and modest as a woman. Mrs. Moran had known the boy from his cradle. She knew as well, too, that

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pure, gay, affectionate little girl on the porch. Why should she not play the good angel, and bring the two golden threads of life together?

"Come up at once, Gilbert," she wrote. "Two bears were trapped, last Monday, though it is out of season. But the poor creatures are hungry, and come down to the clearing. There is a young man here, Norris Choate, who will show you their dens. Besides, I have a plan for you. There is an abandoned mica mine near this place—abandoned for lack of capital. Red corundum is found in the same neighborhood. There is a fortune in both. Why not go to mining? You have not decided on a business: you have the knowledge and the capital. At least, come up and let us talk the matter over."

Not a word of Jeanie. Mrs. Moran did not cry her valuable wares in the market-place. Her letter gone, she sat and waited. Meanwhile, she studied Jeanie. The girl sorely lacked education. What could she learn in these gloomy solitudes? She knew nothing, even of geography or arithmetic. When the engagement was made, doubtless Gilbert would be willing she should have a year's schooling. Mrs. Moran would attend to that herself. Jeanie's wonderful voice needed cultivation, too. "But, untrained as she is, your daughter has quite a decided little mind of her own, and a wonderful innocence and tenderness," said the widow to the Judge, patronizingly, after a day or two of observation.

"She has a character which will not bear coarse handling," he said, quietly.

The child, naturally gay, was growing already thoughtful and sad. What wonder? When she laughed, only the echo of the hills answered her, or the fatuous grin on old Barak's black face. Her father never smiled; and Norris belonged to that species of young men who despise women of their own class as goody-goody and tame.

"It will all be right when Gilbert comes," said Mrs. Moran to herself, more anxiously day by day. She talked of him to Jeanie a great deal, told little anecdotes of his boyhood, even of his early flirtations, always dramatic and picturesque, until Jeanie's cheeks began to color with pleasure, when the unknown hero was named.

The boy, who carried Mrs. Moran's letter in a bag on a mule's back, shook it out, with all the others, on the floor in a farm kitchen, up in Haywood county, according to his wont, while distributing the mails in the Black Mountains. When everybody picked out their own, nobody was dissatisfied. It fell in a corner, and lay there unnoticed for a week. Meanwhile, Gilbert lingered in the village inn; found trout scarce, and bears impossible; and finally turning his back on the mountains and their solemn magnificence, rode down into Tennessee, and, meeting young Sowers from New York, there, took a train for the North. At a wayside hotel, the letter reached him.

"A mica mine?" he said, thoughtfully, to his companion. "Do you know that idea has often struck me? A friend suggests it here. There's a great deal to be made in mica, as soon as cheap transportation for it is found to the markets; and a few men of energy and capital could soon open up these mountains by a railway. I wish I had received this letter sooner. I have half a mind to go back."

"Nonsense! You are nearly at home. What does the old lady know of mines or investments? There's our train. Come along, Gilbert. You've had a summer's fun, and got a wolf-skin: that's all that's worth finding in the Black Mountains."

Gilbert followed him reluctantly aboard the train. He was an impressible young fellow, however, and these interminable ranges of towering hills had affected him in a way which Sowers could not understand. He looked back at the sombre shadows, limned against the twilight sky, with a strange kind of homesickness. Part of his life seemed to remain behind him there; a feeling due, perhaps, to the vague lonely fancies, common to all intellectual young men, with which he had filled many of those bleak summits and smiling valleys.

"I wonder if I shall ever see them again," he thought. "I wish I had gone back when I received that letter." He was uneasy and silent during the whole of that day, while the mountains were in sight. Something of his thoughts he expressed to Sowers, as they sat together in the smoking-car. "A man could be very happy, if he would settle down in one of those magnificent gorges, and give himself up to his work—cut loose from society, display, struggle of all kind. He would throw off half the burden of life at its outset."

"Yes. With a woman he loved, you mean, of course?"

"I suppose that would be an essential. I had not thought of it," indifferently. Now, Sowers suspected that Gilbert had never been in love.

"He would be apt to degenerate into a boor. You will study medicine, Payne?"

"Probably. My mother wishes it. I have very little choice in the matter. One must keep on the regular track, I suppose."

He looked back to the blue line of the mountains, fading out in the twilight; looked so intently that his cigar went out in his mouth.

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PART II.

The friends parted at Richmond, and six years passed before they met again. Sowers was then a lieutenant in the Union army: he was wounded in a skirmish in the Shenandoah Valley; was taken prisoner and carried to a farm-house, which had been converted into a hospital, and which was filled with wounded Southern soldiers. While he lay waiting for his arm to be dressed, he thought he recognized one of the surgeons.

"You are Gilbert Payne?" he said, looking up, while the surgeon was cutting off his bloody sleeve.

The doctor nodded absently. "Compound fracture, White," he said, to his assistant. Then, glancing at his patient's face, his own kindled into the peculiar sensitive smile which Sowers remembered well. "Eh? Sowers? Tut tut! Got yourself riddled with bullets. The good luck used to be on your side, when we went gunning for rabbits together, eh?"

The probe went deep, and Sowers groaned. It was no time for reminiscences. The next day, however, Sowers began to inquire concerning his old friend, of an officer from Richmond, who lay in the next cot to his own.

"Payne has been a successful man?" he asked.

"As far as his profession is involved," was the answer, "yes. In every other way, no. He married unluckily, you know."

"I did not know. I had not even heard that he was married."

"Yes. Effie Vance. Pretty society girl—nice dancer. The Vances and Paynes had been intimate for generations. Gil's mother was a managing old lady, and she wanted the match. It somehow seemed the natural thing for them both to do; and Payne drifted into it, I fancy, because he did not know any positive objection to it. He never cared for women. I don't believe," with sudden emphasis, raising his head, "that the man ever was in love: not even with his wife. Always a cold, stern, melancholy fellow. Since his marriage, he is given up wholly to his profession."

"No children?"

"Luckily, no. Mrs. Payne is a beautiful, giddy little body. Always getting herself talked about. Gil doesn't care enough about her to be hurt, perhaps; but she is his wife, for all that. His honor is concerned. I heard, by the way, she had followed him down here. To enjoy the new sensation, probably, of looking at dying men; and to flirt with the staff."

Mrs. Payne, however, was already on her way home. The doctor had her under a certain subjection. He had put her and her maid into a carriage, that afternoon, and was now escorting them through the lines. "It was very kind of you, Mrs. Payne," he said, gravely, when he bade her farewell, "to follow me. But, I beg of you, do not repeat such a movement; I will take your anxiety for granted."

"Oh, I was really frightfully uneasy!" The finely-tinted, vapid face was thrust restlessly out of the carriage window, peering from side to side. "And it is so miserably dull in the valley. Who is that, Gilbert, on the gray horse, with the splendid figure? He's looking this way. I do like a tall, well-built man! Of course, you could not help growing short and squat, dear, but I wish you had not done it," her dead black eyes full of malicious triumph. She had paid him for sending her home, she thought, and bade him good-bye with effusive embraces and little pecking kisses. Gilbert Payne rode back to camp, a bitter smile on his face. It was a reserved, noble face, but one which, oddly, gave you the impression that the man had lost something out of his life, which he yet hoped to find.

"Good God," he muttered. "To think that I am tied forever to a woman who could suppose that I was hurt by such stabs as that, and who has the heart to give them!"

His duty was light, at the hospital, that afternoon: he busied himself in writing letters for some of the men. One, a captain in a North Carolina regiment, a gross, hard-drinking man, down with a dangerous sword-wound, asked him to read a letter from his sister.

"My eyes have given out, doctor," he said. "And I want to know if she's coming to nurse me. I sent for her last week; but women are so selfish."

Doctor Payne read the letter. He held it a moment, looking at it closely in silence, when he had finished. "How can your sister come to you?" he said, rousing himself. "If I understand right, she has charge of your children in the mountains. Their mother is dead?"

"Yes; but she could manage, if she would."

The doctor scarcely heard this answer; he walked mechanically to the window, the letter in his hand. Had he ever known the writer? There was something strangely familiar to him in the thoughts, the turns of expression, the very writing. No other words had ever touched him in this way: they were like a simple, noble strain of music; they had no connection, in his mind, with this bloated mountaineer; they called to him—him, Gilbert Payne, from the past. Was this some old friend whom he had

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once known? Or was it like something he had dreamed when he was a boy? He could not tell. He stood looking at the letter, as one does at the half-forgotten face of a friend, whose name we cannot recall. The paper was thick, creamy-white; the writing clear, firm, but feminine. He had read clever, brilliant letters from women. This was neither clever nor brilliant. Why, then, should it haunt him so? There was no signature except "your sister." He carried it back reluctantly, and laid it down. The mystery could have been instantly solved by questioning the wounded man; but Gilbert did not question him. He had a whimsical fancy not to hear this woman's name first from this man.

Nor did he hear it, though the Carolinian volunteered information about himself and his affairs at every visit. He was the son of an ex-judge and politician, who had buried himself and his children in the mountains, and died there.

"I'm a widower, with two children. Whiskey and the war have been too much for me. Only pull me up from this bed, doctor, and I'll give 'em both the go by. There's a nice girl up in the mountains, I've my eye on; I'll settle down with her, and be a sober man."

"And your sister?" the doctor compelled himself to say.

"Oh, she's got to look out for herself," cried Norris Choate, coarsely. "She's made of different clay from me. We'll do better apart."

Three or four days later, Mr. Sowers called to his comrade: "Where is Doctor Payne? It is past the hour for his rounds."

"Haven't you heard? He had a dispatch from home. His wife is dying of the malarial fever raging in the valley. He goes by the next train."

Both men were silent for a few moments.

"Well, a wife's a wife," said Sowers, after a pause. "And Payne, I fancy, never was lacking in feeling, though he's a dumb, unresponsive fellow. Did you see that woman who passed through the ward just now? She had a beautiful, good face. It made me think of the prayers I used to say, and of quiet places in the woods, and of every other pure, good thing."

"I saw her. She is the sister of that beast, Choate. She brought his baby with her. There she is, singing to it now, in the nurses' room."

"Hush-h!" A sudden silence fell over all the ward. Some of the men raised themselves on their elbows to hear. Jeanie was singing a cradle hymn to the child in her arms, as she had sung every evening in their lonely mountain home, forgetting that now there were any listeners.

The tears came to many eyes.

"It is a wonderful voice," patronizingly said the little lieutenant, who liked to play the critic; "but totally untrained."

Sowers did not reply. He lay with his hand over his eyes, and talked no more that evening.

Doctor Payne was on his way to the train, when the unfamiliar voice struck upon his ear. At first, so stunned was he by the shock of the tidings he had received, that he scarcely was conscious of the voice; then it moved and startled him, as the letter had done. To others, it was only a woman with a strangely sweet voice, singing; to him, it was the echo of a summons which his soul had heard long ago, and never answered. It touched a chord which his dying wife had never reached, nor cared to reach.

He hesitated, halted. "What is that?" he asked.

"It is the sister of Number 17, sir; in the second ward," said the orderly.

"Ah!"

"She came this afternoon."

The doctor made no reply; but hurried forward to catch the train.

PART III.

Doctor Payne's wife lingered for several days. When she was dead, he rejoined his regiment, already in the field. The little farm-house hospital was broken up, and the men scattered.

Norris Choate did not die of his wound. He obtained a furlough, and went home to begin an active courtship of the "nice girl," a coarse mountain beauty, with a reputation already damaged. He threatened to marry her, before returning to service.

Jeanie, for the first time in her life, interfered.

"Brother, consider," she said. "Is it best for the children that you should do this thing?"

"Yes," he replied, with an oath. "You are making them like yourself. I want none of your book-learning, nor finical notions, in my boys. She will encourage them to take to horses, and good raw-hide whiskey, and a knock-down fight now and then. She'll help me to make men of them, like their father."

But his plans did not succeed. She was coy, having another lover; and Norris went back to camp unmarried. He was shot in the Wilderness, two months later, and buried in the field.

His sister mourned for him. She had the faculty of discovering the inevitable clean spot in the blackest type of human nature; and doubtless she had found one in poor Norris, and

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made much of it to herself now that he was gone. But she could not subdue a thrill of joy, as she hugged the sturdy boys to her breast.

"Now you are all my own," she cried, secretly, as they hugged and kissed her back, with all their hearts.

They were manly fellows, with the old Choate blood in their veins. It was good material, and Jeanie had inherited ample means to carry out her plans for them. She left the mountains, brought them to a large city, and placed them at the best schools. Nothing of culture or development, that money or care could command, was wanting in their lives. They grew to be honorable, liberal-minded, happy men.

Jeanie did not marry. She was tempted to do it, more than once. She felt the temptation more, perhaps, than if she had ever had a real absorbing passion. One or two men sought her, whom she respected, and might even have loved. She would probably have been happy with them. Who can say? But she did not marry. She herself could hardly give a reason why. Perhaps she had some secret subtle fancy or longing, which no love that was offered to her satisfied. If she had, she told it in no way during her life. She was a happy, light-hearted woman; and she made the best of herself, in a singular way, for one who had absolutely no vanity. She dressed picturesquely, cultivated her voice, studied incessantly. One might have fancied that she made ready and waited for some friend, who long delayed his coming. But, as we said, she gave no hint of her secret thoughts; she painted no picture; wrote no poem; talked but little. Her only expression was in the lives of her two boys. If she had married anyone, they would never have been the helpful men in the world which they became; though it is certain that she had no idea of self-sacrifice to them when she refused to marry.

Doctor Payne, shortly after his wife's death, became absorbed in the study of a certain line of diseases, and rose to the first rank of specialists. Sowers met him, years afterwards, and congratulated him, heartily, that he had never married again. "Think what the world would have lost, doctor," he said. "No man, with a wife and children, could give to the public what you have given. Think of the countless lives you have saved."

"I have had no temptation to marry," said Payne, coldly. "Women, as a rule, do not interest me."

Sometimes, he remembered his early homesickness for the mountains, and the singular effect which the letter and the song had produced on him. But he never went back to the mountains, or traced the letter and the song. They were only vague, unaccountable impressions. Which of us has not known such in our lives? Yet who would not think himself mad to follow them to their secret sources?

Doctor Payne lived within a few miles of Jeanie Choate, all of his life. Yet he never saw her, nor heard her name.

A year or two ago, the Doctor, a bent, middle-aged man, with grizzled beard and hair, crossed the Sound on one of the daily steamers. In the evening, as he was pacing the deck above, a lady below sang a snatch of some plaintive song. He stopped. Where had he heard that voice before? After she was silent, the vague remembrance troubled him for a moment, and then he forgot it again. There was an accident that night, the horror of which our readers still remember. The boat ran into another steamer in the fog, and hundreds of human beings were burned or drowned. Dr. Payne, struggling in the water, caught sight of a floating female figure, with long black hair. It was but a shadow in the darkness, but a strange fancy seized him that it was the woman whose voice he had heard.

He stretched out both hands to her, but she made no motion to take them; she was already dead. He had one glimpse of a pale, lovely face, in the dark veil of water, then she drifted from him, and was lost in the whelming tide.

SONNET.

BY JOHN MORAN.

And the opulent fields, through mellowing days,
Reaper and gleaner reap and glean thick grain,
Heedless of aught, save what their eyes retain;
And, at the eventide, with soft-shed rays,
The yellow harvest-moon beams through the haze,
O'er song and dance, till night be on the wane;
While, where some secret nook hath sheltered twain,
She smiles on pastoral love in peaceful ways
Yet, although granaries groan for garnered weight,
Famine steals round and enters many a door;
So plenteous corn (or love) may come too late,
And alms be ample from an alien store;
For howsoe'er the fates be strong and great,
I think that death can heal their hardest sore.

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MR. POLYPOD'S NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

BY HELEN WHITNEY CLARK.

"DEAR me, dear me," quoth Mr. Cyrus Polypod, as he leaned back in his bachelor chair, in front of the bright wood-fire. "Here's another year gone around. I'm thirty-five; all alone in the world; nobody to give a New Year's gift to, or receive one from."

He stopped, with a sigh. There had been one dream in his life; but when Leah Maverick married, the dream went. He never had another.

"Even Mrs. Flint has gone out," he resumed, half peevishly. Mrs. Flint was his housekeeper. "There's not a soul to talk to. Hark! what was that? A knock at the door, at nine o'clock at night. What can it mean? There's nobody at home, so I must go myself. Confound it."

As he spoke, Mr. Polypod arose, crossly, and wrapping his dressing-gown around him, took the lamp in his hand, and went to the door.

He opened it and looked out, but saw no one. The night was a dark one, however, and to make sure, he took a step forward to peer out.

"Hello," he cried, as his foot came in contact with something on the floor of the porch. "What's this? A New Year's present?" and he picked up a large package, or bundle. "Bless my heart," he cried, almost dropping it again, "it's a baby!"

And so it was; a live, laughing, rollicking, year-old baby, that kicked up its heels, grabbed at his whiskers, and laughed in his face.

"Bless me, bless me," quoth Cyrus, staggering into the sitting-room with his unwelcome burden. "What on earth will Mrs. Flint say, when she comes home?" And a cold sweat broke out on his forehead, at the bare idea.

"She—she mustn't see it," he declared, to himself. But what to do with it?

"I might carry it to somebody else's door and leave it," he thought, meditatively. "But then, somebody might catch me at it, and that would look worse yet. And I can't lock it up in the pantry or the cellar; it would be sure to squall. But I must do something with it, for Mrs. Flint will certainly be here before ten o'clock." And the poor man racked his brain, and wrinkled his forehead, in a desperate endeavor to solve the difficulty.

"I know what I'll do," he said, at last, with the calmness of despair. "I'll take it up to my room. Mrs. Flint won't find it there. And to-morrow, at peep of day, I'll put it in the big market-basket, and carry it—somewhere; to the hospital, or the poor-house; or, I'll take the first train to St. Louis: nobody knows me there; and leave it at the Police Station. Probably it's been kidnapped, anyway. But I'll take it to my room now. Stop, though: it may get hungry; babies are always wanting mush and milk, or something. But I can't carry everything at once, so I'll take the—the baby up and lock it in my room, and come down again for the refreshments."

Mr. Polypod evidently labored under a vague suspicion that the little castaway might get out if the door was not locked, and might follow him downstairs.

With the light in one hand, and the baby held gingerly in the other, he proceeded cautiously upstairs, and deposited the little innocent in bed.

Somehow, it looked so sweet and rosy, with its dimpled cheeks and blue eyes—blue was Mr. Polypod's favorite color for eyes—that our bachelor could not resist the temptation of kissing the tiny mouth, though he colored guiltily, at it.

Carefully locking the door, he crept stealthily downstairs, feeling more like a burglar than the master of his own house. Finding the coast clear, he proceeded to the pantry, whence he presently emerged with a plate of cold mush and a good-sized pitcher of milk.

He was congratulating himself on the successful issue of his foraging expedition, when the dining-room door flew open, and he stood, covered with confusion, like a detected culprit; for there was Mrs. Flint.

"Sakes alive, how you startled me, Mr. Polypod! I thought it was a burglar," she cried.

The shrill voice rasped every nerve in Mr. Polypod's body. But he kept on his way in sheer desperation.

"Ahem! I was a little hungry, and—and—"

"Hungry? But why on airth didn't you get some doughnuts, or pie, instead of that cold mush? Let me git some fur ye now."

"No—no—I ain't hungry—not for doughnuts. It's the colic—I mean dyspepsia," and the unfortunate man fled upstairs as rapidly as possible, leaving his landlady staring after him, wondering if he really had taken to drink at last. "For I never heerd him complain of dyspepsy before," she commented, shaking her head.

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Mr. Polypod reached his room in a state bordering on distraction.

"I wonder if she suspects anything," he muttered. "She looked so queer. Suppose she *should* come up to bring me the doughnuts, after all." And the poor man's hair almost stood on end with terror. But gradually his fears subsided, as no high heels were heard clicking up the stairs; and so he once more gave his attention to the baby.

It had dropped asleep now, with one chubby fist crammed into its rosy mouth; and somehow, in spite of the trouble it had caused him, Mr. Polypod caught himself half wishing that the little stranger belonged to him.

In the meantime, Mrs. Flint had seated herself before the fire, to give her feet a good warming.

"I wanted to speak to Mr. Polypod partikler, to-night," she soliloquized; "but he acted so oncommon quare, I clean forgot it. I s'pose it'll do jest as well to-morrow. But I wanted it off my mind, fur I kind o' hate to tell him I'm a-goin' to marry Deacon Bellpepper in six weeks. He'll hev trouble a-gittin' a housekeeper. I've sorter thought Mr. Polypod had a kind o' hankerin' after me himself; and I wouldn't be surprised if he should pop the question any time, like the Deacon did to-night, a-comin' home from meetin'. So I better tell him at once. I might a-took him, if he'd a-asked me first; though since Deacon Bellpepper's been lookin' this way, it's different; fur he's a professor and a stiddy church-goer, and Mr. Polypod ain't—marcy on us! if thar ain't a rap on the door. Who kin be a-comin' at this time o'night?"

And in her turn, Mrs. Flint took up the lamp, hurried through the hall, and opened the door.

No baby this time! But a gentlemanly-looking young man, with blonde mustache and imperial, and a slender woman, robed in deep black, clasping his arm. She was a pretty woman, with a ripe, mature beauty, more attractive than that of extreme youth. Her complexion was still bright and unfaded, and the chestnut-gold of her hair shaded a brow as fair and low as Clytie's.

Mrs. Flint was surprised, but hospitable.

"Good-evenin'—walk in. Who might you be a-lookin' for?" she inquired, gazing from one to the other. "Granger—Squire Granger? Bless your heart, why Squire Granger's folks moved away over in Turkey Bottom, nigh onto three months ago. It's six miles from here."

"Moved?"

The young man seemed thunderstruck.

"Good heavens, what a fix," he muttered, very much annoyed.

But the lady looked bewildered.

"What does she mean, Lenox, and where is my baby?" she cried, anxiously.

"Be still," whispered the young man. "It's all a mistake, of course. Baby's all right. Would you be kind enough to bring the child, ma'am," he asked, turning to the housekeeper with a persuasive smile.

But Mrs. Flint stared back at him in round-eyed astonishment.

"What on airth do you mean?" she demanded. "There ain't no child here—not a one."

"Lenox, oh Lenox, what have you done with my baby—where is he?" cried the mother, frantically. "You told me you left him with father Granger. Where is he, Lenox?"

"I'll soon find out—only be calm," pleaded Lenox. "But the truth is, I told you a little fib about seeing father. I was in such a hurry to get back to you, that I didn't want to stop and explain the situation, and so—baby was asleep, and I just laid him on the porch, and knocked on the door. Then I hid behind a cedar-tree, and when a tall gentleman opened the door, and took him in, I thought it was father, of course."

"Oh, Lenox," sobbed the woman.

"As you had written them you were coming, I thought of course they would know it was one of my foolish jokes," added Lenox, penitently.

"But my baby—my baby," cried the mother, hysterically.

"Now-look-a-here, ma'am, don't you take on so," urged Mrs. Flint, sympathizingly. "Come right into the sittin'-room, and warm yourself, and I'll find out what's become o' that baby." And leading the way, she stirred up the fire and slipped quietly upstairs.

In the meantime, baby had waked up, and displayed an alarming tendency to cry.

Mr. Polypod was trotting it perseveringly on his knee, and dangling his gold watch and chain before its blinking eyes; when suddenly he was startled by a sharp knock on the door.

"Thunder," he gasped, starting up as if he had been shot through the back.

"Mr. Polypod," cried a shrill voice; and Cyrus felt that his doom had come, and that the sword was about to fall.

"What—who is it?" he gasped, faintly.

"Why, it's me, of course! I want to speak to you," was the sharp reply.

"But I—I'm in bed," fibbed the doomed man, desperately.

"S'pose you air! Can't you get up and dress?"

"I—I'm sick—I don't feel well. That's the

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truth, anyhow," he muttered to himself. "For I never felt worse in my life."

"Sick? Nonsense," declared the housekeeper, energetically rattling away at the door-knob. "You ain't no sicker'n I be. If you'd a' lost your baby, now, you might talk."

"Baby!" stammered the guilty man. "But I—I haven't got any baby."

"Well, who said you had? Of course, an old bachelor like you wouldn't hev one," snapped the widow, losing all patience. "There's a—"

Before she could utter another word, a cry—the loud, long, unmistakable cry of a child—smote her ears, coming directly from Mr. Polypod's room.

"Sakes alive, he has got it, sure enough," cried the housekeeper.

Suddenly the door opened, and Mr. Polypod appeared, with a very red face, holding the baby in his arms.

"I—I found it on the door-step," he explained, sheepishly. "And if you'll only take it, and do something with it, I'll—I'll—"

"Found it on the door-step? Who'll believe that? Humph, give it to me," cried the widow, striving to hide her amusement.

With the words, she took the baby, and tripped downstairs with it. Cyrus was now desperate. "How on earth did she find out about it," he said to himself. "And what is she going to do with it, I wonder?" And he followed her.

The happy mother was hugging her restored treasure to her breast, the chestnut-gold of her hair looking scarcely less bright than baby's.

Mr. Polypod gazed, transfixed with astonishment.

Was he dreaming? Or was that—could it be—she? He pinched himself, to see if he was awake. Then, as the golden head was lifted, and he caught a glimpse of the fair face, he started forward.

"Leah!" he said. "Leah!"

The blue eyes were raised to his with a startled look, then dropped shyly under the golden lashes.

"Yes, Leah!" she answered, her cheeks growing pink as a mountain-daisy. "Leah Granger; but a widow now; and this," turning to Lenox, "is my brother-in-law, Mr. Granger."

Mr. Polypod insisted upon keeping his guests over night; and in the morning, drove them himself over to "Turkey Bottom."

"Sakes alive," cried Grandma Granger "And so you didn't git our letter, a-tellin' you we was a-goin' to move over here? And to think of Lenox a-playin' off sech a prank as that! He'd ought to hev hed his ears boxed good."

"Well, you see," explained Lenox, "Leah was determined to come last night, as she thought you would be expecting her. It was nine o'clock when we got to the station, and there was no conveyance to be had; so we had to foot it, or stay on the platform all night; for, as you know, there isn't a single habitation there. Well, we reached the creek, but Leah could not walk the plank, and I could not well carry her and the baby both. So I took him on, intending to leave him with you, while I went back for her. Then it struck me that the creek might rise, and carry the plank away before I got back, and so—"

But the rest of the explanation has already been given.

Mr. Polypod stayed to eat dinner at the Granger farm-house, and before he left Turkey Bottom he had another housekeeper engaged to take Mrs. Flint's place; for his old sweetheart had promised to become his wife.

"I'll have somebody to talk to now," he said. "That baby was a New Year's gift, after all, even if it did give me a lot of trouble."

And Mr. Polypod never found occasion to change his opinion, even when other golden heads had clustered about him.

SONG.

BY EMILY BROWNE POWELL.

Hark to a wood-bird's cheerful notes,
As high on a bough she swings;
While the ripple of waves in a neighboring rill,
And the quiver of leaves, which the soft winds thrill,
Mingle with the song she sings,
Mingle with the song she sings.

Hark to the trill of a joyous lark,
As she mounts on graceful wings;
While the tones of a flute, which a shepherd plays,
And the tinkle of bells, where the mild herds graze,
Mingle with the song she sings,
Mingle with the song she sings.

Hark to the lonesome sea-gull's call,
As swiftly she soars on high;
While the dashing of waves, as the ship flies fast,
The rattling sails, and the sounding blast,
Mingle with her mournful cry,
Mingle with her mournful cry.

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RULE OR RUIN.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1882, by Miss Ann Stephens, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.]

CHAPTER I.

The sick man's room was large, dim, and stamped with age in every angle of its carved ceiling and paneled walls, out of which the proud old heads of warriors, long since smitten down on the battle-fields of old England, and of Crusaders, swept out of life by the keen-edged cimeters of heathen foes, looked down upon the form outstretched on that vast state bed, over which deeper shadows were gathering than the dull crimson of those worn velvet curtains could ever throw.

There was something mournfully weird in these shadows when they took the appearance of motion in that old apartment; for light is beautiful, and we seem to witness its death struggles when it creeps along the walls, touches the golden bronze of a picture-frame, glances across the diamond glass of a lattice, or chases the shadows up the black mouth of a high-mantled chimney. But even this weird strife of light and darkness was nothing compared to the dull gray that was creeping hour by hour over the face of that old nobleman, who lay there under those sombre curtains, looking through the gloom with eyes that took the fire of stars, from the fever within him.

He was quite alone, and the solitude had become irksome to him; or perhaps some stronger feeling impelled the efforts that he made to rise from his pillow. Once or twice he struggled up to his elbow, but fell back again, with faint moans of impatience rather than pain. Then he would beat the counterpane with his hand; but with such exhausted force, that the impotency of the movement was pitiful.

A door opened, and through the gathering gloom came the small form of a lady who had long since passed her prime, but must once have been beautiful; for even yet there was a trace of it in the faded bloom of her delicately-cut features and the whiteness of her withered hands, which moved restlessly among the satin folds of her dress, as she sat down in a high-backed chair, close by the bed—a mass of ebony covering that might have belonged to Cardinal Wolsey.

"You have not slept," she said, reaching forth her hand, as if to stay the motion of his long slender fingers, now fluttering nervously over the fretted embroidery of the counterpane, of which she took instant notice, and something that was not quite a smile crept to her lips. "I thought that you might rest, if left awhile to yourself."

"Rest?" he repeated, in a sharp whisper. "Has he come?"

"Not yet. Our messenger may have failed to reach him," she answered. "Or, perhaps, he does not feel the need of so much haste."

The sick man, as if struck by something in the tone of this reply, fixed his keen eyes upon her, with a scrutiny that would have made another woman shrink; but she only reached out her hand.

He shrank back to avoid its caressing touch.

"Have a little patience," she pleaded, in her soft persuasive voice, apparently quite unconscious of his repelling movement.

"Patience? As if I had time for that. Woman, have you sent for him?"

There was questioning doubt in those dark eyes. Whatever the woman might be to the sick man, he evidently distrusted her.

"Sent for him? Yes. One messenger has been following another, till three are on the road, though I cannot feel the need of such haste."

"Not feel the need of haste? Woman, cannot you see that I am about to die?"

The man had struggled up from his pillow, and supporting himself on one elbow, was looking at her keenly. "Ah, you know it, you know it," he said, with a touch of agony in his voice. "He will never come: you have no wish for it."

"Why not?" she questioned, with calmness so perfect, that if not assumed, she must have been unconscious of his great peril.

"The heir of Forsborough is your son."

"For that reason I have been more anxious that he should be found by some one of the messengers I have sent," was the gentle answer.

The sick man sank down upon his pillow, and the lids fell over his burning eyes. The sleep of exhaustion seemed to be creeping over him, and for this she had been watching. That delicate

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little woman sat there, minute after minute; watched him with her cold blue eyes, while the sound of his breathing grew less and less, till it seemed to die out entirely. Then a swift gleam kindled in her glance, and moving softly as a cat creeps, she bent her head close down to his chest, and listened.

"Not yet," she thought, lifting her head from over the heart whose pulses she had been counting; "but it is near—very near."

The woman gave no voice to this thought; but a strange cold thrill crept over her, and she looked around the room, as if some invisible presence might have known what was passing in her mind, and be whispering it among the shadows.

That moment, a brand fell apart, leaped up the black mouth of the chimney, and gave sudden illumination to the whole apartment, while it scattered a lustre of gold on the great silver fire-dogs, that seemed to have crept out from the heat, and were crouching on the hearth.

This blaze of light startled the woman. Her hand had crept stealthily under the sick man's pillow; but she drew it slowly back, holding her breath with dread; for there was something appalling to her in the life-like vigilance of the fire-dogs, that seemed about to leap upon her. More than this: the form upon the bed moved, and she felt those piercing eyes turned upon her.

All this did not startle the woman into one movement of betrayal. She smoothed the invalid's pillow, as if that gentle ministration had alone drawn her hand that way, then subsided into her chair, pale and trembling, but to all appearance composed as an angel of charity, while the shadows, momentarily routed by that outburst of light, were performing a fantastic dance on the walls once more. Then, as the twilight deepened and the stillness grew oppressive, she arose, and went softly out of the room.

Scarcely had the door closed, when the sick man struggled up to his elbow, with a spasmodic effort; thrust one hand under his pillow, with a tremulous grasping movement, and drew forth a singularly-formed key, over which his fingers closed firmly. This done, he lay panting with the over-exertion, wide awake, and with a look of keen resolution, as if he were gathering strength for something that was preying upon the vital force that was needed for its accomplishment. He was about to make another struggle, when the woman glided into the room again.

"Still awake?" she said, touching the hand in which the key was clasped. "And a little more feverish, I fear. This must be attended to. Sleep is above all things needful."

She busied herself with some vials on a table near the bed, while saying this. The old man watched her with those keen bright eyes, which all the while took a more sinister gleam; for he saw that her face was paler than it had been, and that the vials in her hand shook visibly, as she held them up to the light.

"My presence in the room keeps you from sleeping, I fear," she said, with gentle deprecation in her voice and manner, as if she wished him to contradict her.

"Yes, it does," he answered, grimly enough. "The rustle of a woman's dress is always enough to keep me awake, as it does to-night."

"Well, take this, and I will only come in now and then—so quietly that you will not hear."

The woman took up a vial, and poured some drops from it into an antique spoon that lay on the table, and held it toward him as she spoke. At first, he seemed disposed to make some resistance; but finally took the potion between his lips, and as she turned to replace the vial, drew a handkerchief from beneath his pillow, pressed it to his mouth, and thrust it back again, stained with red drops. When the dainty nurse turned to the bed again, he was regarding her with a curious look, as if a grim smile were quivering beneath his half-closed eyelids; but the shadows around him were so heavy, that the sharp suspicion in his regard seemed nothing more than an increase in nervous restlessness.

"This will soon give way, and the sleep that follows will not be disturbed by the rustle of silk, or the untimely coming of anyone," she thought; and stooping over the bed, she pressed her lips on the old man's forehead, before he had time to turn his face away. As it was, the touch sent a shudder through his frame; for it fell upon him like ice.

The room in which the Lord of Forsborough lay was enclosed in the curving walls of a tower, which formed one of the most picturesque features of a structure still retaining many grim traits of a period when the feudal lords of England constituted a body of king-makers; but change and renovation had embellished its massive grandeur from age to age, till its very walls marked the gradations from warlike strength to mental power, and onward to the commercial supremacy and social refinements, that constitute now the greatness of old England.

Few men of his time had inherited deeper reverence for the grand inheritance of race than the old nobleman whose wife had just left him; for this lady was his wife, and the mother of a young man who had for some years been heir presumptive to the earldom and estates, which

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now seemed fast drifting into his hands. It was the coming of this young man that the sick lord had waited for with such feverish impatience, which was now fast waning into distrust; for, notwithstanding my lady's earnest protestations of energetic efforts to summon her son to the death-bed of the man whose honors and wealth he was to inherit, he did not come, and no intelligence could be obtained of him.

Anyone who had watched the lady after she left the tower-room, would have judged that the distrust of that dying man was not altogether unfounded; for she did not go at once to her room, but wandered up and down the long picture-gallery, that lay between that and her own apartment, with a degree of restlessness that was unnatural to her usual placidity of manner. True, her footsteps were noiseless as ever; but the rustle of her dress, as it swept the oaken floor with a soft, monotonous sound, was like the sigh of a spent wave, creeping up some sandy beach; and gave more than usual emphasis to her movements, which, at times, were abrupt and almost passionate.

Sometimes she would pause, take out a light from one of the many sconces on the wall, and hold it before the portrait of some ancestor of the house, who was supposed to have left his features upon the race. One or two of these men, immortalized by painters, grand in their way as themselves, she examined with singular intensity. These were the most stately and noble of the line; but she turned from them with a dissatisfied air.

"It is because he has no look of the race that this idea has taken such hold on the Earl. Had he been like one of these, instead of the refined but manly fellow he is, the thought would never have entered his mind: pride alone would have prevented it."

The woman's face was troubled now. The forced calm which seemed so natural had left it, and lines of care came out visibly on the delicate features, when the light fell upon them. She stood some minutes looking at this one portrait, then turned and cast her eyes down the whole line, which ended in stalwart forms, clad in mail; some of them looking down from uplifted visors. Then she turned, and paced the whole length of the gallery again, evidently striving to kill the hours that seemed each moment to bring her new reason for unrest. At last, she became weary of this ghost-like movement, and entered her own room, hurrying by the sick man's chamber-door, as if to avoid the very sight of it.

Once in her own apartment, she threw herself on a couch, huddled her frail form together, as if shrinking from some unseen presence, and closed her eyes, with a desperate resolution to shut in thoughts that seemed turning to fire in her brain. "Why should I tremble so — why accuse myself?" she murmured. "What is an hour or two, in any man's lifetime? When such hours are full of pain, and death certain, who shall say that such sleep is not merciful to him—and more than that, to the line of proud men who tormented me with their eyes, as I came down the gallery? Not one of them could say, even if his painted shadow had a soul, that I was afraid to look him in the face."

With all this boastful courage, the woman cowered lower and lower down upon her couch, frightened by the very stillness that pervaded the vast building. Still, she started to her feet in a panic, when a sharp cracking sound, like the forced opening of a door, reached her, and she listened with closely-locked lips and bated breath for anything that might follow. She had been standing some moments, white and cold, when a shrill cry reached her, and was prolonged into a dreary wail. She answered it with a cry, faint in itself, but which seemed to her a shout that might waken the whole household. Then she cast herself down upon the couch, burying her face in the cushions, and quivering in every nerve of her body.

Then all was quiet again; and after a little, she started up with a hysterical laugh, and the light of self-mockery in her eyes.

"It was but the hoot of an owl in the ruined tower; I have heard it a hundred times without notice; but now—now, it has made me grovel down like a coward. As if that hoarse cry could come from him!"

There was something more repelling than her abject fear of silence, with its leaden oppression, in this burst of wild excitement: and when this slow, terrible feeling crept back upon her, she began to long for some sound—anything that might take away the awful sense of fright that forced her back to her couch, and lay upon her breast like a block of marble. It came at last; not in the hoarse cry of a night-bird, but slowly, and with the gathering strength of a storm, that swelled from sighs to moans among the giant trees of the park, and gave voice to the sad waves that almost washed the foundations of the castle.

CHAPTER II.

THAT man of many titles and vast estates lay in his bed, grasping a key in his thin fingers,

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and peering out from beneath that cloud of heavy curtains warily, while he gathered up the last strength of his life, in order to accomplish the one purpose which the frail woman, lying upon her couch yonder, had periled honor and soul to defeat. With a force of will that seemed stronger than the power of death itself, he thrust back the bed-clothes and stepped out upon the floor.

Across an easy-chair, close by, his dressing-gown had been thrown. With tottering steps he moved this chair, thrust his arms into the garment, folded it around him, still grasping the key, and moved away through the shadows, wavering like one of them. With some difficulty he opened the door, and entered the long gallery; once there, you might have thought one of those pictured Lords of Forsborough had wandered out from his frame, and was trying to find his way into the world again, but had all at once lost it; for he turned into a dark passage, and after that, the progress of his tottering steps and long pauses for breath could only be distinguished by the faint sounds that came back from it.

At length came the sharp click of a door, opened cautiously, and with evident groping of the hands.

A man started up from his bed, as his master came so stealthily into his room; dazed, and scarcely believing his eyes.

"The master!" he exclaimed. "My lord, oh, forgive me. I was so tired, and dreaming too. My lady told me that you had fallen away to sleep, and no one must disturb you; that was why you find me here."

Lord Fausbrook sat down upon his servant's bed.

"Get up," he said, in a voice that scarcely rose above a whisper. "Put on your clothes, and go as fast as you can to the village; bring Sands with you; tell him there is no time for waiting—he must come at once. Do not leave the house without him. Pass in through the east passage, and be careful to disturb no one, but bring him to me. No other person must see him."

"But my lady!"

"What of my lady?"

"She will not leave your room to-night. That was what she told me, or I should not have been in bed."

A grim smile passed over the old lord's face. "My lady is in her own room; by this time, she thinks I am asleep—sound asleep."

There was something in his master's voice that arrested the servant's attention, and awoke thoughts in his own mind. This disturbed him greatly; but he only uttered it in a single exclamation, which took all his breath with it.

"Aye."

"Remember," said the old lord, with a touch of sadness in his feeble voice, "that I trust you, and you only, in this. There is no one else."

The pitiful old man—for he was not many years younger than the master whom he had served almost a lifetime—drew a hand across his eyes, muttering to himself:

"It may be so—it may be so."

"It is so! But we have no time for that. Get ready—get ready at once; there is someone coming that will not wait."

This was said with a slow solemnity, that almost disabled the old servant for the preparations he was making.

"Therefore," continued the old man, "this work must not be left half done. Say to attorney Sands that if I should be too soundly asleep, or, you understand, dead, when you bring him here, he will find in my hand a key. With that he must unlock the cabinet in my room, and take from it a parcel marked with my own seal. Within it he will find directions regarding its contents, which I charge him, as if the salvation of his own soul were at stake, to carry out. You will remember?"

The old servant could not speak; but he finished winding a knit scarf around his neck with enforced composure; then fell upon his knees, and hiding his convulsed features with both hands, cried out:

"Oh, my master! my dear young master, do not say that it is so near! I cannot bear it."

Perhaps it was the swift turn of memory, which took that honest heart back to the time when Fausbrook was indeed a young man, that touched those dying features with that look of anguish; but, with the old peer, it was too late for tears, and his face settled back into the stony composure that was never to leave it again.

At last, the heart-broken valet was ready for departure.

"First," he said, kneeling before the old man and kissing his cold hands, which fell away from his lips wet with tears, "first, let me help you back to the tower-room."

"No, I will rest here awhile, and go back as I came. A little time, and I shall have more breath."

"But oh, my master—"

"There, there—do not waste time in words, Gibbs, or in supporting my slow steps. Go on your errand, and leave me to mine."

Gibbs stood, with his hat held irresolutely,

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afraid to disobey, but with such pain at heart, that the glance he cast back upon his master was a pitiful appeal.

"Let me help you as far as the picture-gallery," he said. "I shall get over the road all the faster for that."

The old lord struggled up to his feet and rested his arm on the valet's shoulder. His feet were like lead, and his limbs almost refused to move; but with a grand effort, that reassured the attendant, he forced them into action, and reached the gallery where so many of his stalwart ancestors, in all their pomp of station, looked down upon his feebleness with what seemed to him a proud sort of pity.

"Let me rest here a little," he said, sinking into a chair of carved oak, that stood opposite his own portrait, taken in all the strength of his manly prime. "Let them see the wreck that years have made of me, since that was placed among them. You remember it, Gibbs?"

"Aye, as if it were yesterday, I do," said the man, choking back a sob, that however broke forth in his voice.

"Now leave me."

"But, my lord—"

"You see how strong I am. Leave me here, and do my errand, that you may come back the sooner."

Gibbs still hesitated.

"It is but a few paces more, and the tower-room is reached," he pleaded.

An impatient movement of the hand silenced him, and he went away, reproaching himself for the blind obedience.

Now, Lord Fausbrook put forth the last strength of his life: rising from the chair, he approached his own portrait, and held fast to the frame with one hand, while he groped among its carvings with the other. At last, the lighter portion of the frame swung slowly back, and behind it, imbedded in crimson velvet, appeared the portrait of a young woman, in the dress of a foreign peasant, evidently of the lower classes; but with an arch bright look in the velvety depths of her eyes, that bespoke a sort of fascination, that must have been more potent than the rare beauty of her features.

It was wonderful that this dying man had found strength to wrench the closely-fitted frame apart, or in that imperfect light could have found the secret spring that had so long concealed this rare portrait from all mortal knowledge; for the hinges that connected the two portraits were rusty from long disuse, and a slight cloud of dust, that had crept between them, grain by grain, during many years, rose and floated in a scarcely perceptible haze over the youthful loveliness of that face, smiling down upon the locked and gray features uplifted to it with the solemn regard of a last farewell.

Never was there a contrast so striking or more mournful. Never did a human face bespeak such anguish of self-reproach as filled the eyes and locked the iron mouth of that proud old man, as he stood there with memories crowding to his brain more bitter than death, which was even now chilling his veins, and fastening its icy grasp upon his heart.

"Do you know—do you know?"

These words broke like ice on the old man's lips; a swift convulsion swayed him for one agonizing moment, and then he fell prone upon the floor, like a statue smitten from its base—fell and lay there, beneath that smiling girl, motionless.

All this time, the storm, that had crept through the great trees of the park, was growing loud and strong, sweeping them with angry gusts, and howling along the rocky shore of the sea fiercely, like one enemy challenging another. Heavy clouds gathered in fierce mountains of blackness around the castle, sending forth sharp flashes of lightning, that leaped down among the writhing trees, coiled themselves like fiery snakes around its lofty towers and battlements, dashed lurid gleams of fire against its antique windows, and sheeted the picture-gallery with its unearthly brightness. Sometimes, the portraits upon its walls shone out like living men, ready to crowd themselves back into life again; sometimes, they were overwhelmed by sudden darkness; for pieces of glass were shattered to fragments in the windows, where both wind and hail rushed through, leaving only here and there a sconce to break the desolation.

All this time, the Lord of Forsborough lay upon the floor, his face upturned, and his eyes open to each ghostly flash of the storm; and all this time, that bright young face looked down upon him, and seemed to laugh back each gleam of lightning, and triumph among the growing noises of a tempest, impotently threatening the ponderous walls of a stronghold that had held its own against the onset of a thousand storms.

While the Earl lay dead, sometimes wrapped in black darkness, as if a pall had been cast over him: sometimes wrapped in a blanket of living flame: the woman who had been his wife cowered lower and lower down upon her couch, listening to the awful tumult of the storm, panic-stricken and quaking in all her limbs. Every drop of blood had fled from her lips, and with each flash of lightning they were drawn down

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in fresh convulsions of fear, till her teeth gleamed through like those of a trapped animal.

Once or twice, when the hail came rattling like bullets against her window, and the glare of lightning shot through in sheets of livid brightness, she would leap to her feet and rush toward the door, urged forward by some terrible dread of instant retribution; but once on the threshold, she would recoil from the dark chaos before her, and crouch down, appalled by the lightning, that turned the floor beneath her feet into living fire, while the thunder overhead rumbled and boomed among the battlements and towers, like the storming of cannon and the bursting of shells.

Cowardly crimes are the outcome of abject souls, and we shrink from them with loathing more intense than is given to the audacity that carries a chance of personal danger equal to the daring. This woman possessed in no degree the high animal courage that sometimes leads excitement into reckless action, and that into positive evil-doing. She had been cool, calculating, resolute, in the cruel deed that required nothing but silent craft for its accomplishment; but now, when the swift wrath of heaven seemed to be hurling itself upon her, she recoiled from it, and shrieked aloud in resistless panic. Shrieked again and again, calling upon the man whom she believed to be in his death-sleep to arouse himself, and proclaim that the potion he had taken was mixed by his own hand, drained because of the unendurable pain of his suffering.

But the man she invoked lay prostrate in the picture-gallery, within the range of those lurid flashes, and under the roar and crash of thunder, that drowned her weak voice and carried it off as winter winds scatter burrs and thistles, down among the more beautiful things of earth. His pain was silent forever; but her cries of terror stole out with impotent moaning, and from that hour the great torment of her life commenced—a dread of the supernatural power that knew of the crime committed in her heart, defeated without her knowledge, and which henceforth might be a criminal consciousness, baneful to all her after-existence.

She had shrunk from the chaos of darkness before her; but a sudden lull of the storm gave force to one wild thought of preservation—a mad effort to avert the awful deed that was already casting its doom upon her.

With both hands held against her ears—for of all things she dreaded the noises of the storm—she rushed up the picture-gallery, looking neither to the right nor left; past that prostrate form, not even noticing it, and only dropped her hands to push back the door of her husband's room.

"Awake!" she shrieked. "Awake, I say! Arouse yourself, or it will not be my fault. Sit up in bed; shake off all heaviness. Drink this. I can bear this torment no longer. Hark! Do you not hear the thunder? It is enough to wake the dead; but you are not dead. It is only sleep that holds you down, and that must be broken by all these awful noises. Shake it off—shake it off, I say!"

The woman snatched a vial from the table, and swept the curtains back with both arms, as she uttered those broken words; but when her eyes fell on the empty bed, the breath died on her lips, and she stood there dumb with astonishment.

"Gone?" she said. "Gone? Then he is still alive. The storm had no threats for me. But where—when?"

The woman looked around. Nothing was changed in the room. No ghostly object lay there to reproach her. The noises of the tempest were subsiding, and the faint moanings of the sea fell soothingly on her ear, after all the fierce tumult that had driven her back in the forlorn hope of escaping the full burden of her crime.

But with the first abatement of her terror came back the old temptation. The bed was empty; but what had become of that key, which its occupant had guarded with such vigilance beneath his pillow? Surely that would be left behind.

With something of the old caution, she turned the pillows over, and searched in every fold of the sheets for the bit of steel, which to her was of so much consequence; for the difficulty of obtaining it had impelled the act which she was now so anxious to arrest.

Nothing was there, save the indentation of a form on the mattress, and of a weary head upon the pillow. In his very sleep, which should have been death, the old noble had escaped her. Where had he gone? What weird spirit, good or evil, had carried him away? The woman sat down in the easy chair, and tried to think with some regularity. Where could the object of her search be found? Had the almost dead man carried it with him into the eternity into which he seemed to have disappeared? How could that black cabinet, with all its delicate carving, be opened, and no one hereafter find traces of the violence that must be used? She arose, and approached this elaborate specimen of Eastern art, wondering if each of its drawers had a secret spring, or which of them contained the papers she wanted. There was no way of ascertaining this; for the mechanism even of the exterior of the cabinet

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was so interwoven with delicate carving, that art itself was a concealment.

"Wherever he has gone, that key is with him," she thought, desperately; "but in what place can I search for it—or him. Has the storm driven him mad, as it made me? With that and death itself upon him, may he not have thrown himself through some window into the sea? Hark how it moans and whispers, and seems to invite one. Ah, now I remember: the door was ajar, when I came in. When I left him, it was firmly closed. No one can have been here; he must have gone that way. The evening was warm then; so warm that the fire on the hearth there had been allowed to burn down, because of the heat. The deep oriel window at the end of the gallery was open, too. Has he tottered through that into the sea, when the storm was lashing its waves against the castle walls?"

The storm had abated somewhat, and as its fierceness passed away, these thoughts arranged themselves with some consistency in the woman's mind; but it took some minutes to conquer the cowardly dread that had so nearly driven her wild; but a belief that Lord Fausbrook had not perished in the death-sleep that she had prepared for him swept off half the superstitious terror that had made her so miserably abject, and she left the tower-chamber with some degree of courage.

The picture-gallery was scarcely light enough for a safe passage through it; for statues of bronze and marble peopled it with what seemed to be human forms, and in some places recumbent Crusaders, with armor on, as they had fallen under the heathen cimeter, stretched the length of their bronze limbs along the floor.

To Lady Fausbrook, these objects were too familiar for notice, and so obscure in the dark distance, that a form more or less was not likely to arrest attention. Beyond this, her interest was directed to the great oriel window, which looked out upon the sea; for its sashes were left open, and through them the storm was drifting; not in all its fury, but with dashes of spent rain, and gleams of lightning, that came no longer in sharp fiery lances, but wandered zigzag across the glass, and seemed to drop away from it, like broken threads of gold.

Close to this window the lady went, and leaning out, looked down upon the heave and swell of waves that had been storm-lashed against the foundations of the castle, and were still tumultuously beating there.

"He must have gone through here. No doubt the drops produced madness, rather than sleep," she thought, with a power of self-deception that minds of her class can easily acquire. "I never intended that, and neither God nor man should hold me accountable for an act I had no thought of. It must have been when the storm was at its height, and the waves have swept him out to sea. How terrible! But the key? That has gone with him. Well, be it so. If I fail to gain access to the cabinet, no one else can. His secret has been locked up there for years; so let it rest."

With these half-consolatory thoughts in her mind, the lady was making her way down the gallery, when a line of light from one of the sconces fell across the floor, and lay full upon a human face, turned upwards, with half-shut eyes, that seemed to regard her with sinister suspicion, as she approached. Struck dumb and motionless, the woman looked down upon her dead husband, who might have been taken for one of the sculptured Crusaders, but for that look, and the dressing-gown that lay huddled around him.

During some moments, the woman stood looking down upon him appalled; but no merely human feeling had power to overcome the selfishness of her nature, even in the presence of death itself.

"The key—the key!"

This was the thought that came out of the shock that had at first held her motionless. Then, with a swift searching glance, she saw that one hand which lay on the dead man's breast was clenched, as if he had died in pain. Another person would have thought this; but she bent down, and with her own small, even child-like hands, unlocked those stiffening fingers, and took from their clasp the antique key.

More than this the woman did not pause to accomplish, or observe the picture-frame was still open, and the bright face it had so long concealed looked down on the woman who was robbing her own dead; but, though the very thought of this young creature had been the one idea that had possessed and at last driven her into the course she was pursuing, its presence escaped her. Eager to flee from the presence of the man who had been her husband, and possessed, as if haunted by a demon, by one evil desire, she hurried from the gallery, and reached the tower-room. Here she locked herself in, and, with a tremor that shook every limb of her body, attempted to fit the key into a lock concealed in the carvings of the cabinet; but which she had long ago discovered, when the cabinet became an object of especial interest to her.

Even her small hand had strength enough to turn the lock, which possessed almost as fine

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mechanism as that of a watch, and the door of the cabinet was opened. It contained many drawers and intricate combinations, which the newly-made widow had neither time nor composure enough to examine. The first drawer she opened was empty, and she shut it with an impatient push; opened another, and thrust it back again; then another, which contained papers, turning yellow with age, all carefully labeled and dated. These she examined breathlessly, gathering in their contents with swift eager glances, that changed her whole face.

"At last—at last!" she said, huddling the papers up to her bosom, closing the cabinet, and withdrawing the key from its lock. "I have got them now—and he is safe. No other human being shall ever see them. Even their ashes I will fling out to the sea-winds. At once—at once. They must not outlive him—"

A clock, standing like some grim sentinel in a corner of the room, began to measure out the hours in a hoarse slow monotony of sound, that rasped the woman's nerves like the sawing of a file. She was no longer the calm sweet-toned woman that had been so gentle with the invalid an hour or two ago; but her whole form was trembling with excitement—half horror, half triumph.

With the papers still pressed to her bosom, she entered the picture-gallery; for the force of innate dissimulation was still superior to all power of feeling in her nature. Her part in the tragedy of the night must be covered and blotted out before the first alarm was given. Others must find the dead man lying there, before his presence in the gallery could be made known.

With some natural misgiving, she hurried up to the portion of the gallery where he was lying, and forced herself to put the key back into that cold hand, which she carefully placed back upon the pulseless breast. Then she hastened to her own room, bolted the door, and kneeling down by the spindle-legged table, that held some of her own ornaments, fell to examining the papers she had secured, with the keenest interest.

With all her powers of recuperation, the woman could not force herself to seek rest that night. The presence of death so close to her was too full of gloom for that; but she sat there alone, hour after hour, wondering in dreary patience who would first discover the horror in the picture-gallery.

CHAPTER III.

Simon Gibbs went out into the threatening storm, with but little regard to its consequences; for he had seen death in his master's face, and that overpowered every other sense of dread. The walk before him was scarcely worth regarding, at ordinary times; but in attempting in shorten it, after leaving the park, whose storm-beaten trees seemed more weird and jagged than ever, he had some rough moorland to cross, and the deepening moans of the sea along the rocky shore which he had left behind followed him like spirit warnings.

Thus, with his face to the wind, and under the black gloom of clouds that loomed above him in great heaving masses, as if some invisible power were breaking up vast quarries of slate in the depths of the heavens, he hurried on, only anxious to reach the village, lying two miles inland, and obey his master's last commands.

The family solicitor, whom he had been directed to summon, lived on the outer verge of this village, which was fast growing into the importance of a town; and Gibbs, hoping to reach his house before it was closed for the night, hurried on and on, faster and faster.

There was a light in the lower rooms of this house when he reached it, and a fainter gleam at one chamber-window, as if a lamp were burning out, or just faintly kindled. With his clenched hand, Gibbs knocked at the door, passed the person who opened it, and inquired for the solicitor, with such breath as the storm and that hurried walk had left to him.

"The master was ill, very ill, in bed; but the young gentleman was up. Perhaps he would do," the servant informed him.

The young gentleman, a partner whom the old lawyer had lately taken into practice, came into the entrance-hall while the two men were speaking, and being informed of the urgency of the matter, began to put on his overcoat, as he questioned Gibbs.

"Your master is worse, I understand you to say. Some change in his last testament, no doubt—if he has made one. Well, my man, Mr. Sands is seriously ill. It would be more than his life is worth, were he to go out in a storm like this; but it does not matter which of us attends my lord."

"But there was a message that I was to give."

"Of course. Give it to me, as we go along. It will be all the same. If not, I can take it to Sands, if the affair in hand should prove too much for my ability. Come, I fear there is no time for you to stand there hesitating. Heavens, what a night!"

It was indeed fearful; for as these men left that door-step, the whole force of the storm burst upon them; but they pushed on doggedly, till they reached the castle.

Wet, breathless, and for the moment disabled,

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the young lawyer followed Gibbs, first into the tower-chamber, which was almost dark; for even the fire-light was put out by heavy rain-drops, that came black as shot down the wide chimney. But Gibbs saw, almost by intuition, that the bed was empty, and, with an exclamation of dismay, hurried into the picture-gallery.

"I knew it—I knew it!" cried the poor old servant, falling upon his knees by the prostrate form. "He is dead—he is dead; and I not here to help him. Oh, sir, we are too late."

The lawyer bent down, and touched the hand that lay on Lord Fausbrook's bosom. Something colder than the chilled fingers arrested his attention.

"What is this?" he said, removing the object from the loose hold those dead hands had been forced to give it.

"Oh, the key—the key! I was to give that to Mr. Sands. In the cabinet he left directions that must be followed. Oh, my poor master; he knew that I might not come back in time; but I did my best—I did my best."

Tears were streaming down the old valet's cheeks. He stood over that prostrate form, with bent shoulders and clasped hands, as if pleading his case with the dead.

"You speak of a cabinet, which this key opens," said the lawyer, giving more interest to the bit of steel than that old man's grief could inspire. "Where is it? But had we not better inform my lady, and summon the household?"

"My lady? No, no. My lady was not to be informed."

"But someone must remove—"

"No one must touch his person, or find him lying here. The Lords of Forsborough have all died in their beds. He must be found in the tower-room. You and I will carry him there. The cabinet must be opened before anyone is informed. These were his last orders, sir."

"Then the sooner it is done the better," answered the other. "Raise him gently by the shoulders. I will help."

Gibbs stooped down, and lifted the dead noble almost with his own strength from the floor. Such strength as the younger man had to give was exerted, and with slow cautious movements, Lord Fausbrook was carried to his own chamber, and laid upon the bed.

While Gibbs was closing those eyes with tender reverence, and folding the helpless hands, the lawyer turned from the bed, and approached the black cabinet, eager to search its contents. When Gibbs turned away from his dead master, and drew the curtains solemnly around him, he saw that his companion had mastered the secret of the lock, and was eagerly searching the cabinet for something that might explain the great haste in which he had been summoned to the castle. For some time, he opened and closed drawers in vain; but at last found a package of papers, so carefully labeled and so yellow with age, that he took it to the lamp that Gibbs had lighted, for closer examination.

"It is these we were to secure. The explanation and directions are complete. Rest assured, my good man, that they shall be carried out."

"Is it the will?" questioned Gibbs.

"No, no. That is, I think, in Sands' hands. These papers are only memoranda; valuable because of their relation to other things. Very—very valuable," he muttered, under his breath. "I wonder what our new Earl would give for them. What wonderful luck, that they should come to me first. Heavens, what opportunities may come out of them. Confidential! Oh, I will take care of that."

Old Gibbs had gone back to the state bed, and was looking between the curtains on the form within intently, and with eyes so full of tears that he took no notice of the lawyer, and was altogether oblivious of his last words, which were in fact inaudible. Nor did he observe that the papers he had examined, and seemed about to replace in the cabinet, were quietly thrust into a pocket of his overcoat; but with so much agitation, that a pallor came over the young man's face, more impressive than the sight of death had been able to bring there.

"Now," he said, turning the key, and leaving it in its lock, with an air of indifference, "there is nothing more for me to learn. In fact, there was so little in those scraps of memoranda, that we did not already possess, that I wonder at your master's anxiety regarding them. He must have had some other motive for sending you away in such hot haste."

Gibbs seemed to reflect a moment; then a sudden flash of thought came into his eyes; and leaving the room, he hurried down the picture-gallery, and closed the frame that covered the portrait that Fausbrook had looked upon with his dying eyes.

"It was that. He wished to be alone; to look upon her face and die. Even old Gibbs stood in the way of his pride at the last moment, and he was sent away. Ah, my poor master, I might have known how it would be with you at the last. There, there, let the hinges rust over her once more. It is a dead past."

"Now," said the young lawyer, somewhat hurriedly, as if in haste to escape the funereal gloom of the tower-room, to which Gibbs had

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returned, "there is no reason why the household should not be informed."

"None, none. It is all over," answered the old man.

"You will first inform my lady," said the lawyer. "It is a cruel task; but she must know sooner or later that she is a widow."

Gibbs did not speak; but a strange, almost sardonic, look came into his eyes, that were still wet with tears, and he turned to go on his mission, with a heavy dragging step, as if something more than sympathy bore him down.

Directly, the whole castle was in a tumult. Messengers were riding in swift haste, first in one direction, then in another, as if the whole county was to be cast into mourning by the death of this one man.

In less than half an hour, the tolling of a church-bell from the village came, with its slow pathetic mournfulness, down to the shore, mingled with the sobs of retreating waves, the sighing of exhausted winds, and was swept across the waters with a faint wail, that seemed to die only as it reached the verge of eternity, where the great man had gone.

In the castle, Lady Fausbrook gave way to an overwhelming passion of grief—grief apparently so profound, that she could give no orders, or even enter the tower-chamber, where her dead lord was lying.

One message the sorrowing widow did find strength to send: and her son, the new Earl of Forsborough, in a few hours heard, for the first time, of his kinsman's illness, and in the same hour of his death. Why this important, and to him painful, news had not reached the young man before, no one, save the fair widow sitting there in the solitude of her sudden bereavement, could have told; and from her came no explanation, except this: When he presented himself in her darkened room, and seeing her there, in all the pallor of such patient grief as her gentle nature rendered so touching, held out his arms in earnest sympathy with her grief, she threw herself upon his bosom, wound her clinging arms around his neck, and sobbed out:

"You are lord of everything; surely, surely, as any Fausbrook that ever reigned here; but oh, how I have suffered. All that comes to you can scarcely atone for that. My son, my son—nay, my Lord of Forsborough—do not forget that it is your mother who has done this."

With these wild words on her lips, the woman seemed to have exhausted herself in a passion of motherly exultation stronger than her grief; for she fainted in his arms, and the terror that seized upon the young man drove all memory of her words from his mind, or he might have marveled at them.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MY SORROW AND I.

BY LAURA H. CARPENTER.

We are alone, my sorrow and I,
By the desolate hearth together,
While the leafless wood plays the gay coquette
With the blustering wintry weather.

How is it with thee, companion of mine?
I ask of the pale-faced sorrow.
Art thou musing again of a woeful past,
Or dost thou question the morrow?

Dost thou still the hope of the spring-time feel,
Or dost hear but the autumn river?
Wilt thou die, when a cycle of years are gone,
Or wilt thou endure forever?

Ah, faith! This life is a fickle life,
And I hardly care to chide thee.
I may find some day that a joy has come
In a halo of grace to hide thee.

I may find that we who have walked so long
The highway of time together,
Are together no more on that highway seen,
And each one naught to the other.

And whatever fortune may bring to me
From her store of wished-for treasures,
Life, which I covet on life's gray sea,
Or home and its gentle pleasures.

Certain I am that naught can be
As faithful as thou art proving,
Watching my face with thy death-sad eyes,
And moving where I am moving.

Thou hast been with me, aye, when the loving smiles,
When the sun of my day was shining;
Thou hast touched my brow in the wakeful night,
In the light of stars declining.

If ever I jested, in old-time glee,
And followed with careless laughter,
'Twas to clasp thy hand in a closer way,
And sink into silence after.

But strange are the ways of a woman's life,
And a rising star is beaming,
Which may not fade when the morning light
Up the pearly sky is streaming.

So watch with me, companion of mine,
Oh voiceless and patient sorrow,
Watch through the night, for a boding says
That you may be dead to-morrow.

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JANET HARLOW'S TEMPTATION.

BY MRS. M. SHEFFEY PETERS.

Miss Glendower had been a guest at Glen Alder for hardly a month, yet all the men in that pleasant little village were wild over her. She was certainly very beautiful; she had a wonderful charm of manner: she dressed in the most exquisite taste. Was it strange that she carried everything before her? Her admirers thought that the very cowslips and crocuses, the jasmines and honeysuckles, had never before blossomed in such profusion and perfection of beauty; she carried summer with her wherever she went, it was said; so much of warmth, and beauty, and brightness went with her—was indeed a part of her very self.

With her own sex she was not so popular. Some envied her beauty, some her city manners, and some her fine dresses; and spoke, at least behind her back, disparagingly of her in consequence. Others professed to view her more impartially; but most even of these pronounced her selfish and heartless. "She is a Circe, I tell you," said one of them, Mrs. Weatherby, addressing a group of girls. "See how she has beguiled Doctor Beverly away from Janet Harlow. He and Janet were as good as engaged before Miss Glendower came. Perhaps the exact words had not been spoken, but there could have been no mistaking the doctor's attentions; and now, my gentleman is forever at the beck and call of this false enchantress, and poor Janet, the proudest woman that ever lived, is left to eat out her heart in mortification and jealousy."

"Yes, I saw Janet and the doctor pass each other, yesterday," said one of the listeners. "She bowed so coldly, it was impossible not to see what it meant. The doctor was on horseback, going his rounds; and he flushed up quite plainly, I assure you, at being thus more than half cut."

Miss Glendower herself had heard of this assumed attachment, and in the very insolence of her success attacked the doctor on the subject one day.

"Ah!" she said, "this Janet Harlow. Will you not tell me something about her? She is the village school-mistress, I believe. I have seen but little of her; our circle is not exactly the same; but people go wild over her wisdom, goodness, and general graces of character and person. I believe you and she have long been regarded," she spoke with something of a sneer, "as models of Platonic devotion to each other, have you not?"

Doctor Beverly bit his lip, and his face clouded. He had seen but little of Janet, of late; for, as Mrs. Weatherby had said, she was proud; and having observed his attentions to Miss Glendower, had avoided him. So a coolness, or an indifference, or something had grown up between him and her. He hardly knew, now, what to think of it all, or what to say; and so remained silent.

He and the fair interrogator had been standing on a bridge, just outside of the village. She had busied herself dropping pebbles into the stream. Suddenly she glanced up.

"Are you thinking of Miss Harlow, that you do not answer?" she said. "Or of that professional call you have to make, and which, you say, must cut short our stroll here? You heard my question, surely?"

"Yes, I heard it," he answered, promptly. "But I was thinking whether Miss Janet and myself had been the models of Platonic devotion you suggest. At this moment, I am inclined to say that we have not been."

Was there a double meaning in his words? Did he mean there had been something more than Platonic affection? Miss Glendower's blue eyes questioned his for an instant. Then she said, softly:

"I think you are not one to give your allegiance, whether in friendship or in love, and afterward to withdraw it lightly. Are you?"

"No," he answered, his face brightening.

He stooped nearer to her over the railing, and suddenly felt, as never before, the spell of her beauty, her Circe-like fascinations.

"Yet," he added, hesitatingly, "as long as I have known Miss Harlow, she has not, in all that time, learned to read my nature as you have done in the six weeks of our acquaintance."

"Six weeks?" she repeated, lifting her beautiful eyes to his for a moment, while the color deepened in the satiny smoothness of her cheek. "Can it be we have known each other but six weeks? How much Miss Harlow ought to have discovered in you, in the years she has been your friend. I have found out so much, so very much, in this briefer acquaintance."

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Her voice trembled as she spoke. If she was acting, it was wonderfully done.

Suddenly they heard footsteps approaching, and looking up, saw the object of their conversation. Janet, at the same moment, became aware of their presence. She had come, for a walk, to the picturesque old mill, which lay just beyond the bridge, and which was a great favorite with her, the lulling sound of the water, the mossy wheel, and the cool atmosphere always acting soothingly on her nerves, so often jarred, and even overtasked, by her avocation. Her first impulse was to turn back. But seeing that she had been recognized, she knew that this would not do: it would look like cowardice: so she went on bravely.

Miss Glendower was the only one who was, at first, equal to the occasion. The doctor felt self-condemned. In Janet's pure presence, he wondered how this sorceress could have beguiled him, even for a moment. Janet, ignorant of all this, and remembering only what she thought his neglect, was haughty and cold. But Miss Glendower was all sweetness.

"What a love of a dog that is you have, Miss Harlow," she cried; for a perfect little spaniel was following Janet. "Where did you—excuse me—where did you, in a place like this, pick up such a beauty?"

"It was a gift from Doctor Beverly," Janet replied, coolly.

"Oh!"

"And," moved by a sudden impulse of jealousy, "I am bringing it back to him. Alpha's caprices occupy too much time for a poor schoolmistress—"

"Miss Harlow—Janet—" broke in the doctor.

"Miss Harlow—Janet, as you call her," said Miss Glendower, coolly, almost insolently, "is doubtless right." She saw the girl's suffering; but instead of pitying her, triumphed in it. "A pet of that kind is out of place, when one has work to do."

At any other time, Doctor Beverly would have resented such a speech; but he was stung by Janet's words: he could no longer be just.

"Miss Harlow, being a woman," he said, cynically, "one cannot condemn her for her capriciousness."

"Perhaps so," replied Janet, as, with some bitterness, she saw the dog, at a word from Miss Glendower, go up to that lady and fondle her. "But Alpha has taught me one thing, at least."

"What is that?" said the doctor, sharply.

"That his sex is always ready to play a double part."

"Oh! now, my dear Miss Harlow," said Miss Glendower, looking up innocently, "don't be so severe. Pray, what has Alpha done? What has any of us done?"

"Was it not Talleyrand," answered Janet, with a disdainful curl of her lip, as she turned away, "who said that he had sworn allegiance to a dozen different governments in a day? All the Talleyrands are not dead yet—as—witness Alpha."

"Dear me, what a spitfire," cried Miss Glendower, watching Janet, as the latter went on her way. "I suppose she would murder me, if she dared—and all because poor innocent I have made friends with her discarded pet."

She looked up at Doctor Beverly, as she spoke, with her great eyes, the very picture of childish simplicity. But somehow the eyes had, suddenly, lost their glamor. He was thinking of Janet, and wishing he had not spoken so cruelly to her, so almost brutally as he now thought.

"I must be off," he said, abruptly. "My patient is waiting for me. I see Alpha has staid behind. How odd!"

"I suppose he has taken Miss Harlow at her word," replied Miss Glendower. "What a beauty he is! I am almost tempted to ask you for him." And she gave him one of her Circe-like glances.

But the doctor, irritated at himself, irritated at her, and irritated even at Janet, had already left the bridge, and was striding away in the distance, not hearing—or too angry, if he did hear, to answer.

Half an hour after, Janet, returning from her walk, met the miller going to his mill. The day was a holiday, which accounted for her absence from school. In answer to her greeting, the miller told her that, holiday as it was, he had so much work on hand, that he could only give himself half a day, and was now going back to his labor.

"By the way," he said, "I passed that fine town lady on the bridge. I wonder who she is waiting for."

As Janet approached the bridge, she saw Miss Glendower still there.

"The miller's suspicion is right," she said. "Her ladyship is waiting for the doctor."

She drew back, as she said this, hiding herself in a clump of trees.

"I will not go forward," she said, "till the doctor has returned, and they have left."

But hardly had she spoken, when a startling thing occurred. Just beyond the bridge was the mill-race; which a rude log crossed, leading to the mill-wheels, of which there were two. Suddenly, to Janet's dismay, she saw Miss Glendower, as if impatient of waiting, and perhaps

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attracted by the cool look of the mossy wheels, rapidly cross this log, and disappear behind the wheels. As suddenly it flashed on Janet, that, in another moment almost, if the miller went to work, the wheels would be in motion. Of course Miss Glendower did not know this. The day was a public holiday: the mill, she supposed, would not be at work; as long as the wheels were not in motion there was no danger.

But now? Janet drew a long breath. The temptation was almost too much for her. She had only to keep quiet. and her rival—yes, her hated rival: for she now felt that she hated this sorceress—would no longer cross her path. But in a moment she flung the base thought aside. "Great heavens," she cried, "a single turn of the wheel will be death." With the thought she rushed forward.

But at that instant she caught sight of Doctor Beverly returning from his professional visit. Again the old jealousy surged up in her heart, and conquered every better feeling. She stopped once more.

"Let him save her," she cried, clenching her hands until the delicate nails cut into the tender flesh. "Let him save her. It is no business of mine."

But even as she spoke, she heard a sound that she recognized only too well: it was that of the wheels beginning to turn; and she knew that, long before Doctor Beverly could arrive on the scene, all would be over.

She hesitated no more. With a cry that rang far and near on the still air, she sped on, reached the bridge, and for an instant tottered on the log, which rocked under her flying steps. But she bravely steadied herself, and springing forward, in another instant was within reach of the fatal wheel.

"Miss Glendower—Miss Glendower!" she cried. She strained her gaze to see through the cloud of blinding spray; but she could make out no more than that the forward wheel was yet stationary, and that there was a long strip of white whirling water shooting out from the wheel nearest; and that, beyond, in the seething, boiling pool, there was a mass of white—a woman's form—being tossed up and down, and rushing on towards the other wheel, which, the moment it began to revolve, would take it up, and whirl it around and around, and tear it limb from limb.

To reach this mass of white—to drag it from its peril, before it was too late, was all that Janet thought of, cared for, now. On the risk she ran, she never gave a thought. But how to effect her purpose? Always cool and self-possessed, there came to her now, in this moment of supremest peril, a more than ordinary self-reliance, an infinite capacity of seeing every possibility, and at once. Her mind was made up on the moment.

There was a beam, fortunately, overhead. To take advantage of this was her only chance. She reached up her arms toward it, to support herself, just as a quick cry burst from the bridge—a cry of infinite agony: "Janet! Janet! Oh, God!" it said; and she knew the voice was that of Doctor Beverly.

But Janet had already seized the beam, and in another second had lifted herself over the race. Alas, as she dropped into the water, she too was buried in the tossing spray. But she cared nothing for this. "If I can only reach Miss Glendower," she thought, "before the further wheel is set in motion."

Doctor Beverly saw it all. But he did not wait to witness the result of her rash venture. He knew it was only madness to attempt a rescue, until the machinery was stopped. Consequently, when Janet came up between the two wheels, gasping and breathless from her desperate plunge, he was rushing in at the mill-door, and, a moment after, was himself stopping the wheels.

Janet, when she came to the surface, was bewildered and blinded by the dash of the waters; and was thumped and tossed hither and thither. But it was only for an instant that she was thus bewildered. She had grasped Miss Glendower, and the touch brought back all her native presence of mind and cool calculating judgment.

Her aim was to draw herself and Miss Glendower up out of the water, and on to a bank of sand at one side, and, as it were, almost in the embrasure of the wall. Here, they would be beyond the sweep of the wheels, and safe, at least for awhile, or possibly until help could come. But in this undertaking she did not succeed, until she had well nigh exhausted her own strength and hope. She sank down, finally, nerveless, when all was over; her face almost as deathly as that of the beautiful and insensible woman at her side.

Janet was indeed so nearly insensible, that the sudden stopping of the wheel and the subsidence of the maelstrom of waters seemed to her but a part of some vague dream. She lost consciousness, if she did not absolutely faint away. Hence, she did not see the couple of white, terrified faces which presently peered over the wheel. Neither did her eyes unclose, even when Richard Beverly himself bent down over her,

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and unclasped her fingers from their tenacious hold on Blanche Glendower's wet garments. She did utter a low moan, however; but gave no other sign of consciousness, until the miller came back to carry her out, in turn. As he stooped to raise her, she looked up at him piteously.

"Is she dead?" she asked, in an awed whisper.

"Dead? Not a bit of it," he replied, sturdily. "The drownin' would ha' been easy got over; but she's somehow got a cut on her temple, which Doctor Beverly says is dangerous."

Janet shuddered.

"I cannot help it, if she dies, can I?" she asked, hysterically. "I did what I could to save her, didn't I?"

"In course you did, miss—more'n any other woman would ha' done; and in course you can't help it, if she's done for outright. A body wouldn't s'pose you could keep yourself from dyin', you look so dead beat. Are you hurt anywheres?"

"No, I think not."

She made an effort, as she spoke, and slowly lifted herself; but a sharp swift pain cut through her ankle, and she sank back again; a dead faint, for awhile, making her oblivious of all things, even of the physical agony.

What with her exhaustion, and the shock of the pain, Janet's syncope was a prolonged one, so that she had been carried away to her own cottage across the stream, before she again recovered consciousness. The face she saw first was that of Dame Margery, the miller's wife, wet and wrinkled, as only tears and grief could make it. Janet smiled at her, in tender recognition of the gentleness with which she was applying a wet bandage to her foot.

Then the sluggish tides about her heart flowed more vigorously, as she saw another person present: Doctor Beverly himself. Instinctively, she jerked her wrist away; for he was feeling her pulse. He seemed, however, not to notice the movement.

"I think she will do now, Margery," he said, quite with his professional air. "You need not be anxious about her. Apply the wet bandage, when necessary, and keep her quiet—that is all."

No, not all; for, as he turned to leave the room, Janet looked at him so wistfully, that he stopped, seemed to repent of his cold indifference, and went back.

"Are you suffering pain anywhere?" he asked, kindly.

"No," she answered, with an effort, striving to imitate his calmness. "At least, not now. But there was something that hurt me awhile ago. What was it?"

"Your ankle has been injured."

"Oh, not broken?"

"No. Only badly sprained. But your nervous system has had a severe shock. So my orders are that you are to be kept very quiet. Do you think you can be obedient," with a smile, "for once in your life?"

How beautiful that smile was. How beautiful his smile always was. But she did not answer. She only gave a dreary little gasp of assent. He saw she was not thinking of herself, and though he knew, as a professional man, that he ought to put a stop to the conversation, there was such a pitiful questioning in her eyes, that he had not the heart to disregard it. He touched her wrist with his fingers once more.

"Can't you promise," he said, tenderly, "that you will not even think of the accident? Miss Glendower is really in no danger. And do you know," she shivered at the name, "that you saved her life? You are a heroine among ten thousand."

"Where is she—Miss Glendower?" she asked, faintly, after a moment.

"Here, under your own roof. I took the liberty to bring her here, as this was the nearest place. The cut in her temple is deep, and has bled a great deal; but I can speak almost positively: she will, I think, recover."

The color flew into poor Janet's white face. She turned to the back of the sofa to conceal her weakness, and said, sharply:

"I wonder you leave her. It is unnecessary for you to stay here. I can do quite well, you see, with Margery."

"Yes, there is no positive need for my being here," he answered, quietly. "You will do well, if you will only be quiet. Mrs. Caxton will be here presently, and when she comes, and Miss Glendower is in her care, I will come again to see you, and tell you if any unfavorable symptom has set in with Miss Glendower."

"He is, perhaps, too sanguine. He loves her, and can't believe she will die," said Janet, half pityingly, half bitterly, as he went out; and then, in spite of everything, her weakness overcame her: she sank back, and was soon in the dead sleep of exhaustion.

It was late in the afternoon when she awoke. Her first thought was of Miss Glendower. "If she dies, I am her murderer," she said to herself. "She must be worse, or someone would have come to tell me she was better. Doctor Beverly himself, probably; for he could not have withheld the good news."

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She turned her head again to the wall, as she spoke. But suddenly there was a step on the matting, and her wrist was pressed by fingers large and firm—patient fingers they were, too; for they did not relinquish their hold. So long did they keep it, that Janet grew painfully aware of the irregular fluctuations underneath them. Doctor Beverly seemed himself, presently, to become conscious of this symptom. Alarmed, he stooped close over her, trying to see her face. But she kept it averted, and half concealed by her sleeve.

"Janet," he said, in a half whisper, at last. There was no response.

"Janet," he said again, and now passionately. "Oh, Janet, do not hide your dear face from me. I thought it was lost to my sight forever, when that horrible sheet of spray went over it, to-day. Didn't you hear my cry? My darling, how could you risk the life which you knew was more precious to me than my own?"

But Janet did not speak. Her mind was in a daze. What did it all mean? Had she been mistaken? Was her jealousy uncalled for? She felt as if, but for his presence, she must pour out the ecstasy of her heart in song.

"One word only—even a look—a single dear smile as of old," pleaded the doctor. "A cloud has come between us lately, Janet dear; but it has passed. Oh, believe me, I never loved anyone but you."

Then, at last, Janet made a full confession. It was made in whispers, broken by sobs—by hysterical laughter, at times, even. She told of the anguish, the doubts, and the temptations which had assailed her. She called herself a murderess, "at least in intention, and for a moment," she said.

But Doctor Beverly was in no mood to listen to accusations against her, even from her own lips.

"You are morbid, to-day, dear," he said. "You are a heroine. You saved Miss Glendower's life. But for you, the rest of us would have been too late. A murderess? No, an angel." And he stooped and kissed her reverently.

It was a week before Miss Glendower heard of this interview. It was Mrs. Caxton who then told her. The city belle listened silently. There was a shadow on her face, as though the clouds she was watching left something of their gloom upon it. Later, though, the shade cleared away, as if the clouds had gone; for she remembered that Janet had saved her life.

But Mrs. Caxton was not deceived. Not even when afterwards she heard the low sweet voice humming the words:

"Love is made a vague regret;
Eyes with idle tears are wet;
Idle habit links us yet
What is love? For we forget—
Ah, no! No!"

NIGHT SONG.

BY FORREST J. CRISSEY.

Lone and companionless I lay,
Through all the bitter night;
For I had lain my dead away,
With the dying of the light.

"Love hath no song for me," I cried,
"Save bitterness and woe.
Oh, God, that I had only died,
In the purple twilight's glow."

But clear above the night forlorn,
A robin's plaintive cry—
A note, it seemed, of sorrow born,
Yet told the dawn was nigh!

Oh, love, I sing thy sorrow-song;
But know that break of day
To me the fuller note shall bring—
The morning roundelay.

LONGING.

BY AGNES L. MORLEY.

When the golden-rod is dying,
And the purple asters fade,
And the ferns grow sere and yellow,
By the brooklet in the glade—
When the scarlet leaf is falling,
And the oak-leaf turns to brown,
And the chestnuts, from the tree-top,
In the still noon patter down—

When the autumn sun has vanished,
And the night replaced the day,
And the moonlight touched to silver
All the waters of the bay—
To my heart there comes a longing,
That the spring-time cannot know;
In my soul there rests a sorrow,
Like a drift of winter's snow.

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EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

No. 1.—We give the front and back view of this new and stylish house-costume It is made of cashmere and satin, or cashmere and velvet. Our model calls for cashmere and satin, in the new terra-cotta shade. The skirt is cut round and just to touch. It is made of the satin, and trimmed with a puff between two narrow ruffles, all cut in one, and on the bias. The upper or standing ruffle is tacked at short intervals to the skirt, to prevent it falling over. Sometimes the

No. 1.

ruffles are knife-plaited, in that case, the puff must be made separate, and put on with a fine piping to cover the seams. The pointed tunic is of the cashmere, and is trimmed with either fringe or lace. A scarf-drapery heads the tunic, and is continued at the back, being arranged in a large puff, over the straight breadth of cashmere, which is slightly looped, as seen in the illustration of the back view The long bodice of cashmere has looped basques, formed by a con-

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tinuation of the back forms, left long enough to make the long double loops. These are lined with the satin. A band of satin edges the side-bodies, and is finished by a corresponding fringe

No. 2.

or lace. Standing collar and pointed cuffs to the tight coat-sleeve. The bodice is buttoned with small ball-buttons. Fancy buttons are used entirely. Six yards of satin and eight yards of cashmere will be required. In making the satin skirt, cut the front-breadth and the side-gores the entire length. The two breadths in the back are only eighteen inches deep. These are faced upon a foundation-breadth of alpaca or silesia. The back-drapery is fastened to it, so as to entirely conceal the foundation If the combination is of velvet, instead of satin, allowance in quantity of material must be made, as velvet is much narrower.

No. 2—Is a half-mourning costume, to be made of cashmere, Henrietta-cloth, chudda, or any of the innumerable black woolen dress-goods, and trimmed with bands of crèpe or lustreless silk. The underskirt, which is of alpaca, has a deep kilting twelve inches deep. The tunic is composed of a double scarf-drapery across the front, which is cut open on the left side, and filled in with a plaited fan. A band of crèpe or silk, three inches wide, edges this double tunic. The back consists of a single width of the cashmere, and is arranged in irregular puffs. The long coat-shaped basque is suitable for either house or street, although many ladies have a plain round

No. 3.

waist, worn with a belt or sash for house-wear, and the jacket cut large enough to be worn over it. This is probably the best way to arrange for a street-costume. In this case, the

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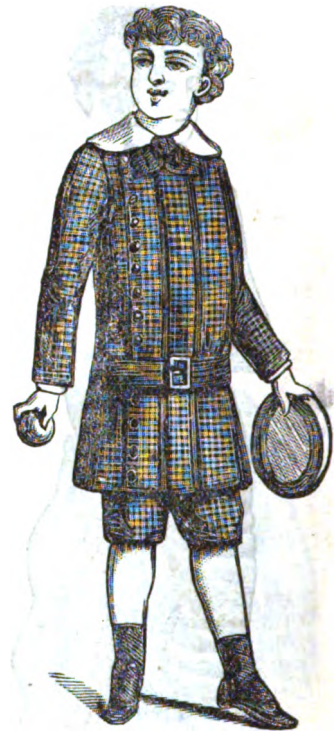
round waist will have the front trimmed with plaited crèpe or silk, to supply the vest seen in the illustration. If only the deep basque is made, this vest must be arranged to fit in under the rolling collar of the basque. Tight coat-sleeves, with a plaited ruffle and band of crèpe heading it, finishes the sleeve at the hand. The basque is buttoned from the end of the collar to the waist-line by small ball-buttons of jet. Ten to twelve yards of double-width goods will be required for this costume, one and a half yards of crèpe or silk cut on the bias. For those who prefer it, the kilted flounce, the fans, vest, cuffs, and bands for the tunic, may all be of silk, while all the rest of the costume is of cashmere. Of course, more silk and less cashmere will be required for this arrangement.

No. 4.

No. 3—Is an evening-dress, of white cashmere or nun's-veiling. The underskirt has first a knife-plaited ruffle of crimson silk; over this are two flounces of Spanish lace, put on with a slight fullness. The tunic is arranged in front by being laid in deep plaits, beginning at the right side and being carried over to the left, raising the plaits higher on the left side. The back-breadth is looped to form irregular puffs. The edge of this tunic has first a row of lace, and over this knotted silk fringe, headed by a ruching of the crimson silk. The round waist is shirred around the neck to fit, and gathered at the waist, under a belt of ribbon. The sleeves are frilled in at the armhole and at the elbow, and divided again half way between the elbow and shoulder by several rows of shirring. At the elbow, the sleeve is finished by a fall of lace. Two rows of lace form the collarette. Crimson satin ribbons an inch and a half wide made into small butterfly bows for the sleeves, and in long loops and ends for the neck and waist. Eight to



No. 5.

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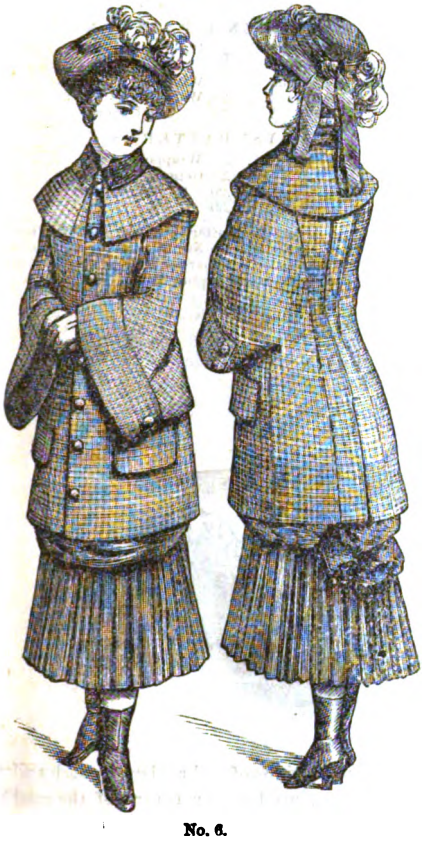
ten yards of double-width material, twelve to fourteen yards of Spanish lace. The fringe is optional. It may readily be dispensed with, without destroying the effect of the costume.

No. 4—Is a stylish outside wrap, of cloth, camel's-hair, cashmere, or Siciliene silk. Our

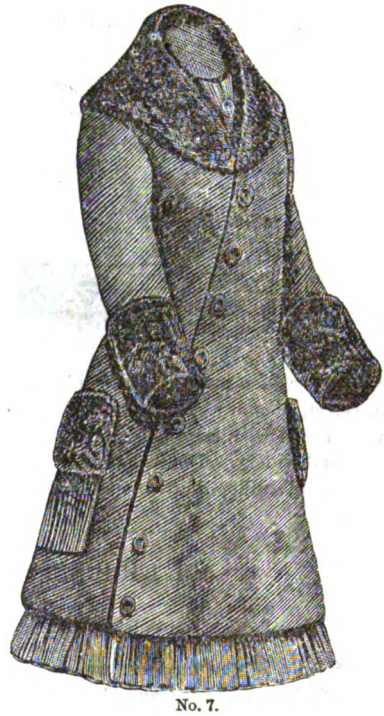


No. 6.

model is intended for a mourning-costume, and is of black cashmere and English crèpe; but it is equally well adapted for any colored cloth, camel's-hair, velvet, or corduroy, which, in dark colors, such as navy-blue, invisible-green, and dark-garnet, is going to be very much worn, especially by young girls. These corduroy wraps are trimmed with fur or plush, or entirely plain, being finished by several rows of stitching. This wrap is trimmed with a plaited ruffle of crèpe, headed by a rose quilling of the same, tacked together and laid flat, forming a rose quilling. The shape of the wrap is a closely-fitting back, cut short, and sloping down to the square tab fronts, which close from the throat down. Square dolman sleeves. There are a few plaits laid in after the garment is completed to fit it into the waist in front. Almost any well-fitting dolman pattern will answer to cut this by, as the difference lies simply in the shaping of the skirt part below the waist-line. It is always safest, however, to cut the garment out of some old muslin, and fit it before cutting into the material.

No. 5—Is a costume for a boy of five to seven years. Knickerbocker pants, and a box-plaited blouse, buttoned on the right side, on the outside of the third box-plait. The back has likewise three box-plaits. The edge is turned up, and several rows of machine-stitching finish it. The same for the cuffs and collar. A belt of the same, passed through narrow bands on the side-seams, fastens in front with a steel buckle. A large linen collar, tied with a ribbon, or cravat passed under, completes this costume. Checked tweed, or fine lady's-cloth, may be used for this garment.

No. 6.—For a girl of twelve to fourteen years, we give a stylish coat, made of checked tweed.



No. 7.

As we show both the back and front in the illustration, there can be no difficulty in cutting the garment. The dolman sleeves are lined with silk, and bordered with revers, stitched on the edge by machine. Shoulder-cape and pockets finished in the same way. A turnover velvet collar finishes the neck of the coat. The

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shoulder-cape is adjustable. Large horn buttons down the front and on the sleeves.

No. 7.—For a little girl or boy of six to eight years, we give a model for a drab cloth pelisse, with collar, cuffs, and pockets of plush in a contrasting color: garnet, navy-blue, or seal-brown being the most popular contrasting colors for trimming children's garments. Large fancy buttons are used. This garment, as seen by illustrations, buttons diagonally, otherwise it is a simple close-fitting casaque.

LADIES' PATTERNS.

Any style in this number will be sent by mail on receipt of full price for corresponding article in price list below. Patterns will be put together and plainly marked. Patterns designed to order.

Princess Dress: Plain,	.50
" " with drapery and trimming,	1.00
Polonaise,	.50
Combination Walking Suits,	1.00
Trimmed Skirts,	.50
Watteau Wrapper,	.50
Plain or Gored Wrappers,	.35
Basques,	.35
Coats,	.35
" with vests or skirts cut off,	.50
Overskirts,	.35
Talmas and Dolmans,	.35
Waterproofs and Circulars,	.35
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CHILDREN'S PATTERNS.

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Skirts and Overskirts,	.25	Wrappers,	.25
Polonaise: Plain,	.25	Waterproofs, Circulars	
" Fancy,	.35	and Ulsters,	.25

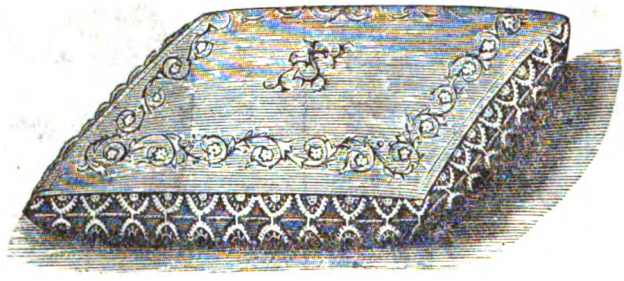
BOYS' PATTERNS.

Jackets,	.25	Wrappers,	.25
Pants,	.20	Gents' Shirts,	.50
Vests,	.20	" Wrappers,	.30
Ulsters,	.30		

In sending orders for Patterns, please send the number and month of Magazine, also No. of page or figure or anything definite, and also whether for lady or child. Address, Mrs. M. A. Jones, 28 South Eighth Street, Philadelphia.

SOFA-CUSHION.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This sofa-cushion can be made of plush, satin, cloth, velvet, or of any other material that is preferred. The border may be done in appliqué-work or embroidery. The trimming around the edge is cut in scallop, buttonholed at the edge, with small designs of embroidery in each scallop. Initials are placed in the centre of the cushion. It would be very suitable for a Christmas, New Year's, or birthday gift; and can be made with but little trouble or expense.

SLIPPER: EMBROIDERED.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give an engraving of a pretty slipper, and also a design, on a large scale, for the upper part of the slipper. The embroidery is done on gray linen with colored silk. The veins and the leaves are, to the point of the stem, done in olive and chestnut-brown silks. The leaves have a border of dark-blue chain-stitching, filled with cross-stitches of navy-blue, and ornamented with sprigs in gold thread. The arabesques are outlined with two rows of navy-blue in chain-stitch, and filled up with a thorn of light-green silk. The two lines of the border are set off by long stitches of gold thread and sultan-red silk. The flowers, embroidered up to the upper part of front of slipper, are in pink, and bordered by marine-blue, with stitches in gold thread, like the inside. The stitches to the point of the stem are also in blue, surrounded with gold thread. Very pretty for a Christmas or New Year's gift.

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LADY'S WALKING JACKET.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

The most fashionable wrap, this winter, is what is called the "WALKING JACKET," an engraving of which we give here. Folded in with this number is a SUPPLEMENT, with diagrams, full size, of the several pieces of this jacket, so that anybody can cut the jacket out by aid of these patterns, without a dressmaker. The jacket, as will be seen, consists of five pieces, viz:

I.—HALF OF FRONT.
II.—HALF OF BACK.
III.—HALF OF SIDE-BACK.
IV.—UPPER AND UNDER HALF OF SLEEVE.
V.—HALF OF STANDING COLLAR.

The letters A, B, C, D, etc., etc., show how the pieces are put together. The jacket is made of cloth, and braided or ornamented with frogs and cable braid, arranged as seen in the illustration, up the fronts, around the neck, on the sleeves, and the ornaments for the back. The braid is formed in a pattern for the back of the neck and for the sleeves, also for the back ornaments. Navy-blue cloth with black braid, light-drab cloth with dark-brown trimmings, or black cloth with black trimmings, are the most desirable colors.

We give, on the SUPPLEMENT, on the left side, the first from the top, a very pretty and suitable design for the braiding of this jacket.

We also give, on the SUPPLEMENT, various other designs in braiding, embroidery, etc., all of which are described on another page.

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HOUSEWIFE OF PAINTED KID.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

A piece of kid, light-gray, the required size. This is cut with one end pointed, for the flap. This end is painted with a Kate Greenaway figure, as seen. Line the inside with satin, and fit it up for needles and all the et-ceteras of working implements. The handle is made of kid, lined with satin and stitched by machine, and then adjusted. Any lady may arrange the size to suit herself. Nothing can be more suit- to make for a Christmas or New Year's gift.

BRAIDING-PATTERN, ETC., ON "SUPPLEMENT."

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

We give, on the SUPPLEMENT folded in with this number, a great variety of designs in braiding, embroidery, etc., which we shall now proceed to describe.

I. BRAIDING FOR JACKET.—This is a pattern for the "Walking Jacket" braiding.

II. BRAIDING PATTERN FOR DRESS, MANTLE, ETC.—A pattern for pocket, sleeves, etc., etc.

III. BRAIDING PATTERN FOR POCKET.—Larger in size than the other, and, perhaps, more generally effective.

IV. EMBROIDERY, OR OUTLINE-STITCH, for d'oyley, etc., etc. These designs for d'oyleys are now very popular.

V. EMBROIDERY FOR BABY'S BLANKET.—To be done on flannel or cashmere, with silk or crewels.

VI. SILK EMBROIDERY ON FLANNEL, CASHMERE, etc. An elegant design, and easily worked.

These designs are arranged, as will be seen, so that they can be cut out without interfering with the pattern for the "Hussar Jacket."

We have, more than once, given directions how to transfer designs of this kind, the last time in the September number for 1882. If it is desired by new subscribers, we will repeat, in an early number, these directions.

As many ladies have asked for a description of the Kensington-stitch, and also for what they call the crewel-stitch, we give, on another page, a description of the Kensington-stitch. The so-called crewel-stitch, however, is a misnomer. Crewel is the name of the material with which it is worked. The correct name is stem-stitch, which consists of a long stitch forward on the surface, and a shorter one backward under the fabric.

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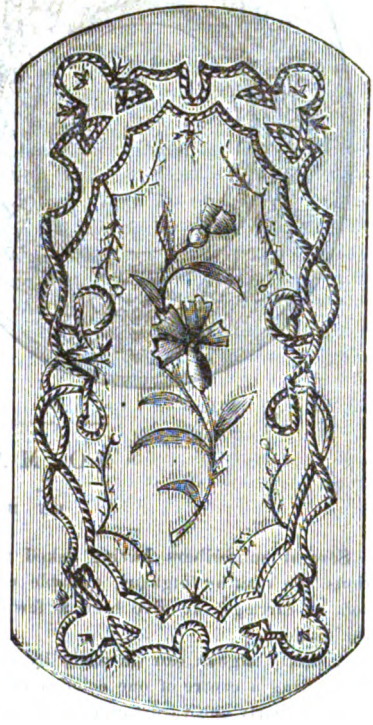
CIGAR AND CIGARETTE CASES.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

We give, here, two new and beautiful designs: one for an embroidered cigar-case, the other a cigarette-case. In the cigar-case (which is on the left), let the foundation be of fawn or gray kid, and ornamented in the centre with a motif executed *au passé* with silks of the same color. The rest of the design is carried out with a fine silk cord, twisted with gold thread.

In the cigarette-case, let the foundation be of brown satin or plush, with a centre spray of corn-flowers embroidered in silks, the frame being put in with gold cord.



COLORED DESIGN FOR CURTAIN-BORDER, ETC.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, as a NEW YEAR'S GIFT to our hundred and fifty thousand subscribers, we give a COLORED DESIGN FOR A CURTAIN-BORDER. Or it may be used for a table-cover, or a dozen other purposes.

It is altogether the most expensive one we

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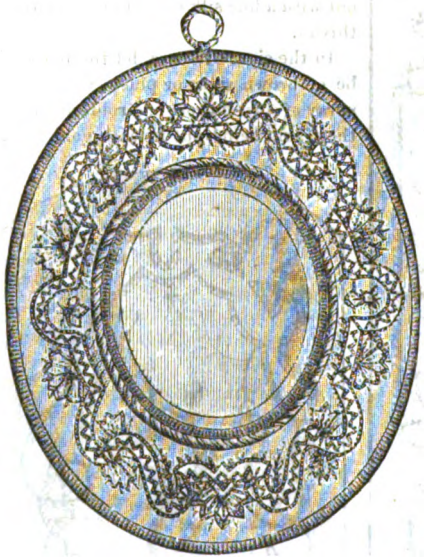
have ever published, and we think also the most beautiful by far. "Peterson" is the only magazine in America that gives these elegant yet useful designs. We have been the first to introduce, in this way, all the new styles of work, such as the Arrasen embroidery in our December number, the Straw-work, Moresque-work, etc., and the Feather-work, now all the rage, which first appeared in "Peterson" three years ago, in our January number.

The present design is in the old but ever popular Berlin-work, and is done in cross-stitch with the ordinary zephyr. It is the easiest of all kinds of embroidery, and, therefore, that which the largest number of ladies prefer. On that account we give it in this number.

HAND-MIRROR, WITH EMBROIDERED FRAME.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This pretty glass with beveled edge is set into a plush frame; claret, peacock-blue, or any other color may be used. First, have a frame made the desired size, of pine wood, not too heavy. Then cut out the plush cover, allowing enough to turn under the edges well. Embroider in point-russe on braid of a contrasting color, filling in the spaces between with more point-russe stitches, forming stars, etc.

A thick cable cord encircles the mirror. After the embroidery is done, adjust the plush to the frame by tacking it with tiny furniture-tacks on the under side. Afterwards cover a piece of card-board with sateen the same color, and sew it neatly on the edges before placing the glass in position.

TO MAKE AFGHANS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

Several subscribers having asked for directions for making afghans, suitable either for sofa or carriage, we give here a few hints on the subject.

A pretty afghan can be made by crocheting or knitting a centre of one color (a neutral one is best) nearly one yard square, then embroidering any desirable pattern upon it; which is easily done by working in the old-fashioned cross or Berlin-stitch, on canvas. After the embroidery is finished, the canvas must of course be pulled out. Then there should be a border of any pretty contrasting color, a quarter of a yard square, knit or crocheted around this centre, and finished with zephyr fringe.

Another pretty way of making an afghan, is to knit or crochet stripes, each one a yard and a half long, and about six inches wide, and embroider either all of the stripes or only the alternate ones; the latter we think the prettier. Blue and pale-dove stripes are pretty, putting the embroidery on the dove-colored ones. Crimson and black, blue and a pale-yellow, pink and chocolate, in fact any colors that harmonize well together, look well; but if used for a sofa, care should be taken to have them in harmony with the furniture.

If a light summer afghan is desired, it looks well made of écru linen, or of oat-meal cloth, and it can be embroidered in fine crewels or colored silks. Any flower well worked looks well, such as clusters of lilies, roses, ferns, etc.

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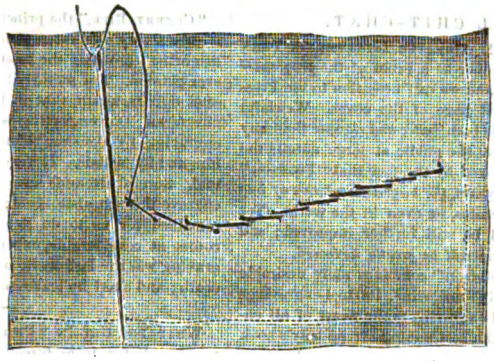
KENSINGTON-STITCH FOR OUTLINE EMBROIDERY.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



We are continually asked to describe the Kensington-stitch. We have more than once done this; but we do it again now, for the benefit of new subscribers.

It is a kind of back-stitch; but each stitch must be the same length, as nearly as possible. Great care must be taken in turning corners, in the making of leaves, flowers, etc., etc., so that the stitch should not be too suddenly lengthened or shortened. The finest lines are sometimes done in split-stitch, which is only the ordinary stem or Kensington-stitch, but the needle is brought out so as to split the thread, instead of coming out at one side of it.

The stitch must be neither too loose nor too tight; when too tight, the work will be drawn; when too loose, it will look very badly worked; the stitch should lie flat. The thread should be short, as the silk or crewel will work rough if too long. The needle should not be too small, as it will pull the work. We give also an illustration, the better to explain the stitch.

Silk, crewel, or working cotton can be employed, according to the taste of the worker, to the material on which it is used, or to the purpose for which the embroidery is needed. Silk, plush, linen, crash, unbleached muslin, or common cheese-cloth, all look well done in the Kensington or outline-stitch. Bright or varied colors are not to be recommended; one shade, or at most two shades of the same color, looks altogether the best.

The cut shows how the stitch is done, even more plainly than our description.

POCKET OF JAVA CANVAS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

We give, in the front of the number, a pattern, full size, for a pocket, of Java canvas, suitable for a Christmas, New Year's, Birthday, or other friendly gift.

The embroidery is in silks; the border of the flap and of the panels is made of two shades of bronze-colored silk, and two shades of cherry-colored or pink silk arranged in points held by a stitch in old-gold; the border of the rose is done in the same way, with two lighter shades of pink silk in addition, and a row of bronze inside. The central bouquet is done with the same silks; pink for the rosebuds, and two shades of bright-green for the leaves, the stems or stalks in wood-color; the spray is composed of clusters of buds; the light stitch which forms the middle of the bud is done in pink silk, all the rest in green silk; the three long points which terminate the buds are in dark-green silk.

Length of canvas required is 12⅞ inches, breadth 8¼ inches. The embroidered panel is repeated a second time.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

"PETERSON" FOR 1883! GREATER INDUCEMENTS THAN EVER!—We offer this number as a proof of the *progressive character* of "Peterson;" and we call attention to the Prospectus for 1883, on the last page of the cover. We claim there that this magazine is both *better and cheaper* than any magazine of its kind. That the public at large admits the justice of this claim, is proved by the fact that "Peterson" has now, and has had for years, *the largest circulation of any lady's book* in the United States, or even in the world. Yet for 1883, "Peterson" will be still further improved; *and the reading matter especially will be greatly increased.*

We claim also, that "Peterson" combines more desirable qualities than any other lady's magazine. Its steel-engravings are the finest, and a steel-engraving is the finest of all engravings. Its stories are the best published; no lady's book has such contributors. In its fashion department, it has long been acknowledged to be pre-eminent; its styles are the newest and most elegant; its superb colored plates, printed from steel, have no rivals. The pattern-sheets given as Supplements, each month, and the "Every-Day" department, make it also indispensable in a family, *as a matter of economy.* Its illustrated stories and other articles are another desirable feature. Where but one magazine is taken, "Peterson" should be that magazine; and every family that pretends to culture should take at least one magazine.

We continue to offer four kinds of clubs. For one kind, the premium is the unrivaled engraving: "Christ Before Pilate," or an Illustrated Quarto Album, or Photograph Album. For another kind, the premium is a copy of "Peterson" for 1883. For still another kind, there are two premiums: the engraving, or either of the Albums, and also a copy of "Peterson." For our very largest clubs, the magazine and both the engraving and either of the Albums, are given, *three premiums in all!* No other magazine offers such inducements. Only our immense circulation enables *us* to do it.

Now is the time to get up clubs. Everybody will subscribe for "Peterson," if its merits and cheapness are fairly put before them. *Go to work at once.* A specimen will be sent, gratis, if written for. *Do not lose a moment.*

"OLD-ESTABLISHED ONES."—The Bellevue (Ohio) Gazette recommends people to subscribe for the "old-established magazines," like this one, saying, very truly, that "every year a crowd of new periodicals starts up, most of which die before the twelvemonth is out, defrauding the subscribers." It adds, emphatically, "if you wish to be sure of getting your magazine, subscribe for PETERSON."

"CHRIST BEFORE PILATE."—The editor of the Harper (Kansas) Times says of this superb engraving: "We have had our copy put into a frame, in preference to two other engravings, for which we paid eight dollars apiece." And the Detroit (Mich.) News pronounces it "the most meritorious premium engraving" it has ever seen.

THE PHOTOGRAPH ALBUM, which is one of our premiums for 1883, is bound in leatherette, and contains places for about twenty-five photographs.

"CHERRY RIPE," the principal engraving in this number, is after a very celebrated picture by Millais, the great English artist; probably the most celebrated of its kind that he ever painted. For pictures like this, Millais gets ten thousand dollars, a sum that in this country would buy a very nice farm. Our engraving is from a proof copy of a large engraving by Cousins, before lettering, and signed both by him and by Millais. It very faithfully reproduces the original. Several attempts have been made, in a cheap way, to engrave this exquisite gem; but none successfully; and it remained for us to do it as it should be done, though of course at considerable expense. We may add that the engraving was the last work of Cousins, before his untimely death; and alas! he leaves no successor to rival him.

WHAT YOU GET IN "PETERSON."—The cheap editions of novels sell for from fifteen to twenty cents apiece. Subscribers to "Peterson," even at the full price of two dollars a year, will get, in 1883, for less than seventeen cents, every month, a book that will contain as much as one of these novels, and all the exquisite steel-plates, fashion-plates, colored patterns, etc., etc., *in addition.* Where else can they get as much for their money? These twenty-cent novels are thought wonderfully cheap; but subscribers to "Peterson" get *three times* as much for their money; for the embellishments are, after all, the principal expense of a magazine like this. Club subscribers, as a rule, get "Peterson" for about twelve cents a number. Do people ever think of this?

THE STORY OF PSYCHE has always been considered one of the most beautiful in classic mythology, and the illustrating of its various incidents has long been a favorite task with artists. We have given, more than once, very charming engravings of this kind; one of Psyche with her lamp, which was especially beautiful. We give, this month, one of Psyche, when she hears, for the first time, the music of a lute. In the classic legend, this music is supposed to awaken the soul in her, for the first time; and whether such was really the idea of this antique myth, it is certainly plausible, as well as elevating. The engraving we now give has already taken rank with the most popular ever issued.

"THEY ALWAYS RETURN."—A lady has sent us a large club, in advance, for 1883, saying: "Most of these subscribers thought, last year, they would try something else; but they have come back, this year, declaring that "Peterson" *is the best and cheapest*, after all." We will add that we have come to consider as a fixed fact, as our fair correspondent says, that, when people are tempted away from this magazine by illusive promises, *they always return;* because they discover that "Peterson" gives the greatest variety, and of the best kind, for less money than any other.

"EVERYONE ADMIRES IT."—A lady, who has already sent a club for 1883, says: "Seeing your offers for clubs, I thought I would get one up. I found it very easy, as everyone admires the book." And hundreds write the same.

THE PRETTIEST CHRISTMAS GIFT, for a lady, whether a wife, sister, or sweetheart, is a paid-up subscription for "Peterson" for 1883.

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OUR UNRIVALED PREMIUMS FOR 1883.—Our premiums for getting up clubs for 1883 are unusually fine. One is the most valuable steel-engraving ever issued, either by us or by anybody else, (27 inches by 20,) after Muncaksy's great painting, "Christ Before Pilate"—*perhaps the most wonderful of the century*. The prominent object is the pathetic face of Christ, the "Man of Sorrows and acquainted with grief." Then there is Pilate, with his puzzled, hesitating air; the angry hate, the scowling brows of the High Priests and Scribes; and more than all, the unspeakable pity in the countenance of the young mother, who, with her babe in her arms, stands looking on from one corner. *No family in the land should be without this engraving.*

But as there may be some persons who already have their walls covered with engravings, or may prefer something else, we offer *in place* of the "Christ Before Pilate," either our Illustrated Quarto Album, a very beautiful ornament for the centre-table, or a handsome Photograph Album. In all such cases, however, say which Album is preferred.

For many clubs, an extra copy of the magazine will be sent. For others, and larger ones, a copy of the engraving or either of the Albums. The inducements to get up clubs were never before so great, and probably will never be so great again. But see the Prospectus.

Now is the time to get up clubs for 1883. If you defer too long, others may get ahead of you. Every year we receive letters saying: "If I had commenced sooner, I could have done much better, for everybody likes Peterson." Specimens are sent, gratis, if written for, to get up clubs with.

FOR A GLOVE SACHET the newest and most useful shape is long, double the width, one-eighth longer than the length of your longest gloves. Take a piece of satin or silk of the size described, line it through with fine soft surah, and divide it into three or four divisions, rather wider than your gloves. This division should be embroidered, and a piece of sarsenet ribbon or elastic placed across the middle. Have some very fine cashmere flannel, and cut two pieces in thirds of the full width of your material, and the same length. Sew this down, when you have ornamented it with a little embroidery, about half an inch from each edge of the satin. You require strings to tie it when closed. The gloves are placed under the elastic, light colors together, dark colors, and so on, and the cashmere laid over them, to prevent their spotting. The sachet is then folded up and tied.

THE MAGNIFICENT COLORED PATTERN, in the front of this number, "Curtain-Border, or Chair Stripe," etc., etc., is one of those beautiful and costly embellishments only to be found in "Peterson." It is our New Year's gift to our subscribers for 1883. With it, we send our best wishes for their happiness. The expense of this superb illustration runs up into thousands of dollars. "Peterson" is the only magazine in America that can afford these costly affairs. At a retail store, such a pattern *alone* would cost fifty cents.

"REALLY A FIVE-DOLLAR ENGRAVING."—A lady, who has got up a club, in advance, for 1883, writes: "Your 'Christ Before Pilate' is really a five-dollar engraving. I can buy nothing even as good, in any store here, for that price. How can you afford to give it as a premium?" Simply, we reply, because we use so many thousands that the cost of engraving the plate, great as it is, sinks into comparative insignificance.

OUR ILLUSTRATED ALBUM, we would say, in answer to Samantha, is quarto in form; bound in leatherette, gilt; contains several beautiful steel-engravings; and has numerous pages of blank paper, on which to inscribe autographs, or write verses. It is a very beautiful premium indeed; and the most popular of its kind ever issued.

WE HAVE NO AGENTS, we again repeat, for whom we are responsible. Either *remit direct to us*, or subscribe through your local news-dealer, or give your money to some person getting up a club *whom you know all about*, or are personally acquainted with.

THE FASHIONS GIVEN IN THIS MAGAZINE, remember, are not those of any interested dealer, or second-rate New York or Philadelphia milliner. They are all from Paris. We have no temptation, such as dealers have, to "puff" second-rate styles, because they are our own.

ANY SUBSCRIBER can have the "Christ Before Pilate," by adding fifty cents to the subscription price. We make this statement in answer to numerous inquiries.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

A Modern Instance. By W. D. Howell. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.*—Mr. Howell has the merit, at least in this novel, of being distinctively American. But we do not think the choice of subject artistic. As Lowell once remarked to us, "genius is shown as much by the choice of a subject as by the treatment of it." The realism, too, is often carried too far. The best thing in the book is the speech of the old judge, in the divorce-suit. That whole scene, by the bye, is extremely dramatic, and gives one a very high idea of what Mr. Howell can really do.

A Noble Name. By Claire Von Glumer. Translated by Mrs. A. L. Wister. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.*—We have so often praised Mrs. Wister, both for her rare skill as a translator, and for the consummate tact and taste she shows in selecting the books to translate, that we need only now say that the present story is equal, in all respects, to the numerous other German ones she has rendered into English. The volume, too, is exceptionally well printed, in the clear, legible type always used by the Lippincotts.

The English People In Its Three Homes. By Edward A. Freeman. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates.*—Mr. Freeman, without question, is the greatest living historian of his school, and though given to some crochets, is, on the whole, the most philosophical and trustworthy. This little volume, developing the views he advanced in his lectures in Philadelphia, will particularly repay Americans for its perusal.

Gymnastics Of The Voice. By Oscar Guttman. 1 *vol., small* 8*vo. Albany: Edgar S. Werner.*—A treatise on the system of correct breathing in singing and speaking, based on physiological laws. With the aid of this book, anyone can teach himself or herself how to train and use the voice. Numerous illustrations add greatly to the understanding of the text.

Introductory Lessons In Drawing And Painting In Water-Colors. By Marion Kemble. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Boston: S. W. Tilton & Co.*—This little treatise claims to be "self-instructive." Its directions are so plain, than any person, by following them, may learn to paint in water-colors, without an instructor.

Doctor Zay. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.*—In some respects a capital picture of certain phases of New England life. But the heroine is rather one that a woman fancies ought to be loved distractedly, than one whom a man would love in that wild manner.

Youth: Its Care And Culture. By J. Mortimer-Granville. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. New York: M. L. Holbrook & Co.*—A little treatise on education—physical, moral, and intellectual. It is full of good advice, and ought to be in every family.

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OUR ARM-CHAIR.

"How He Can Afford It."—The Frankford (Pa.) Gazette says of our last number: "'Peterson's Magazine' ought to grace the table of every household in the land. It is a wonder to us how the publisher can afford to present, month after month, so interesting and valuable a book for so little money." The secret is simply this: We prefer a small profit on a large circulation, to a big profit on a little one. We have the largest circulation in the world, and hence can afford such costly embellishments (which no other magazine can) as "Cherry Ripe," "Psyche," the colored steel fashion-plate, and the "Pattern for a Curtain-Border," in this number.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate is useful in dyspepsia. It gives the stomach tone and imparts vigor to the whole system.

The Retirement From Business of the old firm of Messrs. A. T. Stewart & Co. throws upon the market those popular brands of Lyons silk of which that house has long had exclusive control, and upon which much of the high reputation of their silk department was obtained. Mr. Stewart always took a personal interest in this department, and when he secured the control of the Lyons silk known as Cashmere Norma, Cashmere Abyssinia, and Cashmere Oriental, he did so with a thorough knowledge of what our American people wanted, and which would redound to his credit to sell. In these brands he secured a highly-finished black silk, also one that at the same time was durable and lasting, and it was upon such goods as these that the great house of Messrs. A. T. Stewart & Co. made their reputation. The retirement of this house has obliged the manufacturers in France to find a new outlet, and though several of our leading merchants desired to make an arrangement similar to that of Messrs. A. T. Stewart & Co., their overtures were declined; and the goods placed in the hands of one of our largest importing houses in New York, by whom they are sold to all first-class dry-goods dealers throughout the country; so that in the future, our lady readers have only to ask for either Cashmere Norma, Cashmere Abyssinia, or Cashmere Oriental, to secure one of those elegant and justly celebrated Lyons black silks.

"Its Unbounded Popularity."—The Randolph (Mass.) Register says of our last number: "'Peterson,' like old wine, improves with age, and the ladies know it, for there is no magazine of this kind read so extensively as 'Peterson.' They have all heard of it, and all are anxious to read it, hence its unbounded popularity. No magazine publishes such excellent stories, or such exquisite fashions."

The Advertising Pages as now classified will afford our readers the opportunity of easily finding any article they wish to purchase. In the department of dry goods will be found the announcements of the leading houses of the country, as also in the department of seeds, plants, and shrubs, our subscribers can readily see where to send for any article of that kind. We believe, if our readers will scan our advertising pages, they will find them as interesting reading as any department of our magazine.

"Unapproached And Unapproachable."—The Havre de Grace (Md.) Republican says: "'Peterson' is the best, as it is certainly the cheapest, lady's magazine published. Everything in its pages is of the highest order attainable—its novelets, stories, poetry, fashion-plates, receipts, etc. It stands unapproached and unapproachable, the very queen among lady's magazines."

"The Most Valuable."—The Bristol (Tenn.) News says of the "Christ Before Pilate," that it is, "beyond question, the most valuable premium engraving ever issued." We have received hundreds of similar expressions of opinion.

"Brown's Bronchial Troches are excellent for the relief of hoarseness or sore throat. They are exceedingly effective."—Christian World, London, Eng.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

[Medical Botany—Of the Garden, Field, and Forest.]

BY ABRAM LIVEZEY, A. M., M. D.

No. I.—Golden-Rod (Sweet-Scented)—Solidago Odora.

A large genus of fifty species or more, of which, however, this one is only recognized in the United States Dispensatory as possessing sufficient medical virtues to find a place there. In no sense is this country a new one so much as in its flora. But few of our indigenous plants are exactly like those of other countries, and we should expect to find among them many possessed of very valuable properties. Yet up to this time, but few have been established by the regular profession. By "regular" is meant the allopathic school of medicine. Doctor Samuel Thompson, and his followers, and subsequently obscure botanic and eclectic practitioners, most of them uneducated men, have forced, as it were, upon the regular profession many valuable indigenous plants, which they investigated and employed with a bold hand—the bolder for its ignorance—and thus established many special domestic remedies. Forty years ago, the late Professor J. K. Mitchell advised the rural profession to be a little more awake to the popular belief of their districts as to the virtues of the indigenous flora. This advice, as his student, the writer heeded, and he has never permitted the beaten path of the profession to prevent the growth of the flowers of discovery along his life's pathway, nor hinder him from wandering into unexplored wilds for them. The botanical characters of this species of Golden-rod are: Stem, two to three feet high, slender, smoothish, erect, striate, pubescent in lines; leaves, sessile, linear-lanceolate, acute, rough at margin, elsewhere smooth, covered with pellucid dots, abrupt or scarcely narrowed at the base: flowers, deep golden-yellow, in one-sided racemes, spreading almost horizontally or recurved slightly, forming a terminal pyramidal panicle. The branches are each accompanied by a small leaf, and support the flowers on a downy pedicle. Rays about four, oblong and obtuse. The whole plant is yellowish-green, agreeably fragrant and rather pretty. I have thus minutely described it, in order that mothers—and daughters, too—may distinguish it among its many congeners. The leaves—the portion used—have a fragrant odor and a warm aromatic taste. In warm infusion, they are aromatic, moderately stimulating, and diaphoretic. Given to relieve pain, to allay nausea, to cover the taste of unpleasant medicines, etc., as is ginger tea.

The leaves of this plant are used quite largely in the form of "tea" in Berks, Lancaster, and to less extent in Bucks counties. It is gathered in the mountainous districts, and is supposed by those who use it to be a species allied to the real Chinese tea.

This has been known since the time of Pürst or Purah, as "tea," just as many other plants have been so used occasionally by old people: the New Jersey tea, Ceanothus Americanus, notably, in the days of the Revolution. People, however, soon tire of simple "herb teas," unless they contain a peculiar stimulating property, which principle the analytical chemist has not been able to discover in this plant. There may be something of value in it, and this, as well as other plants for which virtues are claimed by old mothers, nurses, or "doctoresses," should be investigated.

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We should never turn a deaf ear to the fulsome twaddle of an old nurse, when descanting upon the wonderful virtues of some medicinal "yarb," because she is ignorant and we are dignified.

Professor Mitchell said, when on this subject, "Do not take shelter in dogmatism, and despise, or pretend to despise, the knowledge which is unknown to you. This is just the spirit which has retarded the progress of medicine, until it lags, as a science, behind every other. Never, therefore, neglect the hints which come to you from even the most insignificant sources. Dignity, indeed! Wherever or whenever was dignity hurt in doing or endeavoring to do good? Dignity! How often it is to be interpreted pride and indolence."

DRESSMAKING HINTS.

Dress For Elderly Ladies.—It is difficult, in these days of kilted and flounced skirts, bunched-up paniers, and extremely close-fitting bodices, to arrange costumes suitable for elderly ladies, gracefully as well as fashionably, light to wear, and yet of handsome materials. A great many elderly ladies wear Princess polonaises over skirts with two or more plaited flounces. The skirts are of satin or silk, and the polonaises of cashmere, broché silk, satin merveilleux, foulard, or grenadine, according to the occasion or the weather. Black lace and jet passementerie are used profusely or sparsely, according to taste, and loops of satin, moiré, or gros-grain ribbon. Many polonaises are open in front below the waist, drawn back, and caught up in a few horizontal folds on the hips, the back being slightly draped in two or three places. The side-pieces, drawn from the front, form points; the trimming, whether lace or a silk band, is carried down the front on each side from the neck and back to the hips. Sometimes the skirt worn with this has a few very deep plaits in front, to give a finished appearance to the space left by the open polonaise, or it has two narrower ones above those, which go around the entire skirt. The polonaise is usually long enough to reach these flounces. Panier-drapery can be worn over the same style of skirt. Nothing can be easier and lighter to wear, or more becoming to any figure, than this style of dress. Elderly ladies wear jacket and pointed bodices, and also round-waisted full ones, according to their size and figures; but polonaises are more popular than bodices. Sateens, with a large pattern over them in black and gray for mourning, and all dark colors for ordinary wear, are much worn in the early daytime. The steel-colored satin merveilleux in several shades, the plum-colors, browns, olive-greens, vie with black in popularity for smarter wear; and silk or woolen grenadines, thin nun's-cloth, and barèges for the evening. These are mixed with Sicilienne and lace, and have generally square or V-shaped bodices, sleeves reaching below the elbow, with trimmings of gold, steel, or jet beads, and black or white lace, or white crêpe lisse. Many elderly ladies, of slight figures, wear black or cream-lace capes, either fastening them around the throat with a ruche, or turning the front back into the V-shaped bodice, and finishing off with a bow, composed of loops of ribbon. If the capes are of old real lace, all the better; if not, they are of soft delicate-looking lace, and are either plain or trimmed with a full edging, or with several rows of narrower lace. In black lace they are worn in the daytime. Many dressmakers make pretty capes, matching the costume, and send them home with the dress. These capes scarcely reach the elbow, and are trimmed with fringe or lace. They are removed when the mantle or shawl is put on. Skirts, as a rule, just touch the ground; but they are longer in the evenings, and shorter for the morning and walking. Some ladies wear plain full skirts, sewed on, in gathers around the bodice, in the old-fashioned way. Others have a deep jacket bodice, and skirt with two deep gathered flounces; the jacket from the waist, and the flounces, being of the same depth. The stripes of alternate satin and moiré, and all watered silks, are in request now. For thin mantles or shoulder-coverings, black lace shawls and mantillas are arranged with satin ribbon. The shawls have one corner turned back and gathered up to form a hood, and the other caught up towards the waist with a wide bow, the rest is drawn over the arms, arranged in a few folds in front, and fastened with a narrower bow and loops. Soft silk shawls are arranged in much the same way, and silk shawls with colored flowers on them, are sometimes draped to form the back of a skirt, the front and the bodice being black satin and lace, with colored ribbon to match the shades of the flowers. The large black Chantilly and other lace veils are arranged as the front of a dress, or worn as aprons. Over mauve, gray, violet, or deep-red, they are effective. Steel and mauve are favorite colors this year for flowers, and feathers, and bonnet-strings. Black lace, and Leghorn straw, and beaded bonnets of all kinds are fashionable. Caps of black lace, with gold-headed or pearl pins, are popular in the evening for quiet wear; but for dressy occasions, cream, "ficelle," and white lace, with and without flowers, are most becoming. Some pretty new caps have the front arranged with a wide lace Alsatian bow, fastened back at the sides with pins. Tulle, dotted over with beads, and marabouts or two crossed ostrich feathers, forming the entire cap, are worn for full dress. The double pins, connected by a chain, are being used for caps, cravats, bonnet-strings, and even on parasols, when of lace. The parasol lace covers, now so little seen, have been brought forward this summer again, and are arranged over white, black, or color, supplemented by a lace edging all around, laid just underneath the edge, to make them the requisite size. Another old fashion is being slowly revived, in the full open-worked and lace sleeves, with the plain wristband, once so much in vogue.

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

☞Everything relating to this department should be addressed "Puzzle Editor," Peterson's Magazine, Lock Box 437, Marblehead, Mass.

No. 183.—Double Decapitations.

1. Behead to silence, and leave a money-box in a shop; again, and leave sick.

2. Behead a lash, and leave the stomach of an ox prepared for food; again, and leave mature.

3. Behead to chide, and leave frigid; again, and leave aged.

Harlem, N. Y. Minnie S. Yost.

No. 184.—Rhomboid.

Across.—1. A path. 2. A place of combat. 3. Gardens. 4. A devourer. 5. To hinder.

Down.—1. A consonant. 2. A prefix. 3. A verb. 4. To yield. 5. To mould. 6. Before. 7. To place. 8. A prefix. 9. A letter.

Worcester, Mass. Alice Grey.

Answers Next Month.

Answers to Puzzles in the December Number

No. 179.

X	A	L	I	S	C	O
A	V	E	N	E	R	S
L	E	G	U	M	E	S
I	N	U	L	I	N	E
S	E	M	I	N	A	L
C	R	E	N	A	T	E
O	S	S	E	L	E	T

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No. 180.

1. Haste, hate. 2. Rind, rid. 3. Loft, lot.

No. 181.

H E A T H R O S E
S C R O G G Y
S T U P E
O R E
G
E L M
S T A L L
S P A S T I C
G L A S S W O R T

No. 182.

1. Charleston. 2. Pekin. 3. Ithaca. 4. Dover. 5. Paris. 6. Vandalia.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Word About Old Laces.—A paragraph has been going the rounds of the press to the effect that the Princess Beatrice, at Prince Leopold's wedding, wore some point d'Alençon, or point d'Argentan, that had belonged to Katharine of Aragon, the first wife of Henry VIII. Unfortunately for this story, lace of this kind was not made until long after—quite a century and a quarter, indeed; for it was in the reign of Louis XIV that Colbert, his great Minister, undertook its manufacture. For this purpose, he imported a colony of lace-makers from Venice, his object being to prevent French money going out of the country in order to buy point de Venice, then all the fashion. This was just at the time when at Venice itself the more delicate form of lace, which was imitated at Alençon and afterwards at Argentan, and is now imitated in Brussels point lace, had superseded the heavier "rose point" and the "bone lace" and "cut point" seen in Vandyck's pictures. There was no fine lace till the seventeenth century, the trimming which preceded it having been more of the nature of guipure and gold and silver passementerie. This can easily be confirmed by reference to portraits by Titian, Holbein, Janet, Clouet, Vandyck, and Rembrandt. The latter lived into the fine-lace period; and like many of the Dutch school, took pleasure in painting the beautiful fabric. Vandyck's pictures show distinctly that nothing like point d'Alençon was made in his time: if it had been, he would have painted it, as Rembrandt did.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

SOUPS.

Beef Soup.—Take four pounds of fresh beef, or what is better and more economical, a nice beef-shank or "soup-bone;" put it into four or five quarts of water, salt it, let it boil slowly for five or six hours, skim well. Half an hour before you wish to take it up, put in rice, a small quantity of potatoes, carrots, onions, and celery, cut in small pieces. Mutton soup can be made in the same manner.

Barley Soup.—Two pounds shin of beef, one-quarter of a pound of pearl barley, a large bunch of parsley, four onions, six potatoes, salt and pepper, four quarts of water. Put in all the ingredients, and simmer gently for three hours.

MEATS.

Boiled Meats.—A great deal of care and niceness is requisite in boiling meats. Your copper should be very clean and well-tinned. All meats should be boiled slowly; to boil them fast hardens the outside before the inside is warm, and dissolves the meat. For instance, a leg of veal of twelve pounds weight will require three hours and a half boiling—the slower it boils, the whiter and plumper it will be. When you boil mutton or beef, observe to dredge them well with flour before you put them into the kettle of cold water; keep it covered, and take off the scum. Mutton and beef do not require so much boiling; but veal, pork, or lamb, are not wholesome if they are not boiled enough. A leg of pork will require half an hour more of boiling than a leg of veal of the same weight. You must allow an hour for every four pounds weight of beef or mutton. The best way is to put your meat in when the water is cold. A leg of lamb of four pounds weight will require an hour and a half boiling.

Mutton Pie, with Potato Crust.—Boil some potatoes, mash them with some milk and butter, and season with pepper and salt. Line a deep dish with the mashed potatoes. Have ready some small pieces of cold mutton or lamb; season the meat with pepper and salt, and fill the dish with the meat, and on the top lay some lumps of butter. Cover it with a lid of mashed potatoes, put it into a moderate oven, and bake it until the potatoes are a fine brown. Serve it in the dish it was baked in.

An Economical and Very Delicious Way of Cooking a Rabbit.—Take a nice fresh rabbit, cut it in slices, and fry it brown, with some slices of pickled pork and some onions shred fine. When nice and brown, take it out of the frying-pan, and put it in a stewpan, with sufficient water to cover it; add pepper and salt to taste, thicken with some flour and butter; add forcemeat balls, but be sure not to put the fat out of the frying-pan. Let the gravy be about the thickness of a very rich cream.

Roast Goose.—Geese, if old, are better if parboiled before they are roasted. Put them on in sufficient water to cover them, and simmer about two hours. Make a stuffing with four onions, one ounce of green sage chopped fine, a large cupful of stale bread-crumb, one teaspoonful of butter, a little pepper and salt, and one unbeaten egg; mix them well together, and stuff the body of the goose; then place in the oven, and bake about an hour and a half. Serve with apple-sauce.

VEGETABLES.

Scalloped Potatoes.—Slice cold boiled potatoes very thin and small; put one quart of them in a baking-dish in layers, with two even teaspoonfuls of salt, two-thirds of a teaspoonful of pepper, and two and a half ounces of butter; pour half a pint of cream or milk over the whole; if milk is used, more butter is required; cover the potatoes with grated bread, little pepper and salt, and small bits of butter; bake until thoroughly heated and browned.

To Stew Onions Brown.—Strip off the skin, taking care not to cut the onions; place them in a stewpan that will just hold them in one layer; cover them with some good beef gravy, and let them stew very gently for two hours, or until they are perfectly tender without breaking.

Celery.—Celery can be kept for a week, or longer, by first rolling it up in brown paper, then pin it up in a towel and keep it in a dark place, as cool as possible. Before preparing it for the table, place it in a pan of cold water, and let it remain for an hour. It will make it crisp and cold.

DESSERTS.

Plum Cake, without Eggs.—One pound of flour, one-half of a pound of currants, one-half of a pound of sultana raisins, one-half of a pound of sugar, a teaspoonful of ground ginger, a teaspoonful of mixed spice, a large teaspoonful of egg-powder, one ounce of candied peel cut thin, one-quarter of a pound of butter, a tumblerful of buttermilk, one large teaspoonful of carbonate of soda. Melt the butter in a good-

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sized saucepan; mix the egg-powder and the spice well into the dry flour; then add the fruit and sugar; put the soda into a teacup, and when the butter is melted, put the tumbler of buttermilk into it, fill up the teacup with boiling water, and quickly add it to the butter and buttermilk. Stir for a minute off the fire, when it will effervesce in the pan, and at once pour it over the flour. Mix well, and without delay pour it into a mould lined with buttered paper, and bake for an hour and a half, or rather longer. Do not fill the mould, as the cake rises considerably.

Plum Pudding. One pint of bread-crumb, one-half of a pound of currants, one-half of a pound of raisins, twelve ounces of moist sugar, three ounces of butter, two ounces of candied lemon, orange, and citron; eight eggs, and one teacupful of apple-sauce, or half a teacupful of milk. Rub the butter into the bread-crumb; add the fruit, sugar, candied fruit, and spice; then the eggs well beaten, and mix the whole together. After standing twelve hours, add the apple-sauce or milk, and boil it in a buttered mould for four hours; let it stand for some time in the water. Serve with cream or sauce.

Bread Plum Pudding.—One pound of bread-crumb, one pound of raisins, one pound of currants, one pint of milk, six eggs, four ounces of butter, and one pound of sugar. Pour the boiling milk on the bread-crumb, cover with a plate, and let it remain for an hour; then add the butter, currants, raisins stoned and cut a little, and the sugar; mix all well together, adding candied fruit, a little grated lemon-peel, and spice, and the eggs well beaten; boil four hours in a buttered basin or mould, and serve with sweet sauce. If it be requisite to add a little flour, boil an hour longer.

Mince-Meat.—Two pounds of beef suet, finely chopped, two pounds of currants, two pounds of raisins, one pound of moist sugar, two pounds of apples, roasted and pulped, two large lemons, peeled, grated, and juice squeezed, the lemons then boiled till so tender as to be pounded to a paste, six ounces of mixed candied peel, one-quarter of an ounce of nutmeg, one-half of an ounce of mixed spice, two tablespoonfuls of orange marmalade, and sufficient brandy to moisten it. To stand a week before using.

Another.—Four pounds of raisins, stoned and chopped; four pounds of currants, well cleaned; one-half of a pound of candied citron; four lemons, stuck through with a skewer, boiled and chopped very fine; two and a half pounds of suet, chopped fine; two and a half pounds of lean beef, chopped fine; one pound of moist sugar, or less if not required sweet, and a little mixed spice. Stir in enough brandy to moisten these ingredients, and tie down in a jar for use.

Sponge Cake.—Ten eggs, one pound of granulated sugar, half the weight of the eggs in flour, one lemon. Two persons must make this cake. One beats the whites of the eggs, while another beats the yolks with the sugar; the flour must be sifted and warmed, the pans buttered before beginning to beat, and the lemon-juice squeezed in a cup, and the rind grated; never stop until it is in the oven, but only stir in the flour after all the rest is beaten.

Sally Lunn.—A quarter of a pound of butter, a pound of flour, two eggs, salt to taste, half a gill of yeast, with milk enough to make a soft dough. Cut up the butter, and warm it in a little milk; when the milk is lukewarm, stir it into the flour, with eggs beaten light, and the yeast. Butter your cake-mould, and set it near the fire to rise. When perfectly light, bake it in a moderate oven. It is always eaten hot.

Apple Snow.—Pare and core six good-sized apples, steam them in two tablespoonfuls of water, with a little lemon-peel, till quite soft; add one-quarter of a pound of finely-sifted white sugar, and the white of one fresh egg; beat it well for three-quarters of an hour without stopping, and serve as you please. It looks best in custard-glasses, heaped up.

Nice Currant Cake.—One pound of sugar, and three-quarters of a pound of best butter beaten to a cream, seven well-beaten eggs, (beat yolks and whites separately,) sift one teaspoonful cream-tartar with one pound of flour, one teaspoonful soda; bake an hour and a half in a very moderate and even oven.

Lemon Cream.—Take a pint of thick cream, and put it to the yolks of two eggs well beaten, four ounces of fine sugar, and thin rind of a lemon; boil it up; then stir it till almost cold; put the juice of a lemon in a dish or bowl, and pour the cream upon it, stirring it till quite cold.

Puff Pudding.—Beat six eggs, add six spoonfuls of milk and six of flour, butter some cups, pour in the batter, and bake the puddings quickly; then turn them out, and eat them with butter, sugar, and nutmeg.

HOLIDAY GAMES.

Games And Forfeits.—As this is the season of the year when long evenings begin, and people make merry around the fireside, we describe, again, some games suitable for Christmas and New Year.

"Neighbor, Neighbor, I Come to Torment You," is an amusing game, played as follows: "The players sit in circle, and one begins by saying, "Neighbor, neighbor, I come to torment you." "What with?" is the question of the next player. "To do as I do," whereupon one hand is moved. This is passed round the circle, until all the players are moving their one hand. Then the same formula is repeated, save that the answer is "To do with two as I do," when both hands are moved; and the thing continues until both hands, legs, head, and body of each player are in motion, which presents a comical effect.

"Jingles" is also amusing. One of the players leaves the room, and the rest determine on a word. When he reenters he is told a noun that rhymes with the one chosen, which he must find out by their dumb movements. Say "bat" is the word selected, he is told that it rhymes with "rat," and the players either try to imitate flying or hitting a ball with a bat.

We have known much fun caused by keeping four or five children in the room while the others are sent out, and placing them behind the drawn window-curtains; then let one just show the eye through the opening, and when the rest are admitted they have to decide to whom it belongs—by no means as easy a task as it seems.

The Tall Lady.—We have often seen children amused with a very simple contrivance, called "The Tall Lady." The skirt of a very long dress must be fastened around the neck, instead of the waist. Then fill a bonnet with something to resemble a face. A towel, rolled into a ball will do, for you can hide it a good deal with a veil. Pin a shawl or cloak to the bonnet, as though it were fastened around the neck, and hold them in your hands above your head. You must contrive to keep your back to the spectators as much as possible; and, raising the arms quickly, and lowering them again, you produce the effect of an enormously tall woman, and if you are expert in your movements, it is sure to amuse. We have also seen it done by placing the bonnet and shawl on an umbrella held over the head, which gives even greater height.

FOR BOTH SEXES.

How Can Men Please Women?—In our October number, we published an article on "How Women Can Best Please," and promised to supplement it, at an early day, with an article on "How Men Can Please." The task has

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been performed for us by a lady, who says that women like men who are moral, affectionate, handsome, and well-bred.

Our fair correspondent, however, seems to think that the best men generally are deficient in suavity of manner. Of men of intelligence especially, she says, is this true. They pay scarcely any attention to the common civilities of life. "All women," she adds, "admire politeness in the opposite sex, and often wonder why our best men will leave all the little pleasantries to dandies and to small individuals who are of no consequence in the world, and who possess no earthly power excepting their manners. Is it impossible for our solid men," she asks, "to be polite? Are they so absorbed with their own greatness that a graceful wave of the hand in recognition, or a 'pardon me' are beneath their notice?"

"Certainly," she goes on to say, "style of dress and manner do not make men; and sensible women much prefer men with brains to fops with nothing but style. If the cultivation of good manners and taste in dress tends to make men brainless, then we would not encourage it in the least, but would be satisfied with the other qualities. How nice it would be, though, if our men were polite and graceful, with all the attributes that constitute good breeding, leaving all their goodness, ability, and greatness unblemished. In the matter of dress, there is not much to say. There certainly is not so much chance for men to dress with bad taste as there is for women. Men frequently imagine that women cannot tell when they are well dressed, because they are not made up of ruffles and ribbons. But they can tell at a glance. It is not the vest, coat, or hat; but it is the general effect that we look for, and one glance is sufficient to take in the whole situation. If the result is not satisfactory, the lady will not take the second look, unless the man is unusually shabby, or a friend whom she is obliged to recognize. One particular error in gentlemen's dress is stiffness. They should avoid it by all means. Nothing looks worse. A man with a shirt-bosom as stiff as a board—piccadilly, vest, and pantaloons ditto, may possibly, by long practice, feel comfortable; but to womankind, he looks as though, if his hat should accidentally blow off, and there was no small boy in calling distance, he certainly would snap in two in the effort to pick it up."

Now all this is very sensible. So sensible that we quote it in full.

FASHIONS FOR JANUARY.

Fig. I.—Reception-Dress, of Dark-Blue Satin and Brocade. The front of the skirt is of plain blue satin, the train and bodice of brocade of the same shade. Over the skirt of the dress a white lace shawl is draped in a point, low down in front, and the ends are arranged in a puff at the back. The square-neck bodice and the elbow sleeves are trimmed with lace to correspond with the drapery on the skirt. The neck of the bodice is filled in with soft tulle.

Fig. II.—Evening-Dress, of Primrose-Colored Silk. The front of the skirt has three narrow knife-plaitings around the bottom, and is covered with a net lace front studded with loops of pearl beads. The train is quite plain, is drawn away from the front, panier-fashion, and ornamented with large bows and puffs of broad satin ribbon of the color of the dress. The bodice is low in the neck, and is pointed back and front. A narrow lace bertha with a pink rose on the left shoulder, finishes the bodice.

Fig. III.—Evening-Dress, of Peach-Blossom Colored Silk. The front, as well as the train, is trimmed with a wide silk fringe of the color of the dress, mixed with black chenille fringe. The sides are ornamented with black Spanish lace, drawn together with long loops and ends of pink satin ribbon; this lace extends up the side-body, but does not cover the back of the dress. The bodice is low and square, back and front; but high on the shoulders, and is trimmed with a full ruching of narrow Spanish lace, caught together with knots of pink satin. The front and back of the bodice are filled in with white tulle ruchings.

Fig. IV.—Reception-Dress, of Crimson Velvet and Yellow Brocade. The train is trimmed with white lace and narrow ruchings of yellow satin and red velvet. The front of the skirt is composed entirely of the yellow brocade, which is cut in turrets at the bottom to show fan-plaitings of yellow satin. The bottom is ornamented with ruchings to correspond with those on the train. High Medici bodice, with long points front and back, the former of which is finished with a cord and tassel. Medici collar and ruff and slashed sleeves, with plain yellow satin showing through.

Fig. V.—Visiting-Dress, of Black Velvet. The short skirt is trimmed with a flounce of velvet, beaded by two scant puffings of the same. The front has a scarf-drapery, low down, of brocaded velvet. The overdress is cut in points at the sides, and puffed at the back, and has cord and tassels tied in front, and gimp ornaments on the points at the sides. The cuffs, cape, and pocket are of the brocaded velvet. Gray beaver hat, trimmed with black plumes.

Figs. VI and VII.—The Austrian Costume, Front and Back. The skirt is of a white and brown woolen material, and is covered with a series of narrow flounces. The bodice and tunic are of brown cashmere. The tunic is arranged scarf-wise across the front, and at the back it is square and draped in several places. The edge of the pointed waist is outlined with a brown cord, and the sleeves and collar correspond. The bodice has two rows of buttons, and is crossed on the chest with brandebourgs of brown cord.

Fig. VIII.—Home-Dress, of Blue and Gray Woolen Plaid. The kilted skirt has a scarf-drapery in front, and a loosely-draped tunic at the back. The bodice is of gray camel's-hair, opening over a striped moiré waistcoat. The straps across the vest, the collar, and cuffs are of the color of the blue in the skirt.

Fig. IX.—Home-Dress, of Plaid Silk and Black Silk. The bottom of the skirt is edged with a very narrow knife-plaiting of the plaid silk. The lower kilted skirt is of silk, of a dark terra-cotta red, and black plaid. The upper skirt is of black silk, kilted. The paniers and drapery at the back are of the red and black plaid silk, as is also the deep-pointed bodice. Soft black surah silk chemisette, with black silk revers and cuffs.

Figs. X and XI.—The Hussar Jacket, Back and Front, is of forest-green cloth, trimmed with black brandebourgs. The basques are cut as battlements, and edged with rows of black braid, and the centre of the back and the seams are also braided. The dress is of habit-cloth, of a slightly lighter shade of green. Felt hat, of the lighter shade of green, faced and trimmed with forest-green velvet, pearl buckle and plume.

Figs. XII and XIII.—Front and Back of New Style of Winter Costume. The dress is of chestnut-brown cashmere. The coat-habit is of heavy dark-brown camel's-hair; it is pointed in front, and the back ends in long coat-basques which open at the back, allowing a plaiting of brown silk to show. The basque, which is set on the pointed waist in front, slightly opens and is draped back panier-fashion to the coat-basque behind. The deep collar and the cuffs are cut in shallow battlements, and edged

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with two rows of brown braid. Brown felt hat, trimmed with brown feathers.

FIG. XIV.—THE MIRABEAU HAT, OF MYRTLE-GREEN FELT, with a ribbon fastened with a silver buckle. A tuft of green feathers at the side.

FIG. XV.—BROWN BEAVER BONNET, trimmed with two rows of brown satin ribbon, fastened with gilt buckles, and ornamented with full ostrich feathers.

FIG. XVI.—FELT BONNET, of the color known as Hussar-blue, trimmed with ottoman ribbon of the same color, and with feathers of the shade known as light-brick.

FIG. XVII.—MUFF, OF BLACK SATIN, shirred, and trimmed with black and white lace, with a bird placed in a quilting of white lace.

FIG. XVIII.—CAPE, OF BLACK PLUSH, trimmed with a band of black fur around the edge and neck. A row of jet fringe is placed below the fur around the neck.

FIG. XIX.—COLLAR, OF CREAM-COLORED SURAH SILK, trimmed with two rows of Spanish lace. A large pink rose is placed a little to the right side.

FIG. XX.—LARGE COLLAR, OF BLACK SURAH SILK, made with fastenings around the neck. It is tied in front with black watered ribbons, and is trimmed with thin black lace, falling over white lace.

GENERAL REMARKS.—At this season of the year, there is but little that is new to chronicle with regard to the fashions. By the first of December, the newest models have appeared, and in that month we gave a full description of the prevailing styles. For the benefit, however, of our new subscribers, we will mention some of the most important things to a woman who wishes to be well dressed. Only it must not be forgotten, that there never was a time when individual taste had such liberty, and every woman could dress so much as she chose.

All dresses for walking are made short enough to escape the ground, and when pretty feet and well-fitting boots are to be seen, the costumes may be worn shorter than they would otherwise be. But these quite short dresses only look well on young people. Middle-aged or elderly ones should wear their skirts as long as they conveniently can, so as to just escape the ground. A dress that is used exclusively in the house is prettier with a short train, and certainly more becoming to elderly people.

Sleeves are made rather close-fitting. The shoulder-seam is short, so that the sleeve is set high up on the shoulder. French dressmakers make the sleeves to fit so well that the exceedingly tight look which an inferior dressmaker gives the sleeve is not seen. In fact, these skin-tight sleeves are exceedingly unbecoming, the arms standing out from the shoulders and the waist like those of dolls stuffed with sawdust. A sleeve that fits smoothly (and that depends on the cut) and is reasonably tight, is much more becoming.

Bodices are, as a rule, close (not tight) fitting, and are made sometimes with points back and front, sometimes with coat-basques at the back, and sometimes with a rather deep basque all around. All depends on the individual taste.

For rather full dress, bodices are usually made open in the neck, and filled in with tulle or lace. Some have standing collars, and some have not. Revers or lappels are also optional.

Skirts are sometimes worn much trimmed, and sometimes quite plain. The latter is usually the case in tailor-made or cloth suits. For the street, the plainer skirt is much more stylish.

There is a good deal of drapery at the back of skirts, to give a full effect, and this is liked by most well-dressed people, better than the tournure or bustle, that is necessary for the present fashion, if the drapery is not full.

The Princess dress, the polonaise, and the separate skirt with basque, are all equally popular.

Velveteen now comes of such a beautiful quality, that it has to a great degree taken the place of velvet, especially for skirts, and is often used for trimmings.

Plush also is still in favor, but braiding is rather newer, though, as a rule, we think it most suitable for street-dresses.

Plaids of all sorts are very generally worn. Some costumes have the skirts of plaid, and the close-fitting jacket, with castellated or battlement-basques of a plain color, corresponding in tone with the plaid, while others have the plaited skirt of plain material, and the perfectly-fitting polonaises of plaid. The "tabbed" jackets are either braided up the sleeves, down the front, half-way down the back, and around the "tabs," or they are plain, with the sleeves put in full and high, and gimp ornaments in front, occasionally fastened together with loops of reversible satin ribbon. These jackets are worn for evening, made in black velvet, trimmed with black lace, or entirely of black lace, mounted on either satin or thin silk. They are usually cut square back and front, and have the lace sleeves just over the elbow. If in black velvet, they have the "tabbed" or front-pointed basque, according to taste, the back being longer and fuller; but if in lace, they are arranged with short paniers, drawn to the back, and finished off with loops of lace. White, gray, red, or black tulle skirts are worn with them.

Beaded trimmings and passementeries of all kinds divide public favor with the new braiding designs, and in some cases embroideries of braid and beads mixed, are used with the most happy effect.

A novel way of using braid has appeared in one or two mantles and dresses. The braid is sewed on the material around and around to form a flat circle, and these circles, placed near together without touching, trim the whole garment. The effect is very striking.

Lace still continues very fashionable, especially the black and colored Spanish lace.

Many of the new mantles are quite as long as those of last winter, whilst some are made a little shorter, and are consequently more dressy-looking. They are usually in the dolman style, with cape-like sleeves, and very high in the throat. The more dressy ones are loaded with trimming, even when the material is of the richest description. Fur is much used; but this is put on more sparingly than lace, fringe, gimp, etc.

Other winter wraps are quite plain, and rather close-fitting, like a long polonaise; either style is equally fashionable. For the richest mantles, a gay-colored satin or silk is almost universally used as a lining.

Jackets of cloth are usually close-fitting. Some long, some rather short, generally braided, and made warm enough for cold weather by wool wadding. All the winter wraps are made with sufficient spring to fit well over the full drapery or tournure at the back.

Bonnets and hats are generally either small or of only a medium size, though some large ones are seen. Much depends on the face. As a rule, large bonnets are not becoming. The hats are many of them only toques or turbans, very small, and have but little trimming. Shades of red are popular for dress bonnets, strawberry-red especially; but usually the bonnet is worn to correspond with the costume.

Fancy muffs are popular. They cost much less than good fur ones, and can be made at home by an ingenious woman. As they are carried quite small, a small piece of the material of the dress, with some good ribbon and nice lining, is all that is necessary. For using with a variety of dresses, a black velvet one, trimmed with some black lace, or some black satin ribbon quilled, will be found useful. A pretty muff, which we have seen, was made of red satin, covered with frills of black lace; but this should only be carried with a dress that is suitable for it.

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OUR PARIS LETTER.

RUE DES PETITS CHAMPS.

From present indications, I should say that changeable materials were coming into general vogue. They have been worn more or less for some time past, but have created no special furore. Now, some of the prettiest of the later novelties are in this style. The richest are the changeable velvets, which are being introduced for demi-toilette as well as for full-dress wear. They come in very tasteful combinations, such as dark-blue and old-gold color, ruby and mouse-gray, ruby and black, dark-green and gold, and chestnut and sky-blue. Another very charming novelty in this style is the changeable gauze, which is now shown for evening-dresses. A very lovely sample of this new stuff is in pale delicate green and pink, the effect of which, by gaslight, was extremely pretty. The dress composed of this gauze was made with a long train, and with elaborate draperies confined with sprays of pink roses, with pale-green foliage slightly frosted with silver. Another was in white and silver, ornamented with chrysanthemums on silver crêpe, with centres of gold-yellow velvet.

The era of short dresses for evening-wear has entirely passed away, except for very young girls. Worth now makes the train long and full, and laid in flat plaits at the waist. It is bordered with a narrow double-bias ruffle put on under the hem, and is caught up in full puffs just below the waist. On the front of the skirt, the skill and taste of the dressmaker may be exercised to good advantage. With a brocade train, the skirt-front is usually of satin; if the train be of satin, stamped velvet is employed for the skirt-front; and a plain velvet train and corsage is relieved with a satin skirt-front and trimmings. Worth's latest combination for a black velvet dress is pale-blue satin.

Short dresses still prevail for visiting and reception-wear. Worth is trimming a good many of his later skirts up the back, in a very elaborate fashion. One of his visiting-dresses is in a new material, namely, a black velvet stamped with large oval sunken spots in black satin. The draperies of this dress were lined with violet satin. This fashion of lining the draperies, overskirts, etc., of black dresses with colored silks or satins, is becoming very prevalent, and certainly lends a needed touch of light and color to the else sombre richness of a black satin, silk, or velvet toilette.

A very pretty visiting-dress, made for an elderly lady, has a long straight redingote in black silk lined with lilac satin, which is worn over a short black silk underskirt, kilt-plaited from waist to hem.

A very tasteful style for morning-dress is composed of a loose Princess dress in cashmere, worn over a plain plush short skirt in some delicate contrasting hue, the dress being trimmed with plush to match the underskirt. Pale silver-gray cashmere is worn with rose-colored plush, pale-blue with old-gold color, steel-gray with ruby plush, etc., etc. Sometimes, instead of a loose Princess, the cashmere dress is made into a matinee and overskirt, the latter caught up very high at one side, and held in flat folds at the looping, with a cord matching the underskirt in color sewed on in an intricate device, and finished with two tassels. This looped style of overskirt is very picturesque, and very pretty. An overdress of satin made in this manner, and worn over a petticoat of plain velvet, is very handsome. Plain velvet, by the way, more than retains the supremacy it gained at the beginning of the season. Stamped velvet is now scarcely ever seen, except in pale Watteau colors for the skirt-frontage of satin dinner-dresses.

Fans are now carried of medium size, neither the very large ones of a few seasons ago, nor the very small ones being considered in good taste. The latest styles have the mountings in ivory, and the leaf in transparent crêpe, painted with floral designs. Ostrich and marabout feather fans with mountings of ivory, or of tortoise-shell, are still very popular. Mother-of-pearl mountings are comparatively out of favor; but are still used with white feathers.

Silk stockings are now embroidered up the instep with flights of birds, with small butterflies, or with single flowers dotted over the surface. Then there are others woven in narrow, longitudinal stripes of Roman scarf colors in rather subdued tints. The newest open-worked stockings for evening-dress wear show very elaborate and lace-like patterns, enriched with a very fine embroidery in floss silk matching the tint of the stocking.

The Molière shoe is much affected for house-wear; it is made with a deep flap coming up over the instep and is ornamented with large square buckles, either gilt or in oxydized silver. These buckles are sometimes formed of a series of imitation coins, either in gold or silver.

Birds are worn everywhere; on fans, on hats, on bonnets, on ball-dresses, and are even occasionally used to loop the draperies of walking-dresses. Apart from the cruelty of the fashion, it is a very pretty one.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—LITTLE GIRL'S COSTUME, OF SEAL-BROWN CLOTH. The coat is of a rather close-fitting sacque shape, with pocket-flaps of seal-brown plush. A large bow of brown ribbon is placed low down on the front. Large cape, tied with brown ribbon, and seal-brown plush collar and cuffs. The muff is of seal-brown colored plush, ornamented with gatherings of brown ribbon. The soft capote-shaped bonnet is also of the plush, laced with a delicate rose-colored silk, which is gathered and ornamented with a rose-colored plume.

FIG. II.—GIRL'S COSTUME, OF GRAY BEAVER CLOTH. The coat is of a sacque shape. It has a large cape, which rounds away in front. The collar, cuffs, and trimmings of the large pockets, are of black Astrachan fur. Hat of black Astrachan with feather.

FIG. III.—BOY'S SUIT. The trousers are of brown velveteen. The long jacket is of brown cloth. It comes far below the hips, and has wide basques attached to the bottom, and is trimmed with one row of military braid. Black felt hat, trimmed with black velvet.

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"TWO LITTLE PUSSIES."

UNIV. OF

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ON TOP OF THE PYRAMIDS (*See the Story. 'Lady Fortescue.'*)

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CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

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WINTER CLOAK. WIDOW'S COSTUME.

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HOUSE-DRESS: FRONT AND BACK.

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VISITING-DRESS. WALKING-DRESS.

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NEW STYLES FOR HOUSE-DRESSES.

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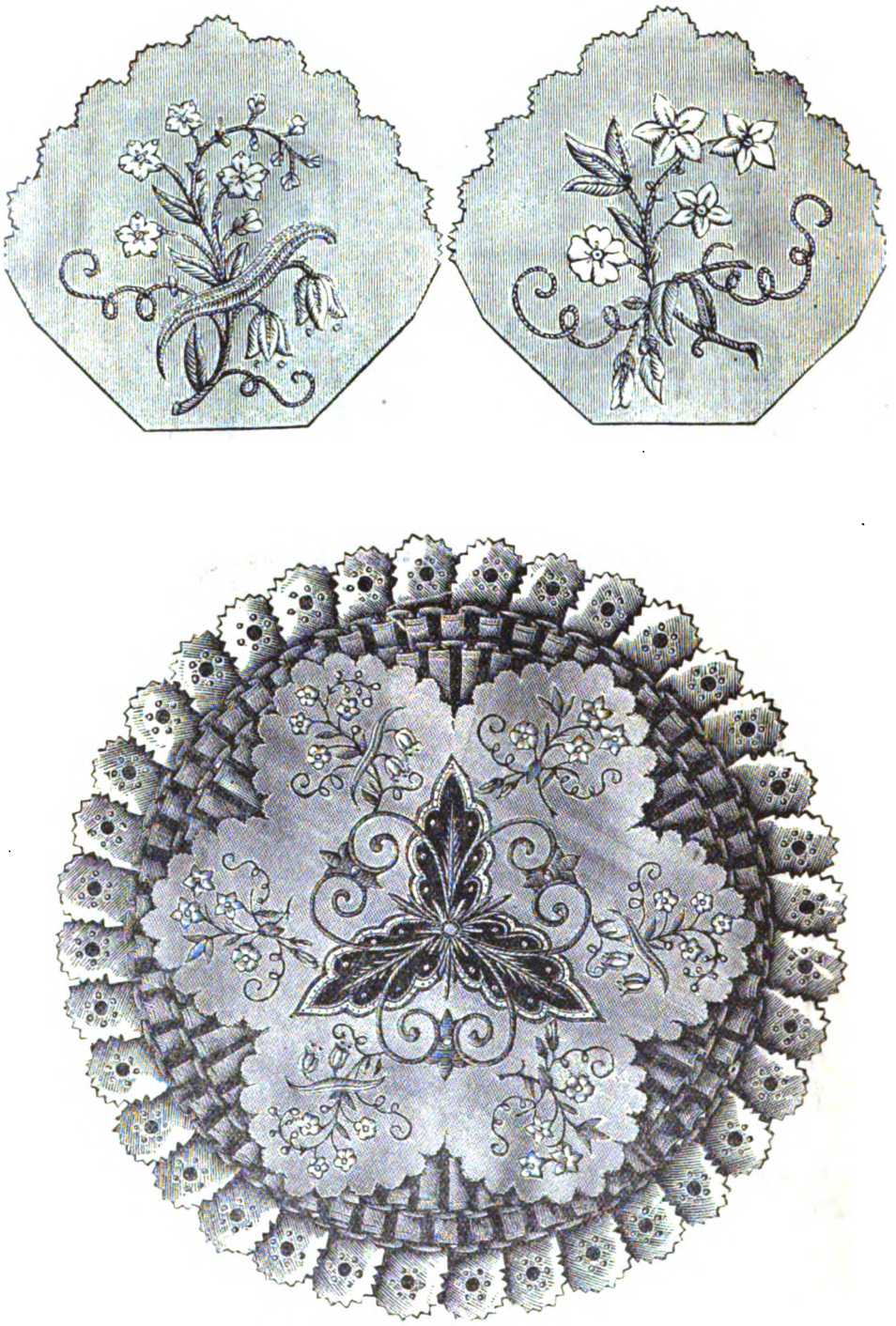

MAT FOR TABLE-LAMP: WITH DETAIL.

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ART EMBROIDERY: CHAIR-BACK: SOFA-BACK.

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SOME DAY.

As published by SEP. WINNER & SON, 1007 Spring Garden St., Philadelphia.

Words by HUGH CONWAY. **Music by MILTON WELLINGS**

Moderato. :8:

1. I know not when the day shall be, I know not when our eyes may
2. I know not are you far or near, Or are you dead, or are you

tempo. :8:

rit.

meet, . . What welcome you may give to me, Or will your words be sad or
live; . . I know not who the blame should bear, Or who should plead or who for-

accel. *p* *rit.*

sweet: It may not be 'till years have pass'd, 'Till eyes are dim and tress-es
give. But when we meet some day, some day, Eyes clearer grown the truth may

accel.

f tempo. *rit.*

gray; The world is wide, but, love, at last, Our hands, our hearts, must meet some day.
see, And ev - 'ry cloud shall roll away That darkens love 'twixt you and me.

rit.

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L'istesso tempo.

Some day, some day, some day I shall meet you, Love, I know not

f

when or how, Love, I know not when or how; On - ly this, on - ly this,

ad lib. *rit.*

this, that once you loved me, On - ly this, I love you now, I love you

colla voce.

now, I love you now. now.

a tempo. *rit.*

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NEWEST STYLES FOR BONNETS.

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXXXIII. PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY, 1883. No. 2.

MISS DAISY'S "AT HOME."

BY JENNIE LINDHALL.

EARLY one afternoon, young Doctor Roberts received the following note:

DEAR CHARLEY:

I am laid up with a sprained ankle, and must turn over my patients to your tender mercies. I enclose list, with names, addresses, courses of treatment, etc., etc., for your edification.

Doctor Charles Roberts was just twenty-five, handsome and talented, and possessed of a modest income, independent of his practice. On the day in question, he had gone his professional rounds very early, and had returned home to make a proper toilet for the "At Home" of Miss Daisy Ross, an heiress, and, if report was to be believed, the future Mrs. Roberts.

"Confound it," he half muttered. "Why couldn't Paul wait until to-morrow to sprain his ankle? And what a list! Rheumatism! Pneumonia! Hem, hem! And here is one marked 'Particular: Miss Reeves, No. 24 Amory Street, lung fever.' What detailed descriptions and symptoms! Decidedly, Paul is interested in Miss Reeves' lung fever. Well, I suppose I must go, and give up Daisy."

In every heart, though the tender love that makes a life may not yet have come, there is ever one face, one voice, upon which the fancy lingers as a brighter, a little sweeter, than other faces can ever be. To Charley Roberts this face and voice were incarnated in Daisy Ross.

As yet, perhaps, love had not come to either heart. But it is certain that the beautiful blonde had accepted the attentions of the handsome young doctor willingly, and had given him her sweetest smiles in return; for Daisy Ross had been well taught as to the necessity of securing a handsome establishment for herself as the end of matrimony. She had money, it is true, but she wanted the position that being the wife of a distinguished physician would give.

Miss Reeves was the last patient on the list. Doctor Roberts was ushered into a darkened

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"No, ma'am. You must wait, she said, till next month."

"Did she read my note?"

"Yes, ma'am. I seen her readin' it, while the man was dressin' her hair. And I told her, ma'am, how sick Miss Nellie was. But she said I was impudent, and ordered me to leave the room."

"Well," replied the other, with a sigh, "you can do no more."

"But ain't I to go for the medicine and wine?"

"No, my lad. There, go. Never mind."

It was a whole tragedy to Charles Roberts.

room, where poverty had set her ugly seal, yet where relics of better days lingered. Here he was welcomed by an elderly woman, evidently a gentlewoman, in the true sense of the word. She bore traces of sorrow on her sad face, and looked with pitiful anxiety for her visitor's directions.

"She seems much worse since last night," she said, when the Doctor explained the accident which kept his friend at home. "The delirium continues, though she is so weak she can hardly speak."

A few professional inquiries followed, and then the Doctor approached the bed. The face was exquisitely delicate in every outline and feature; but was now flushed with fever: the large violet eyes were unnaturally brilliant; the golden hair lay all unbound and disheveled. It seemed almost the face of a child, so innocent and fresh was its expression. The Doctor acknowledged to himself that it was the most beautiful he had ever seen.

While he felt the rapid pulse at the delicate wrist, and bent low to listen to the murmurs of delirium, a knock at the door summoned the mother away. It was impossible, in the deep stillness of the room, to avoid hearing the conversation between the newcomer and Mrs. Reeves, especially as the door had been left partially open.

"You have an answer to my note?" Mrs. Reeves said, eagerly.

"No, ma'am. Miss Ross was dressin' for callers, and couldn't be bothered."

"She sent me some money?" inquired the lady.

Was the mother seeking charity? Or did Daisy Ross—for evidently she was the person alluded to—owe money that she would not pay? Either way his idol was dimmed. Yet he felt, instinctively, that charity would not be accepted here. The face of the elder lady, through all its sadness and gentleness, was proud; and every tone of the low voice showed education and refinement. No, Daisy owed money that she would not pay. Great heavens, and he was beginning to love her.

At this moment, the mother returned to the sick-chamber.

"Mrs. Reeves," said the young Doctor, "your daughter needs a certain medicine; but it is one I should not like to trust to a druggist to prepare; at least from a written prescription. I will go and get it, and return in an hour, and administer it myself."

Whether she understood the delicate kindness or not, Mrs. Reeves' grateful eyes sufficiently thanked him. He hurried away, and soon returned with the medicines and wines, cleverly disguised as a prescription. More than three hours slipped away, while he watched his patient; but finally he was rewarded by seeing her fall into a quiet slumber.

It was too late, when he reached home again, for the "At Home"; so he sat over his cheery grate: not dreaming, however, of Daisy, but of the pale sweet face of Miss Reeves.

His first call, next day, was at the house of his patient. The glad eyes of the mother told him, at once, that the life-giving sleep had been prolonged. It had been succeeded, too, by con-

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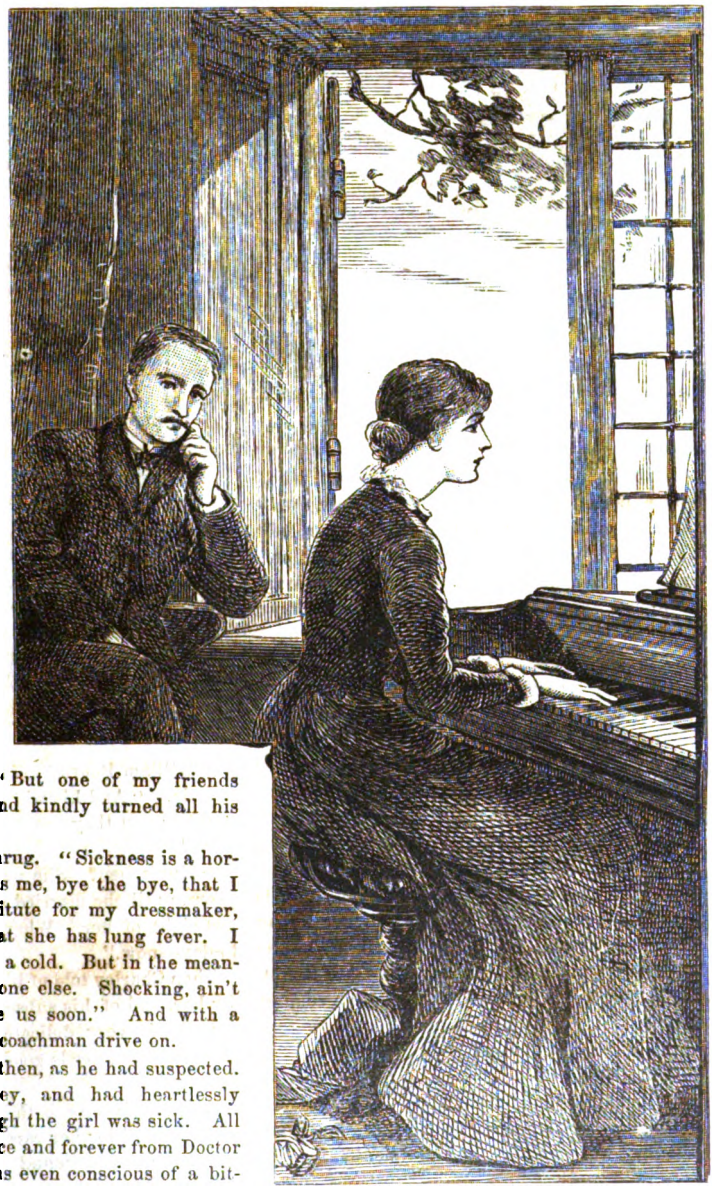
sciousness, as Mrs. Reeves hastened to say. "Very weak and very ill my poor child is yet," she said, "but I begin to have hope now."

Curious to say, Doctor Roberts wondered why this fact should lighten his heart, when but twenty-four hours before he had never even heard of Miss Reeves. He felt so gay, that, having no patients to visit for an hour or two, he indulged himself in a ride in the Park, a luxury to which he rarely treated himself. His thoroughbred horse, his handsome person, and the ease and grace with which he sat and held his spirited steed, attracted general attention; and more than one fair beauty, rolling by in her stately equipage, turned to look at him. All at once, a stylish barouche, with a footman as well as a coachman on the box, came dashing along. He recognized Miss Daisy on the back seat, and bowing low, would have trotted on; but she made a gesture, as if she wished to speak with him. He drew in his rein accordingly.



"You do not deserve to be recognized," she said. "Why didn't you come to my 'At Home'? You should have followed your bouquet."

"I was only too sorry that I could not come," he replied. "But one of my friends sprained his ankle, and kindly turned all his patients over to me."

"Doleful," with a shrug. "Sickness is a horrid bore. That reminds me, bye the bye, that I must hunt up a substitute for my dressmaker, who sends me word that she has lung fever. I dare say that it is only a cold. But in the meantime, I must find someone else. Shocking, ain't it? Do come and see us soon." And with a gay nod, she bade the coachman drive on.

It was really a debt then, as he had suspected. Daisy owed the money, and had heartlessly refused to pay it, though the girl was sick. All the glamor faded at once and forever from Doctor Roberts' heart. He was even conscious of a bitter contempt for the heiress, as the carriage bore her out of sight. With a new interest, he found his way, toward evening, to Nellie Reeves' sick-room; and when his eyes met hers, full of gratitude, he wondered how he had ever seen any beauty in Daisy Ross.

Day by day, he grew more interested in his patient. At last, she was well enough to sit up; but the Doctor continued still to come to the house: no longer, as he took care to say, as a physician, however, but as a friend. With

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every visit, too, his interest in Miss Reeves increased.

Meantime, old Miss Roberts, his aunt, who was expected to leave him her fortune, had taken a great fancy to Daisy. It troubled him, now, to see how her heart was set on his marrying the heiress. Open opposition, he knew, would be useless. But why not try craft? So, one evening, early in the spring, he said:

"Auntie, do you remember once wishing you could replace your old companion, Miss Linville?"

"Yes; but I never can. Besides, when you are married, Charley, your wife will share our home, and I shall want no companion then."

"Very true. But in the meantime, auntie, I have a patient who has been very ill with lung fever, and whose support is her needle. She is not strong enough yet to follow her trade of dressmaking; and I was thinking if my auntie could find a place for her, and make her useful, it would be a charity, and might prove a comfort to her also."

"Who is she, Charley?"

"Miss Nellie Reeves."

"Reeves? What Reeves?"

"Her father's name was William; and I believe they were wealthy, at one time."

"William Reeves' child dressmaking?" cried Auntie. "And his wife? Is she dead, too?"

"No; but they are very poor. Do you know her?"

"Know her? She was my dearest friend for years, until she married and went West. Then I lost sight of her. Where are they? I will call to-day—now."

Then Charley told of his being sent to prescribe for her, and of his subsequent visits.

"She is very delicate yet," he said, in conclusion, "and needs good food and freedom from anxiety."

"She shall have both," said his aunt, as she rang the bell for her carriage.

A week later found Mrs. Reeves and her

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daughter removed to a pretty cottage, on the outskirts of the town, and Nellie engaged as companion to her mother's old friend.

"I will send the carriage for you every day," said Aunt Roberts to the young girl, who stood blushing with gratitude, "at least until you get stronger. You shall spend an hour or two with me, at first, and bye and bye half the day; for we intend to have you as well and strong as ever, long before summer."

Her prophecy proved true. Day by day, Nellie recovered health, and grew more beautiful than before. The salary which Miss Roberts paid her more than met all her mother's wants and her own; she was no longer harassed by care; and the money came in a way, too, that did not arouse her pride. If, now and then, she suspected that Doctor Roberts was at the bottom of it all, she dismissed the idea, at once, as insane. "Don't be so silly, Nellie Reeves," she would say, "he thinks no more of a poor creature like you than an emperor would of a peasant-girl."

Yet, sometimes, there was that in the Doctor's look and manner which made her heart beat high with hope. One day, in particular, he called, towards evening. He asked her to sing, and she sang "The Land o' The Leal." When she had finished, she turned suddenly, and Doctor Roberts was sitting, his hand supporting his chin, apparently lost in reverie, but watching her intently; and there was an expression in his eyes that, while it made her heart leap, confused her: confused her so much that she turned hastily to the piano again, and began another song.

The summer days came on. The roses began to bloom. One bright afternoon in June, the Doctor called at the cottage. Mrs. Reeves met him in the little hall, and said that her daughter had come home an hour or two ago, but had since gone next door to play with the children. The Doctor had made the acquaintance of these neighbors, and was quite a favorite with the little ones. "I will join them," he said. "I think I hear them laughing in the garden."

A pretty sight met his eye, as he opened the gate, next door. There was a swing depending from a tree in the garden, and Nellie was swinging the little boy, almost as much a child, in her glee, as himself. The evening air was blowing the hair about her face, and the exercise had brought a bright blush to her cheek. She turned to the Doctor, with a smile of welcome, while the boy's sister, somewhat older than himself, ran to the newcomer, and hung on his arm. Nellie, thus blushing, looked absolutely irresistible.

When the children had each had another swing, the Doctor himself propelling them, they were dismissed, and Nellie put her little hand on his arm, to accompany him to her mother's. "We must go the back way," said Nellie, "for I have no hat on, as you see: I ran in this way, when the children called me." The Doctor was nothing loth. "It is too beautiful out-of-doors to go in yet," he said, when they entered the garden. "Suppose we sit here in the summer-house." A moment more, and her hand was in his, and he was pouring forth the story of his love, which he could no longer hold back.

"Do I love you?" Nellie said, at last, stealing her eyes up to his, as his arm encircled her. "I have loved you from the first. But I never dared—"

The rest of the sentence was cut short by a kiss.

The very next day, Miss Daisy Ross, being about to prepare a wardrobe for her summer campaign, bethought her of the fifty dollars she owed Miss Nellie Reeves. She resolved to pay it, and so pave the way for another order. But Miss Reeves was not at home.

"They have moved away, a mile or so out of town," her former landlady told Miss Ross, who re-entered her barouche in no amiable frame of mind.

"She had such exquisite taste, fitting me to perfection, and worked for a mere nothing," thought that ill-used young lady, as she drove in the direction of Miss Roberts'. "I'll ask that old maid, bye the bye, who makes her dresses, though I suppose they cost a small fortune."

Miss Roberts was at home, the servant informed Daisy. That young lady, being a privileged visitor, went at once to the sitting-room. At the door she paused, for in a low chair, at the feet of Miss Roberts, sat Nellie Reeves.

"Oh! Miss Reeves," said Daisy, "I have been to your house, to see if you could make some summer dresses, and to pay you the trifle I owe you."

"Miss Reeves," said Miss Roberts, dryly, "has given up dressmaking for the present; but the trifle will be quite convenient toward providing her trousseau. You will be the first to hear of the engagement, Daisy. For you may say, on my authority, that we are to have a wedding in the fall, when Nellie will become the wife of my nephew, Charley."

Very sweetly did Miss Ross make her congratulatory speech; for she was a woman of the world. But in her carriage, she shed more than one spiteful tear under the shadow of her veil, muttering:

"So that was the reason, was it, that Charley Roberts staid away from my 'At Home'."

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LADY FORTESCUE: A NILE EPISODE.

BY MARGARET KEENE.

MOLLIE LLEWELLYN'S twentieth birthday was staring her in the face. Mollie was a young woman who had the greatest faith in her own charms. She was not conceited; but she was pretty, fascinating, and clever enough to know it. She was an only child, had always had her own way, and always meant to have it, if she could possibly get it. Thus far she had been one of those lucky people to whom the right thing happened at the right time; and this morning there had come a letter from her Aunt Mary, her mother's sister, after whom she was named. Molly had opened it rather listlessly, but in a second her whole face changed; her aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. Blake, were going to spend the winter on the Nile; and the letter was to invite Mollie to go with them.

It was late in the autumn, and there was no time to be lost. So, within a week, they sailed from New York, and stopping in London only long enough to complete their wardrobes, went as fast as trains and boats could take them to Cairo.

"This is absolutely the first time I have had to breathe since I left home," Mollie said, laughingly, to her uncle, as they sat on the piazza of Shepherd's Hotel.

Her uncle grumbled, in answer, that as for him he would not be able to breathe till he had agreed with the rascally owners about a dahabeah. But Mollie hardly heard him; she sat happily watching the shifting crowd in front of the hotel: a mass of gay colors under a cloudless blue Egyptian sky. Dragomen, seeking whom they could devour, stood, in their rich red and yellow costumes, grouped around the steps; festive little donkeys, with their gold-trimmed saddle-cloths, and charms dangling over their noses to keep off the evil eye, clattered by; after them came the donkey-boys, straight and lithe, their loose blue gowns fluttering. Suddenly there was a shout. Down the street, like the wind, came a running footman, his long white sleeves floating like wings behind him, his richly-embroidered vest shining in the sun. A flash, and he is by, clearing the way for a carriage, drawn by superb black horses. "Arabi Pasha's harem," someone murmurs, and Mollie leaning eagerly forward catches a glimpse of women, not closely enough veiled to hide their bold black eyes. An amused smile passes from face to face as a camel ambles by, with a wretched Englishman on his back; for it is unmistakably the poor man's first camel-ride, and judging from his expression will as unmistakably be his last; he is evidently suffering agonies, perhaps a little sea-sick, perhaps sadly wondering how he will ever get down again.

In front of Mollie, on the piazza, stood two good-looking young Englishmen. The taller especially attracted Mollie's attention. He had a very good figure, a brown mustache, a rather decided mouth, honest gray eyes, and an unmistakable look of high-breeding. But what first interested Mollie was his voice and way of speaking: his voice was delicious; he spoke very low, but so distinctly that Mollie had the full benefit of all he said. Some of his remarks on the passers-by were very amusing. "He is rather clever," she thought, approvingly.

Just then, a fresh-looking young girl, accompanied by an elderly man, came up the steps, and crossed the piazza.

"By Jove, what a pretty girl!" exclaimed the shorter of the two Englishmen.

"Can't agree with you," answered the low lazy voice. "Too horribly American-looking. Give me an English woman. American men are all very well; but the women are atrocious; bad style altogether; I don't know any, and I don't want to know any."

"Of all prejudiced, obstinate—" began the first speaker; but that was all Mollie heard; for she arose in her wrath, and with her small head carried well back, sailed into the hotel. In a letter home, that night, she wrote: "I have met some very agreeable elderly Englishmen, but the young Englishmen seem stupid and ignorant beyond words."

Time passes very quickly at Cairo. It seemed to Mollie that the days absolutely chased each other. She and her party did their duty thoroughly in seeing the old mosques, the dervishes, the bazaars; but there was always something more to be seen. The excursion to the Pyramids they kept for the last thing, before they left Cairo for the dahabeah. It was a lovely drive through a lovely country; but as they drew nearer and nearer the Pyramids, Mollie had eyes for nothing but the huge piles of rock, standing

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out sharply against the blue sky. At last they were at the base, and held their breath, as they looked up the dizzy heights. The chattering Arabs crowded around, offering to run up one side and down the other for one piastre: to take anyone to the top for anything he chose to give.

"I think I will go up," said Mollie.

"Don't," said her aunt, feebly.

But Mollie was already seized by two of the Arabs, who had understood her, and was whisked off, almost before she knew it.

She was pulled and hauled up the huge blocks, which seemed to her to be endless, until at last, breathless and laughing, she stood on the broad flat top. Two or three people were already there; but Mollie was so absorbed in the view as to hardly notice them. On one side of the Pyramids, the desert stretched as far as the eye could reach, the only signs of life being a few heavy-winged birds flying lazily across the sunny blue sky. In the near fore-ground was the Sphinx, even more awful than when seen closer, and from the plain.

Mollie stood there, drinking in the delicious pure desert air, unconscious how lovely she looked, her graceful figure balanced lightly, rather too near the edge of the huge block on which she stood.

"I beg your pardon," said a familiar voice, "but you ought not to stand so near the edge. It is dangerous."

Mollie looked up, and met the rather admiring glance of the young man who spoke, and who, seeing her peril, had turned from his own eloquent guide, and pushed past her stolid one, who was coolly resting himself. With a slight cool bow she moved way. She had recognized, in the speaker, the young Englishman who had expressed such a contempt for American women. From that moment, the top of the Pyramid lost all its charm for Mollie, and she hastily began the descent.

The young Englishman, though certainly annoyed at her treatment, lighted a cigar, and sat dreamily looking over the desert; for he was thinking, in spite of himself, of a pair of brown eyes—wonderfully expressive eyes, he thought.

"Confound the girl! What does it matter?" he said, at last, giving himself an impatient shake. But he found himself returning to the subject again and again. "Why had she looked so indignant? Why had she given him that nasty little bow? By Jove, I will find some way of knowing her," he said, finally, as he arose, and threw away his cigar.

Mollie, in the meanwhile, had reached the bottom of the Pyramid.

"It only took me a quarter of an hour to come down," she cried, triumphantly, to her aunt, who sat happily conversing, under the shadow of a huge umbrella, with an energetic-looking old lady, whom Mollie had often noticed at the hotel.

"You must be tired, child," said her aunt. "Come, sit down and rest, before we go to see the Sphinx—"

"What is your name?" asked the old lady of Mollie, rather abruptly. "I must begin already to call you by your first name; for we are going to see a great deal of each other. My dahabeah leaves Cairo to-morrow, at the same time yours does. My nephew goes up with me. He is thought extremely like me. You will like him—"

"If he is like you, I am not at all sure that I shall," thought Mollie; but she discreetly said nothing: she only bowed, courteously.

They talked together a few minutes, then Mollie and her aunt went off to see the Sphinx, leaving the old lady waiting for her nephew.

"I hope we shall see her very often on the Nile; she is so odd and amusing," said Mollie to her aunt, as they plodded along through the burning sand; "but then," she added, "I dare say the nephew, of whom she talked so much, is as stupid as possible—"

As they passed the Pyramid, after paying their homage to the grand old Sphinx, the old lady was still there

"Yes," she said, when they asked her if she was not tired waiting. "My nephew ought to be here. I told him to stay long enough for a cigar, and he has had time for ten. I think," she said to Mollie, "he must have been on the top of the Pyramid when you were there?"

"Possibly," said Mollie, indifferently, as it flashed over her that the nephew and the young Englishman, with the contempt for American women, were one and the same

"The idea," she said to her aunt, as they drove home, "of that horrid nephew keeping his aunt waiting all that time." For Mollie had quite made up her mind that it was going to be war to the knife between herself and the young Englishman, and that everything he did should be hateful in her eyes.

That night, Mollie's aunt found out that the old lady was the Honorable Mrs. Sackville; enormously wealthy; and considered very eccentric. She was going up the Nile for her health, which was rather delicate, with her nephew, Sir Leslie Fortescue, whom she seemed to almost worship.

The next day, Mr. and Mrs. Blake, and Mollie, took possession of their dahabeah, "The Lotus

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as Mrs. Reeves hastened to say. : and very ill my poor child is yet," ut I begin to have hope now."

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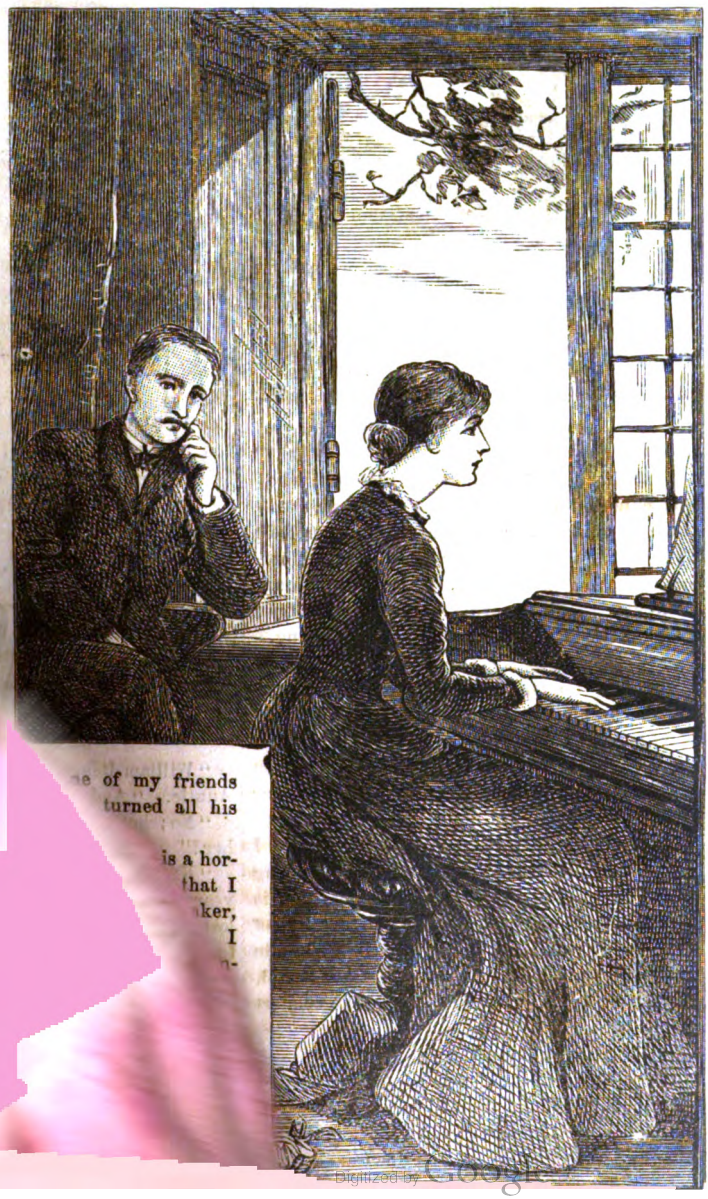

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SOME DAY.

As published by SEP. WINNER & SON, 1007 Spring Garden St., Philadelphia.

Words by HUGH CONWAY. **Music by MILTON WELLINGS**

Moderato. :8:

1. I know not when the day shall be, I know not when our eyes may
2. I know not are you far or near, Or are you dead, or are you

tempo. :8:

meet, . . What welcome you may give to me, Or will your words be sad or
live; . . I know not who the blame should bear, Or who should plead or who for-

rit.

accel. *p* *rit.*

sweet: It may not be 'till years have pass'd, 'Till eyes are dim and tress-es
give. But when we meet some day, some day, Eyes clearer grown the truth may

accel.

f tempo. *rit.*

gray; The world is wide, but, love, at last, Our hands, our hearts, must meet some day.
see, And ev - 'ry cloud shall roll away That darkens love 'twixt you and me.

rit.

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L'istesso tempo.

Some day, some day, some day I shall meet you, Love, I know not

f

when or how, Love, I know not when or how; On - ly this, on - ly this,

ad lib. *rit.*

this, that once you loved me, On - ly this, I love you now, I love you

colla voce.

now, I love you now.

now.

a tempo. *rit.*

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NEWEST STYLES FOR BONNETS.

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXXXIII. PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY, 1883. No. 2.

MISS DAISY'S "AT HOME."

BY JENNIE LINDHALL.

EARLY one afternoon, young Doctor Roberts received the following note:

DEAR CHARLEY:

I am laid up with a sprained ankle, and must turn over my patients to your tender mercies. I enclose list, with names, addresses, courses of treatment, etc., etc., for your edification.

Doctor Charles Roberts was just twenty-five, handsome and talented, and possessed of a modest income, independent of his practice. On the day in question, he had gone his professional rounds very early, and had returned home to make a proper toilet for the "At Home" of Miss Daisy Ross, an heiress, and, if report was to be believed, the future Mrs. Roberts.

"Confound it," he half muttered. "Why couldn't Paul wait until to-morrow to sprain his ankle? And what a list! Rheumatism! Pneumonia! Hem, hem! And here is one marked 'Particular: Miss Reeves, No. 24 Amory Street, lung fever.' What detailed descriptions and symptoms! Decidedly, Paul is interested in Miss Reeves' lung fever. Well, I suppose I must go, and give up Daisy."

In every heart, though the tender love that makes a life may not yet have come, there is ever one face, one voice, upon which the fancy lingers as a brighter, a little sweeter, than other faces can ever be. To Charley Roberts this face and voice were incarnated in Daisy Ross.

As yet, perhaps, love had not come to either heart. But it is certain that the beautiful blonde had accepted the attentions of the handsome young doctor willingly, and had given him her sweetest smiles in return; for Daisy Ross had been well taught as to the necessity of securing a handsome establishment for herself as the end of matrimony. She had money, it is true, but she wanted the position that being the wife of a distinguished physician would give.

Miss Reeves was the last patient on the list. Doctor Roberts was ushered into a darkened

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"No, ma'am. You must wait, she said, till next month."

"Did she read my note?"

"Yes, ma'am. I seen her readin' it, while the man was dressin' her hair. And I told her, ma'am, how sick Miss Nellie was. But she said I was impudent, and ordered me to leave the room."

"Well," replied the other, with a sigh, "you can do no more."

"But ain't I to go for the medicine and wine?"

"No, my lad. There, go. Never mind."

It was a whole tragedy to Charles Roberts.

room, where poverty had set her ugly seal, yet where relics of better days lingered. Here he was welcomed by an elderly woman, evidently a gentlewoman, in the true sense of the word. She bore traces of sorrow on her sad face, and looked with pitiful anxiety for her visitor's directions.

"She seems much worse since last night," she said, when the Doctor explained the accident which kept his friend at home. "The delirium continues, though she is so weak she can hardly speak."

A few professional inquiries followed, and then the Doctor approached the bed. The face was exquisitely delicate in every outline and feature; but was now flushed with fever: the large violet eyes were unnaturally brilliant; the golden hair lay all unbound and disheveled. It seemed almost the face of a child, so innocent and fresh was its expression. The Doctor acknowledged to himself that it was the most beautiful he had ever seen.

While he felt the rapid pulse at the delicate wrist, and bent low to listen to the murmurs of delirium, a knock at the door summoned the mother away. It was impossible, in the deep stillness of the room, to avoid hearing the conversation between the newcomer and Mrs. Reeves, especially as the door had been left partially open.

"You have an answer to my note?" Mrs. Reeves said, eagerly.

"No, ma'am. Miss Ross was dressin' for callers, and couldn't be bothered."

"She sent me some money?" inquired the lady.

Was the mother seeking charity? Or did Daisy Ross—for evidently she was the person alluded to—owe money that she would not pay? Either way his idol was dimmed. Yet he felt, instinctively, that charity would not be accepted here. The face of the elder lady, through all its sadness and gentleness, was proud; and every tone of the low voice showed education and refinement. No, Daisy owed money that she would not pay. Great heavens, and he was beginning to love her.

At this moment, the mother returned to the sick-chamber.

"Mrs. Reeves," said the young Doctor, "your daughter needs a certain medicine; but it is one I should not like to trust to a druggist to prepare; at least from a written prescription. I will go and get it, and return in an hour, and administer it myself."

Whether she understood the delicate kindness or not, Mrs. Reeves' grateful eyes sufficiently thanked him. He hurried away, and soon returned with the medicines and wines, cleverly disguised as a prescription. More than three hours slipped away, while he watched his patient; but finally he was rewarded by seeing her fall into a quiet slumber.

It was too late, when he reached home again, for the "At Home"; so he sat over his cheery grate: not dreaming, however, of Daisy, but of the pale sweet face of Miss Reeves.

His first call, next day, was at the house of his patient. The glad eyes of the mother told him, at once, that the life-giving sleep had been prolonged. It had been succeeded, too, by con-

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sciousness, as Mrs. Reeves hastened to say. "Very weak and very ill my poor child is yet," she said, "but I begin to have hope now."

Curious to say, Doctor Roberts wondered why this fact should lighten his heart, when but twenty-four hours before he had never even heard of Miss Reeves. He felt so gay, that, having no patients to visit for an hour or two, he indulged himself in a ride in the Park, a luxury to which he rarely treated himself. His thoroughbred horse, his handsome person, and the ease and grace with which he sat and held his spirited steed, attracted general attention; and more than one fair beauty, rolling by in her stately equipage, turned to look at him. All at once, a stylish barouche, with a footman as well as a coachman on the box, came dashing along. He recognized Miss Daisy on the back seat, and bowing low, would have trotted on; but she made a gesture, as if she wished to speak with him. He drew in his rein accordingly.

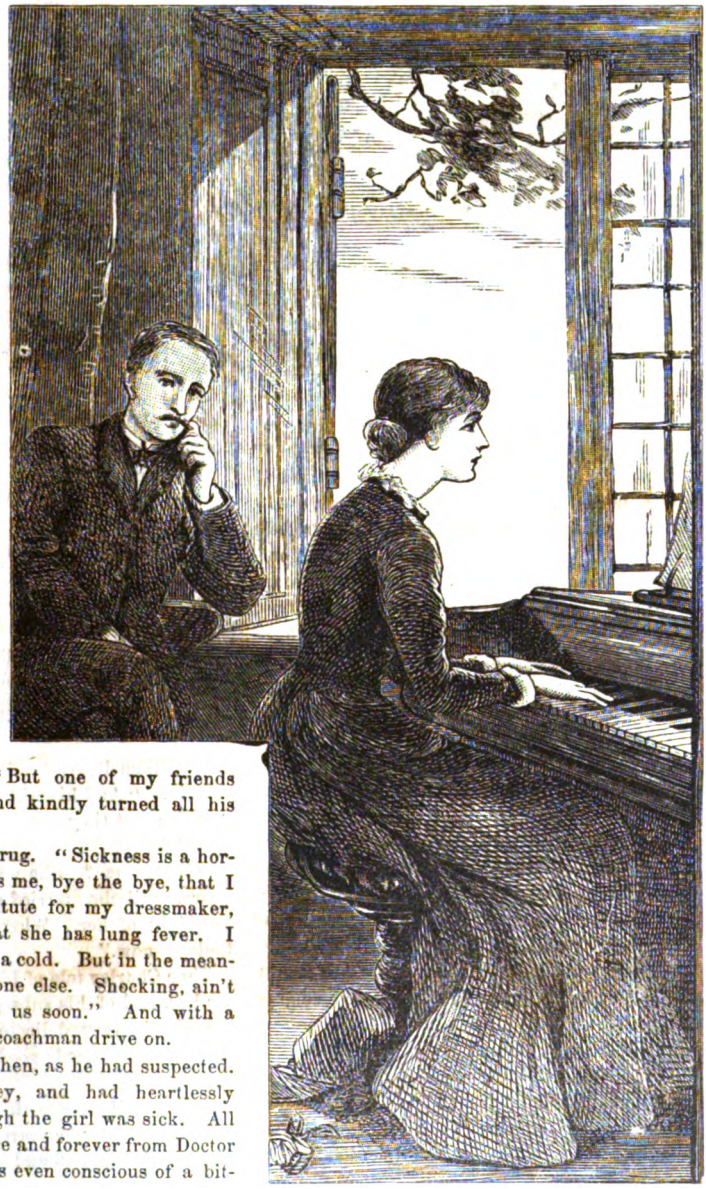
"You do not deserve to be recognized," she said. "Why didn't you come to my 'At Home'? You should have followed your bouquet."

"I was only too sorry that I could not come," he replied. "But one of my friends sprained his ankle, and kindly turned all his patients over to me."

"Doleful," with a shrug. "Sickness is a horrid bore. That reminds me, bye the bye, that I must hunt up a substitute for my dressmaker, who sends me word that she has lung fever. I dare say that it is only a cold. But in the meantime, I must find someone else. Shocking, ain't it? Do come and see us soon." And with a gay nod, she bade the coachman drive on.

It was really a debt then, as he had suspected. Daisy owed the money, and had heartlessly refused to pay it, though the girl was sick. All the glamor faded at once and forever from Doctor Roberts' heart. He was even conscious of a bitter contempt for the heiress, as the carriage bore her out of sight. With a new interest, he found his way, toward evening, to Nellie Reeves' sick-room; and when his eyes met hers, full of gratitude, he wondered how he had ever seen any beauty in Daisy Ross.

Day by day, he grew more interested in his patient. At last, she was well enough to sit up; but the Doctor continued still to come to the house: no longer, as he took care to say, as a physician, however, but as a friend. With



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every visit, too, his interest in Miss Reeves increased.

Meantime, old Miss Roberts, his aunt, who was expected to leave him her fortune, had taken a great fancy to Daisy. It troubled him, now, to see how her heart was set on his marrying the heiress. Open opposition, he knew, would be useless. But why not try craft? So, one evening, early in the spring, he said:

"Auntie, do you remember once wishing you could replace your old companion, Miss Linville?"

"Yes; but I never can. Besides, when you are married, Charley, your wife will share our home, and I shall want no companion then."

"Very true. But in the meantime, auntie, I have a patient who has been very ill with lung fever, and whose support is her needle. She is not strong enough yet to follow her trade of dressmaking; and I was thinking if my auntie could find a place for her, and make her useful, it would be a charity, and might prove a comfort to her also."

"Who is she, Charley?"

"Miss Nellie Reeves."

"Reeves? What Reeves?"

"Her father's name was William; and I believe they were wealthy, at one time."

"William Reeves' child dressmaking?" cried Auntie. "And his wife? Is she dead, too?"

"No; but they are very poor. Do you know her?"

"Know her? She was my dearest friend for years, until she married and went West. Then I lost sight of her. Where are they? I will call to-day—now."

Then Charley told of his being sent to prescribe for her, and of his subsequent visits.

"She is very delicate yet," he said, in conclusion, "and needs good food and freedom from anxiety."

"She shall have both," said his aunt, as she rang the bell for her carriage.

A week later found Mrs. Reeves and her

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daughter removed to a pretty cottage, on the outskirts of the town, and Nellie engaged as companion to her mother's old friend.

"I will send the carriage for you every day," said Aunt Roberts to the young girl, who stood blushing with gratitude, "at least until you get stronger. You shall spend an hour or two with me, at first, and bye and bye half the day; for we intend to have you as well and strong as ever, long before summer."

Her prophecy proved true. Day by day, Nellie recovered health, and grew more beautiful than before. The salary which Miss Roberts paid her more than met all her mother's wants and her own; she was no longer harassed by care; and the money came in a way, too, that did not arouse her pride. If, now and then, she suspected that Doctor Roberts was at the bottom of it all, she dismissed the idea, at once, as insane. "Don't be so silly, Nellie Reeves," she would say, "he thinks no more of a poor creature like you than an emperor would of a peasant-girl."

Yet, sometimes, there was that in the Doctor's look and manner which made her heart beat high with hope. One day, in particular, he called, towards evening. He asked her to sing, and she sang "The Land o' The Leal." When she had finished, she turned suddenly, and Doctor Roberts was sitting, his hand supporting his chin, apparently lost in reverie, but watching her intently; and there was an expression in his eyes that, while it made her heart leap, confused her: confused her so much that she turned hastily to the piano again, and began another song.

The summer days came on. The roses began to bloom. One bright afternoon in June, the Doctor called at the cottage. Mrs. Reeves met him in the little hall, and said that her daughter had come home an hour or two ago, but had since gone next door to play with the children. The Doctor had made the acquaintance of these neighbors, and was quite a favorite with the little ones. "I will join them," he said. "I think I hear them laughing in the garden."

A pretty sight met his eye, as he opened the gate, next door. There was a swing depending from a tree in the garden, and Nellie was swinging the little boy, almost as much a child, in her glee, as himself. The evening air was blowing the hair about her face, and the exercise had brought a bright blush to her cheek. She turned to the Doctor, with a smile of welcome, while the boy's sister, somewhat older than himself, ran to the newcomer, and hung on his arm. Nellie, thus blushing, looked absolutely irresistible.

When the children had each had another swing, the Doctor himself propelling them, they were dismissed, and Nellie put her little hand on his arm, to accompany him to her mother's. "We must go the back way," said Nellie, "for I have no hat on, as you see: I ran in this way, when the children called me." The Doctor was nothing loth. "It is too beautiful out-of-doors to go in yet," he said, when they entered the garden. "Suppose we sit here in the summer-house." A moment more, and her hand was in his, and he was pouring forth the story of his love, which he could no longer hold back.

"Do I love you?" Nellie said, at last, stealing her eyes up to his, as his arm encircled her. "I have loved you from the first. But I never dared—"

The rest of the sentence was cut short by a kiss.

The very next day, Miss Daisy Ross, being about to prepare a wardrobe for her summer campaign, bethought her of the fifty dollars she owed Miss Nellie Reeves. She resolved to pay it, and so pave the way for another order. But Miss Reeves was not at home.

"They have moved away, a mile or so out of town," her former landlady told Miss Ross, who re-entered her barouche in no amiable frame of mind.

"She had such exquisite taste, fitting me to perfection, and worked for a mere nothing," thought that ill-used young lady, as she drove in the direction of Miss Roberts'. "I'll ask that old maid, bye the bye, who makes her dresses, though I suppose they cost a small fortune."

Miss Roberts was at home, the servant informed Daisy. That young lady, being a privileged visitor, went at once to the sitting-room. At the door she paused, for in a low chair, at the feet of Miss Roberts, sat Nellie Reeves.

"Oh! Miss Reeves," said Daisy, "I have been to your house, to see if you could make some summer dresses, and to pay you the trifle I owe you."

"Miss Reeves," said Miss Roberts, dryly, "has given up dressmaking for the present; but the trifle will be quite convenient toward providing her trousseau. You will be the first to hear of the engagement, Daisy. For you may say, on my authority, that we are to have a wedding in the fall, when Nellie will become the wife of my nephew, Charley."

Very sweetly did Miss Ross make her congratulatory speech; for she was a woman of the world. But in her carriage, she shed more than one spiteful tear under the shadow of her veil, muttering:

"So that was the reason, was it, that Charley Roberts staid away from my 'At Home'."

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LADY FORTESCUE: A NILE EPISODE.

BY MARGARET KEENE.

MOLLIE LLEWELLYN'S twentieth birthday was staring her in the face. Mollie was a young woman who had the greatest faith in her own charms. She was not conceited; but she was pretty, fascinating, and clever enough to know it. She was an only child, had always had her own way, and always meant to have it, if she could possibly get it. Thus far she had been one of those lucky people to whom the right thing happened at the right time; and this morning there had come a letter from her Aunt Mary, her mother's sister, after whom she was named. Molly had opened it rather listlessly, but in a second her whole face changed; her aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. Blake, were going to spend the winter on the Nile; and the letter was to invite Mollie to go with them.

It was late in the autumn, and there was no time to be lost. So, within a week, they sailed from New York, and stopping in London only long enough to complete their wardrobes, went as fast as trains and boats could take them to Cairo.

"This is absolutely the first time I have had to breathe since I left home," Mollie said, laughingly, to her uncle, as they sat on the piazza of Shepherd's Hotel.

Her uncle grumbled, in answer, that as for him he would not be able to breathe till he had agreed with the rascally owners about a dahabeah. But Mollie hardly heard him; she sat happily watching the shifting crowd in front of the hotel: a mass of gay colors under a cloudless blue Egyptian sky. Dragomen, seeking whom they could devour, stood, in their rich red and yellow costumes, grouped around the steps; festive little donkeys, with their gold-trimmed saddle-cloths, and charms dangling over their noses to keep off the evil eye, clattered by; after them came the donkey-boys, straight and lithe, their loose blue gowns fluttering. Suddenly there was a shout. Down the street, like the wind, came a running footman, his long white sleeves floating like wings behind him, his richly-embroidered vest shining in the sun. A flash, and he is by, clearing the way for a carriage, drawn by superb black horses. "Arabi Pasha's harem," someone murmurs, and Mollie leaning eagerly forward catches a glimpse of women, not closely enough veiled to hide their bold black eyes. An amused smile passes from face to face as a camel ambles by, with a wretched Englishman on his back; for it is unmistakably the poor man's first camel-ride, and judging from his expression will as unmistakably be his last: he is evidently suffering agonies, perhaps a little sea-sick, perhaps sadly wondering how he will ever get down again.

In front of Mollie, on the piazza, stood two good-looking young Englishmen. The taller especially attracted Mollie's attention. He had a very good figure, a brown mustache, a rather decided mouth, honest gray eyes, and an unmistakable look of high-breeding. But what first interested Mollie was his voice and way of speaking: his voice was delicious; he spoke very low, but so distinctly that Mollie had the full benefit of all he said. Some of his remarks on the passers-by were very amusing. "He is rather clever," she thought, approvingly.

Just then, a fresh-looking young girl, accompanied by an elderly man, came up the steps, and crossed the piazza.

"By Jove, what a pretty girl!" exclaimed the shorter of the two Englishmen.

"Can't agree with you," answered the low lazy voice. "Too horribly American-looking. Give me an English woman. American men are all very well; but the women are atrocious; bad style altogether; I don't know any, and I don't want to know any."

"Of all prejudiced, obstinate—" began the first speaker; but that was all Mollie heard; for she arose in her wrath, and with her small head carried well back, sailed into the hotel. In a letter home, that night, she wrote: "I have met some very agreeable elderly Englishmen, but the young Englishmen seem stupid and ignorant beyond words."

Time passes very quickly at Cairo. It seemed to Mollie that the days absolutely chased each other. She and her party did their duty thoroughly in seeing the old mosques, the dervishes, the bazaars; but there was always something more to be seen. The excursion to the Pyramids they kept for the last thing, before they left Cairo for the dahabeah. It was a lovely drive through a lovely country; but as they drew nearer and nearer the Pyramids, Mollie had eyes for nothing but the huge piles of rock, standing

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out sharply against the blue sky. At last they were at the base, and held their breath, as they looked up the dizzy heights. The chattering Arabs crowded around, offering to run up one side and down the other for one piastre: to take anyone to the top for anything he chose to give.

"I think I will go up," said Mollie.

"Don't," said her aunt, feebly.

But Mollie was already seized by two of the Arabs, who had understood her, and was whisked off, almost before she knew it.

She was pulled and hauled up the huge blocks, which seemed to her to be endless, until at last, breathless and laughing, she stood on the broad flat top. Two or three people were already there; but Mollie was so absorbed in the view as to hardly notice them. On one side of the Pyramids, the desert stretched as far as the eye could reach, the only signs of life being a few heavy-winged birds flying lazily across the sunny blue sky. In the near fore-ground was the Sphinx, even more awful than when seen closer, and from the plain.

Mollie stood there, drinking in the delicious pure desert air, unconscious how lovely she looked, her graceful figure balanced lightly, rather too near the edge of the huge block on which she stood.

"I beg your pardon," said a familiar voice, "but you ought not to stand so near the edge. It is dangerous."

Mollie looked up, and met the rather admiring glance of the young man who spoke, and who, seeing her peril, had turned from his own eloquent guide, and pushed past her stolid one, who was coolly resting himself. With a slight cool bow she moved way. She had recognized, in the speaker, the young Englishman who had expressed such a contempt for American women. From that moment, the top of the Pyramid lost all its charm for Mollie, and she hastily began the descent.

The young Englishman, though certainly annoyed at her treatment, lighted a cigar, and sat dreamily looking over the desert; for he was thinking, in spite of himself, of a pair of brown eyes—wonderfully expressive eyes, he thought.

"Confound the girl! What does it matter?" he said, at last, giving himself an impatient shake. But he found himself returning to the subject again and again. "Why had she looked so indignant? Why had she given him that nasty little bow? By Jove, I will find some way of knowing her," he said, finally, as he arose, and threw away his cigar.

Mollie, in the meanwhile, had reached the bottom of the Pyramid.

"It only took me a quarter of an hour to come down," she cried, triumphantly, to her aunt, who sat happily conversing, under the shadow of a huge umbrella, with an energetic-looking old lady, whom Mollie had often noticed at the hotel.

"You must be tired, child," said her aunt. "Come, sit down and rest, before we go to see the Sphinx—"

"What is your name?" asked the old lady of Mollie, rather abruptly. "I must begin already to call you by your first name; for we are going to see a great deal of each other. My dahabeah leaves Cairo to-morrow, at the same time yours does. My nephew goes up with me. He is thought extremely like me. You will like him—"

"If he is like you, I am not at all sure that I shall," thought Mollie; but she discreetly said nothing: she only bowed, courteously.

They talked together a few minutes, then Mollie and her aunt went off to see the Sphinx, leaving the old lady waiting for her nephew.

"I hope we shall see her very often on the Nile; she is so odd and amusing," said Mollie to her aunt, as they plodded along through the burning sand; "but then," she added, "I dare say the nephew, of whom she talked so much, is as stupid as possible—"

As they passed the Pyramid, after paying their homage to the grand old Sphinx, the old lady was still there

"Yes," she said, when they asked her if she was not tired waiting. "My nephew ought to be here. I told him to stay long enough for a cigar, and he has had time for ten. I think," she said to Mollie, "he must have been on the top of the Pyramid when you were there?"

"Possibly," said Mollie, indifferently, as it flashed over her that the nephew and the young Englishman, with the contempt for American women, were one and the same

"The idea," she said to her aunt, as they drove home, "of that horrid nephew keeping his aunt waiting all that time." For Mollie had quite made up her mind that it was going to be war to the knife between herself and the young Englishman, and that everything he did should be hateful in her eyes.

That night, Mollie's aunt found out that the old lady was the Honorable Mrs. Sackville; enormously wealthy; and considered very eccentric. She was going up the Nile for her health, which was rather delicate, with her nephew, Sir Leslie Fortescue, whom she seemed to almost worship.

The next day, Mr. and Mrs. Blake, and Mollie, took possession of their dahabeah, "The Lotus

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Flower." They were to take advantage of the winds in going up, and to make their stoppages coming down; for then the huge wing-like sail in the front would be done away with, and the boat would float lazily with the current, or be rowed by large oars, keeping time with the sweet sad songs of the crew.

That afternoon, a breeze sprang up: they were off; and Mollie's new life had begun—the life of a lotus-eater. A luxurious, happy, dreamy life. Mollie would lie for hours in her hammock, on deck, under the awning, an unread book in her hand, watching the changing scene. The dahabeahs, that passed, all looked like huge white-winged birds. The women and young girls came to the river's edge, filled up their water-jugs, and then walked away, with the jugs balanced on their heads, and a gait that a princess might envy. Sometimes, herds of uncouth buffaloes would plunge down to the river to drink, frightening the dignified little white ibis, that stood on one leg, looking gravely up and down the river. And then the sunsets, with the glorious sunset sky reflected in the river.

The prayers of Reis Abrahim, the captain, were a source of great interest to Mollie; he prayed five or six times a day. He would first perform his ablutions, and spread his mantle on the deck; then, holding in his hand a string of beads, ninety-nine, each of which represented one of the beautiful names of Allah, would kneel towards Mecca, and, sometimes prostrating himself, would pray with the greatest reverence, but with one eye on the boat all the time; and sometimes the ninety-nine beautiful names of Allah would be interrupted by energetic shouts to some of the sailors.

The dragoman's devotions were a more serious affair; for being very stout, he found prostrating himself three or four times a day a rather uncomfortable thing; it was always conscientiously done, however. A good Mussulman will keep clean, never drink any spirituous liquors, pray, fast at times, do good to the poor, and accept the troubles that come without complaining, because it is the "will of Allah," the dragoman told Mollie.

In eighteen days they arrived at Luxor, the fashionable watering-place of the Nile, where Lady Duff-Gordon, whose memory is still worshiped by the natives, used to spend her winters. The little village looked very gay and bright; the different consuls' flags fluttered in the breeze; while in front of the English consul's, Mustapha Aya, was a most remarkable decoration, triumphal arches, etc., in honor of the Prince of Wales' sons, whose steamer was every day expected: dahabeahs were moored along each bank, with flags of every nation flying, the Star-Spangled Banner and the English flag being most largely represented.

That night, Sir Leslie Fortescue made his appearance, introduced himself, and presented a card from his aunt, asking them to dine with her the next evening at eight. Much to Mollie's disgust, her aunt promptly accepted the invitation, and accepted for them all. The Englishman paid rather a long visit, and when he had gone, his praises were sung by Mr. and Mrs. Blake, in chorus.

"Such charming manners, and so good-looking," said Mollie's aunt.

"Very well informed," said her uncle, "quite remarkably so, for so young a man."

"He knows absolutely nothing of America," said Mollie, superciliously and indignantly.

"But then, my dear, he can learn, and you know he seemed very much interested in hearing about it," Mrs. Blake remarked, expostulatingly.

"Very kind of him, indeed. We ought to be quite overpowered by his condescension," answered Mollie, viciously.

Mrs. Blake looked anxiously at her niece. "What has happened to disturb Mollie's usually sweet temper?" she said to herself. "Why should she take such a dislike to this young Englishman? Perhaps her dinner has disagreed with her." For little Mrs. Blake, after many years passed with a dyspeptic husband, had grown to associate any mental excitement, dislike, or prejudice, with the digestion. "Well, she would have the dragoman speak to the cook to-morrow, and have him tell him that the cooking was too rich; then everything would be all right," and saying this, mentally, she returned placidly to her "Art Needlework," which was, after all, her greatest interest in life.

Their dinner the next day, on the "Zarifa," was only the first of a great many; for Mrs. Sackville took a great liking to Mr. Blake, whose strong prejudices amused her very much. As they were both people with decided views, and as they generally disagreed in these views, there were many arguments, in which both delighted—neither, strange to say, ever losing temper. Mrs. Blake would embroider contentedly, during these discussions, glad to see her husband amused; and so Mollie found herself thrown *tête-à-tête* on the young Englishman. At first, she tried to avoid him; but finally yielded to the charm, which, she was obliged to confess to herself, she found in his society, excusing herself by thinking she would try to prove to him

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that American girls were not so utterly dreadful as he seemed to think them.

The two dahabeahs were always together; anchored at the same places; and went up the cataract one after the other. A most disagreeable performance they found the going up the cataract. The night before, a holy man came on board, to recite the Koran, and pray that all dangers of passage might be averted; and all night long, the monotonous chanting voice could be heard above the roar of the cataract; while early in the morning, more holy men came, green flags were sent by a prophet, whose flags were very much relied upon, flocks of very dirty Arabs came over the rocks, and with much shouting and yelling, the dahabeah was pulled by ropes up the rapids.

That night, Mrs. Sackville and Mr. Blake had an animated discussion.

"Such superstition," said the latter, "was pitiful; it must be done away with."

"Yes," agreed the lady. "And it would be done away. The Arabs are bright people; new ideas are being brought to the East; in time these men will learn to depend more upon themselves, than on their green flags and their prophets."

"Yes," said Mr. Blake. "But the fault is partly in ourselves, in not forbidding such childish nonsense. If it were not permitted, they would soon learn that they could do without it. When I come down the cataract, I shall forbid anything of the kind on the dahabeah."

"Ah, you Americans, you go too fast," laughed Mrs. Sackville. "Were you to prevent all that kind of thing, the Arabs, fatalists that they are, would be quite sure that the dahabeah was doomed, and that no efforts of theirs could save it."

"Yes, and they would see their mistake, when we arrived down the cataract in safety," said Mr. Blake, triumphantly.

Two or three weeks passed very pleasantly above the cataract. The evening before they were to make the descent, the dahabeahs were moored at Philoe, the loveliest little island in the world. There was a full moon, and the travelers spent the evening on one of the porches of the old temple, Mollie and Sir Leslie a little apart from the others. Mollie sat with her head thrown back, looking at the beautiful ruins and palms in the moonlight, and listening to the distant roar of the cataract and the soft wind through the palms. Sir Leslie sat looking at her, waiting for her to speak.

"My dear Mr. Blake," they could hear Mrs. Sackville saying, in her most decided tones, "believe me, you will run rather a risk, if you forbid the prophet's flags, the holy men, and all that kind of thing, on board your dahabeah tomorrow. You must remember that these Arabs are a most superstitious people; their ideas are great nonsense, no doubt; but after all, what harm does the nonsense do you?"

"The principle of the thing, my dear madame, the principle of the thing. Such folly and superstition should not be encouraged—"

Mollie turned towards the young Englishman, laughing.

"What a good time they are having over there—"

But she got no farther; something in his face stopped her.

"Mollie," he said, quietly, "do you care enough for me to be my wife?"

Mollie took a long breath. The suddenness startled her. Perhaps a coquettish desire to be asked again, perhaps a remnant of her old indignant feeling influenced her; and perhaps a desire to hide her own feelings. She laughed lightly, and said:

"Stay! Before I knew you, I heard you express your opinion of American women. They were quite contemptuous. I cannot but feel, now," ironically, "that you do one too much honor, in asking her to be your wife."

There was a minute's pause. Then Sir Leslie said, coolly and indifferently, or so it seemed to Mollie:

"I do not know to what unfortunate remark of mine you allude; but as I understand you, it is unnecessary for us to discuss the subject further."

He rose, as he spoke, and moved away, and began talking with the others.

The moonlight, the shimmering water, and the palms suddenly lost all their charm for Mollie.

"It is cold and dismal here," she said to her aunt, with a little shiver. "Let us go back to the boat."

And Mrs. Blake, who was thinking longingly of her embroidery, dearer to her soul than moonlight or argument, rose gladly.

Mollie went to her own little room, to meditate on her troubles, and to think what an idiot she had been. For she had held her life's happiness in her hand, and had recklessly thrown it away. "He seemed to care very little, however," she thought, after awhile, "he will never ask me again."

And Sir Leslie, walking restlessly up and down the deck of his dahabeah, was saying to himself: "She is hard to win. What was it I said of American women? But, by Jove, or

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Allah, as they would say here, she shall be my wife yet, if I have to follow her home."

The next morning, at five, the dahabeahs were to start; for the descent of the cataract must be made before the wind was up. Mrs. Sackville's dahabeah was to go first. It went gayly off, Mollie, from the deck of their own boat, watching it with breathless interest. The prophet's green flags were fluttering; the holy men were chanting the Koran; the cataract Arabs were bending their muscular backs, with a will, to the oars. In a second, they were shooting down the foaming cataract, in front of which is a huge black rock. One breathless moment. The steersmen do their part; the dahabeah turns suddenly; dashes by the dangerous rock; and is safely landed on the smooth water beyond.

Then a shout of thanksgiving to Allah rises from the excitable Arabs; the sheik of the cataract snatches the captain of the dahabeah's fez and turban: for that is one of his many perquisites for taking the boat safely down the cataract; there is a great and general uproar and rejoicing; and then all is hushed; for the second dahabeah has begun the descent, and each movement is watched with deepest interest.

The whole aspect of this boat differed from that of the first. There were no flags, no holy men; the rowers pulled a listless feeble stroke; the steersmen stood carelessly by the rudder; a deep gloom had settled on all, with the exception of Mr. Blake. The latter, pleased with what he considered his strength of mind, in having insisted on dispensing with what he called "all the Arab tomfooleries," stood in rather a pompous attitude, smiling, in a patronizing, encouraging way, at the sulky men.

The boat hesitated a second on the brink of the cataract, and then plunged in. What happened? They none of them ever knew exactly. There was a confused impression afterward, in Mollie's mind, however, of a rush of water; of a crash; of many shrieking voices, heard above the roar of the cataract; of being dragged and pulled through water and over rocks, by screaming Arabs; of being finally landed on solid ground, very wet, very frightened, and not at all hurt. The Arabs all swim like ducks; no one was hurt. But there was the dahabeah tightly wedged between the rocks, a large hole in her side, through which the water was pouring.

Sir Leslie, looking pale and anxious, joined the group as soon as possible, and took them on board Mrs. Sackville's dahabeah, where she insisted they must stay and finish their trip, instead of taking a steamer to Cairo, as Mr. Blake at first suggested. Their trunks were with difficulty rescued, and they themselves were soon comfortably established in their new quarters. Mrs. Sackville nobly refrained from saying "I told you so," to Mr. Blake, who was now as crushed and subdued as possible.

But after the excitement of the accident was over, Sir Leslie's manner to Mollie, to her surprise, became formal and stiff again.

"Will the month, before we can reach Cairo, be spent like this?" thought Mollie, rather appalled by the prospect, and then she remembered his white anxious face, when he rushed up to see if she were at all hurt, after the accident. She took heart and waited. "Perhaps, perhaps," she said to herself, and blushed.

She did not wait in vain. What pretty woman ever does? One night, when half way back to Cairo, and when Mollie was beginning almost to despair again, Sir Leslie came and threw himself down by her on the deck, as she sat pensively looking at the moonlight on the Nile.

"Miss Llewellyn—Mollie," he said, his voice full of emotion, "I have, at last, recalled the words you complain of. They were spoken on the hotel piazza the day I first saw you. But is it altogether impossible for you to overlook them? No one will ever love you as I love you."

She turned frankly to him. Not for worlds would she trifle any longer.

"Sir Leslie," she said; but the little slim hand which she laid on his arm trembled, nevertheless, "I have changed my mind. I don't mind the words, and—and—I would like to marry you."

And that is the way Mollie became Lady Fortescue.

"I SAW YOU ONCE AGAIN."

BY WILLIE BROWN.

In dreams, last night, dear love,
I saw you once again;
You whom I loved so well!
My heart sings sad refrain,
"Oh, why are dreams so vain?"

Oh! cruel, cruel days:
Oh! lot so sad, so drear;
That took from out my life
The one I loved so dear.
Dreams, bring her once more here.

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THE PROFESSIONAL BEAUTY.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49.

CHAPTER IV.

The autumn and winter passed. Spring and the London season were close at hand.

Florence Treherne had spent a few weeks in Paris and Nice; the rest of the time in a round of visits, which had been fairly like a royal progress, minus the wearisome etiquette and ceremonials.

It was approaching Easter. The beauty had been forced to run up to town for a few days on business, and had met her husband for the first time in weeks. Indeed, she had seen very little of him for a long while; she had gone on the Continent under the chaperonage of her old friend the duchess; and twice since her return, Mr. Treherne had joined her for a day at the house where she was visiting. But this was all.

And now Florence's brief stay in London was over, and she departed from the silent, dreary house with a great sensation of relief. She told herself that the dullness and her business worries had made her nervous; and caught at any pretext to account for the depression and vague dread which her husband's weary suffering face had produced. After all she had something of a heart left. Even her egotism could not wholly drown her conscience.

She was going down to Bolton Towers, in Blankshire. The express started at an hour which rendered it impossible for Mr. Treherne to see her off. But the Colonel was at the station; saw that she and her maid had a carriage to themselves; and attended to her comfort with his usual solicitude.

"I shall be down by Monday," he said. "I received an invitation from Lady Bolton this morning."

Mrs. Treherne smiled; but winced inwardly, as she recalled the personal mortification which she had suffered in procuring the Colonel's invitation. Lady Bolton was a woman so frank and outspoken, that, except for her exalted rank, she would have been deemed brutal; and she was one of the few people who did not like Colonel Stretton, at least one of the few who were courageous enough to announce the fact. She had not meant to invite him. But he had asked Mrs. Treherne to manage it for him, and asked in such a way that Florence dared not disobey.

Lady Bolton had granted her wish, but with a few sharp words, that stung like nettles.

"Oh, of course, my dear, if you insist," she had said. "I must have you, because I depend on you for a sensation. I never give advice, so I'll not offer you any. But take care, child, that you don't burn your fingers with this Colonel."

"On Monday," repeated the Colonel, as he bowed over her hand. Then he added, in a tone too low for the Abigail to hear, and with that peculiar smile which Florence had learned to dread: "Be sure to enjoy yourself. It is such a pleasure to me to think these last little worries are settled, so that you need have no cloud on your sky."

The train was off, and Florence Treherne shivered. She had grown afraid of this man. Whether, during the past weeks, there really had come an undefinable change in his manner, or whether it was only the humiliating obligations which she owed to him, she could not decide.

"Oh, that money bond—how it galled her. How bitterly, in her sane moments, she regretted her weakness in incurring it. She had not even the courage to count up the amount, which had been increased during this sojourn in town. Before she went abroad, her husband had given her as large a check as he could command, to settle her bills before leaving. She had neglected them, in order to have plenty of ready cash while in Paris. One night, at Monaco, she was induced to play; and she lost to her last sovereign.

Stretton insisted upon aiding her, and she was forced to yield. It was not pleasant to remember the letters which had passed between them, though she did not believe him capable of betraying her confidence; but she knew that they placed her in his power.

The train sped on. But Florence's brief sense of relief had been left behind. The hours were actual torture. Would the journey never end? Up came, too, the memories of her girlhood; the recollection of what her life might have been, had she proved honest and true. Once, since that day at the fair, she had seen Jack Erlescourt. It was when she sat at the roulette-table,

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in Monte Carlo. She had caught one look, which seemed fairly to freeze her with its scorn; a low ceremonious salutation, in return to her recognition; but nothing else; and then he was gone.

Oh, how she hated him. She would like to be revenged on him. She said this to herself, again and again. Yet all the while, with strange inconsistency, she longed to sob out to him her shame and remorse. She had loved him, oh, so dearly; and she knew it now, when it was too late—too late even to win back his pity.

She drew her veil over her face, and turned to sleep. At length, she did fall into a half doze. Suddenly she was roused by a rush and whiz; heard a terrified shriek from her maid; and was conscious of being thrown violently out of her seat. Then followed a noise like thunder; a fall that seemed down from endless heights; then darkness; and she knew nothing more.

When Florence Treherne's senses came back, the face which met hers, as she opened her eyes, made her, for an instant, fancy that she was asleep and dreaming. It was the face of Jack Erlescourt. But all its hardness and scorn were gone. Never in the days when he had believed in her truth, had he looked at her more gently, only now it was with a trouble and anxiety for which she could not account.

"Jack, Jack," she murmured, trying to rise, but feeling dizzy and faint. "I know I am dreaming. Speak, Jack."

"It is all real, Mrs. Treherne. There has been an accident. We trust that you are not hurt?"

Oh, that cold voice, and the icy calm, which, as he spoke, settled over the countenance. She came back to reality, sat up, looked about, saw that she was in a station waiting-room, and that several people were near—among them a physician, with whom she was slightly acquainted.

"I remember now," she said, "there was an accident."

"Drink this, and lie still for a little," she heard the doctor say, gently.

She took the stimulant, as he directed, lay back on the hard cushions, and when she looked around again, Jack Erlescourt was gone.

After a time, the dizziness and faintness passed. She could sit up and inquire about the disaster. She learned that the train had rolled down an embankment, and that several persons had met with serious injuries. An engine had been telegraphed for, but would not arrive for a couple of hours. Her maid? Oh, she had escaped with a scratched arm; but as she had indulged in hysterics, the doctor had banished her; she was better now, however, and might enter.

"You were on your way to Bolton Towers, your woman told me," the physician observed, trying for any conversation that might distract his patient from her recent peril; for he supposed her to be thinking of that. But he was mistaken. She was wondering if Jack Erlescourt had gone without bidding her farewell.

"I beg your pardon?" returned she, coming to herself. "Oh, I know now what you said. Yes—Bolton Towers. But I shall arrive very late—"

"You would, if you waited for our train," interposed the doctor; "but Mr. Erlescourt has gone to procure some sort of conveyance for you. There's a little village near here. You will only have a drive of about ten miles. You'll still reach the Towers in time for dinner."

"Who brought me out of the carriage?" she asked, abruptly.

"Mr. Erlescourt. He and I were seated together. He had seen you before the train started. He had a good deal of difficulty, too; for another carriage had been thrown partly over yours. The fact is, you escaped by a miracle."

They were interrupted by the sound of wheels. Then Erlescourt entered, and addressed the doctor.

"Is Mrs. Treherne better?" he said.

"Quite myself again," that lady answered, smiling up at him.

He did not reply to the smile; but expressed his satisfaction in a few measured words.

Florence felt angry, and yet ready to weep.

"I see you have found a comfortable enough little trap," said the doctor, glancing out of the window. "Oh, and there's a spring-cart; so all three of you, and the luggage also, can be accommodated."

"Were you on your way to Bolton Towers?" Mrs. Treherne said, in surprise, addressing Erlescourt.

"Yes," he said, laconically.

"Erlescourt had been a week at Bolton," the doctor explained. "He only ran up to town on business."

In a few moments, everything was ready to start. The doctor helped Mrs. Treherne into the carriage, with cordial parting words; but Jack Erlescourt said, curtly, to her:

"You would like your maid with you. I'll ride on the cart, and take care of our luggage."

Florence flushed up. But the doctor said, interfering:

"You'll do no such thing, Erlescourt. If Mrs. Treherne should happen to have a return

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of faintness, that fine French woman yonder, who has just come out of hysterics, would be of no use whatever." So Erlescourt seated himself beside Florence, without further comment.

"You sent the telegrams?" the doctor asked.

Erlescourt nodded, and Florence said, quickly:

"I forgot—I ought—"

"One sent to your husband—one to Lady Belton," interrupted the doctor. "Erlescourt forgets nothing. Of course, the news of your danger will fly like wildfire. So he remembered to put Mr. Treherne out of all anxiety."

"Very kind," said Florence, and then the vehicle drove off.

Erlescourt asked if she were comfortable, offered some remark about the beauty of the gathering sunset; and she replied; then there was silence between them for awhile.

The oppression of spirits, the vague dread of coming troubles, which had disturbed Mrs. Treherne during her journey, had put her in a state of mind which greatly heightened the nervous shock of her recent peril. Then, too, sitting side by side with her former lover brought up so many memories of the past, that she would, with her impulsive nature, in any case have been deeply moved.

She glanced at Erlescourt's half-averted face, whose habitual expression seemed one of melancholy sternness. She tried to recall the anger which his conduct at the fair had aroused; tried to pity herself as the victim of fate; felt that she was growing absolutely hysterical, and knew that if she did not effect some change, she should inevitably laugh or shriek.

"I have not thanked you yet," she said, quickly.

He looked towards her, with cold surprise.

"You really have nothing to thank me for," he replied. "Any stranger would have rendered the little assistance it has been in my power to offer."

His words angered her. But they hurt cruelly, too. She would have kept silence after this, if she could. But to control herself, just now, was beyond her power.

"Why didn't you add any *other* stranger?" she cried. "That was what you wanted to say. You needn't deny it."

"Any other stranger," he repeated, in a tone as unconcerned as if uttering some commonplace in regard to the weather.

Between her indignation at his audacity, the terrible wound to her pride, and the bitter, bitter pang at her heart, Florence Treherne was dumb. Her first impulse was to request him to get out of the carriage; her second never to speak to him again.

Then rose a wild longing to conquer his obduracy, to regain her dominion over him; and mingled with this suggestion of her vanity, a desire to crave his forgiveness, and persuade him that she was more to be pitied than blamed.

"Oh, Jack, Jack!" she sobbed. "Won't you be friends? I didn't believe it was in your character to be so hard. You were almost rude to me that day at the fair; and now—now you hurt me so cruelly. How can you—how can you?"

To Jack Erlescourt, the whole business seemed a very poor bit of acting. But he had so long ago passed the stage where this woman had power to move him. Even had he believed her appeal dictated by sincere repentance, it could have produced no feeling, except to render him glad, for the honor of their common humanity, that she was capable of such regrets.

"Why don't you speak?" she cried, impatiently. "If you are so hard and stern—oh, I didn't dream you could be—that you can't forgive—at least, be frank enough to say so."

"If you think you have any need of forgiveness, on my part, I freely grant it," he answered.

He spoke slowly, and with difficulty; for he felt angry that she could suppose he could be cajoled by her arts, and had to restrain himself, lest he should betray this feeling. But Mrs. Treherne misconstrued it. Her old power over him was still active, she said to herself, struggle as he might against its spell.

"Ah, thanks, a thousand thanks," she exclaimed. "Oh, Jack—I didn't mean to call you that, but it comes so natural—I must learn to say Mr. Erlescourt. Some day, I suppose, it will have to be 'my lord'," she added, with another hysterical laugh.

Though Erlescourt had small reason to love the man from whom he would inherit a title and fortune, this open reference to the Earl's demise disgusted him; and he regarded it is a proof of the innate coarseness and hardness of Mrs. Treherne's nature. But here he wronged Florence. She had begun the conversation from sheer nervous excitement, and was now so agitated that she hardly realized what she said.

"If we are to talk at all about what I have done," he said, brusquely, "it must be frankly, at least on my part. I must not lay claim to generosity which I don't deserve. It is easy for me to forgive, because my heart—"

She started, and shrank from him. But he did not notice that. He paused abruptly, because, with the avowal close to his lips, he could not bring himself to disclose, even par-

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tially, his precious secret to her ears. It was too sacred for that.

Meantime, she had utterly misconceived him. She began:

"No—no—you must not—I—"

So far she got, then a sob choked her. But between her indistinct utterance and his own excitement, Erlescourt did not even catch those broken words. He heard the sob, however. It exasperated him to such an extent, that further endurance became impossible; for he thought it all acting.

"You are not fit to talk; you will be ill," he exclaimed. And before she could reply, he had ordered the coachman to stop; had sprung out of the carriage; had called to the driver of the luggage-cart to make haste; and as the vehicle came up, he said to the maid: "I will change places with you. Your mistress is ill. Have you smelling-salts or something?"

The French woman was so pleased to exchange her uncomfortable seat for soft cushions, that she waxed amiable at once, mounted briskly into the carriage, and laid Mrs. Treherne's head on her shoulder, with voluble expressions of sympathy. At a sign from Erlescourt, the coachman drove rapidly on.

Florence Treherne wept a little behind her veil, gratified, and yet frightened, at the success of her effort to subdue her old lover; for to her, his unfinished speech had been a confession quite unmistakable. But pleasant as it was to be convinced that even Jack could not resist her sway, it troubled her greatly that he should have gone so far. She kept her conscience at ease by the fact that no man, however plainly he might show his infatuation, had ever ventured to put it into words. Even Jack must not do that. But her tact would be able to prevent such disaster; and it was very sweet to feel that she had her little vengeance for his former slights. In future, he should be her good friend. The influence of the old dream should remain just strong enough to keep any other woman from coming between them; but no more—oh, no more.

Jack Erlescourt, meantime, seated himself in the luggage-cart, and lighted a cigar, with an immense sense of relief, muttering, under his breath: "Confounded actress." Then he dismissed her from his mind, and let his fancies wander away towards hopes and aims to which it would have seemed profanation to mingle a thought of Florence Treherne.

CHAPTER V.

It was past seven o'clock when the carriage reached Bolton Towers. Hostess and guests had already gone to their rooms, to prepare for dinner; but Lady Bolton hastened immediately to the chamber, to Mrs. Treherne.

"So glad to see you, my dear," cried her ladyship, warmly. "And you're not hurt? Then I congratulate you on the accident. You may be sure the danger to your valuable life has already been telegraphed to the four quarters of Christendom. Nothing luckier could have happened to you. And, upon my word, you are lovelier than ever. You are dreadfully pale, to be sure; but it's becoming, by way of change. Did I tell you how glad I was to see you? Oh, that's all right, then. It's odd, but I believe I'm fond of you. I don't approve of you, you know, but I like you." Then she chattered on, in her customary heedless fashion, scarcely giving Florence time to answer; pressed her down into an arm-chair, kissed her again, then pinched her ear, and seeing that she really looked tired and shaken, added: "You shall have your dinner quietly up here; dress at your leisure, and join us in the drawing-room. But first, you must have some strong tea—oh, here comes a maid with it. There, drink that, and rest a little. I'll stop in on my way down."

She was back in about twenty minutes, looking like an amiable flamingo, in her red satin gown.

"Has the tea done you good?" she asked.

"Oh, yes. I feel like a new creature. But I couldn't get dressed in time for dinner."

"No, it is ready to serve now. I'm late myself; but no matter. We've a large party. I wish half of them were somewhere else."

"I suppose I know everybody?" Mrs. Treherne inquired, languidly.

"Pretty nearly, I fancy. So Jack Erlescourt rescued you? Hem! By the way, there's a young American girl here, whom you don't know. Erlescourt is greatly taken with her. We all think she resembles you. It's not her face; but her figure is so exactly like yours, that, with her back turned, one would swear it was you. And there's no doubt that Jack is sweet on her. He knew her in New York, it seems. You jilted him, ages ago. Oh, I know all about it. I always know everything. So now you'll have to stand back, and see him take his revenge, by adoring another woman before your eyes."

Mrs. Treherne smiled, as she asked:

"And what is the name of this fortunate trans-Atlantic girl?"

"Constance Denby. She's rather an heiress, too; but means to be a sculptor. She has, however, lots of talent, and an idea that a woman ought to do something besides flutter and flirt."

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"Oh, a specimen of the strong-minded American female," cried Mrs. Treherne, with a little scornful laugh.

"I must go—good-by," said her ladyship, not heeding the remark; and after she had disappeared, Florence lay down on a sofa to rest, and fell into a reverie. To her it was plain enough what had caused Jack Erlescourt's attraction for the young republican. It was the resemblance to her, Florence, of course. "Rather impertinent in the youthful Yankee, certainly," said Florence. "But she'll be punished by seeing her ambitious dream vanish into thin air."

Then Mrs. Treherne dozed; and after awhile woke up, arose, and began to dress. She decided to accentuate her pallor, by a green robe of a marvelous tint. She would wear no decorations, only some rare old lace. Her hair should be arranged simply. A glance in the mirror showed her that the toilette was really an inspiration.

"I am really looking my loveliest," she said to herself, as she prepared to go downstairs.

There was no one visible in the great hall when she descended. Noticing a stand of beautiful foreign plants, she walked up to examine them. They stood so that an arch, which divided the corridor, hid her from the view of any person coming out of the drawing-rooms.

Steps sounded on the other side; then voices. Florence was about to move forward, when she heard words that fairly chained her to the spot.

"These three days of absence have seemed a positive age. I never was so rejoiced in my life as to get back. I think you might be good-natured enough to say you are a little glad to see me, and that you pity me for having had to go away."

It was Jack Erlescourt's voice that had spoken.

"Since you went for your own pleasure, I really do not perceive an opening for any offer of sympathy," returned a lady's voice, in low, sweet, but laughing tones.

"You know I went on business which could not be deferred. You are downright cruel to-night, Miss Denby," cried Erlescourt, laughing, too, though his voice was earnest, in spite of that.

"Ah, you were obliged to go? I'd forgotten. Well, you had your reward: the glory of being of assistance to the famous beauty, and the pleasure of her society during the drive afterwards."

"I should have been very glad to have escaped both," he exclaimed, impatiently.

"Oh, oh!" with an incredulous laugh. "I am so anxious to see her. What wouldn't I give to have the privilege of copying her bust in marble."

"You've not said you are a little bit glad to see me—does that mean you are not?"

"I'll consider the matter, and tell you—at present there is no time to give the weighty business due reflection. Lady Bolton said I must show you the Japanese plant, that blossomed yesterday. By the way, it is hideous, but you are to swear to its perfection. Everything Japanese, you know, just now is the rage. So come to the conservatory."

The footsteps passed on. Once more a low peal of musical laughter struck Florence Treherne's ear like a knife. Then Jack Erlescourt's voice, earnest, impatient. Ah, how well she recognized that tone: how it brought the dead past back.

He had deceived her, then. He had been playing a part, when he spoke in the carriage, in that agitated fashion, and had sprung out, as if afterwards afraid to trust himself by her side. Oh, she would be revenged. He should care for her yet. He should find himself more abjectly her slave than in the old days. "And then—then," she said, clenching her little hands, "he shall suffer as his insolence deserves."

A few minutes later, and she was in the drawing-room, as composed as ever, the ladies gathering about her, apparently as eager in their admiration as were the men, who presently hastened in from the table, before they were due, in honor of her arrival.

But while holding this sort of court, whose homage was such balm to her wounded vanity, she was not too much engrossed to see, after a little, that Erlescourt had entered, and was conversing with Lady Bolton. Then she caught sight of a white-robed figure, so like her own that she knew it must be the American; and in her passion it seemed an additional outrage to Florence, that she should be obliged to confess the resemblance.

After awhile, Miss Denby turned, and Mrs. Treherne could see her face. It was not beautiful, perhaps, but it was exceedingly attractive, from its expression of mingled sweetness and strength. Even in her anger, Mrs. Treherne admitted that the eyes were magnificent. She meant to be perfectly fair, both to the girl and to the man. But her idea of fairness included condign punishment.

"How I envy you," she was saying, presently, to Constance Denby, who had just been introduced. "They tell me you have positive genius. I can imagine nothing so delightful as being a sculptor."

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"Nor I, if one could be happy enough to be allowed to model the perfect beauty, that one only sees once in a lifetime," returned Miss Denby, gazing at Florence in sincere delight—the rapt artistic delight with which she would have studied a Greek statue.

"Let's be foolish and romantic," whispered Florence, with her most irresistible smile. "I worship genius as much as you do beauty, especially when so gracefully enshrined as yours. Will you try to like me?"

"Yes," said Constance; but not able to feel that she could ever put by her prejudice against "the professional" sufficiently to get beyond enthusiastic admiration of her loveliness.

CHAPTER VI.

Five days had elapsed since Mrs. Treherne's arrival; but in spite of the gayety and the adulation she received, they had not been satisfactory days. She had managed, as a society woman can, to usurp a great deal of Erlescourt's attention, in spite of his efforts to escape her. She had contrived to make it appear to lookers-on that he sought her; not she him. She had frustrated his attempts to hold *tête-à-têtes* with Constance Denby, and she had done it so adroitly that it escaped even the girl's feminine quickness. But she was not content; for she saw that Jack Erlescourt did not succumb to her spells, and so she grew angrier than ever. Yet her vanity persuaded her that at bottom he still cared for her, and that his moodiness arose from this cause. But sometimes she doubted it; and then she almost hated him: yet felt that she would give her soul to get the old days back.

Meantime, she had other things to annoy her. Letters from her husband warned her of his added anxieties. The Colonel wrote, too; and smooth as his epistle was, it held a tone that filled her anew with undefined dread of him, and a mad longing to be free from his power. Altogether, she was far from happy.

Thursday dawned, and brought Colonel Stretton: polished, gallant, and inscrutable as ever. Still, Florence felt, more and more, that indefinable change toward herself, which gave her the sensation as if she were some helpless insect, entangled in a web, that was gradually gathering closer and closer about her. This feeling rendered her irritable and capricious.

But before the second day of the Colonel's visit ended, Florence found reason for even graver fears. It was a bright warm afternoon, and the Colonel had followed her to the shrubberies, and had asked her frankly the reason of her conduct.

They were close to a rustic arbor, and Florence sat down on a bench while he talked. He frightened her, by telling her what he knew of her husband's business difficulties.

"One would think, from your tone, you were glad," she exclaimed, looking full at him.

"And you can say that to me—to me—after all that—"

He broke off, abruptly; but a glance of reproach finished the sentence, and Florence felt convicted.

"I beg your pardon," she said, stretching out her hand.

He seized it, and pressed it passionately to his lips; for self-centred as he was, he apparently lost his head. In rapid words, he poured out confessions, which, in a calmer moment, he would not have ventured on, as yet. But once having committed himself, he went on. He believed that, even if angry, his artful recalling of the difficult position in which she was placed towards him by her pecuniary straits would frighten her too sorely for her anger to find utterance.

He was mistaken. Terrified as Florence was, her indignation and insulted pride overcame all thought of worldly prudence. She treated him to an outburst which roused his temper; and in return, he used threats that she could not misunderstand. Then, as suddenly, he changed his tone; was penitent, submissive; cursed himself for yielding to his temporary insanity; but vowed that it should never happen again.

"Forget it," he cried. "Remember that I am your friend, your brother. You know that no man can be near you, without your ruling his very soul; but you shall never see me lose my self-control again."

She forgave him. She dared not do otherwise. He kissed her hands, over and over, and muttering some incoherent words about being better alone for a time, went hastily out of a door that opened towards the shrubberies. As he disappeared, Florence looked up, and saw Constance Denby approaching by the path which led from the lawn. The girl must have seen the Colonel; for she averted her face, and was passing on; but Florence had the presence of mind to call her, and after hesitating, Miss Denby stopped.

"What a lucky thing you do not belong to the commonplace gossip-loving tribe, my dear Miss Denby," Florence exclaimed. "Oh, I wish even the most sensible men would not be ridiculous. I have been dreadfully cross all day, and unluckily for my dear old friend, the Colonel, he met me, and I gave him a terrible scolding, without rhyme or reason—"

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"That is the Colonel's affair, not mine," interrupted Miss Denby.

"And when I had abused him enough," pursued Florence, not heeding the hint, "he was so grateful to me for pardoning his unknown delinquencies, that he must needs do stage hero, and kiss my hand—"

She paused to laugh, and Miss Denby said, coldly:

"No explanation was necessary, Mrs. Treherne. I am no gossip. I am only sorry I saw you."

"Dear me, one would think I had committed some terrible crime," cried Florence, laughing still, though growing angry.

Miss Denby did not speak.

"Are you so dreadfully shocked?" Florence asked. "I don't know what you'll do on the Continent: these foreigners kiss one's hand on every possible occasion."

"I shall be late for my walk, if I don't hurry," was all Constance said.

"I insist on your answering me," cried Florence, springing up, so enraged that she hardly knew what she was doing; for her jealousy of the girl was now at white heat.

Constance Denby, on her side, was in no gentle mood. She had just heard, from Lady Bolton, the whole story of Erlescourt's former love for the beauty: and had been warned that the vain woman seemed trying to regain her power, and was likely to succeed.

"What do you wish me to answer?" Constance inquired, haughtily.

"My question," retorted Mrs. Treherne, with a look and tone which dared her to reply. "Were you shocked?"

"Yes, I was," Constance Denby replied, in an icy voice. "Have you anything more to say?"

"Only this," said Florence, now completely beside herself with passion. "Colonel Stretton is a good honest friend. He does not persecute me by attempts at love-making, as my poor Jack Erlescourt does. I wish to goodness you could really engage his fancy and attention. Those dreadful gossips say you have tried very hard: it would be a great relief to me."

Constance Denby made no answer to this insolent brutality; but left the arbor without a word. Her look of maidenly scorn, however, was worse to bear than the harshest words could have been. Yet the blow had struck home.

"A very effective scene," Colonel Stretton whispered to himself, peeping from behind a thicket of laurestine: and he laughed quietly, as he watched Mrs. Treherne's face and gestures, when solitude allowed her to give unrestrained vent to her rage.

Presently she rose and walked quickly towards the house. Then the Colonel re-entered the arbor, and sat down to meditate. Some twenty minutes later, he heard the sound of voices; looked out, and saw Constance Denby and Erlescourt close by. The girl was hurrying on, as if to escape from her companion; for Mrs. Treherne's words still rang in her ears. The young man was following, eager and persistent.

"Miss Denby—Constance," he was saying. "Only listen to me—I beg—"

"Sir," she interrupted, glancing back over her shoulder, with a look of scorn, "there is a point where compliments become insults. You have reached it."

"You call the avowal of an honest heart—"

"I call such language as yours insulting," she broke in. "English married ladies may deem it fitting homage. Reserve it for their ears, if you please."

She was gone, and after standing for a moment, staring after her, dazed, utterly unable to account for her changed manner, and showing it in a trouble that shook him from head to foot, Erlescourt mechanically turned into the arbor, only to find himself face to face with Stretton.

"My dear fellow, I'm awfully sorry I heard," cried the Colonel, speaking with real sincerity; for even he could do a good turn. "But since I did hear, let me give you a word of comfort. I'm a good deal older than you, and as it is not a personal matter, I see more plainly. That charming American has been told the old gossip about you and the beauty: in fact, the Treherne has boasted to her a little: that is all; and you can soon set it all right."

Erlescourt was divided between two feelings. Should he insult the man for his interference, or feel grateful for this explanation of Constance's conduct?

"Now don't be furious with me for what is not my fault," cried the Colonel, with bluff frankness, as he noticed all this; "but just act on my advice, like a sensible fellow."

"I will," said Jack, drawing a deep breath. He held out his hand, which the Colonel shook warmly, and then Erlescourt disappeared.

"Good," soliloquized Stretton. "In his rage, he's sure to tell the fair Florence what he thinks; so he will be out of the way.

The twilight had gathered, as the Colonel retraced his steps towards the house. Almost the whole party of guests had gone off on some expedition, and had not returned. The drawing-rooms themselves were not yet lighted.

Stretton saw Erlescourt pacing up and down the colonnade. He went in-doors, and as he

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passed down the corridor, perceived Constance Denby standing at the entrance to the conservatory. Even in his haste, he took such close heed to her appearance, that he noticed her sombre black garb was only relieved by a bunch of white flowers she had placed in her hair.

The Colonel hurried up the stairs; tapped at the door of Mrs. Treherne's sitting-room; and at her summons, entered softly.

Before she could demand what the intrusion meant, he said, quickly:

"You want your revenge. You shall have it—only follow me."

"What do you mean?" she asked.

He broke off a stem of snowy blossoms from a flowering plant, and put them in her hair, saying:

"Your dress looks black in this light. Go into the library; seat yourself in the oriel window, and look out into the garden. Don't turn your head, when you hear a step."

"What do you mean?" she repeated.

"Can't you understand?" he said, in a whisper. "Revenge on her and on him."

He drew her swiftly down the stairs. So swiftly, that, at first, she could not think: could only feel that vengeance was in her reach, and that she meant to claim it.

A few seconds later, Stretton joined Erlescourt on the colonnade.

"Wait for five minutes," said the Colonel. "Then go to the library. I saw Miss Denby walking that way. She will be alone."

He hurried off, entered the conservatory, and started back, with affected surprise, exclaiming:

"Why, Miss Denby, you startled me."

"I am just going upstairs to dress," she said, snatching at any pretext to escape the society of this man, so antipathetic to her, and who now, in her present mood, was more obnoxious and even hateful than ever.

"I believe Lady Bolton was asking for you," he said. "I think she went into the library."

"I will go to her," Constance replied, and hastened past him.

The Colonel waited for a little, then followed her softly through the gloom. He was so near, when she pushed back the heavy draperies which hung before the open doors, that he could look the length of the shadowy library.

He could see, as Constance Denby did, Jack Erlescourt enter from the colonnade, and move quickly towards the oriel window, in which the dark-robed figure of Florence sat gazing out into the twilight, the figure that Earlescourt mistook for Constance.

"I have found you," Erlescourt exclaimed. "I must speak—I love you—I love you. I will go away, if you bid me; but I must speak first—I cannot endure this—I—"

The words died on his lips, and he stood rooted to the spot; for the figure had turned; and he recognized Florence Treherne. Before he could speak, or Constance, who had also seen this, could escape from the room, Colonel Stretton's voice called:

"Oh, Miss Denby, here is Lady Bolton."

Jack Erlescourt looked back, and saw Constance. The girl gave him one glance of withering scorn, and disappeared, swift and still as a shadow. In another instant, Lady Bolton entered, with several of the guests in her train. A servant followed with lights.

"Oh, Mr. Erlescourt," cried her ladyship. "I have sad news—a telegram has come to me for you. Your uncle is at the point of death. I am not inhospitable, you know, but there's not a moment to lose; and so I have ordered a horse saddled. You will just have time to catch the train. I'll send on your luggage."

There was no time for words. Erlescourt had only a vague recollection of hurried adieus from his friends; of hearing someone say the horse was ready; and of catching a glimpse of Constance Denby on the stairs, as he rushed through the door. But before anything like the power of connected thought came back to him, he was seated in the train, and whirling rapidly onward through the night.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE DAWN.

BY SARAH GERALDINE STORK.

When, in the East, the golden light
Of morning rises clear,
After a dark and stormy night
Of anguish or of fear.

Then brings the dawn a holy calm,
A sense of peace and rest,
As if it owned a mystic balm,
To soothe the troubled breast.

Faint picture of the King who waits
To save the storm-tossed soul.
And once within the long-barred gates,
He makes it ever whole!

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OUR JONESVILLE FOLKS.

No. I.—EBEN LANDERS AND HIS CIDER-MILL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE."

We have had a spell o' uncommon cold weather here; cold enough ter freeze up a warmin'-pan or a Injun. An' the snow drifted to that extent that you could walk about anywheres, right over the fences. Why, a man could take a straight bee-line from the meetin'-house door, an' walk right straight home over line fences, an' gates, an' pickets, an' hen-roosts, an' etcetery, an' so-forth; an' walk right inter his chamber-winder an' go ter bed—if so be that the drifts would hold him up. I am one that scorns exaggerations and lies; which, though some are called white, I never laid eyes on one that wuzn't black as a coal.

But to resoom an' continue on. The winter has ben dretful. Made it 'most impossible to get 'round at all; but truly, it must be a hard road that wickedness an' crime can't stalk through; an' burnin' shames. They have ben here. They got out. They always can.

There is a sight said about intemperance an' liquor-sellin', here in Jonesville. They lecture about it lots, an' preach witherin' sermons on it. An' the leadin' men git together, an' whittle shingles, an' talk by the hour what a disgrace an' burnin' shame it is ter sell liquor. Why, I s'pose loads of shingles have ben whittled up in their arguments. But I have sed to Josiah time an' agin, that there wuz somethin' here, right in this community, that they didn't say nothin' about—that there hadn't ben a single shingle whittled up a-arguin' over—that did more hurt than liquor. An' he'd ask me what it was? An' I'd say:

"Hard cider."

An' he'd kinder "Pshaw" it off, as men will when you attack 'em in a tender place—(he loves hard cider). An' I'd argue further with him, an' he'd "Pshaw" me off agin; an' I'd say ter him:

"You will have ter 'Pshaw' harder than you have ever 'Pshaw'd' yet, Josiah Allen, before you 'Pshaw' that belief out of my head."

I have pondered the subject a sight. I have kep' my eyes open, an' see what it has done right here in this community; an' I can tell you, watchin' the subject as close as I have watched it, an' seein' what I have seen, I have had powerful emotions, an' sights of 'em.

You see, this is a great apple country, an' there is lots of cider made here. Eben Landers runs a big cider-mill, an' makes hundreds o' barrels every year; an' all the folks 'round here, Christians an' world's people, except a very few, all keep it by 'em the year 'round. Eben Landers owns a big orchard, an' it looks beautiful when it is all bloomed out full o' posys; or when it is bendin' down full o' apples, in summer and fall.

An' I have looked at them apple-trees, an' meditated lots an' lots; why I dare persume ter say I have had over forty emotions a minnit—large powerful emotions, too. Why, I have thought that if them sweet pink-an'-white apple posys of his'n, last spring, (jist as innocent an' pure they were, as the smiles of a baby,) yet if them posys had had eyes and could look forward and see what was ter be—could see just what a wicked use would be put ter the apples they was the forerunners an' first courses of—why' if they knew it, I believe they would have thought it was their duty ter crumple their bright leaves right together an' fall right off the tree, an' die, before their sweet life had been given ter nourish seeds of death, an' despair, an' everlastin' ruination.

And them apples of Eben Landers'es—do you s'pose if them apples could have looked forward an' seen the awful things that take place right here in Jonesville—if they could see all the agony, an' lifelong regret, an' remorse they was goin' ter be the innocent cause of—do you s'pose they could have hung up there so serene an' happy, gatherin' all the sunshine an' sweetness of the golden summer days; hangin' there rosy-faced, swingin' back an' forth on the gay south wind, an' lookin' down in the happy young faces that soon they was goin' ter be the ruin of. Why if them apples had known what they was goin' ter be the means of doin', they would have shuddered ter that extent that they would have shuddered themselves right off o' their stems, an' withered up on the ground.

But they wuzn't to blame; not a mite. It wuz Eben Landers. He wuz the man ter blame, though it don't become me, nor any other mortal woman, ter go to work an' condemn him. "Judge not, lest ye be judged." And yet—

I had spoke ter Eben on the subject time an'

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agin; talked ter him jest as good as I knew how; tried ter touch his feelin's; talked pitiful-like an' solemn; an' then agin, skareful. Yes, I have talked perfectly beautiful ter him, an' very powerful. An' glad am I that my conscience is clear, an' my dress-skirts clean. As I said, he makes an' sells barrels an' barrels o' cider every year, an' if report speaks true, he is his own best customer. Of that I'm pretty sure, too, as I'll tell you directly.

He is a big man, and his face is as red as a Spitzenberg apple, kinder bloated out an' full; an' his eyes bein' black, with a sort of a red rim 'round 'em, an' his hair an' whiskers bein' a sort of a light-buff, he would be called by some handsome an' dressy-looking. An' his face does look kinder strikin' an' picturesque, I admit; so many bright colors all together. But I have said there wuz somethin' back of it, an' felt solemn when the subject wuz brung up.

He pertends ter be dretful religious, talks in meetin' a sight. Why, they do say that he'll get a lot o' men that are more than half drunk on his cider a-luggin' an' a-liftin' his cider-barrels inter his suller, an' he'll stand with his hands in his pockets an' exhort 'em, most all the while they are a-luggin' an' a-lifting them kags.

I have said time an' agin that if I wuz in his place. I would give up one o' the two enterprises. I would either give up exhortin' sinners ter turn from their evil ways, or I would give up sellin' 'em the stuff ter make 'em bad, an' drive 'em inter the ways o' wickedness. I would give up preachin' about the heathen, an' a profane generation, or I would stop makin' heathen an' profane sinners.

Why, two glasses o' Eben Landers'es cider will make a feller swear like a pirate, an' prance 'round an' act. Why, I don't believe there has ben a fight in Jonesville for the past five years, but what Eben Landers'es cider has had a hand in it. Little boys an' young lads who would be afraid ter drink liquor, think they can drink cider with impunity an' by the quart. An' they'll get drunk as little fools. An' so after graduatin' in the cider school, they are ready ter be advanced inter the higher departments o' brandy and whiskey.

Eben gets all worked up in protracted meetin' every winter, an' goes 'round exhortin' the neighbors. An' it wuz the very last protracted meetin' we had, he come here one day exhortin', an' I see, the very minute I sot eyes on him, that he had too much cider down him. But I passed the compliments with him, an' sot him out a chair, an' kep' on with my work. I wuz knittin' a pair o' striped mittens for my Josiah. An' he sez to me, and I see as he sez it, that settin' by the hot fire had made him worse. His voice wuz husky an' thick as I ever see a voice in my life, an' I have seen considerable thick ones. Sez he, in that sort of a drunk tone:

"I have come ter labor with you in the cause o' religion: an' before we go any further, I'll take a glass o' cider, if you please."

An' he bowed two or three times, as polite an' foolish bows as I ever laid eyes on, an' repeated agin: "I'll take a drink, if you please."

"Not here, you won't," sez I, firmly. "You have took too much for your good now, Eben Landers."

"No, I take cider for my blood. I have had the consumption in it for a number o' years, an' —an' rheumatiz. An' I'll take a drink of it, if you please."

"Not in this house, you won't. Why you are drunk as a fool now, Eben Landers. That is what ails you. An' I should think you would be afraid of a judgment a-follerin' on after you, for makin' and sellin' stuff that puts anybody in the condition you are in, this very minute." An' I brung up his little William Henry, or Tip, as they call him, an' talked beautiful about him, an' very powerful. About the example he wuz a-settin' him, his only son, an' the awful harm he wuz a-doin' to the young an' risin' generation.

"Yes, liquor's bad—awful! But cider's good. Cider's a good pious bev'rij; it's called so. Crish'n folks use it—Crish'n folks make it—and sell it—it's a good pious bev'rij—Crish'n bev'rij." He said this, half drivellin'.

"Christian bev'rige," sez I, in tones cold as a icicle, with witherin' contempt. "I'd call anything a Christian bev'rige that makes a fool of a man, or a wild beast, accordin' to how much he takes—I'd call it a pious drink."

"Wal, it is pious; it is called so. Nothin' wicked about it. Ain't apples pious—easy entreated? Ain't apples long-suffrin'? Ain't they peaceable? An' I'll take a glass, if you please."

I wouldn't answer him, I wuz that indignant; an' I dropped four stitches in less than a minute, I wuz that agitated, an' by the side o' myself; an' he kep' on, a-praisin' up cider:

"Whiskey's mean—wicked; but cider's different. Why, my cider-mill is as pious a one as I ever see. My cider-mill is peaceable—easy entreated—long-suffrin'—an' I'll take a drink. Gimme a drink," sez he, growin' kinder cross. "Gimme a drink."

"I won't give you a drink—"

"What, not a drink o' cider?" sez he, goin'

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right over an' over agin with his talk, not knowin' enough to sense what he wuz sayin'. "Ciler's innercent; innercent as a babe—a little prattlin' babe; it's called so.".

"Good land," sez I. "Do you s'pose I care what a thing is called?" sez I. "I have seen cider, that three glasses of it would fix a man out so he couldn't tell how many children he had, or brothers an' sisters, no more'n he could count the stars on the zodiact, an' couldn't walk straight and upright no more than he could bump his old head agin the moon. When a man is dead, what difference does it make ter him whether he died from a shot-gun, or billerous colic, or wuz skairt ter death? An' when a man is made a fool of, what difference does it make ter him whether it wuz done by one spoonful, or a dozen, or a quart? By whisky or cider? The important thing ter him is, that he is a fool."

You see, I spoke right out, I was so mad; and he a professor, too.

"Yes," sez he, with as drunken an' foolish a smile as I ever see smole, "an' I'll take a drink, if you please."

But I kep' right on a-eppisodin' ter myself, entirely unbeknown to me. An' sez I: "Oh, how blindered folks are in this matter—good Christian folks, too, some of 'em. An' how Satan must laugh in his sleeves, (if he wears sleeves,) when he gets good Christian folks ter tackle his job o' ruinin' souls, an' let him set down an' rest a spell. Why, it must tickle him most ter death. An' when anyone plants the first seeds o' drunkenness in a person, no matter how good-naturedly it is done, no matter how good the ones are who do it, they are workin' for Satan for nothin', an' boardin' themselves entirely unbeknown ter them; that is, the good ones are; some know well what they are a-doin', an' do it for selfishness an' love o' gain."

But he didn't mind my words a bit; but he sez, sez he:

"Will you gimme a drink?" His tone wuz cross an' surly as a cross bear. An' I jest started for the back stoop, an' hollered for Josiah. Josiah wuzn't there; but I thought I'd make him think he wuz, an' as I come back through the back-hall, I jest ketched hold o' my umberella. That started him. An' he went kinder sideways ter the door, got hold o' the knob, and sez he:

"I come ter labor with you, 'n I don't want ter leave you goin' the broad road ter destruction; but I will," sez he, with a simple sort of a smile, an' as foolish a wink as I ever see wunk, "I will, if you'll give me a drink o' cider," an' he hollered out real loud an' savage: "Gimme a drink."

An' I wuz skairt, not knowin' what he might take it into his head to do, bein' a perfect fool an' a loony. So I sort o' advanced towards him, an' said "Sho!" loud an' skeerful like, an' shook my umberella at him.

With that he started off, an' glad enough I wuz ter see him go. But that wuz not the end of it; for since that, an awful thing has happened here ter Jonesville, an' all along o' Eben Landers' cider-mill. But I will tell you, Mr. Editor, about this some other time.

THE RAILWAY ENGINEER.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

The warrior's fame is often sung,
  And his brave deeds reckoned high;
But the man who stands in the engine-box,
  And sweeps with his watchful eye
The iron track, as it stretches out
  Over hill and foaming stream,
Has a lion heart and powerful hand,
  For he is the king of steam;
And it needs a master will to drive
  And guide his flying team.

Steam, the demon which rules the world,
  And crushes under its tread
The beetling cliffs, the deep ravines,
  The mountain's hoary head—
Steam, which wakes, with fiendish shrieks,
  The dreamer out of his sleep,
And tosses back to the echoing sky
  Its mutterings, hoarse and deep—
But the engineer this mad wild force
  Obedient shall keep.

Through the busy day and silent night,
  He stands the lever beside;
His eye ne'er tires, his limbs ne'er fail,
  In all the breathless ride;
His pride is his engine: he loves it well,
  And it yields to his command,
And bears the train to its destined port,
  With a speed which is simply grand;
And the engineer holds all our lives
  In the hollow of his hand.

One error of his—we shudder to think
  Of what might happen to-day,
If he slept at his post, or his watchful eye
  For a moment were turned away.
Does he think of this? Does his heart beat quick,
  As he sees the "danger" light?
Does he calmly choose to die with his charge,
  Because he deems it right?
Down with his engine, crashing through space,
  Crashing down through the night.

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THE SNAKE-CHARMER.

BY ELEANOR PUTNAM.

I.

In the little sun-parched square, before a Calcutta hotel, a languid entertainment was in progress. It was high noon. The sun was blazing in the heavens. Hot, blistering emptiness prevailed in street and square. It was the hour when none but natives venture forth: the hour when one can only gasp for breath and pray for night.

Yet despite the horror of this breathless noon, in a small unshaded square, a group of white-clad natives squatted on the blistering pavement, giving stolid audience to a juggler and his assistant. They looked on, grave and immovable, in true East Indian fashion. The juggler himself was as sphinx-like as his audience. The great attraction, however, was the juggler's companion, a snake-charmer, a girl, who stood in the midst of the group. She was apparently about seventeen years of age. Her scant white cotton garment had fallen from her dusky shoulders, and hung lightly upon her hips; her arms were raised; and a large snake had wound itself about her body; its flat venomous head lying on her naked breast. The serpent had probably been robbed of his fangs, and rendered torpid by Indian drugs: at least, the girl handled him fearlessly, so to speak, with a degree of pleasure; sometimes she even gave a cold faint smile, as she looked into the eyes of the languid creature. As the exhibition went on, she tied the serpent into knots; she wound it in coils about her naked limbs. Once she uttered a soft contralto note, at the same time giving her body a peculiar tremulous motion; and instantly the serpent stiffened and dropped to the ground as if dead; nor did it stir until the girl bent and raised it, pretending to warm it back to life upon her bosom. At last, at a nod from her master, she dropped the snake, coiled it up deftly, and shut it, with a brace of smaller ones for companions, in a wicker-basket; and so the entertainment was over; and the audience dispersed.

For a few moments after, the two jugglers walked on together, through the squalid streets; then the man stopped, and handed the girl a pais.

"Go where you choose," he said; "but do not fail—do not dare to—to meet me to-night."

He bent his dark face near her, as he spoke, and fairly hissed out the words.

"I shall not fail," said the girl, coldly, turning away.

"Very well," he said, and turning, disappeared down a by-street.

The girl stood and watched him, with her eyes half shut. There was a world of evil under the drooped lips.

"I wish I could sting you, as my goomna could," she said, softly. "You think I have no fangs; you think I am conquered; perhaps you are right, and perhaps—"

She laughed aloud very softly, then turned and went into a café of the poorer class, where she handed her small coin to a white-clad attendant without speaking. Apparently she was well known; for the waiter withdrew in silence, and returned almost instantly with a shallow earthen dish, filled with milk. This he placed on the floor, and then retreated to a safe distance, while the girl released the snakes from their wicker-cage, and allowed them to drink.

"Do you never eat anything yourself, Dukha?" asked the man. "We can give you good food, and as cheap as the cheapest."

The woman smiled.

"Did you never hear of the serpent who lives on air?" she asked. "I am like that serpent. I live on air."

The man stared at her blankly.

"By red Kali," he stammered, uneasily, "I believe you do. You are of one kind, you and those creatures there."

The girl was not displeased. She was aware that the common people feared and doubted her.

"Yes," she said, "you speak well, Miana; we are truly alike, I and the serpents; we never harm our friends. But as to our enemies—"

She drew herself upright, and, throwing back her head, regarded the man a moment through her long, dark lashes. Then she laughed at the evident alarm on his face.

"You are a good little man, Miana; you need not fear me or my serpents," she said, at last, and leaving the shop, bent her steps toward the river. Here she flung herself down on the bank, and fell asleep, under the scant shade of a dusty palm. Nobody molested her, for she was of a class despised, yet feared by all.

She lay on the ground like a bronze statue, as if she had fallen from a pedestal.

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II.

At six o'clock Calcutta awakes and stretches herself. A pure slight breeze blows in from the water, cooling the air, and rustling the dust-choked leaves of the palms and acacias; and the Anglo-Indians rise from their siestas, throw wide their blinds, and appear on their verandahs. The natives come out to lounge and smoke in the doorways; the shoodru class steals forth from arches, alley-ways, and opium hells of the Black Town; traffic wakes; and the streets become noisy with shrill-voiced venders of wine, fruit, water, flowers, uncut gems, and carvings in sandal and ivory. Light strident sounds of East Indian music float from the open cafés; cymbals clash; and the thin treble of the fife mingles with the monotonous throbs of the tom-toms. The Esplanade becomes filled with lounging natives, equestrian officers, sallow-faced English ladies in handsome carriages, and portly Government officials, whose day is about to culminate in turtle soup and old wine. Everybody in Calcutta is awake, and in the streets, to enjoy the pleasant brilliant hour, and add a bit to the moving picture, gay and charming as a dream.

In the crowd, near a fountain, in a noisy square, there stood, a few evenings after our story opens, the Hindoo girl Dukha, her master, and other jugglers. Her master, with much shouting and beating upon the ground with his stick, was sliding some copper rings on and off a woolen cord. The girl, at a little distance, was charming a serpent, and making it dance to her music. Meanwhile, she kept watch on a hooded cobra, which lay on the ground, at her feet. Presently, as the music grew chrill and persistent, the snake began to writhe, and turn its ugly head from side to side. The Hindoo girl played on, waving her toumril. At last, the bits of colored glass, with which it was ornamented, and which glittered in the sun, caught the eye of the cobra. Instantly, it sprang erect; it expanded its hood to preserve its balance; and striving to reach the music and the shining ornaments, swayed to and fro in time to the toumril's notes.

The natives, looking on, loudly applauded.

"She has charmed the deadly goomna," they cried. "Behold, the serpent dances to the music."

But the girl seemed, all at once, hardly to notice her dancing serpent.

Her listlessness had suddenly forsaken her; she was alert, nervous, subtly excited; her eyes were fixed on the door of a neighboring café, where two English officers were lounging, watching the scene before them.

The younger of the two was short, and sturdily built, with a plain, honest face, browned by exposure to fierce suns.

But his comrade was quite different.

The sun probably never shone upon a handsomer man than John Dalmain, in so far, at least, as mere Pagan beauty goes; the beauty of the animal without the soul. And yet he was not without glimmerings of the latter. For he had those rare violet eyes, long-lashed and deep-hued, which some artists give to angels, when they paint them on dull-gold backgrounds; and there was about him a look of innocence, a careless grace, an idle purity of expression, which heaven only knows how he had kept, through five-and-thirty years of such a life as he had led. He had, too, the rare faculty of attracting and fixing love; and Edward Ferris had worshiped him blindly, ever since the old days when they were boys at Rugby; and still worshiped him.

Among the jugglers was one of the better class: a handsome, bronze fellow from the Punjaub, who wore, in addition to the ordinary white cotton garment of the native, a sash of fine crimson thibet about his hips; and in his ears were silver rings.

He had seven tin tubes of various lengths, which he was tossing above his head, with an airy rapidity indescribable; catching one tube, blowing on it a single shrill note, sending it flying above his head, and catching and blowing into another; always keeping six tubes in the air, and the seventh at his lips; the whole thing was done so lightly, so deftly, and with such correct and unfailing swiftness, that the juggler produced an actual melody on his whistles, shrill and unbroken as if played upon the native fife.

"Jove, isn't it amazing!" exclaimed Ferris, heartily.

He nodded approval at the juggler, and flung him a handful of peisas.

"It is astonishing how clever these fellows are," he said, yet even as he spoke, he quite forgot the juggler, and his tune on the flying pipes.

"Look, Dalmain," said Ferris, "there is the serpent-charmer we saw by the river, the other day. Jove, what a figure! Why, she's a bronze goddess."

"I don't see her," answered Dalmain, coolly; but he had been looking at the girl for the last ten minutes. "She must be a Lamia, if a serpent-charmer; not a goddess."

"Don't see her?" said Ferris. "Why, there she is, almost opposite us, by the fountain."

"Ah!" answered Dalmain, with indifference. "I see her now."

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"And don't you recognize her? We met her by the river, you know, the other day. You gave her some money."

"I had forgotten," said Dalmain, indolently. "They all look alike, these Hindoo women."

"At all events, she remembers you. She has been looking at you steadily, ever since I saw her."

"She does me too much honor," said Dalmain, shrugging his shoulders.

Suddenly, the piping juggler, who had been watching them, came up, and said in rapid, broken English:

"It is Dukha the sahib speaks of: is it not? Oh, she is of all women in the world the most beautiful."

His excitement attracted Dalmain's attention. "Was the man jealous?" he said to himself; and a look of lazy amusement came into his eyes.

"But what is she to you?" he said.

The man looked at him suspiciously. "I shall marry her, sahib," he answered.

"Is that so?" said Dalmain. "Are you quite sure, my good man?"

An angry spark crept into the dark eyes of the Hindoo.

"I shall marry her," he repeated, half savagely.

"You speak positively, my friend," said Dalmain. "You should not set your heart upon her. She might die, you know. Such things happen."

The juggler stared at Dalmain, half in rage, half in horror.

A smile played about Dalmain's mouth.

"She might even," he continued, indolently watching the effect of his words, "she might even—for women are uncertain—love some other man."

"I can trust Dukha," said the native, his dark face growing vengeful.

"Do you really now?" smiled Dalmain. "That is good of you; and so you really trust her? And she would not deceive you? You are quite sure?"

The Hindoo's face grew livid; his eyes glowed; his lips worked convulsively.

"You are the black devil," he said, between his shut teeth.

"Really, you know, you flatter me," said Dalmain. Then dropping his jesting tone, and changing it to one of command, he added: "Take your whistles, and move along. I have had enough of this."

The man understood English but imperfectly; he gathered enough, however, to feel that Dalmain had been amusing himself with him. He shot a quick lowering glance at the young officer, and disappeared.

III.

"You are a strange fellow, Dalmain," said Ferris. "Why should you want to torment that poor devil so?"

"It was amusing, for awhile: things are so deucedly dull here," was the reply. "Hillo, Dunagen!"

His greeting was for a jovial young Irish officer, who now rode up on his restless gray mare.

"Dining out to-day, Dunagen?" asked Dalmain.

"Certainly," answered the young Irishman, "at the Chetwyndes. See you there?"

"I believe so. Glad you and Ferris will be there. Rather heavy than otherwise, the Chetwyndes' dinners."

"They'll be a dale cheerfuller, hereafter," rejoined Dunagen. "The'r niece, Miss Penhurst, has just come out from Wales."

"Ah! Lady Chetwynde told me she was coming; but I think she wasn't expected so soon."

"She is no end of a nice gurril," said Dunagen. "She is an orphan and an heiress."

Dalmain laughed.

"Don't pelt us with information any longer, Larry. It is no use. We are wiser than you, though you are full to the muzzle."

"Miss Penhurst is foreordained to belleship," said Ferris. "A pretty young girl from England is a godsend to Calcutta."

"I intend," said Dalmain, "to make great capital of the fact that I knew Miss Penhurst in Lancashire, years ago, when she was in pinafores."

Dunagen laughed, and looked at Dalmain in frank admiration.

"You're a moighty fortunate fellow, Dalmain," he said. "You always have the insoide track of the rist of us. But you're doing nothing now, so come with me, and see Mrs. Dolly Fernald, before dinner."

"Too far, and too dusty," said Dalmain.

"I'll go," said Ferris, briskly. "I left my flute there, last night. Banda!"

He clapped his hands sharply, and a servant appeared, whom he ordered to bring around his horse.

Another moment, and Ferris had mounted, and the two officers, saluting Dalmain, rode away, becoming soon indistinct in the haze of golden dust.

They had hardly disappeared, when Dalmain

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roused himself from his lounging attitude, and made his way directly through the crowd, toward the Hindoo girl, Dukha.

She was standing, with her large serpent wound about her, its head upon her outstretched left arm. In the wicker-basket, at her feet, some small reptiles writhed and struggled. The low sunset glow was all about her. It lighted her dusky hair and eyes, and gilded the bronze of her limbs. It fell and quivered also on the great serpent, and gave it a hideous appearance, as if writhing and crushing, in its fatal embrace, the girl's slender sensuous figure.

"She looks like a bit of the Laocoon done in bronze," said Dalmain to himself, with a sudden thrill, half horror, half esthetic delight in the girl's beauty.

As she saw Dalmain, she dropped her arms, and the great snake fell in loosened coils about her hips. In her eyes was a look of joy and fear mingled.

"I told you," said Dalmain, speaking in the native tongue, very softly and rapidly, "I told you not to come to this square at sunset, did I not?"

"Yes, sahib," answered the girl, humbly. "I would not come, if I could help it. He would kill me, if I did not obey him; to-night he beat me, because I refused to come here."

"If you must come," said Dalmain, coldly, "if you must come here—but put that filthy snake in the basket; you know how I detest the creatures—if you must come, don't stare at me. You made my friend speak of it, to-night, you stared at me in such a way. Did I not tell you we were never to know each other when we met in a place like this?"

Dukha was kneeling on the pavement, coiling her snakes into their cage. She raised her dark eyes to the angry ones above her,

"Yes, you have told me, sahib," she said, "very many times. I would obey you, if I could. I would like always to please you; but I have no power over my eyes. You draw them, sahib. I cannot resist. I am too weak."

She rose to her feet, and gathered her cotton garment up about her naked shoulders. There was a certain dignity about the beautiful half-clad figure; a pathetic look of appeal in the dark eyes.

"I never see you anywhere but here," she said. "Perhaps, if I saw you more times, I should not so greatly trouble you by my staring. I get so hungry for a sight of you. I never do see you, sahib."

Dalmain looked bored.

"You saw me last week," he said. "Don't make me tired of you, Dukha. I suppose you wouldn't like it, if I never came near you, or spoke to you again? If I forgot you?"

A horror of despair swept across the face of the Hindoo woman.

"Come," said Dalmain, more kindly, "you are a good girl, Dukha. Only mind what I tell you; then I shall always treat you well. I am dining out, to-night; but I'll go to see you, at—let me see—after ten o'clock. Be at the old place, and I'll take you on the river, in my English boat. Come, you'll like that, won't you?"

The great and overwhelming gladness in the girl's face seemed to touch Dalmain. He dropped some small coin into her hand.

"You are a good girl, Dukha," he said, once more. "But take better care of your eyes, hereafter; they tell too much; they'll be getting you into trouble, one of these days."

He laughed, and lifted his hat in the English fashion: lifted it with the same careless grace he might have used toward Lady Chetwynde; and then he strolled away, and became lost to the eyes of the Hindoo woman.

IV.

"Are you going to marry Miss Penhurst?"

Dalmain was lighting his cigar at the joss-stick on the table. He puffed once or twice, before turning to his friend.

"Really, Ned," he said, "I have not progressed as far as that. Very likely Miss Penhurst wouldn't have me."

"The fact that she would," said Ferris, gravely, "is patent to everybody, even to poor Dunagen."

"Now, why do you say 'poor' Dunagen?" asked Dalmain, argumentatively.

"Because Miss Penhurst smiles on you and does not look at Dunagen, who is obviously hard hit. He won't fence, won't dance, won't play; and in short—"

"And in short," finished Dalmain, "is making a great ass of himself generally. Well, it is turn and turn about. Dunagen cut me out of my first flame, years ago, in Dublin. She went down without quarter before Dunagen, and I was simply nowhere. Yet nobody ever called me 'poor' Dalmain."

"You're an odd fellow," said Ferris. "I can't half make you out."

"Can't you, really?" said Dalmain, with a mocking devil shining in his eyes. "Well, sometimes, do you know, Ned, I can't half make myself out. I'm deep, like those wells in Tartary."

"I'm afraid you're light, Dalmain."

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"If I am," said the other, airily, "I've a method in my madness. Remember that, Ned, if ever you hear I have gone insane."

Ferris put a hand upon his friend's shoulder, and looked seriously into the careless handsome face. Dalmain shook off the grave, retaining hand, as he might have shaken off a care: lightly, easily.

"I see a sermon in your face," he said. "I ask no better amusement, Ferris; only, just now, I've an engagement to ride with Miss Penhurst and Colonel Chetwynde. Some other time, *s'il vous plait;* meantime, *au revoir* until mess, Ned."

He smiled and struck Ferris lightly on the shoulder, and walked away with the old careless, confident gait, the idle grace that had been the pride of Edward Ferris when they were boys at Rugby.

An hour later, Ferris and Dunagen, from their balcony above the evening crowd, saw Dalmain and Miss Penhurst riding by, with Colonel Chetwynde keeping soberly in the rear.

"Do you think Miss Penhurst is handsome?" asked Ferris, idly.

Dunagen flushed, and then paled. "I should say there could hardly be two opinions as to that," he replied.

His eye followed the riding party, with a gloomy look; and he pulled his fair whiskers savagely.

"Nothing succeeds like success," he said. "Because he always has had whatever he wanted, so he will continue, to the ind of the chapter. The Sultan has only to throw his handkerchief, you see. He will marry Miss Penhurst, and sell out, before three months."

"Well," said Ferris, seriously, "why shouldn't he? She is the only woman I ever knew who was half worthy of him."

Dunagen looked curiously at his friend.

"Ferris," he said to himself, "was not a fool in general; but he seemed to be absolutely blinded, in regard to Dalmain. How could anybody know Mary Penhurst, and not feel that no man, on all God's earth, was worthy of her?" Aloud, however, Dunagen said nothing.

Presently, Ferris called his attention to a Hindoo girl, standing below them in the crowd. It was Dukha, the serpent-charmer.

She was bending slightly forward, with clenched hands and heaving bosom, her dark eyes looking over the crowd, with an evil light under their half-closed lids.

"What a fearful-looking woman," said Dunagen, who had no taste for tragedy. "She looks as if she'd gone mad intirely."

"I'm not half sure that she hasn't," said Ferris, puzzling over her expression. "Have you ever seen that whistling juggler, Dunagen? The fellow who plays on pipes, that he keeps flying in the air?"

"Yes, I've seen him," said the Irishman, without interest.

"He told us, the other day, that he was going to marry this woman. I suppose they call it marriage. Dalmain was chaffing him, no end; I wish you could have heard him."

"The whistling juggler has my sympathy," said Dunagen, "if he marries her. She'll tache him to whistle a new chune, I'm thinking."

Ferris held his hand over the balcony railing, and knocked the ashes from his cigar.

"She has her fate heavily foreshadowed on her face," he said, "as hopelessly as I have ever seen one written."

"It should be an ugly fate."

"Her name," said Ferris, "is Dukha, meaning sorrow."

"A dismal name," said the Irishman, rising. "But good enough, perhaps, for a Hindoo woman. They are all ugly, to my way of thinking. Come on, let us go down. Will you?"

As the officers disappeared, the man whom Ferris had called the whistling juggler came out of the shadow of a neighboring balcony, and spoke to the Hindoo woman.

His face was ashen, and his narrow dark eyes glittered.

"You are mad," he said, swiftly. "You make a spectacle of yourself, for the very dogs to grin at. The whole square jeers at you."

The girl turned slowly, with a look of faint repugnance.

It was curious to observe the complete and sudden change in her manner. This man was weaker than she, because of his love for her. She could play upon his nature at her will, and send him through many moods in a single hour, by a glance from her beautiful eyes, a grudging smile, a trifling frown, a few soft Hindoo words of scorn or favor.

She leaned back against the whitewashed wall, clasping her hands behind her head, and crossing her feet.

"What are you talking about?" she said.

"I am talking," said the man, "of that sahib, I do not know his name; he just rode by with the English girl. You were watching him; I saw you. All saw you."

"Well?" said the woman, stolidly.

The man was becoming maddened by her quiet insolence.

"You treat me like a dog," he said. "I am

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no more to you than the dust under your feet. But I am not to be despised. You will fear me yet. I have followed you many times, you with him. You do not know how and where I have followed you."

The woman turned, and looked at him scornfully a moment.

"You follow us?" she said.

"Let me tell you something," said the man. "Something which I heard to-night, and which is true. The sahib is to marry the English girl, and then they will both leave Calcutta forever. Do you hear? Forever!"

A momentary gleam crossed the woman's face; but she restrained herself with strong effort. She tilted her chin, and became, apparently, intent on the movements of a languid pink flamingo, on a balcony near.

The man became more furious.

"I hate him," he hissed. "He tortures me, when I meet him in the square. He makes me a sport, a plaything. He uses me to show others how clever he is. 'See,' he says, 'how I make this fool writhe and cringe; how I madden him by a word; what power I have to move him;' and he laughs, curse him; yes, and all laugh at the poor, weak, angry Kublass. Ah, by red Kali, I could have leaped at his throat, and sucked his heart's blood like a tiger."

He breathed thickly, his eyes shone, and he drew from his sash a narrow-bladed knife, toying with it nervously.

The woman unclasped her arms, and bending toward him, laid a slender hand upon his wrist. She could feel his fiery pulse throbbing like heart-beats under her fingers. She fixed her narrowed eyes intensely upon his. She spoke slowly and strongly. "But you will never touch him," she said.

The man turned away his face; but instantly looked back at her.

"If ever," he said, "he harms so much as one hair of your head, Dukha, by divine Rama, I will kill him, as lightly as I would kill a lizard sunning on the wall."

He drew himself from her grasp, as he finished speaking, and plunged abruptly down a neighboring by-way.

Dukha crossed the square, to where a native servant, squatted on the pavement, was washing some bean-leaves in a wooden bowl.

"Is there an English ball with you to-night, Mali?" she asked.

"Yes," said the man, "a big ball, Dukha. The officers at the fort give it to the ladies. They have had men here all day, trimming the ball-room. I wish you might see it. Some of the officers have engaged rooms, and will sleep here to-night, instead of going back to the barracks. Oh, it makes a fine lot of money for our house. But one must work himself to death, if he is a waiter."

"Will you let me see the ball, Mali?" asked Dukha.

The servant hesitated.

"If I were sure no one would see you, and blame me for letting a nat into the house," he said, finally. "Ah, you might hide in that corner of the verandah up there. That would give you a fine look at the ball."

"That will do very well," said Dukha. "You are good, Mali."

"You will be sure," said Mali, doubtfully, "not to go into the ball-room with your serpents, or to beg? Your master, Goussain, did not send you?"

"No," she answered, stolidly indifferent to his suspicions, "nobody sent me. I only want to see the ball."

And smiling at him, she moved away.

V.

At one o'clock, the English ball was ended. At two o'clock, there were darkness and silence in the place where had been lights, and flowers, and clash of music. There were no sounds abroad but the rustle of the light cool wind through the damp leaves of the betels and palms, the soft drip of fountain waters in the empty square, and at intervals the sobbing human cry of a jackal, running over the Esplanade. Silence and slumber reigned in the great hotel. In chamber, hall, and balcony, only one waking sentient creature moved.

It was the girl Dukha, stealthily crossing an upper verandah. She was stepping softly, one hand extended, like one who walks in the night. Once she drew back quickly into the shadow. She had caught the clash of copper bells, and a huge black mass moved down the street before her. It was only a soft-stepping elephant, bearing an Indian nabob home from some late revel. The great creature moved on swiftly; its master lay, half asleep, in his swaying hoodah; the bells rang faintly in the distance; and all was quiet again.

Dukha stepped out of the shadow, and crept along the balcony. In a moment, she came to an open window. She crept in, and found herself in the room where Dalmain was sleeping.

With his characteristic disregard of any law but his own will, the young man had drawn a mattress to the window, in order to catch the

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slight breeze which stirred without. In silence, the Hindoo girl stood, looking down upon him. He lay with his head upon his arm. His face was upturned to the white bars of moonlight, which struggled through the thick-leaved vines without. The wind played softly with the rings of hair upon his forehead; his long lashes rested lightly on his cheeks; there was a smile upon his lips; his naked chest rose and fell slowly with his regular breathing. He slept as healthfully, as deeply and peacefully, as if he had been, once more, a little sinless child in far-off England. One would have said a sleeper with so pure a face had never dreamed of passion, or woe, or evil, or of an earthly sorrow.

As Dukha stood looking down upon him, she saw him once more as she had seen him on the balcony that evening. Standing hidden in the shadow, she had seen him hold the hand of the fair English girl; had seen him bend and kiss her lips. "What if I were to kill her?" was the first thought of the Hindoo girl. The next moment, she smiled in self-scorn. "Well, and what if I were to kill her? I cannot kill all the women in the world. I know him well enough to know he cannot love one woman more than through a single moon. He cannot help it. He was made to be so. No. There is another way, a way to make him wholly mine, and forever." And yet she hesitated now, and her glance went slowly around the room. Here and there, the moonlight touched and brought into view the sleeping man's belongings: his gloves and whip, a white handkerchief, a silver flask and glass upon a little stand. The girl's face grew tender at every detail. After all, she loved him. Was she not mad to think of killing him? What would life be worth, if she were never again to see him, never catch a careless smile, never hear a lazy word from his lips? Kill him? What madness!

Her eye fell on a glass, half filled with water, in which a flower hung its head. The moonlight lay full upon it. It was the crimson flower that the English girl had worn that evening in her yellow hair. A fierce flash crossed the face of the Hindoo woman, and her momentary softness vanished. She knelt, opened her basket, and let out a serpent. The horrible reptile did not move at once; but lay torpid and still, upon the matting.

"Come, my Bhut," whispered the girl, "my evil demon, my darling, my black, wicked one, go to work."

She knelt at the sleeper's head, after she had said this, and bent close above him.

"I would kiss you, just once more," she said, only I dare not; I should wake you. In a little time, I can kiss you without fear."

She drew forward a lock of her hair, and waved it toward the lazy cobra; every now and then giving vent to a soft hiss, between her teeth.

As she went on teazing the snake, waving her hair, and smiling a faint, evil smile, the reptile began to shudder, and thrill, and uncoil itself; it shivered and writhed; and finally began to slip softly over the matting, toward the sleeper.

The sleeper, meantime, unconsciously, but as if under some strange spell, moved slightly, and turned and exposed his naked chest more fairly toward the serpent.

Nearer, nearer, it crept; its whole length tremulous with anger. Still the Hindoo woman waved her hair before the sleeper's naked breast. Still she uttered her low, sharp hiss. Nearer, nearer!

The lock of hair struck the cobra sharply, and swung back against the sleeping man. Instantly the maddened cobra arched its neck, and raised itself, supporting its body on its tail; it waved slowly to and fro; its body curved; its neck widened in swelling folds, and the fatal hood enveloped its venomous head; it darted its tongue rapidly in and out; its eyes shone angrily.

At last, and for a moment, it wavered; then suddenly stiffened, and stood like a serpent cast in bronze.

At this, the woman laughed; a laugh so terrible as to frighten even herself, yet so low as not to disturb her victim.

Then, all at once, she hesitated.

She cast a last look on the sleeper; then with a sudden wild impulse, her passionate love overcoming all else, she uttered a low cry, and flung herself forward before him.

The brazen serpent started into life.

VI.

A GROUP, gathered in an upper corridor, attracted Dalmain's attention, as he left his chamber for an early ride, next morning.

"What is the row?" he asked, stopping.

The native servants fell back humbly.

"Salaam," they said, "it promises to be a fine day. The sahib had best not look. It is Dukha, the snake-charmer; one of her serpents has bitten her; see, there is the mark. We found the ugly reptile asleep beside her, and we have killed it."

Dalmain stood, playing with his riding-whip, and looking down at the dead girl.

"It is a pity," he said, slowly. "She was a

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handsome woman. A bad business, this snake-charming. Still, we must all die."

Suddenly, he became aware that the juggler, Kublass, stood by, watching him.

"The sahib speaks truth," said the man, "*we must all die.*"

Dalmain smiled.

"A very handsome woman," he repeated, significantly. "I am sorry she has ended so dismally. It is a pity."

He shrugged his shoulders and went down, drawing on his riding-gloves.

He swung himself lightly upon his horse, and spoke to his servant, who held its head.

"Go up and pack my bag, and take it to the barracks," he said, "and look here: mind you fold my coat better than you did last time; do you hear?"

"Yes, sahib," said the submissive servant, as he gave the horse her head.

Dalmain rode away quite carelessly.

Perhaps he sighed; perhaps it was only the effort to get a full breath in the warm, oppressive air. The woman's death did not lie at the door of his conscience. Or had he a conscience?

And so he rode away.

But a shadow lurked behind him that he did not see; a shadow which skulked, and crept, and ever kept his pace; a shadow that followed always: dark, evil, and unrelenting as fate itself; and soon to find its chance.

It was Kublass, the juggler.

KITTY.

BY HERMAN TREFLEY.

Sweet little Kitty is down by the shore,
Watching the tide, with her lover.
She blushes and flushes, as he o'er and o'er
Keeps telling the same words over.
Over and over he swears to be true.
Ah, Kitty, I cannot believe him—can you?

Sweet little Kitty, she raises a face
So trusting, and child-like, and tender,
While he, looking down, vows always to be
Her lover—her shield and defender.
Longer and longer he begs her to stay.
Oh, Kitty, my poor little bird, fly away.

Poor little Kitty stands down by the shore,
Years long and sad have passed over,
Watching for him who has sailed far away,
For him who was once her lover.
"They say he has found a love that is new,"
She sobbed; "but it cannot—it cannot be true."

Over the sea, on a far distant shore,
Stands—not alone—Kitty's lover.
Another face to his own is upturned,
While he whispers the old words over:
"Oh, darling, I'm true, and my love for you
Is the only love that I ever knew."

Poor little story, I've no more to tell,
For Kitty lies there 'neath the clover;
While he, with the brand of Cain on his brow,
Stands pledged as another's lover.
She is at rest, and I think of the two
I'd rather be Kitty than he—wouldn't you?

Softly the sea plashes in on the shore,
Lightly the waves dash over;
And many have come and have gone since then,
And heard the same tale over—
Heard and believed, till their lover grew cold;
But Kitty is sleeping—my story is told.

A BLOSSOM SONG.

BY LUCY M. BLINN.

Roses, roses—who will buy
Pretty roses, fresh and sweet,
Gathered while the daylight crept
Up the sky with shining feet?
Buy my pretty roses, dear,
And I'll tell you something true;
Kiss the blossoms for your love,
And your cheeks will steal their hue.

Pansies, pansies—buy, oh buy,
Velvet pansies, with a trace,
On their upturned sunny leaves,
Of a roguish laughing face.

Buy my darling pansies, sweet,
And a charm I'll whisper you.
Lay the blossoms next your heart,
And its dreams will all come true.

Lilies, lilies—who will buy,
Royal lilies, pure and cold
As the drifted winter snows,
Save their quivering hearts of gold?
Buy the stainless blossoms, dear,
And I'll whisper something true:
Heart of gold, and spotless truth,
Someone waits to ask of you.

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OUR MUSIC PROFESSOR.

BY MISS F. L. WEAVER.

A FEW of us were sitting in the parlor, at the Young Ladies' Seminary in K——, when Kate Somers burst into the room, in a state of great excitement.

"Well, girls, what do you think has happened?" she said.

"What?" we all exclaimed. "Do tell us. Quick."

"Well, my beloved colleagues," she said, "know, that His Royal Highness, Herr Professor Karl Streicher, has absolutely had the audacity to rap Mademoiselle Arabella Gordon Dwight's knuckles, with his ivory pencil, while she was taking her music-lesson, this afternoon. There! Did you ever hear anything so impertinent?"

We were all struck dumb, each thinking in her heart: "It may be my fate next;" for we all held the "little Professor" in fear.

"How did you know about it, Kate?" presently Alice asked.

"Why, I was coming through the hall, and just passing the music-room door, when I heard loud talking, and recognized Arabella's voice. I heard her say, in a high key: 'I am going to tell Professor Bates all about it, immediately;' and the door flew open with a bang, and out rushed the indignant Arabella in tears. Little Streicher followed her quickly, his black eyes snapping, and those white locks of his bristling in a way we don't any of us relish. 'Put, Meess Dwight, von minute, von leetle minute, und I vill exblain,' he urged. But Arabella would not listen, and hurried along to the library. She just had time to tell me about it, before Professor Bates opened the door. What will be the upshot of it, I'm sure I don't know. Arabella will make out a pretty good story, she hates him so."

We talked the matter over, till the bell rang for tea. We were all inclined to take the affront home to ourselves, and expend our sympathies upon Arabella: all but Alice. She said Arabella had provoked him beyond endurance almost, ever so many times, and no doubt there was some excuse in this case, when he had lost control of himself at last.

Alice had always befriended the "little Professor," as we called him, since the first day he stood before the class, clasping and unclasping his nervous little hands, while he scanned each one of our faces with his keen black eyes. He was a singular-looking man; his hair snow-white, and combed straight back from his broad forehead, with no part in it; he had a way of running his fingers through it, with spasmodic jerks, whenever he was excited or angry; and it did not take us long to learn what these quick movements foreboded. Indeed, some of us could, after awhile, tell just how many gestures of that kind would be needed, before the storm would burst over our heads.

Professor Streicher could not have been more than forty-five; and it was his white hair, taken with his youthful vigor and fiery eyes, that made him look so strange. He taught German, besides music, in the Seminary; and he played the organ in the Episcopal chapel close by, the most fashionable church in K——. Some of us often used to go into the chapel, towards night, while he was practicing. He delighted in Bach and Handel; and there was something grand and impressive to us about those mighty musical creations, played in that masterly way, at that quiet hour. with the setting sun streaming in through the stained-glass windows, in long, slant rays. Thoughtless and frivolous as we were in many ways, the deep places in our natures were stirred by Professor Streicher's music.

We almost always found Miss Dudleigh in the chapel, at this time, crouched up in a corner of one of the dark old-fashioned pews. Miss Dudleigh was passionately fond of music. She was our composition teacher, and a great favorite with us all. A quiet, demure little person, young enough to understand our romantic school-girlishness; with something both sweet and sad in her face, and a gentle, child-like, winning way, that the hardest heart could not withstand. Yet she did not lack force; at times there was even vehemence manifested in her character.

If it had not been for Miss Dudleigh, we should probably never have known the result of the little Professor's ebullition of temper. She happened to be in the library, assisting Professor Bates about something, when he came to explain the matter to the Principal; and she told us all about it.

"Meess Dwight, she haf no idea of musick," he said. "She dry to blay Mozart, und she haf no care, no luf for him in her heart. I dry mein

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pest to show her ze vay; put she vill not care; she look around ze room, und she blay mit her shain und her golt rings. Zen I get angry; I get very angry, und I lose meinself; und I say: 'Meess Dwight, you vill kill me; I s'all pe crazy; I gannot stand up under dis. You tink so much of von young ladee dat is Meess Dwight, dat you haf no zoul for someting more. Der is no musick in you anyvere;' und I pring mein pencil, dis leetle pencil, town upon her vite hands und golt rings; ze hands dat do murder mein Mozart," and the irate little man folded his arms and threw back his head with quite a tragic air, and stood awaiting his sentence.

"Professor Bates was so amused," Miss Dudleigh said, "that he could hardly keep from laughing." Nevertheless, he mildly admonished the music-professor for giving way to his temper. He made him apologize to Arabella, and instituted Miss Dudleigh as watch and guard over the music-lessons henceforth.

We became used to seeing her quietly seated by the window, her head bent over some light sewing-work for Mrs. Bates or the children. We felt a comforting assurance in her presence. Not that the Professor's temper was always in a turmoil. He had days when he was perfectly delightful. But the sleeping lion was roused so easily, at such short notice, that we felt much safer to have Miss Dudleigh within reach. As soon as he began to get impatient, he would walk up and down the room, uttering little disagreeable guttural sounds of dissatisfaction; but a few quiet words from her, or an appealing look, would serve to keep him in check.

About this time, Miss Dudleigh began to take private lessons in German of him, so that she could teach the younger classes; as he had more than he could attend to. She had her lesson in the library, every evening; and meeting her, once or twice, coming out, when the hour was over, I noticed how much brighter and prettier she looked than in the daytime. I noticed, too, that she often now put a fresh, bright-colored ribbon at her neck, after tea, which relieved her plain gray dress, and was very becoming to her. We girls began to speculate, and to wonder if her sweet attractive ways would make any impression upon the little Professor. A few of us had a sort of a lingering pity, in our hearts, for him; he seemed so alone in the world; with no one to take any special interest in him, outside of our school; and he was such an impractical, irresponsible, one-sided sort of a man. There was something about him which awakened sympathy, in spite of all his faults.

I met Miss Dudleigh, one evening, coming upstairs, after her German lesson, her eyes wet with tears.

"What is the matter, Miss Dudleigh?" I asked, with my usual bluntness. "You have been crying."

"Yes," she answered, gently. "I have been listening to a very sad story, to-night; and it made me cry. Oh, Anna, I wish the girls would try and be patient with Herr Streicher, and not vex him as they do. I know he is impatient and irritable; but he has had a great deal to make him so, in his hard life." And then she went on upstairs, leaving me surprised and curious.

The vague suspicion that had been hovering over my mind lately, grew, in the next few moments, into large proportions, and assumed something like stability.

It was some weeks after this, just before the close of the term, that Arabella Dwight came into my room, one night, with an exultant look in her face.

"I've done it, at last," she said. "Now that abominable old professor will have to leave; I know he will. Professor Bates will never hold out against papa."

"What are you talking about?" I asked, in astonishment.

"My dear girl, you are the most innocent of mortals. Did you suppose I was going to submit to Herr Streicher's insulting treatment any longer than I could help? Ever since that day he struck my hand, he has been perfectly exasperating. At first, he was very polite and cool, and I congratulated myself that I was getting on very well with him; then after a little, he began to scold again, and to stalk up and down the room, muttering to himself. Last Friday, he said to Miss Dudleigh, loud enough for me to hear: 'Vot s'all I do mit her? She vill kill me mit her blaying; she know not how to blay; she nevare vill know; she haf no zoul for musick.' I was so angry, I slammed my book down on the piano, and said I never would play another note to him, as long as I lived. 'Dat is vell,' he said, loftily, and I came out. I went straight to my room, and wrote home to papa; and told him he must tell Professor Bates about it, and I must have another teacher. I have just got the answer to my letter, and there was a note in it for Professor Bates. Papa is very indignant, and says if that horrid man is not dismissed, I shall leave school—so there!"

I was so surprised, I could hardly speak. Pity for the little Professor rose first in my heart, and then I thought of Miss Dudleigh. I doubted not for an instant that Professor Bates

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would send him away; for he was a thoroughly prudent and politic man, and Arabella's father was one of the wealthiest of his patrons. Besides, there were three younger daughters in the family, whose education would probably be given into his charge, if he succeeded in turning out Arabella as accomplished a young lady as her aristocratic friends could desire.

It was as I conjectured. Professor Bates did not dare to act in opposition to Mr. Dwight's wishes. He assured that worthy parent, that he had for some little time questioned in his own mind whether Professor Streicher was exactly the one to instruct young ladies upon the piano. He was too exacting, although thoroughly skilled, and a master of his art. Mr. Dwight need not give himself any uneasiness in regard to the matter; the Professor should be dismissed forthwith, and his place more satisfactorily filled.

And then he sent for the offending little Professor Streicher, and they had a long interview in his private study. I well remember the time. I had gone down into the school-room for a book, and found Miss Dudleigh there, sorting over some papers and compositions. We came out into the hall together, and turned to go upstairs. Just then, we heard the study-door above open, and Professor Bates saying to someone:

"I am very sorry, as far as I am concerned personally. But I must consult the welfare of my pupils before all else. I sincerely hope you may soon obtain a permanent lucrative position elsewhere—"

"I understandt, sir, I understandt," interrupted a familiar voice. "I haf done mein pest to teach ze young ladees. I must always do vot I tink be right for musick, und I gannot shange mein mettod, wein vay to teach musick, pecause some of ze young ladies not like mein vay. It pe all very right. I hope you vill get somevon to zuit dem petter den I haf done. Gute-nacht," and his step approached the stairs.

Miss Dudleigh grasped my arm tightly, and turned so pale, that I thought she was going to faint.

"You go right up," she said, hurriedly. "I must speak to him."

There was nothing left for me but to obey. I know that I ought to have gone straight to my room; but when I got to the head of the stairs, I could not help stopping there to listen, trembling guiltily all the while. I saw Miss Dudleigh take one of the little Professor's hands between her own, and raise an imploring pitiful face to his.

"Oh, what does this mean? Are you going away? Must it really come to that?" she said, while tears ran down her cheeks.

He looked at her steadily, trying to understand what it meant. His answer was very gentle.

"Vy, Meess Dudleigh, vot you cry for? Is it den so much to you dat I go avay? I gannot zuit ze young ladees. I know not how to be soft und bleasant in mein vays. You haf peen mein true freund, all ze time I haf peen here, und I s'all nevare forget dat."

By this time, poor Miss Dudleigh had flung herself into one of the huge carved chairs, always standing in the hall, and was sobbing bitterly.

"If you only knew how—how much I shall miss you," she said, between her sobs. "If I could only tell you how I—I—have almost lived on your mu—music; and now that is all to be taken away from me—"

He stood looking down at her with a perplexed face. He could not, at first, believe—little, innocent, unsuspecting man—that this display of feeling could really be for him. He longed to speak some comforting word; but the right word would not come in English. At last she lifted her head.

"Why must you go?" she said, vehemently. "It is cruel to send you away like this, when you have done nothing to merit it. And you have no other place to go to—"

"Put, Meess Dudleigh, ze vorld is large. I can find anodder blace to teach, mitout von doubt, und if I gannot, it vill be not harder for me dan for many anodder man."

"Oh, yes," with a sudden change of feeling. "You will find a place, of course, and at once. You will gain a high position; people will look up to you, and praise you; you will win fame and powerful friends; and then you will forget all about us, and all the pain and trouble we have caused you."

And her sobs broke forth afresh.

"Meess Dudleigh, vot does it matter about all ze rest? It be only you dat is sorry for me; ze odders be not sorry," he said, in quite a low tone, so that I had to listen very intently, to catch the words. "Vould you care some—vould it make you more sorry, nevare to see your old Professor again?"

She did not reply immediately, and he repeated the question, more eagerly.

"Vould it make some difference to you, Meess Dudleigh? Tell me, vould it hurt you, if you s'all nevare zee mein face again?"

"Yes," she answered, in a weak, trembling voice, but not looking up.

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We waited, for an instant, as if expecting her to say more; but as she remained quiet, with her face hidden in her hands, he suddenly leaned over her, and said, with deep emotion:

"Vell, den, Meess Dudleigh, vill you be villing to come out into ze vorld mit me, und togedder re s'all find a blace to vork und be habby? Do you tink you can care so much for von poor man, dat haf noting in ze vorld, only put his pig heart to gif; und dat s'all be all for you?"

She lifted her face, and seizing his hand, pressed it to her lips.

"It is like you," she said. "I thank you for your great kindness and generosity. But I must not let you take upon yourself such a burden as I would be. It will be hard enough to fight your own way, with no drawbacks. I thank you a thousand times. But I think we had better remain just true and steadfast friends. Perhaps we can help each other best so."

"Ees it kindness you call it—generosity? Only dat? It be not dat, at all. I haf not kindness; I haf luf, great luf for you, in mein heart. Und you tink you vill be von—vot you call him, burden to me? It pe not so. Meess Dudleigh, it pe not so. Dis life haf given me put leetle plessing till now; put if mein Gott gif me your luf, it vill pe plessing enough. It be all I vant in ze vorld."

She was smiling now, a radiant, happy smile, which he must have construed favorably; for without giving her time to say anything, he exclaimed, in glad tones:

"Mein own true luf, for evermore. Noting nevare s'all part us now."

I leaned far over the banisters till they creaked with my weight, to see what came next. They seemed to be only standing there, clasping each other's hands, and gazing into each other's eyes. Suddenly, Herr Streicher started towards the stairs, drawing her towards him gently.

"Come mit me, mein own von. Ve must tell ze Professor all dat dis night haf done for us," he said.

When we came back, after the holiday vacation, we found a sleek, light-haired, amiable-looking young man in the little Professor's place.

Arabella and most of the other girls thought him splendid; he encouraged them so much, and was so polite and patient. For my part, I could not take as much interest in my music as formerly; and I missed the "zoul" in the new teacher, which Herr Streicher considered so necessary for a true musician.

The girls were all much surprised to find Miss Dudleigh gone also; and still more surprised were they to learn, that on Christmas Day she had been married, in the chapel, with only Professor and Mrs. Bates for witnesses, to Herr Streicher.

Three months after her marriage, I had a delightful letter from her. She and her husband were living in New York; had taken two pleasant rooms on East Seventeenth Street; the Professor was organist in a church near by, with a very good salary; was also a first violin at the Opera House, where he had to play every night through the opera season. They were like two joyous, happy children, she said.

TO A BLUE CHINA PLATE.

BY MAUDE EWELL.

Encircled by its bordered rim,
  A wondrous landscape here I see;
  Like those that sometimes puzzle me
In dreamland visions, quaint and dim.
With houses floating in the sky,
O'er river-banks and tree-tops high.

A lofty castle rises near,
  O'ershaded by a loftier tree,
  Hung thick with—apples they must be,
That big as pumpkins do appear.
When fruits are ripe and breezes blow,
I'd venture not to walk below.

Across a bridge three mermen go,
  A-walking on their fishy tails,
  (Which prove they're mermen,) slows as snails,
They creep along. I'd go below,
If I were one, and take a swim,
Where azure water stretches dim.

That distant mountain fain would stand
Upon its head in frolic mood;
  You boat, that skims the airy flood,
Is by one single rower manned,
Who sailing for—perhaps the moon—
Rows gayly with a tablespoon.

My china plate, whene'er I gaze
  On you, what fancies you recall.
  Gay mandarins, so grand and tall;
Fair ladies from a flowery maze,
With waving fans and tiniest feet,
Peep slyly forth, my glance to meet.

The "monarch of ten thousand isles"
  Holds court in yonder tower, perchance;
  What visions of a quaint romance,
What marvelous splendors, courtly wiles,
What scenes of dignity and state,
Suggested by my china plate.

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RULE OR RUIN.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1882, by Miss Ann Stephens, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.]

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CHAPTER IV.

OVER the great entrance-door of Forsborough Castle a hatchment was placed, subdued in all its gorgeous colors by the softening influence of time, and gleaming hazily through the storm-clouds that still overhung the vast building, wrapping its grim walls and battlements in funereal shadows, and turning the sea from land to horizon into lead.

A road ran along the coast separating the gnarled and weather-beaten trees in that portion of the park from the rocky shore, against which the still restless waves were beating and swelling back, with sobs and moans that seemed almost human.

Along this road stretched a black rivulet of mourners, following the hearse, with its nodding plumes and coal-black horses, as it slowly mounted to an eminence overlooking the sea, whereon stood a low stone chapel, whose vaults had for generations been the burial-place of the Forsboroughs.

As if the very elements themselves had formed into a garniture of mourning, the clouds had lowered over the castle and this old church, since the death of that powerful man; but as his coffin was borne into the chancel, a beam of sunshine burst through the ragged masses, and struck full upon the crimson pall. It fell full also on the face of the chief mourner, whose slender frame and fair delicate features formed a remarkable contrast to what the old lord had been in his youth. No deep expression of grief appeared upon the young man's countenance; he was simply grave, sad, and evidently impressed by the solemnity of the scene. When the ceremonies were concluded, and the coffin was carried towards the entrance to the vault, his eyes followed it with a strange regret, as if he alone of all those present were not the person on whom the greatness of the departed had fallen.

The crowd dispersed, slowly, silently, as clouds are scattered from a lowering sky. Some few of the most important personages of the neighborhood gathered in groups, and spoke together in low voices; but to the larger number the young Earl was a stranger, and he returned to the castle almost unaccompanied, except by the lawyer who had been summoned on the night of the old lord's death.

This person, with a quiet gravity of demeanor which rendered the action in itself excusable, was about to enter the castle in company with its new master, who, however, dismissed him with a few courteous words expressive of a desire for solitude, and passed directly on to his mother's room.

Here, he found the lady draped in mourning, with both hands folded in her lap, as if striving for an appearance of resignation, which she was incapable of really feeling.

She started up on the appearance of the young man; but sat instantly down again, checked in her movement by the extreme solemnity of his face.

"Is it over?" she asked, with a quick anxious look. "Is it over?"

He bent his head, and replied, slowly:

"Your husband is at rest now."

"And you, my son, are the Earl of Forsborough," she answered, and though she strove hard to subdue it, a ring of exultation sounded in her voice.

The young man, struck by her tone, looked at her steadily, almost rebukingly; then, as if some almost forgotten circumstance connected therewith came suddenly to his mind, he exclaimed:

"Mother, how is this? It seemed to me once before as if you were almost rejoicing over the old man's death."

"If that were true, my son, surely, surely you should not be the one to reproach me?" she said, in a voice half angry, half apologetic.

The young man drew a chair close and sat down, fixing his eyes full upon her as he asked:

"What do you mean by this, mother? I have never seen you in this state before; but then I have never till now seen you under the influence of a great sorrow."

"Sorrow?" she repeated. "Sorrow? Ah, you do not understand—how should you? Can

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any man living comprehend the depth and force of a mother's love?"

"I have always thought I did," he said, gently.

"Because I have been kind to you, proud of you, and loved you as any mother might," she cried, shaking her head impatiently; "but all that is nothing compared to what I could do—to what I have done, for you."

"To what you have done? What more could any son ask than that which you have always given me—tenderness, and the most devoted care?"

"Ah, how little you know of the overpowering ambition which has made you its object from your cradle up, and which culminated when that old man was put into his tomb," she broke forth, still more impatiently. "You will never know—never dream—the fear, the anxiety, the terrible effort I made in your behalf with him who was what you are now—the Earl of Forsborough."

He gazed at her for an instant in astonishment, then reaching out his hands and taking both hers, he said:

"Indeed, mother, I begin to think I do not understand! Either this solemn event has disturbed your mind, or there is something which should be explained. Tell me why it is that you should have been so anxious in regard to my future? That certainly was assured before you married Lord Fausbrook, for even then I was the heir presumptive."

"Presumptive! but how many men, born with prospects as high as yours, have had their hopes suddenly dashed from them by some unexpected folly on the part of the man who stood between them and greatness!" she cried, with that uncontrollable impatience breaking out in face and voice.

"Folly?" he echoed, wonderingly.

"Yes—a disappointed man's folly for a pretty face! And I wrecked myself, in an attempt to save you from the consequences of such an insanity, by marrying the man whom you have just laid in his grave."

"Wrecked yourself? That is a strange expression, mother, to come from the lips of a woman who has been hardly one week a widow," he answered.

"Yet who, during that one week, has been able to breathe freely for the first time in years!" she cried, with a passion which startled her listener all the more from its contrast to her ordinary calm demeanor.

The young man looked earnestly in her countenance for an instant, as if almost doubting her sanity; then turning away from the unnatural glitter of the light-blue eyes, lifted one hand to his face, and sat silent for some moments.

Presently the woman reached out her slender white fingers and touched his, saying softly:

"Arthur, my son! Why, why is it that you take up this great good fortune in this spirit? You did not love the old man—"

"I am beginning almost to think that I did," interrupted the youthful Earl. "He was cold, reserved—sometimes fairly repellant to me in his manner—"

"I know he was," she broke in, "and I know why—because he hated you—hated you as only a proud man can hate the son of a successful rival."

Again the young man turned and fixed his eyes upon her; and now there was an assumption of authority she had never seen there before, which found expression too in his voice, as he said:

"You have spoken to me of sacrifices you have made—of troubles of which I have known nothing—they must have been great indeed, when their removal can have wrought this remarkable change in my usually tranquil mother!"

"Great?" she echoed. "Do you think it is nothing, that after I had married the man I loved, and been left a widow, to be forced for the sake of my son to essay to regain my old power over the rejected lover of my youth? Yet that was what I had to do—ay, to flatter, cajole, put forth every art a woman can employ; and all, all to hinder you from sinking into the obscurity which must have been your portion, had he wedded another."

"Mother," he cried, in a voice sharp with sudden pain, "do you mean that you did not love that man whose kindness for you was unbounded?"

"You didn't know him," she answered, with a sort of weak bitterness. "You didn't know him! He never forgave me for having preferred your father to himself—he never believed that I learned really to love him; though there was nothing in human power that I left undone in order to convince him of it."

"Then you did love him, at last," exclaimed the Earl, with a sudden light breaking over the sadness of his face.

"No—no—no!" she cried. "Now, now I am free to say that, and it is the first happiness of my widowhood."

The Earl started to his feet, walked quickly up and down the room several times; then paused before her with his delicate features hard and set, and addressed her in a voice low and clear, but more startling to the woman than any exhibition of violent anger could have been.

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"When for my father's sake you refused the man we have just buried, he was not the Earl of Forsborough; two elder brothers stood between him and the title, if I remember rightly?"

"Yes, he was a younger son," she answered, regarding him with a certain wonder, quite incapable of comprehending the bitter irony in his tone and words.

"And my father represented the wealth and importance of a lateral branch of the family?" he said, questioningly. "Him at least you loved?"

"It was no mesalliance, Arthur," she replied. "He owned a fine estate; was not hopelessly removed from a chance of succeeding to the title, since neither of the three brothers was married; and besides, he was so—so handsome!"

"Ah," cried the young man, with a half laugh that held both pain and a sort of pity. "At last we come to a reason which any woman would own a convincing one."

Again she gave him a wondering glance, as if striving to understand what his tone and words really signified; and he, made conscious by her scrutiny how openly he had betrayed the shock this new revelation in her character had been to him, averted his head quickly to hide what his face betrayed.

"Yes, any woman would naturally," she said, in a slow satisfied tone, and after a little pause added: "I was happy, very happy; but I never knew the fullest depths of feeling of which my nature was capable until you were born, my son."

Her voice had deepened; her soft, inexpressive features caught a glow of enthusiasm, which rendered her almost handsome; but the young Earl was not looking at her, though as she finished her sentence, he laid his hand caressingly on her shoulder, saying, thoughtfully:

"Yes. I have read and heard that with some of your sex the maternal instinct is the strongest passion they ever know."

"My love for you swallowed up every other feeling; it grew with your growth, and strengthened with your strength," she hurried on. "I had no hope, no thought, no ambition, but for you and your future. I swore an oath, that at any sacrifice, any cost, you should one day be the Earl of Forsborough."

"Mother," he exclaimed, and his utterance of that one word held such pain and horror, that a sensitive woman would have shrunk away, roused to shame, if not penitence. But she did not notice. In ordinary seasons, her phlegmatic temperament rendered her intuitions far from keen; but now she was blind and deaf, because the slow blood in her veins had quickened to fever-heat under the violence of the emotions which for days had consumed her; the consciousness of triumph, and added thereto the exquisite sense of freedom it gave her to be able to speak and act freely at last; she, who had patiently played a part for so many weary years. She could not have checked this outburst if she would; but it never occurred to her to try; even had she labored under no excitement, she would have been incapable of comprehending that her words could pain or shock him.

"Yes, I swore an oath," she cried, "and I have kept it well. No woman ever acted a more difficult part, or filled it more successfully. I told you Lord Fausbrook went mad over a pretty face; but I did not despair—not for an instant. And I succeeded. I swept every obstacle aside as easily as one would a cobweb; and I married him—married him—for you, for you."

She broke off with a low laugh, which to her son's ears was a sound more dreadful than a death-shriek from her lips would have been. This awful moment seemed positively to have dug a gulf between him and the past, so wide that in all time to come it could never be bridged over. He had known his mother for a weak woman—an artful woman, though he had believed her craft sprang from cowardice, not wickedness; but he had loved and respected her; closed his eyes to her faults, or when he could not, found excuse therefor; but now—now. The mother he had loved did not exist; his filial tenderness and homage had been lavished upon an ideal; and here before him he saw the reality: a nature so lost to all good instincts, that it could openly exult over its own degradation, since that degradation had purchased success.

"My God, oh, my God!" she heard him mutter, and even then she did not understand.

"Ay," she cried, "you may well wonder at me, weak and frail as I am, to have had the nerve to carry out unflinchingly so bold a plot; but I did it; my love for you gave me strength—I did it, and now I have my reward. Lord Fausbrook, I congratulate you—"

"Stop," he exclaimed, in a voice harsh and grating as iron smiting against iron. "Stop—if not for your sake or mine, then for the honor of womanhood—stop! You congratulate me? Why, I'd rather be the poorest beggar in the streets than wear this title you have bought for me at such a price—"

"I would pay it again," she broke in. "What do you mean by such language? Are you mad?"

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"I wish I were," he answered, "I wish I were."

"And this is the way you thank me!" she said, a flush rising in her cheeks and spreading up to her forehead, where it lay like a red cloud. But her emotion did not go beyond resentment. She was as unable to feel shame as she was to understand his horror and disgust. "This is the way you thank me—me who have struggled, toiled, cheated, waited—yes, sold myself, to give you greatness."

"Oh, madame, what man do you take me for, to think that I can endure greatness purchased by a mother's disgrace—aye, disgrace? The nameless creature that sells her soul to obtain release from poverty might find pardon; the girl led into sin by the weakness of her heart might excite pity; but for the woman who deliberately barters her hand for a worldly prize, whether to be worn by herself or given to her son, there is no excuse possible; for she makes perjury before God the legal crown of her dishonor."

His voice died in a long gasping breath; he flung up his hands, with a despairing gesture, and dashed down the length of the great room. At the door, he paused, and glanced towards her. She was leaning back in her chair; but already the glow of anger had died out of her face; the look of wonder had returned, and mingled therewith an expression of terror, as if a dread of physical violence had been uppermost in her mind, while listening to his mad tirade.

"Mother," he groaned—hurried back to her side—stooped, about to press his lips to her forehead; but he could not bring himself to do it. He laid his clasped hands for an instant on her head, crying: "May God forgive you your work—may he and you forgive me."

Before she could move or speak, he was gone.

CHAPTER V.

The young Earl passed down the great corridor towards his own room. As he reached the picture-gallery he noticed—as one observes, in moments of intense mental excitement, the most trivial things—that the double doors were standing partially open. He entered half mechanically, and stood gazing about in the dim light, at the faces of his ancestors that looked sternly down on him as if he were an intruder upon the scene.

He went closer towards the side of the chamber where the portraits hung, and when he saw that among the whole line not a picture belonging to his own special branch of the family found a place—not even one of his own father—the feeling of intrusion grew so strong that in his agitated mood it seemed to him he must escape from the chill regards which Crusader, mitred abbot, soldier, and statesman alike appeared to bend upon him.

Half smiling at his own foolish fancies, he turned to go, when the sound of a low sob struck his ear. He looked down towards the end of the gallery, and saw old Gibbs crouched in an arm-chair before the portrait of the late Earl.

The young man walked quickly forward, and laid his hand on the servant's shoulder, saying kindly:

"Gibbs, I'm afraid it is too cold for you to be sitting here—you will get chilled through."

"It is not so cold as the place where we left him," returned the old man, in a hoarse, tired voice. "And as for me, the chill is at my heart; you can't warm that."

"My poor Gibbs!" the young Earl said, sympathizingly, longing to find some words of comfort, and feeling keenly as any sensitive nature must in the presence of irremediable grief, that any spoken effort at consolation can only prove an additional pain.

"My poor Gibbs!"

The old man was sitting with his head bowed upon his breast; he lifted it now.

"Oh, my lord—I beg your pardon—I heard what you said, but I did not notice who spoke."

He tried to rise, but the Earl pressed his shoulder more heavily to prevent him, saying:

"No, no; sit still—sit still! You must be fairly worn out—you have given yourself no rest during this last mournful week."

"I shall have time enough for that. There will be nothing more to do for him, and nobody else needs me—nobody!"

Gibbs answered in a voice that sounded fairly querulous. He waved his hand towards the portrait as he spoke; then turned his head away with a stifled sob.

"Your services were never more needed, you may be certain," the Earl said, kindly. "Nobody can take charge of the household but you—why, I am only afraid there will unavoidably be too much put upon you."

He had touched the right chord; the look of gratitude which crept over the worn face, and shone in the weary eyes raised quickly to his own, proved this; and he added, patting the old man's shoulder with a gentle, caressing movement:

"Why, my mother will be wanting your advice at every turn; and I myself have so many things to ask you that I hardly know where to begin."

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As the Earl mentioned his mother, a bitter smile flitted across the old man's lips; but as the sentence ended, he looked up, saying:

"What do you want to ask me, Mr. Arthur?—I beg your pardon—I mean my lord!"

"I like the other name best; I'm not used to the new one yet," the Earl answered. "But come—this room is very chilly; I strayed in by accident; and do you know, all these stern-faced ancestors of mine seemed to frown their displeasure at my intrusion; as if they longed to tell me it was not my place."

"Whose should it be, if not yours?" demanded the old man, sharply. "But they all belonged to the elder branch," he added, with a gesture towards the long line of portraits, while his eyes fastened again for an instant on the picture of his beloved master; then turned towards the youthful face bent with such kindly solicitude upon him. "You are not a bit like he was at your age; and yet, somehow I see a family likeness. I'm glad of that!"

"I should be proud to think there was a resemblance between us in other things," Arthur said. "He was a man of sterling worth."

"The best man that ever lived!" exclaimed Gibbs, with sudden energy. "He may have had his faults; I don't know; but for all that—the best man that ever lived!"

He buried his face in his hands as he spoke; a nervous trembling shook his whole frame, and a low, dry sob sounded in his throat.

"You must not sit here any longer; I feel chilly already. Let us go where there is a fire. I believe these great vaults of rooms would be cold even in midsummer," Arthur said.

"They will always seem cold to me now," Gibbs answered, with a fresh sob in his voice; then he roused himself and added, with a piteous smile: "You are very good to me, Mr. Arthur—I feel it, sir, I feel it! Did you say you wanted a fire? There's one in yonder." He pointed towards the doors of the tower-chamber, which had been the sleeping-room of the late Earl. "I lighted it myself a little while ago. Somehow I couldn't bear to see the room look so dismal."

His young master assisted him to rise, forced him to lean upon his arm, and they passed along the gallery, whose stone flags echoed sepulchrally under their tread. The Earl closed the doors behind them, as they entered the chamber, drew a chair towards the hearth, and made Gibbs sit down; then he went to the windows, drew aside the heavy curtains, and the red stormy light of the departing day illuminated the apartment with a dull glow.

A bottle of sherry and some glasses were on a table; the Earl persuaded Gibbs to drink some wine: then sat down near him, and for a few moments tried to talk upon indifferent subjects. But Gibbs could not wrench his thoughts away from the one engrossing idea that filled his mind, and the Earl himself, the instant his kind attentions had quieted the old man, found his own reflections straying back to the brief interview with his mother, that interview which he would have given so much to forget. He roused himself to listen to what Gibbs was saying, conscious only that the old man was speaking of some event connected with his master's past.

"I'm afraid I tire you," Gibbs said, apologetically. "Somehow the sight of that crucifix set me thinking of things that happened so long ago."

The Earl looked towards the mantel, and noticed the crucifix for the first time—a wonderful bit of carving in wood and ivory.

"It is very beautiful," he said. "What were you telling me about it? I believe I was thinking of something else, and did not hear."

"I took it out of a chest in the closet yonder, the day after he died," Gibbs replied, in a slow meditative tone. "It hadn't seen the light for years. I can't tell why, but it gave me a feeling of rest to see it here in his room."

"It has some history connected with it, I suppose?" Arthur asked, with a sudden desire to learn, if possible, some particulars concerning the past life of his step-father, of whom he knew so little. "You know how ignorant I am about family matters. I never was in this house but once before, and then only for a few days."

"Yes; it was the Earl's wish you should be educated abroad," Gibbs said. "Let me see, you were not more than seven when your mother married my master."

"Barely that," Arthur replied; but he had no desire to discuss such matters; for it pained him to recollect the coldness with which his late relative had always treated him—a coldness which his mother's confession had so cruelly explained. "Tell me about the crucifix, Gibbs."

"Did my lady never mention anything about the old Swede and his daughter who once lived here?" Gibbs asked.

"Not that I remember. Who were they?"

"Ah, that is what I don't rightly know," Gibbs answered; "but there's no reason why you shouldn't hear the story—indeed, it's been in my mind for days to tell you. Why, I dreamed the other night that he came and bade me do it. Just see what a fanciful old fool grief makes of me," he added, breaking off with a laugh, which was nearer tears than merriment.

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He leaned back in his chair, gazing absently into the embers, and lost in reverie, until Arthur touched his arm, saying pleasantly:

"I want the story, Gibbs. I like stories."

"Oh, I forgot; I was only thinking it out," the old man said. "Let me see—I'm so slow at telling things."

"Tell it all from the very beginning," Arthur said. "We both want something to distract our minds."

"Well, it began almost twenty years back," Gibbs said, in a slow retrospective tone. "My master had been for a year on the Continent; he went abroad, meaning to stay only a few weeks; but once there, he remained. I had been spending the summer here; there were some repairs needed, and the Earl wrote me to come and superintend them. Early in November, the Earl came back unexpectedly, and about a week after there arrived some guests. He hadn't spoken about them, so you may imagine my surprise when I found they were to stay; but my master wasn't one to be questioned."

"And these guests?" Arthur asked.

"An old gentleman, his daughter, and a mite of a child—though indeed the mother looked little more than a child herself. The Earl always called the gentleman Signor Roberto—"

"An Italian, of course."

"Some sort of a foreigner, I suppose, though he spoke English with the best of us. He just lived amongst his books—why, he'd never have remembered even to eat or go to bed, if somebody hadn't reminded him."

"The Earl was so thoroughly cultivated himself, that it was natural enough he should enjoy the society of such a student," Arthur said.

"Yes—I suppose so," Gibbs said, doubtfully; then he added: "I don't know why I should hesitate—there's no reason why you shouldn't hear all I know."

"None, surely. Under the circumstances, I think I ought," Arthur said, with mild firmness. "You mean, I fancy, that it was not the old student's society which proved the attraction."

"Just that, Master Arthur, just that."

"Was the young lady pretty?"

"Beautiful, though from the first it was plain enough that she was in ill-health. She lived shut up a good deal in her own rooms. I don't know how much she and the master saw of each other. I've nothing clear to tell."

"There must have been gossip in the neighborhood?"

"Yes—I hardly know," Gibbs said, hesitatingly. "Well, about six months after their arrival, the Earl one day received an express from your mother, saying that the doctors had recommended sea-air for you, as you were ailing, and had ordered her to start at once."

"She could not have been long a widow at that time."

"Only a few months," Gibbs answered. "Well, she came, and—and I fancy the Earl tried, at first, to keep matters a secret; but he needn't have done so; for she took an extraordinary fancy to the young lady."

"Ah," said Arthur, in a tone of relief.

"The sea-air did you so much good, that between this reason and the fact that your mother had a wonderful ability to amuse and interest the Earl, she was contented to stop during the whole season. The very day she was preparing to leave, the strange young woman was taken alarmingly ill. Your mother put off her journey in the kindest way—indeed, spent the most of the night in the sick-room. I don't know what ailed the poor thing. I've always thought the doctor made one of the stupid blunders doctors are always making—anyhow, she died at daylight."

"Poor soul!" Arthur said, pityingly. "Though perhaps death, after all, was the best thing that could have come to her."

"Like enough, like enough," Gibbs responded, his eyes again wandering towards the mantel. "Ah, the crucifix—it was that set me off. It was hers; she died clasping it in her arms. Master always kept it in his room, until he married your mother; then he himself put it by, and it has never seen the light till I brought it out yesterday. I knew your mother would not come in here, so it could do no harm to gratify my own silly fancies."

"No; of course not," Arthur replied, absently. "But what became of Signor Roberto and the child?"

"They lived on here—I stayed, too. The Earl and Countess did not come for several years after their marriage. Why, the little girl must have been six or seven years old when they came to pass the summer. Master's health was not good, and he needed his native air."

"I remember my mother's writing to me about the old castle," Arthur said. "I was at school in Bonn at the time. I wanted to come over for my vacation: but she thought it better not."

"Aye, aye," said Gibbs, "things did not go too smoothly. You can understand that your lady-mother was not likely to be too well pleased at finding that child still here—ah, the pretty little creature that she was—with the gossips of the neighborhood declaring that she was my lord's daughter."

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"What happened?" Arthur asked, with a sudden sternness in his voice. "Don't hesitate, Gibbs. I insist on knowing. Did she and my step-father quarrel?"

"No, sir—no. Your mother never gave her husband so much as a harsh look in all the years they lived together. My master told me that once himself," Gibbs said, eagerly.

"Yet for a long while before his death there was a certain estrangement between them. I know that, Gibbs. Be frank. Did it date back to this period?"

"Well, sir—well, my lord, I think it did. I'm not blaming the Countess. Few women would have been as considerate as she showed herself; but I know that one day she went into Signor Roberto's room, and there was a long talk between them—"

"Well?" Arthur asked, as he paused.

"The next morning Signor Roberto and the little girl had disappeared," Gibbs said, slowly. "I know my master hunted high and low for them; but he never found any trace."

"And he believed that my mother knew? Answer me, Gibbs—answer," Arthur cried, imperatively.

"Yes," faltered Gibbs, "he did believe that."

The Earl rose abruptly, saying:

"You are tired—sit here and rest."

He went quickly out of the room, and the old man so speedily drifted back into other memories of the past, that half an hour after he had almost forgotten this interview with his young master.

As Arthur entered the picture-gallery, he saw his mother standing before the portrait of her late husband, gazing intently at it, with a host of conflicting emotions depicted on her face.

She was so absorbed that he reached her side without her even having heard his quick footsteps, loudly as they rang on the marble floor.

"Mother!" he cried.

She turned quickly and sank into the easy-chair, gasping:

"How you frightened me, Arthur!"

"Did you think I was a ghost?" he asked, with a nervous, bitter laugh.

"I am not superstitious," she replied, coldly.

"I was going to find you," he said, rapidly. "Mother, I want to ask you a question—was Signor Roberto's granddaughter the Earl of Forsborough's child?"

Taken by surprise as she was, the woman's eyes did not flinch under his stern gaze. She looked at him with a scornful smile, and said:

"It was a question I never cared to ask. Excuse me, Arthur, but it is a very indelicate one for you to address to your mother."

"It involves a point too important for any morbid delicacy to forbid," he replied, with grave authority. "If she was Lord Fausbrook's daughter, no matter what human law might decide, I have a plain duty before me."

"And that?" his mother asked, calmly.

"To seek her—to right her—"

"Then you must search in the world beyond this. She died, I was informed, years since," the Countess interrupted. "No more, Arthur; you do not realize it, but to speak to me of this matter is an outrage."

"I did not mean it—"

"I know—only end here! I want to talk to you about your own plans. Where do you mean to reside, here or at Denham Hall?"

Her very calmness implanted a new sting of estrangement in his breast. He looked full in her face, and said, with grave composure:

"In neither, at present. Thanks to the kindness of your late husband, I hold a Captaincy in the Guards. They are ordered to America, to serve in the war with the French. I shall accompany my regiment. In the meantime, the responsibility of all this greatness, which you value so highly, will devolve on you. I have no taste for such duties yet."

And with these words he left her once more alone.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

GOING TO SCHOOL.

BY MRS. C. A. WHEELOCK.

How sweet the tender memory
Of other, happier days;
When hand in hand, with childish glee,
We went our pleasant ways.
With tireless feet, up hill and down,
In spring-time sweet, or summer's glow,
Or when the autumn woods were brown,
Or winter whitened all with snow.

Past mossy mill, or babbling brook,
And thickets where the partridge whirred;
And many a leafy glade and nook,
Made vocal with the song of bird.
By leafless groves, with shout and song,
O'er icy fields, or frozen stream,
The miles to school seemed never long—
Oh, happy childhood, happier dream.

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MISS QUISENBERRY'S VALENTINE.

BY HELEN WHITNEY CLARK.

It was St. Valentine's Day, and the old Quisenberry farm-house was in apple-pie order, from attic to cellar.

The pine-wood floor in the kitchen was white as soap and water could make it; the pots and pans fairly shone from the scrubbing they had received; and the window-panes blinked and blazed, like sheets of polished silver.

"I'm glad it's done," sighed Miss Priscilla Quisenberry, rolling down her sleeves, and gazing at her work, with an air of satisfaction.

"Let me see," she added. "I've scoured and churned; baked bread and made cake; and fried crulls and boiled a ham. I'll have a chance to rest a spell, now, before it's time to get supper."

"Pris-cil-la," called her sister-in-law, in a shrill voice, from the sitting-room. "Priscilla! Come an' see what Bob Jones hez fotched you."

"What do you reckon 'tis?" she queried, as Priscilla obeyed the summons. "A voluntine? It's too big for a letter."

"It—it does look like a valentine," assented Priscilla, turning the square, embossed envelope over and over, with a puzzled air.

"Why don't you open it, an' see what 'tis?" cried her sister-in-law, tartly. "An' not stan' there, a-colorin' up till your cheeks are as red as the tossels on the front winder-curtains."

Priscilla had reasons of own her for not opening the valentine in a hurry. She thought she recognized the handwriting on the envelope. It was that which sent the red blood into her cheeks; for she thought—she felt sure—it was Mr. Cheeseboro's handwriting, and oh, how she wished she could slip away to her own room, and open the precious treasure by herself.

But that was out of the question, with those sharp eyes staring at her; and with trembling fingers, and her heart beating a tattoo in her bosom, she carefully slit open one end of the envelope, and drew out—a comic valentine. A horrid caricature of an old maid, with peaked nose and chin, high cheek-bones, and very, very red hair.

"An ole maid! Wal, wal," tittered the sister-in-law, Lucinda. "I 'lowed 'twould be a nice one, from the looks. Who d'ye reckon sent it, Priscilla?"

"I don't know."

By a great effort, Priscilla kept back the tears of mortification and disappointment that were almost trembling in her eyes.

"Looks some like Felix Cheeseboro's handwrite, don't it?" said Lucinda, peering at the envelope. "Though I don't reckon he'd trouble hisself to send you a voluntine, pritty or ugly. They say he tuck Mirandy Sprigs home from singin'-school, the other night."

Priscilla would have given a diamond-mine, if she had possessed one, only to get away from Lucinda's prying eyes and keen tongue, and from all the other eyes in the world, and have one good cry by herself. But there was the supper to get, and chores to do, the comfort of her father and brother Reuben to look after; for Lucinda, Reuben's wife, chose to consider herself an invalid, and shirked her share of the household duties.

But at last, after what seemed like a lifetime to Priscilla, the supper-dishes were washed, her father and brother had seen and criticized the valentine; for, of course, Lucinda had given all the particulars of it: at last the old clock had ticked away the hours till bedtime, and Priscilla was alone.

But indignation had taken the place of grief, by this time, and she crept under the home-spun blankets and the blue-and-white coverlet, with dry eyes.

"If he does consider me an old maid," she thought, "it was a cruel way of telling me so. Besides, he's older than I am; and if my hair is red, it isn't a fiery red, like that."

Now, Miss Priscilla's hair was not a fiery red, by any means. It was a clear chestnut-brown, with only a tinge of sunlit gold shining in its wavy depths.

And, if she was an old maid, as some had said—though twenty-five is not so very old, to be sure—she was a very attractive one, with deep dimples indenting her cheeks, and a complexion fresh as a pink-lipped sea-shell.

It was the day after St. Valentine's Day, and Felix Cheeseboro was holding communion with himself, after a fashion he frequently had.

"I don't know," he muttered, as he finished his dinner, and rose from the table with a thoughtful frown. "I don't know but what I've had encouragement enough from Priscilly Quisenberry to—ah, that is, I b'lieve she'd have me, if I'd ask her outright.

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"She isn't a bit for'ard, like Mirandy Sprigs; but her eyes drop down kind o' shy like, an' her cheeks git as red as crab-apple blows, sometimes when I meet her, all of a sudden. An' she's a mighty good housekeeper, too. That wife o' Rube's ain't wuth a shuck 'round a house. I could see that, last time we thrashed fur the old man. Priscilly has the heft of it all. She shouldn't work an' dredge so, if she was my wife. She could see to things like, an' tell Aunt Lindy what to do.

"I don't know but I'll call 'round there, this evenin'. I can let on I want to see Reuben, or the old man—'tisn't likely they'll be in yet, from the new clearin'. An' mebbe I'll git a chance to talk to Priscilly, alone. If I do—Hello! what's this, Aunt Lindy?"

"Dunno," tittered Lindy. "S'pec it's a voluntine. Sam jes' now brung it from de pos'-offis." And with a show of ivories that a young elephant might have envied, Aunt Lindy retired to her kitchen to make her own comments on the subject.

Mr. Cheeseboro did not bestow much attention on the outside of the envelope, at first—not being a connoisseur in regard to chirography—but opened it at once, with some natural curiosity. Aunt Lindy's supposition proved a correct one. It was a valentine, and a comic one, at that.

"Well, I—"

Mr. Cheeseboro stopped short. His countenance betrayed an unusual degree of astonishment, together with some amusement.

"Somebody has mistook me fur an old maid," he muttered. "Fur this here ain't nothin' but an old maid, with red hair, an' a most audacious sharp nose.

"Now, who in thunder was smart enough to send it, I wonder?"

He turned the envelope over and over; but the stiff, crabbed handwriting, evidently disguised, gave no clew to the sender.

"I wonder now," he pondered, thoughtfully, "if 'twasn't Mirandy Sprigs that sent it? I'll bet a cheese-cake it was her!

"Yes, now I come to think of it, she was a-teazin' me, a spell back, about Priscilly Quisenberry; an' I recollect she called her an old maid.

"Old maid, indeed! Priscilly's the best-lookin' girl on Huckleberry Creek, old or young; an' worth a dozen like Mirandy Sprigs, besides.

"Well, if she thinks it's such a joke to send me a picture of an old maid, I'll just send it back to her, to let her see I know where it come from."

And when Mr. Felix Cheeseboro mounted his sorrel mare, to make the projected call at the Quisenberry farm-house, the valentine was carefully deposited in his overcoat pocket.

It went no further than the village post-office, however, where Felix procured a square envelope, enclosed the old maid's "picter," and posted the missive, addressed to "Miss Mirandy Sprigs."

It was late in the afternoon, and Priscilla was in the kitchen, getting supper. A snapping fire roared and cracked in the well-blackened cooking-stove, on which she placed a skillet of fresh pork, to fry. Taking a handful of dried sage, she rubbed it to a powder, and sifted it slowly over the meat, which was already beginning to give out a most appetizing odor.

Priscilla's heart was still sore from the shock she had received; but with the pride of her sex, she hid the wound from other eyes, and went about her household duties as usual.

Going to the cellar, she brought a pan of rosy-cheeked apples from the bin, and was paring them for sauce, when slip-shod footsteps sounded in the hall, and Lucinda opened the kitchen-door, and looked in.

"Where's your pa, Priscilly?" she asked. "Felix Cheeseboro is in the settin'-room, and wants to see him."

Priscilla looked startled.

"Mr. Cheeseboro? I—I don't know. What does he want?"

"Do you reckon I asked him what he wanted? You needn't to color up so—'tain't you he wants to see. It's your pa, I told you," and Lucinda shuffled away.

"Priscilly hain't no idee where he is, Felix," she reported. "Nor me either. But you mout's well stay to supper. He'll be sure to come in, then."

Felix did not think he could stay to supper; but he waited awhile, in hopes of seeing Priscilla. His waiting proved to be vain, however, and he finally took his departure, promising to call again.

"Reckon Priscilly was too busy to come in," he thought, consolingly, as he rode off on his sorrel mare. "It's too bad she has the whole house to tend to; but she shan't have it to do long, if I can help it," he added, with a look of decision in his gray eyes.

"I wonder if he got the valentine," thought Priscilla, as she finished paring and quartering the apples. "If he did, he will see that I know who sent it to me."

On the same afternoon, Mirandy Sprigs was doing up her frizzes on bits of tin, which she kept for the purpose, being, as she thought, more efficacious than curl-papers.

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"I want 'em to friz right nice fur to-morrow night," she commented, twisting one of the tins till it nearly brought the tears to her eyes. "Mebbe Mr. Cheeseboro 'll ask me to go to meetin' with him. If he don't, I'll go alone, an' most likely he'll fetch me home, like he did from singin'-school last week.

"I've got ahead o' Priscilly Quisenberry, anyhow," she added, with a look of triumph in her black eyes, "and I'm a-goin' to keep it. She'll be mad as hops to find I've cut her out.

"Wait till I git to be mistress o' Felix Cheeseboro's big house, though. Won't I show the folks? I'll turn up my nose at them stuck-up Quisenberrys, too.

"An' that sassy Lindy 'll hev to step around mighty lively, I kin tell her; fur I don't 'low to do a lick o' work myself."

"Mirandy," grumbled her mother, from the kitchen. "What on airth are you a-doin' there so long? Come along out here, an' see what Enoch's brung you from the store? It's in a big square envellop, an' my han's is in the dough, so't I kain't open it."

Mirandy hurried out to the kitchen, twisting up her last friz as she went.

"It must be a voluntine," she cried, snatching up the envelope.

And tearing it open, she jerked out—the old maid, of course.

"Why—why, it's a nasty ole comic one, an' I jest know Priscil Quisenberry sent it to me, spiteful ole thing. She's a ole maid herself, an' I 'low to tell her so, first chance I git," and Miranda flung the obnoxious valentine into the fire, and flounced out of the room in a huff.

"Wher's Mirandy?" demanded Enoch, shuffling into the house, after putting up his horse in the stable.

"I dun know," said Mrs. Sprigs, smiling. "She jest bounced off som'ers, mad as a wet hen, about that ere voluntine you fotched her."

"Was it a ugly one?" grinned Enoch. "Wher's it at?"

"She slung it in the fire, an' burnt it up. Yes, 'twas ugly as git out. She thinks Priscil Quisenberry sent it."

"Priscil didn't send it then," declared Enoch, "fur I was a-stannin' back by the stove, in the post-offis, an' I see Felix Cheeseboro put it in the envellop hisself. An' then he backed it, an' poked it in the box, and rid off.

"An' Si Sturdy tuck it out o' the box, an' sez to me: 'Here's somethin' fur your folks, now,' he sez, an' I put it in my pocket, an' fotched it home."

"Wal! that is cur'us," said Mrs. Sprigs, cutting out her biscuits with a tin yeast-powder box. "I wouldn't hev thought he'd send Mirandy a picter of an old maid."

"Ole maid?" cried Enoch, staring. "Did it hev red hair an' a long peakid nose?"

"Yes, it did. The reddest hair an' peakidest nose I ever see."

"Wal," cried Enoch, delighted. "It's the very one I sent to Priscil Quisenberry, sure enough. But it beats me to know how Felix Cheeseboro got a-holt of it. Mebbe she give it to him, though, to send to Mirandy," he added.

Miranda's frizzes were as crisp as her heart could desire, and her eyes shone with anticipated triumph, as she repaired by herself to the "meeting," on the following night. For she had refused to accept Enoch's version of the valentine, and persisted in believing that Priscilla sent it.

But the expected triumph was not realized; for to her vexation, Mr. Cheeseboro walked up to Priscilla, after services were over, and deliberately requested the pleasure of accompanying her home. Which request was granted, rather coldly.

"Did you get any valentines, Miss Priscilly?" asked Felix, after some moments of silence.

"One," she returned, shortly.

"Why, that's odd, now. I got one, too."

Mr. Cheeseboro was quite elated at such a remarkable coincidence; but Priscilla was not so much surprised as he had expected her to be.

"What sort of a one was yours?" he inquired, confidentially. "Pretty or ugly? Of course 'twas a pretty one, though," he added, venturing a very faint pressure of the hand which rested on his arm.

"Of course it wasn't a pretty one," retorted Priscilla, severely. "It was the one you sent me, Mr. Cheeseboro."

"I? The one I sent you?" stammered Felix, greatly amazed.

For the first time, Priscilla began to doubt whether he really had sent it, after all.

"You don't mean to say you didn't send it?" she queried, anxiously.

"Indeed I did not," returned her escort, earnestly. "I never sent one to anybody, only the one I got, and I sent that back to Mirandy Sprigs; fur I thought she had sent it to me."

Then the mystery was out, and Priscilla's heart was light as a puff-ball, when she parted with Mr. Cheeseboro at her door.

Mrs. Lucinda Quisenberry was sitting by the kitchen fire, limp and slip-shod as usual, the next afternoon, when Priscilla came in from milking the cows. She set down a two-gallon bucket,

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brimming with the foamy fluid, and brought out the shining milk-pans from the pantry.

"Mr. Cheeseboro's in the settin'-room with your pa," volunteered Lucinda, limply knitting away at a yarn sock, as she sat over the fire.

The sea-shell pink in Priscilla's cheeks deepened to a poppy-red, as usual, under her sister-in-law's sharp eyes.

"Wal, I declare," snapped the querulous woman, crossly. "Your cheeks are a-gittin' as red as clover-bobs. I don't reckon it's you Mr. Cheeseboro's after. I heerd 'em a-talkin' 'bout the red heifer; reckon he wants to trade fur her.

"'Tain't likely a poor girl like you is a-goin' to git sich a fore-handed man as Felix.

"Why, the Cheeseboro farm's wuth a hundred dollars an acre, every foot of it. An' there's forty acres in medder-grass alone.

"The girl that gits the owner o' that farm 'll be a lucky one, I tell you.

"An', any way, I reckon you're cut out fur an old maid, Priscilly."

Priscilla strained away the milk in the bright tin pans, without deigning a reply to her sister-in-law's tirade.

"Hello," cried Farmer Quisenberry, coming out to the kitchen in his home-spun coat and blue "ducking" overalls. "What d'ye reckon Felix wants, Priscilly?"

Priscilla hesitated, blushing deeper than ever.

"Go 'long in, Priscilly," he said, "I reckon you know what he wants, and you know best whether he kin hev it, or not."

And Priscilla smoothed down her red-brown tresses, and went shyly in, to meet her lover.

While Mrs. Lucinda stared in amazement, and Farmer Quisenberry warmed his hands complacently over the kitchen stove.

"Who'd a' thought," he said, "that a darter o' mine would ever do so well as that? Why, thar aint a gal 'round here, rich or poor, but what would a' felt sot up to git Felix Cheeseboro. They'd a' snapped at him."

And Mrs. Lucinda stared in greater amazement than ever; for it seemed Priscilla was not cut out for an old maid, after all.

"EVERY DAY."

BY CLARA BUSH.

We are each one older growing,
Every day.
Down life's river swift are rowing,
Every day.
Steered for temples ever standing,
We are borne, at God's commanding,
Near and nearer to the landing,
Every day.

O'er their dead ones some are weeping,
Every day.
In the church-yard mounds are heaping,
Every day.
These but give a pensive token—
Ties of love must yet be broken,
And the last farewell be spoken,
Every day.

We can see the sad and dreary,
Every day.
Meet the burdened ones and weary,
Every day.
Hear the sound of sorrow quaking,
Wrung from breasts with anguish aching,
For the hearts of some are breaking,
Every day.

Let our kindly aid be given,
Every day,
Unto those oh! tempest-driven,
Every day.
Words of hope for the despairing,
And their troubles gladly sharing,
Give our souls a higher bearing,
Every day.

Let us strive to be forgiving,
Every day.
Let our words be kind and loving,
Every day.
Let us goodly seeds be sowing,
That for heaven may be growing
Fruits, to pay the debt we're owing,
Every day.

Though we see so much of sadness,
Every day.
Still is heard the voice of gladness,
Every day.
Winds their tones of joy are bringing,
Sweet child-laughter glad is ringing,
Happy birds their lays are singing,
Every day.

May we all grow wiser, purer,
Every day.
And our sacred trust be surer,
Every day.
If our hearts but faithful prove us,
Heaven's King will better love us,
And with angels watch above us,
Every day.

May the grace of God attend us,
Every day.
And His loving hand befriend us,
Every day.
Let our souls renewed hope borrow,
We shall, on some happy morrow,
Leave this land where cometh sorrow,
Every day.

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EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

No. 1—Is a walking-costume, of black velvet and corded silk, or the combination may be of

No. 1.

velvet and cashmere or Henrietta-cloth: both are very fashionable this season for costumes.

Our model has a kilt-plaited skirt, with the kilts arranged in groups of six plaits, and then a space. This is continued all around the under-

No. 2.

skirt, and the kilts are mounted upon a foundation-skirt of old silk or of new alpaca. An old

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silk skirt is far nicer, as it makes the skirt less heavy. The tunic of cashmere or silk is a simple round skirt, very much looped up on the left side. This has a border of velvet two and a half

No. 3.

inches wide, cut on the bias. The bodice is cut with a long point in front, and the skirt part of the bodice is a separate piece from the arm seams, and is fitted to the pointed fronts. In the back it is all cut in one, like a coat-jacket. A bias scarf of the cashmere ornaments and defines the pointed waist, terminating in plaited ends in front. Velvet cuffs and a turnover velvet collar complete this costume. Small bullet buttons are worn upon all dresses. Here they are of cut jet. I may add that if an entire costume of black or colored cloth or cashmere is desired, this model will serve equally well, as when in combination with velvet. The velvet collar and cuffs might be retained upon the otherwise plain suit. Six and a half yards of velvet for the kilts, collar, and cuffs, allowing the kilted skirt to be three-quarters of a yard deep. One yard more for the band upon the tunic. That may be dispensed with, however, according to the taste and the pocket. Eight yards of cashmere in combination, or twelve yards of cashmere for the entire suit.

No. 2—Is a winter-dress, with outdoor wrap of dolman-shape. The material is cloth, and it is braided in worsted braid, in a simple design. For the dress, there is first a box-plaited flounce, twelve inches deep. Over this the tunic, which laps the right over the left side; back slightly draped. Plain round waist, finished with a braided waistband, fastened by a buckle. Cuffs

No. 4.

and collar to correspond. The dolman ulsterette is the simplest dolman-shape, with the border, pockets, collar, and bands for the full sleeves all braided to match the skirt. Bullet buttons fasten

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the front. A muff of cloth may be added, braided in the same way. Six yards of cloth for

No. 5.

the dress, and three to three and a half for the wrap, will be required.

No. 6.—A.

No. 3—Is a stylish walking-costume, of lady's-cloth, in very dark-green, almost invisible, or the same in blue. Either of these colors is desirable for young ladies. The skirt has a box-plaited flounce, mounted on a foundation of silk, alpaca, or silesia, of the same color. Silk is always the best, be it either old or new, although it may be of an inferior quality. The front of the tunic is arranged in deep plaits, turning upwards, and laid regularly, and fastened high up on the side-seams of the under-skirt. The back is of one width of cloth, and arranged in slightly-puffed drapery. The long jacket is made either of the same cloth, or of Jersey-cloth to match in color. This is a kind

No. 6.—B.

of stockinet-cloth, very much used for jackets this season, as from its texture it gives to the figure, and a perfect fit can be secured. A jacket of Jersey-cloth, in either green or blue, can be worn not only with the suit, but with any other costume. If made of Jersey-cloth, we would omit the velvet vest. If made of the same cloth as the skirt, the vest, cuffs, and pockets are of velvet, making the costume more elegant. The style of the jacket is long and straight all around, with the fronts cut away or not, as one pleases. So much now is allowed to individual taste, that any lady can scarcely go wrong in deciding the little details of a costume for her-

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self. Eight yards of 54-inch cloth will make this costume. Allow two and a half yards for the jacket, if Jersey-cloth is used.

No. 4—Is a morning house-dress or breakfast-wrapper, made of checked or plain flannel. Our model is checked, with machine-stitching as the only trimming. The dress is cut in the Princess-shape, with full skirt in the back, which is gathered, and headed by a frill, and is sewed to the basque of the back. The cape and sleeves are plain. Cuffs simply stitched. The cape is finished by a gathered collar. The dress buttons the length of the front. Six yards of double-fold flannel, or twelve yards of single, will be required. Three dozen buttons.

No. 5—Is a cloth jacket, plain, round, and closely fitting the figure, and ornamented with passementerie of mohair-braid. These can be bought in sets for a jacket, or any lady can make

No. 7.

them for herself by sewing the braid on to the jacket, after the design shown in our illustration.

No. 6—We give the back and front of suit for a boy of three years. It is made of bège-cloth and dark-green velvet. The blouse-frock is plaited in box-plaits, back and front. The skirt is bordered with a double row of velvet. Pointed collar and cuffs. The collar fastens at the back, as does the costume, under the middle box-plait. A belt of velvet defines the waist. This costume may be made of any colored cloth or flannel, either plain or checked; and in place of the

No. 8.

velvet, wide bands of mohair-braid make a very stylish trimming, for a boy.

No. 7.—For a girl of four to six years, we have a stylish little street-costume, of light-drab lady's-cloth, with a kilted skirt mounted upon a coat-waist. The skirt has three wide box-plaits, one in front and one at each side. Between these are the kilt-plaits. When the skirt is joined to the waist, a band of gray fur is the trimming. Fur collar and cuffs to match. The waist fastens in front with a double row of large bullet buttons.

No. 8.—For a baby of two to three years, a little sacque-coat, with deep cape, is the prevailing style. It may be made of basket-flannel, in white or colored, or some of the pretty soft shaggy cloths. If a more dressy garment is desired, make it of plush. The edge of the cape is trimmed with a chenille fringe.

LADIES' PATTERNS.

Any style in this number will be sent by mail on receipt of full price for corresponding article in price list below. Patterns will be put together and plainly marked. Patterns designed to order.

Princess Dress: Plain,	.50
" " with drapery and trimming,	1.00
Polonaise,	.50
Combination Walking Suits,	1.00
Trimmed Skirts,	.50
Watteau Wrapper,	.50
Plain or Gored Wrappers,	.35
Basques,	.35
Coats,	.35
" with vests or skirts cut off,	.50

In sending orders for Patterns, please send the number and month of Magazine, also No. of page or figure or anything definite, and also whether for lady or child. Address, Mrs. M. A. Jones, 28 South Eighth Street, Philadelphia.

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PANIER BODICE: WITH SUPPLEMENT.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, for this month, the latest design for a bodice with panier, called the "Panier Bodice." Folded in with the number is a SUPPLEMENT, with full-size diagrams by which to cut it out, if desired, without the aid of a mantua-maker.

The bodice consists of five pieces, viz:

I.—FRONT.
II.—HALF OF BACK.
III.—HALF OF SIDE-BACK.
IV.—UPPER HALF OF SLEEVE.
V.—LOWER HALF OF SLEEVE.

The letters show how it is put together. The long skirt part of the side-back, from E to G, is plaited and fastened under the sash at the back, as seen by illustration.

The bodice may be made of the same material as the skirt, or of a material that contrasts with it in color and texture. The skirt is box-plaited and trimmed with embroidery. The sash is moiré.

We give, also on the SUPPLEMENT, a very beautiful design for a "Palm-Leaf Pattern, in Outline Embroidery," and describe how to work it on another page.

The lines of the bodice patterns, we may add, although they cross this embroidery pattern in more places than one, are so distinctly engraved that they do not interfere with the other.

The embroidery can easily be transferred, if wished, to another piece of paper, or the various parts of the bodice pattern—the latter, perhaps, being the easiest.

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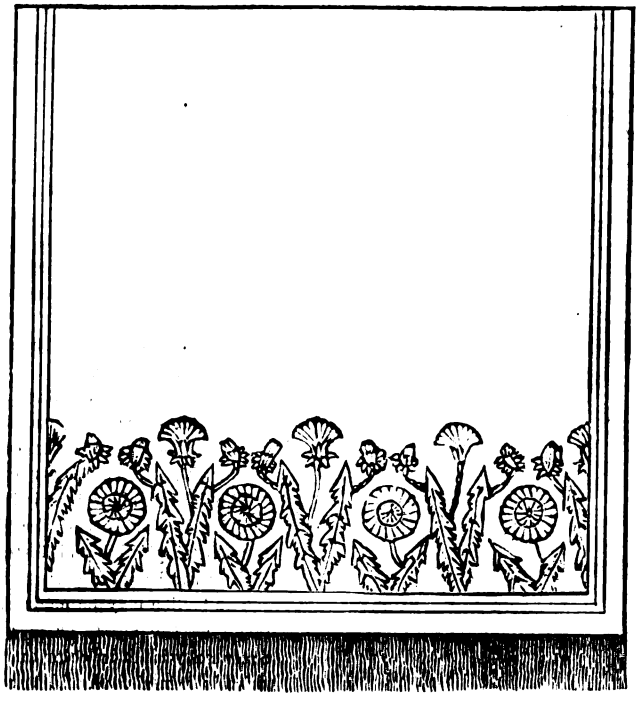
ART EMBROIDERY: CHAIR-BACK, ETC., ETC.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



We give, here, a new and beautiful design in what, to distinguish it from the more ordinary embroidery, is called, *par excellence*, "Art Embroidery." The design here given is for a "Chair-Back," and is the dandelion, conventionally treated. In the front of the number we give two other illustrations of the same "Art Embroidery": one also for a "Chair-Back"—pomegranates, conventionally treated—at the top of the page: below is a design for a "Sofa-Back," the flower being the blackberry, conventionally treated. It is in this conventional treatment that the so-called "Art Embroidery" differs from the ordinary, which seeks rather to imitate nature realistically. It is, in short, the difference between the French and English schools.

The design above, dandelions, is to be worked either at one or both ends of the chair-back; three shades of crewel being used for the lines around the edges. It will always be necessary to use conventionally-arranged flowers for this style, as the effect can only thus be gained; but they need not be so conventional as to become absolutely "fancy" designs; daffodils, iris, buttercups, ox-eyed daisies, etc., would all be suitable subjects, and the colors used can be varied according to the taste of the worker. Of course, a natural rendering of some of these flowers is very effective and pretty when well done; but the chief thing to be thought of is to choose your coloring and ground judiciously.

The other "Chair-Back" design, the pomegranate one, is also worked either at one or at both ends. The narrow border is continued all the way around at about an inch from the edge. We do not now set our furniture against the walls as much as we used to do; therefore it seems desirable that the backs of some articles should have their due share of decoration. It is only an outline pattern, to be worked in ordinary crewel-stitch, and in two or three shades of red or blue, or in golden-browns. Red would, we think, be most effective for a pomegranate

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design; it can be worked either in crewel or filoselle. This is the next best embroidery silk to the real bobbin silk, which is only available for fine work. The filoselle should be divided into as many strands for a needleful—two, three, or four are generally used—as the design or material dictate. This kind of silk, however, does not wash in all colors; so if the article to be worked requires washing often, it would be safer to use the twisted washing silk. Many trailing plants can be adapted to designs in this style.

The design for the "Sofa-Back," in blackberries, is called an "all over," or diaper pattern, and is composed of sprays of blackberry; it is to be worked either solidly or only in outline, according to the fancy of the worker. There are many plants you can use in this manner, such as honeysuckle, jasmine, wild rose, or even the long trailing sprays of the larch, with some of the pretty pink madder-colored apples or cones on them. This pattern is less conventional than the others; and there is considerable scope for fancy designing in it. We shall pursue this subject in our March number.

LETTER PORTFOLIO.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

Take a square of velvet, and fold in envelope-shape. Our model is of myrtle-green velvet, ornamented with sprays of marguerites in the natural colors; done in Kensington-stitch, with filoselle. After the embroidery is done, line the envelope with satin, of pink or pale-blue. Finish with a gold-colored cord on the edge. A stiff piece of card-board should be cut the size of the back, and inserted between the outside and the lining, to keep the letter-case in shape. A piece of card-board covered with the same velvet makes the rest, by which the case is placed in standing position. This is put on by bows of narrow ribbon, and when not in use folds back.

PALM-LEAF PATTERN: SEE SUPPLEMENT.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

On the SUPPLEMENT, folded in with this number, there is given, in addition to the full-size diagram for the new style "Bodice Panier," a new and very beautiful "Palm-Leaf Pattern, in Outline Embroidery," to which we wish, particularly, to call attention.

The design is from the Kensington Art School, and is intended for a five o'clock tea-table. It is worked on butcher's linen, forty inches square, including six inches for the fringe. Therefore, stamp or draw off the design six inches from the edge, all around. We give one entire corner, making the design complete, and showing how to turn the corner.

Work in English wash crewels, two shades of red (raspberry-reds), for the border and the large palm-leaves; and two shades of olive, a light and a dark one, for the long slender leaves. The stems of the palm-leaves are all done in the same red as the leaf. Make every alternate palm light and then dark-red.

We can furnish this design, if desired, stamped upon linen, and supply the crewels, for two dollars and seventy-five cents.

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THE DUCHESSE TABLE: IN PLUSH.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

The foundation is a table of the style of our model, made of common pine wood; but it must be well seasoned, to prevent its warping. Any common carpenter can make the table. If the turned legs cannot be made, let them be straight. Many of our newest bits of furniture are all after the severely-straight pattern. Cover the legs and uprights between the shelf and top first carefully with some of the plush, or else paint them black, and varnish with coach-varnish. Then cut out of the plush the cover for the top of the table, and also for the shelf. The top is ornamented with an embroidered bouquet on the left corner, and looking as though it had fallen there. A single flower occupies the opposite corner. The shelf below has the bouquet in the centre. After the embroidery is done, tack the cover carefully on the top and shelf, and finish the edge with a chenille or worsted fringe, in which the colors of the embroidery are reproduced. Maroon, olive-green, or old-gold are the most desirable colors, as they make better backgrounds for the embroidery, and go with almost any furniture.

MAT FOR TABLE-LAMP.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give a design for a "Mat for a Table-Lamp," and also the details of the pattern. The mat is given in a reduced size, but the details are of full working size.

The foundation of this mat is cloth. The edge is pinked out and plaited, and for this soldiers' blue cloth is used and the box-plaits may be either garnet cloth or a woven galon. The centre, which is ornamented with embroidery, is blue cloth. The two motifs which alternately ornament the centre scallops are given full working size in the two details. The applications in the middle may be either red or black. The mat is mounted on card-board and lined with silk.

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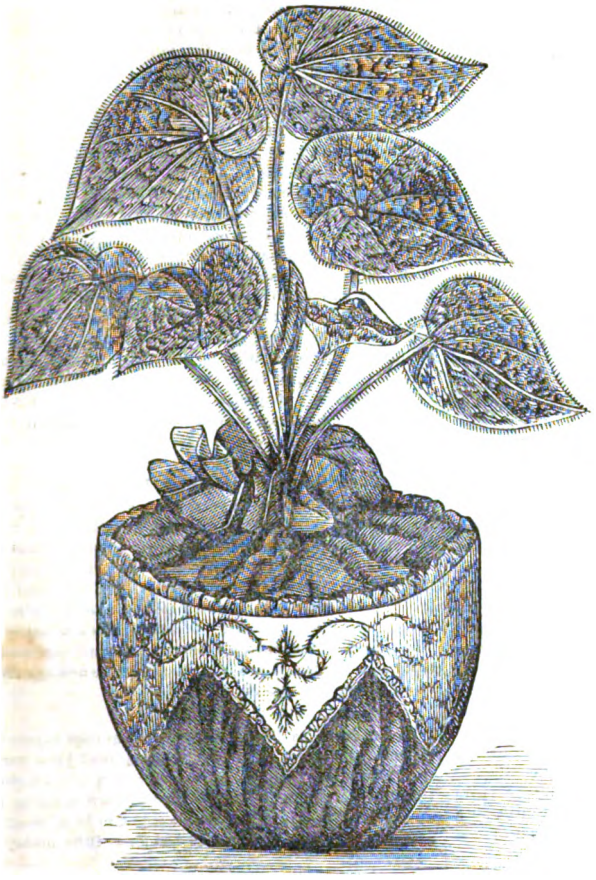
COVER FOR A FLOWER-POT.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This makes a pretty decoration for a dinner or supper-table. Any ordinary flower-pot, with a fine growing plant of begonia leaves, or ferns, may be easily decorated after this model. Make bag of soft surah silk or satin (crimson), with a drawing-string in the lower edge, or what is better, although more trouble to make, gather the lower edge of the bag, and sew it to a circular piece for the bottom, which piece should be made of card-board, covered with chintz of the same color. The top of the bag is finished by a deep frill, like an ordinary work-bag, with drawing-strings. The vandyked band is made of cream-white or yellow cloth, and embroidered with a simple pattern in outline or feather-stitch, with different colored silks. The pointed edge is pinked out or scalloped with the silks. There is a tiny frill of satin ribbon to finish the upper edge. The whole bag is slipped over the flower-pot, and gathered up at the top.

COLORED PATTERN: D'OYLEY DESIGNS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give another of those beautiful patterns to be found only in this magazine. There are four: A set of d'oyleys, for painting on satin, or for embroidering. The color of the silks or wools to be either matched according to the pattern, or they may be selected according to judgment; for instance, everlastings are of various colors: yellow, orange, lavender, ivory-white; honeysuckles are of *ecru* bordering on buff, and jasmine is white as well as yellow. The best way to transfer the designs is to use carbon-paper. Place the material on which the designs are to be worked on a deal table, and pin it on to it with artists' pins or tacks; place the darkest side of the carbon-paper on the material, and the design on the paper, and with a blunt or other pencil trace over the design, pressing the pencil firmly to cause a clear black mark.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

THE DEATH OF ANTHONY TROLLOPE, the novelist, is a very serious loss to literature. It was the fashion, we are aware, in certain circles, to speak of him as commonplace, if not dull. We freely admit that he had not the genius of Dickens or Thackeray. But short of this, he has had no rival, in the present generation; and in some respects, he had merits beyond even Dickens and Thackeray.

For, above all things, Trollope was realistic. No such pictures of contemporary social life in England exist as have come from his pen. If Macaulay had had novels of the age of Charles II and James II to draw upon, equally truthful, how much more confidence we would have had in his history. A century hence Trollope will be invaluable to the chronicler. His clergy, his country squires, and especially his young girls, are perfect photographs, only with the color, and life, and expression, that no photograph can give. His Mrs. Proudie is as good, in a different way, as Mrs. Poyser even. He was commonplace, generally, because his subjects were commonplace; but in this, after all, lay his strength, because truth is always strength. If anyone doubts his capacity for higher things, let him or her read "The Last Chronicle of Barset."

To come back, however, to what we began with. Dickens did not paint life as it really was. He painted it as he saw it through the colored glasses of his imagination; always more or less caricatured; always with truth sacrificed to humor. Thackeray painted life from another point of view: a despairing and satirical one, rather than a hopeful and mirth-loving one. Neither Pickwick nor Lord Steyne, however fine in their way, are as true to life, which is the point we insist on, as Archdeacon Grantley, or poor weak Bishop Proudie. Becky Sharp is a higher creation than Lady Glencora; but she is, after all, vastly more exaggerated. Give Trollope credit for what he did! In a certain line, he had no rival; nor has he left any rival behind him. Neither Hardy, nor Black, nor even Blackmore, approach him in this realistic force, though Hardy's rustics, it must be admitted, are, in their line, as good as Trollope's clergy. Mrs. Oliphant, in her "Salem Chapel," has come nearest to Trollope. Of course, in a different way, Blackmore excels him, perhaps; for "Lorna Dorne" is undoubtedly a work of genius.

Trollope died, it is admitted, of overwork. Alas! how many, in this driving, crushing age, fall victims to that real or fancied necessity.

THE NEWEST ROSE is named the "Queen of Queens"; it is pink, with blush edges. Another, nearly as new, is like the Jacqueminot, with the same richness of color, and equal fragrance; it is called the William Bennett. Both of these are English roses. The propagator of the latter has refused fifty dollars for a single plant, having determined not to sell anything, for the first year, but the cut flowers, for the London market.

BACK NUMBERS of this magazine can always be had by addressing the publisher. Sometimes, when local agents run out of their supply, they say that even the current number is not in print. But by remitting eighteen cents to us, you can always be supplied, with it, or any other.

THE "FLY-TRAP" METHOD.—We have frequently spoken, in this magazine, against the practice of bribing subscribers by a premium; a thing we never do ourselves, for we put all we can afford into the magazine. When a premium is given, of course it comes out of the magazine, which is just that much poorer. A lady writes to us in point: "Last year, I asked several members of my present club," she says, "to take 'Peterson'; but they had found one with which they got a cheap chromo, not worth half the pictures that come in a single number of your magazine; so they did not give me their names. *They did not receive more than half a dozen numbers during the whole year;* and this year, I did not even have to ask them to join my club; they came of their own accord, saying that 'Peterson is the cheapest and best.' For my part, I should not know how to do without it." Now this is what we call the "fly-trap" method. When a magazine or newspaper has to be baited, so to speak, with a premium, the public may rely on it, it is only a "fly-trap," and either is good for nothing, or is not intended to be sent through the whole year. If people will allow themselves to be "tricked" in this way, it is nobody's fault but their own, however.

THE CHRISTMAS CARDS of Messrs. L. Prang & Co. have been celebrated for several years, these enterprising gentlemen annually offering large premiums for the best designs. We think the cards for this year are even better than usual. They are so good that it is difficult to tell which is the most meritorious. There are many persons, in fact, who will prefer, as we do, the card which took the second prize to the one which took the first. Of course, this is a matter of taste entirely. But when the difference in merit between the best two is so little, it is a sure proof that the average merit of all is very high indeed.

DO LIKEWISE AT ONCE.—A lady, who has been borrowing "Peterson," has got ashamed. "Having read your magazine," she writes, "for the last year, '*borrowed of a neighbor*,' I made up my mind it was too good to borrow, and so got up a club." That is right. People ought to be ashamed to borrow a magazine that can be had for so little money as "Peterson."

HOW TO BAKE FISH.—There are many persons who prefer a baked fish to one cooked in any other way. Yet few cooks know that the best way to bake a fish is to bake it on its back; for all the juices are thus kept in the fish, while if the fish is baked otherwise, they drain out, leaving it dry and flavorless.

EXTREMES MEET; ALL LIKE IT.—Two letters, in the same day, recently came to us, with clubs. One was gotten up by an old lady of seventy, the other by a little girl of twelve. It is with something of pride that we quote this fact, showing that "Peterson" is a favorite with old and young alike.

ANOTHER SPLENDID STEEL-ENGRAVING, in this number, from the Paris Salon of 1882. "Going to School" is as realistic in the subject as it is artistic in execution. The painter is one of the rising men of France.

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Our Unrivaled Premiums For 1883.—Our premiums for getting up clubs for this year are unusually fine. One is the steel-engraving, (27 inches by 20,) "Christ Before Pilate," *the most wonderful picture of the century*, as is everywhere admitted. The enterprise of "Peterson," in engraving this magnificent work of art, at a cost that would stagger ordinary publishers, is conceded, on all hands, to be beyond precedent. *Every family in the land ought to have a copy of this superb engraving.*

But as there are some persons who already have their walls covered with engravings, or may prefer something else, we offer, *in place* of the "Christ Before Pilate," either our Illustrated Quarto Album, a very beautiful ornament for the centre-table, or a handsome Photograph Album. In all such cases, however, say which Album is preferred.

For many clubs, an extra copy of the magazine will be sent. For others, and larger ones, a copy of the engraving or either of the Albums. The inducements to get up clubs were never before so great, and probably will never be so great again. But see the offers on second page of cover.

Now is the time to get up clubs for 1883. If you defer too long, others may get ahead of you. Every year we receive letters saying: "If I had commenced sooner, I could have done much better, for everybody likes Peterson." Specimens are sent, gratis, if written for, to get up clubs with.

Those Having To Sit Up at night with a sick person often wake the patient unintentionally when making up the fire. Putting little lumps of coal on one by one with the fingers is a way to avoid this, but not a very pleasant one. The difficulty can be avoided by the simple plan of having scoopfuls of coal put into ordinary paper bags. The lifting of one of these bags and placing it on the fire is a noiseless as well as a clean operation. When a fire gets very low—almost out—a little powdered sugar sprinkled over it produces quite a magical effect, and brings up a flame directly.

Ammonia is very useful in the kitchen. A few drops mixed in the water will take off any grease from plates, dishes, etc., better than soda, and does not injure the skin of the washer as the constant use of soda does. Sponges, hair-brushes, etc., are best cleaned with diluted ammonia.

The "Christ Before Pilate" is acknowledged, everywhere, to be the most valuable premium engraving ever offered by any magazine. No family should be without it. Subscribers to "Peterson," but subscribers only, can get it for fifty cents.

For Twenty-Seven Years.—A lady sends us a club, and says: "We have been taking your magazine ever since 1856." This is for twenty-seven years. Yet we have subscribers, and not a few, who have been taking it even longer.

The Colored Patterns, in the front of the number, four in number, are what you see nowhere but in "Peterson." They combine the useful with the ornamental. They are no mere "catch-penny" embellishments.

"Such Variety And Excellence."—The Manheim (Pa.) Sentinel says of this magazine: "No other gives such variety or such excellence." This giving more, and of a better quality, than any other, is our speciality.

For Removing Ink-Stains, milk is one of the best things. If applied the moment after the spilling of the ink, and the part is then washed, there will be no stain left, even on the whitest table-cloth.

Additions To Clubs may be made, at the price paid by the rest of the club, *at any time during the year*. And when enough additional subscribers have been sent, you will be entitled to another premium, or premiums, precisely as if it were a new club. Go on, therefore, adding to your clubs and earning premiums.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

Mrs. Lorrimer. By Lucas Malet. 2 *vols.*, 12*mo. London and New York: McMillan & Co.*—This is a novel of very unusual merit. It is written in a terse and vigorous style; the characters are natural and sufficiently varied; and the plot, though slight, is evolved with great artistic skill. The author's name is entirely new to us. The merit of the story is all the greater, because it is evolved from ordinary, almost commonplace life. The writer has recognized the great fact that there is more or less tragedy underlying everything about us, and that it is not necessary to have lived in medievral times, or died at the stake, in order to be a hero or a saint.

I Have Lived And Loved. By Mrs. Forrester. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.*—This author is already favorably known by her "Vivia," "Mignon," and "Dolores," all stories of more than usual interest. We should consider this one of her best novels—for it opens in the sprightliest style—if it did not end tragically. Now the *raison d'être* of a novel is to please: life is sad enough without the sorrows of fiction; and it is only when one is a George Eliot, or a Shakespeare, that we can accept a "Mill On The Floss," or a "King Lear."

Under Lock And Key. By T. W. Speight. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—Quite of the Wilkie Collins school: intricate in plot, full of startling incidents: keeping the interest alive from first to last. There are moods in which a story like this is infinitely more acceptable than any mere analytical essay, disguised as a story, no matter how choice the English it is written in, or how often we are told that such so-called fiction is destined to supplant Thackeray and Dickens, and even Sir Walter Scott.

The Modern Hagar. By Charles M. Clay. 2 *vols.*, 12*mo. New York: George W. Harlan & Co.*—The author of this novel of American life is already favorably known by his "Baby Rue." The present story, however, is even better than that: more dramatic, and with a deeper insight into life The descriptions of frontier life are especially effective. The fight at Bower's Hill is almost like a bit out of Chevy Chase. Rue's ride through the hostile lines to go to her wounded father is only less stirring.

Traits Of Representative Men. By George W. Bourgy. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. New York: Fowler & Wells.*—A very fair book. It gives sketches of Lowell, Emerson, Wendell Phillips, Longfellow, and most of the other distinguished men of this country, accompanied by portraits, the text impartial on the whole, and the engravings quite good, at least, as ordinary engravings on wood go.

Rachel's Share of The Road. "Round Robin Series." 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.*— There are two noticeable merits in this little story. It is pervaded by a healthy moral feeling; and its characters are evidently drawn from life. Mrs. Shackles alone would make the fortune of a story, she is so racy and original.

Uncle Gabe Tucker: or, Reflection, Song, And Sentiment Of The Quarters. By J. A. Macon. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.*—A collection of prose and verse, in local dialect, that has, here and there, flashes of true humor. The volume is illustrated.

Forty Years In Phrenology. By Nelson Sizer. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. New York: Fowler & Wells.*—A very readable book, full of recollections, anecdotes, etc., of a long life devoted to phrenology.

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OUR ARM-CHAIR.

THE VOICE OF THOUSANDS.—Never before, in all its long and unexampled career of success, has "Peterson" received such encomiums as this year. A subscriber writes: "I did not take it this year, and missed it so much. It is the best I know. We value it for the great variety of fancy work, and also for its good reading." Another says: "I have been taking your unrivaled magazine this year, and am so delighted with it that I have got up a club." Another: "I have been taking it for seven years; it is like one of the family; this year, I send you a club of eight." Another also sends a club, and says: "I took your magazine in 1882, and think it perfect." Another writes: "It is the prince of all magazines." Another: "This is the eighteenth year that I have sent a club for your magazine." Another sends a large club, and says: "Having taken the book for 1882, I thought I would endeavor to get up a club for 1883, and this is the result." Another: "I have been buying 'Peterson' for three years, by the single number, and thought I would get up a club; I had no trouble in getting the subscribers." Another: "I thought I would change, last year, and took something else; but I find the dear old 'Peterson' is worth ever so much more; and I never intend to do without it again." We have testimonials of this kind without number. Those who once try "Peterson," and compare with others, if they wish a really good magazine, always stick to it.

"CHRIST BEFORE PILATE."—The Cambridge (Ill.) Chronicle says of our new premium engraving: "A very remarkable picture is that by Muncaksy, the Hungarian artist, representing 'Christ Before Pilate.' We have received a steel-plate copy of it, from Charles J. Peterson, of Philadelphia, who supplies it as a premium to clubs for Peterson's Magazine. There are many persons in the picture: Pilate, puzzled and hesitating; priests and scribes, scowling and scoffing; and spectators, curious and inquiring. The striking figure, however, is that of Christ; and it is the only face of the Nazarene, that we have seen, which seemed to have much expression. It is wholly different from the conventional face and figure of Christ, and a vast improvement upon those. It makes Christ a Jew, as he was. The picture attracted much attention and admiration at the Congregational Sabbath-school, two weeks ago, when the title of the lesson was the same as the title of the picture, 'Christ Before Pilate'." And this is only one of numerous notices, to the same effect, that we have received. The Greencastle (Ind.) Banner says, for example: "It is a real work of art, something that we are not often able to say of pictures that are given away as premiums. This is an exception, decidedly, and is a most interesting study."

HORSFORD ALMANAC AND COOK-BOOK mailed free on application to the Rumford Chemical Works, Providence, Rhode Island.

A LADY IN THE HAIR BUSINESS.—To the very large number of our lady readers who have been cheated by dealers in hair, in selling them goods on false representations, etc., the above may seem an anomaly. Yet such is the case, as will be readily seen by all who come in contact with Mrs. C. Thompson, whose "patent waves" have been so extensively advertised, and of which so many are worn by the ladies of this country.

This little lady, though not one of the craft, has (with her personal knowledge of what ladies required), by her native ingenuity, invented and patented the only article ever patented in hair for personal wear, viz: her "Thompson patent wave," which is acknowledged by all as the only standard article in the market; and in spite of the most violent opposition by the trade, is in more general demand than all the imitations combined, which have been sold to ladies on merits claimed; but which were only possessed by "the Thompson wave." Mrs. Thompson's guarantee goes with all of her waves, and purchasers can, if not satisfied, always have their money returned. This is fact, and to this fact, coupled with another, viz: that *she does not sell to the trade*, and, therefore, always makes good her guarantee, is due her success. If ladies will remember this, and apply to her direct at her stores, they will save themselves the annoyance of being imposed upon, and have the satisfaction of dealing with a lady, and of receiving exactly what they pay for.

A KNABE IN THE WHITE HOUSE.—The Baltimore American says: "There was seen yesterday at Messrs. Knabe & Co.'s factory a magnificent concert grand, just finished by them, for the Presidental mansion. President Arthur, who is a thorough connoisseur of music, in selecting a piano for the White House decided in favor of the Knabe Piano as his preference, and ordered accordingly the instrument referred to. It is a concert grand of beautiful finish, in a richly-carved rosewood case, and of superb tone and action—an instrument worthy in every respect of the place it is to occupy. It was shipped to its destination yesterday."

IN a letter from Hon. Mrs. Pery, Castle Grey, Limerick, Ireland, Brown's Bronchial Troches are thus referred to: "Having brought your 'bronchial troches' with me when I came to reside here, I found that after I had given them away to those I considered required them, the poor people will walk for miles to get a few." For coughs, colds, and throat diseases, they have no equal. Sold only in boxes. Price twenty-five cents.

FOR SEEDS, PLANTS, AND SHRUBS, their varieties, and where they can be bought to the best advantage, we refer to our advertising pages, this month. Those pages, in this respect, especially at this season, are as interesting and instructive as any part of the magazine.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

[MEDICAL BOTANY—OF THE GARDEN, FIELD, AND FOREST.]

BY ABRAM LIVEZEY, A. M., M. D.

No. II.—HARDHACK—HAWK-WEED—HIPS—HICKORY, ETC.

We will briefly pass in review several unimportant medicinal agents of the field and forest in this number, and first:

HARDHACK—*Spiræa tomentosa*. An indigenous, rusty, tomentous shrub, two to three feet high, common in pastures and thickets, with racemes of flowers, short, dense, aggregated into a terminal panicle, of a beautiful roseate-purplish hue. Leaves lanceolate, smoothish above, serrate. All parts of the plant are medicinal, being both bitter and astringent to the taste. Its tonic powers adapt it to cases of debility and convalescence, while its astringency makes it useful in diarrhœa, cholera-infantum, etc., where such diseases persist after irritating matters are removed by rhubarb syrup or oil. It was used by the aborigines of our country, which, in the estimation of some, renders it of more worth. Mothers who desire to use it may boil one ounce of the plant in a pint of water for a time, and give one to two tablespoonfuls at a time.

HAWK-WEED, OR RATTLESNAKE-WEED—*Hieracium venosum*. The plants belonging to this genus are generally known as hawk-weeds; but this one has been distinguished by the above name, as it once obtained some notoriety in some parts of the country, in some past age, and traditionally transmit-

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ted, as an antidote to the bite of that snake. This plant has a slender flower-stem, one to two feet high, with a single leaf about midway; heads of yellow flowers in a loose paniculate corymb. Leaves mostly all radical, two to four or five inches long, tapering almost to a petiole at the base, purple-veined. Found in open woods and clearings, flowering in June. The roots and leaves are somewhat astringent, and have been used with success in hemorrhagic diseases. At least, the hemorrhage has ceased after drinking freely of a decoction of the plant, made in the proportion of two ounces to the pint of water, taken in wine-glass doses. The juice will sometimes remove warts; apply daily, for a time.

Hips, Dog-Rose—*Rosa canina*. This is the wild brier or hip-tree, whence the name of "hips." The ripe fruit of the indigenous plant, deprived of the hairy seeds, is so called. It has been introduced into this country, but is not generally cultivated. It grows to the height of eight to ten feet, and bears whitish or pale-red flowers, of five obcordate fragrant petals. The fruit is fleshy, smooth, oval, red, and of a pleasant, sweet, acidulous taste.

Hickory—*Carya*. The *C. alba* is the shell-bark or shag-bark hickory; *C. tomentosa*, the white-heart, common thick-shelled hickory-nut tree or mocker-nut, as it is called in some sections of country; *C. glabra*, pig-nut hickory, broom hickory. The young saplings of this species, on account of their peculiar toughness, were once much used in making splint-brooms: and the younger sprouts, in rural sections, as a specimen of rural economy, are often employed, twisted or otherwise, as a kind of rude ligature or strong rope, under the name of hickory withes. The mature wood of this species is also preferred by wheelwrights for making the axles of carts and wagons. Lastly, the *C. olivæformis* bears the pecan-nut of the South. The leaves of the whole genus are aromatic and astringent. Dyspeptics can chew the inner bark often with much benefit: and a tincture made from the same has been used very successfully in intermittent fever, after a simple emetic and purgative. The poor people, especially in remote country places, should bear this in mind. And tobacco-chewing dyspeptics should cease their damaging habit, and have a good supply of this bark in their pockets. Fill any sized broad-mouthed bottle, loosely, with the fine inside bark, pack down and cover with proof spirits rye or apple whiskey, and take in tablespoon doses every two or three hours, during the absence of fever. An infusion, made with boiling water, is as effectual and more prudent to use. It must be renewed—made fresh—every other day. The quantity used is unimportant.

HOUSE FURNISHING, Etc.

Fashion In Household Taste.—The trouble with most writers about furnishing is that they make a mystery of what should be simple, and elevate into lofty principles of "art" what are really but matters of convenience and comfort. Convenience and comfort are the first things to be considered in your house, and if you secure them you can get beauty, too; but you will never get beauty at the sacrifice of convenience. The first thing is the papering. It is easy to get good papers now. They should not be too dark. They should not have too pronounced a pattern. The best papers for a small room are those which give a quiet effect of color, and in which the figure does not obtrude itself. A good paper goes a long way toward furnishing a room; but if it is really good, you can go on with your furnishing without regard to it.

This truth should be borne in mind, that if your paper, your curtains, your carpet, your furniture, be of good color and design—that is, appropriate to their purposes and surroundings, unobtrusive, and containing no false notes or discords of their own—the question of harmony will give you no trouble. Don't bother yourself about "matching." You don't want things to match. That makes monotony, not harmony. Of course you will buy each thing with some thought of what is to be near it, and may even try the effect before buying, if you cannot trust your own perceptions; but if you expect to get any pleasure out of furnishing your house, buy everything for its own sake, because it is good in itself and you like it, and not because it will make up a set. Nobody ever took any rational interest in a set.

There is another thing of which we wish to speak. The average parlor, to-day, is much more attractive than the one a generation back. But, alas! nearly every parlor is alike: they have the same wearisome placques, vases, etc., etc. Fashion happened to take a turn, a few years ago, in the direction of beauty and comfort, and the manufacturers and dealers, who supply the public demand, produced better things than before, and people could not help buying them. But it was nothing but fashion, after all. It was not "art" nor "taste"; for people of taste have always had pretty rooms, even before it was fashionable, and will still have pretty rooms, though fashion swing again to ugliness.

And this is just what fashion appears disposed just now to do. For a few years past, there has been a wonderful revival in all the branches of artistic industry. But the skill in handicraft was easier to revive than the honest conscience and the innate feeling that alone can keep the craftsmen in the right path, and as we look in the shop-windows to-day, we find them filled with all manner of pretentious exaggerations and loud imitations of the work of defeased periods of art, more costly, and displaying more technical skill than was shown in the humble beginnings of the "revival;" but with an evident loss of all the ideas of sincerity that gave the modern movement life.

There is nothing surprising in this tendency. While the revival of artistic industry has made it possible for people of taste to get what they require more easily than they could before, it has not supplied taste to those who lacked it. Not all the books that ever were written about art in the household, and making home beautiful, and all that sort of thing, are worth the paper they are printed on, to people who think of the furniture and decoration of their homes as no more than a matter of fashion. Fashion passes continually from one exaggeration to another. True taste in the household, as everywhere else, is the same to-day as it always was, and the best-furnished room is not that which is in the latest fashion, but that which tells of the finest perceptions and truest lives in those whose home it is.

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

☞ Everything relating to this department should be addressed "Puzzle Editor," Peterson's Magazine, Lock Box 437, Marblehead, Mass.

No. 185.—Cross-Word Enigma.

My first is in window, but not in door.
My second's in carpet, but not in floor.
My third is in light, but not in dark.
My fourth is in thrush, but not in lark.
My fifth is in heaven, but not in sky.
My sixth is in spider, but not in fly.
My seventh's in sun, but not in moon.
My eighth is in cup, but not in spoon.
My ninth is in olive, but not in prune.
My tenth is in August, but not in June.
My eleventh's in daughter, but not in dame.
My whole is an author known to fame.

Essex, Conn. Grace W. Goddard.

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No. 186.—Numerical Enigma.

A 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8 is a 5, 6, 7, 8 that eats holes in a 1, 2, 3, 4.

Marblehead, Mass. Gessee.

No. 187.—Hidden Trees.

1. As Henry is busy, I will not stay.
2. Mabel, mother wants you.
3. The pearl is found in the deep.
4. O, a kind man gave it to me.
5. Pass me a pin, Edith.

Auburn, N. Y. Alice L. Walley.

Answers Next Month.

Answers to Puzzles in the January Number.

No. 183.

1. Still, till, ill.
2. Stripe, tripe, ripe.
3. Scold, cold, old

No. 184.

T R A C K
A R E N A
E D E N S
E A T E R
D E T E R

HEALTH DEPARTMENT.

Evils of Mouth-Breathing.—The more eminent physicians are now agreed that many diseases are inhaled by mouth-breathing, especially malarious ones. Doctor Carl Seller lately delivered a lecture on this theme, in which he said that many ills that are ascribed to other causes are in reality due to the effects of this habit. Nature intended the nose to be used for inhaling and exhaling the atmosphere, and fitted it up for that purpose. The mucous membrane contains what are termed serous glands, which give moisture to the air as it is inhaled, while it is warmed and purified by its passage through the nose. When taken directly through the mouth into the lungs, the air is apt, by reason of its lack of moisture, impurity, or improper temperature, or all three, to act as an irritant, especially in the larynx, and in the air-cells of the lungs. Doctor Seller drew on the blackboard diagrams of the larynx and lungs to illustrate the points he made, and to show the character of troubles of this kind he had mastered. Owing to the imperfect oxygenation of air inhaled directly by the mouth habitually, there is often set up in the system a condition that gives the symptoms of dyspepsia, consumption, etc. The lecturer described the development of nasal catarrh and the diseased formations that ensue from it, and after speaking of the excessive pain that attended attempts to treat them with the knife or nitric acid, stated a simple process for burning these formations with an incandescent platinum wire, a plan which he declared to be painless to the patient, as the intense heat of the canterizing agent destroys the nerves before they have time to communicate with the brain.

Eating Stale Meats.—It may be laid down as a general principle that meat, fish, or poultry in a state of decay cannot be eaten with safety, since symptoms of irritant poisoning have so frequently arisen from this cause. The absence of evil consequences after eating food which has undergone a certain amount of decay is doubtless due in many cases to the completeness of the cooking process; but this does not militate against the general rule that food in any stage of decay is unwholesome, and should be avoided. Of late years there have been many cases of poisonous symptoms arising from the use of canned meats. The cause appears mainly to have been improper methods of canning, or of the use of meat that was tainted before being canned. An examination of the outside of the can is our only available guide as regards this class of article. The head of the can should be slightly concave, whereas if it be convex it shows that decomposition has commenced within the can. Sometimes, through careless soldering, the preserved articles become contaminated with lead, and poisoning by this substance is the result.

USEFUL HINTS.

Hints For Making Inexpensive Curtains.—Oatmeal-cloth, unbleached sheeting, scrim, or Toile Colbert (which is very like milk-straining cloth), are all good foundations for the curtain; on any of these you may work a border in crewels. Red and pink roses, with leaves, with a few stems of light grass in gold filoselle, make an effective garniture. The deep coarse lace, either antique or coarse torchon, should edge the curtains. Or you may make a border by cutting out some pretty flowers or birds from cretonne, and appliqué it upon the curtain, buttonholing the edges with silk to match the flowers, leaves, etc. Or, we have just seen a pretty set of curtains for a country-house (bed-room), made of unbleached sheeting, with a stripe of cretonne put across the top and bottom of the curtain—simply the wide stripe stitched on by machine—and it was most effective. Some of the cretonnes with wide Russian stripes in rich colors should be selected.

To Make a Looking-Glass Frame.—The uses to which the pretty pine cones, acorns, etc., can be applied, are innumerable, and one of the prettiest is a looking-glass frame. Take a looking-glass in a plain deal frame, about fourteen inches long by ten wide (but the size is not material), with a ring at the back to hang it up by. Take off some of the larger scales from the fir cones, and glue them on as a border around the frame. Then add row within row, of nut-shells, acorns, *very small cones*, and any other pretty wood treasures that may be handy, filling in the gaps and interstices with lichens and moss. The frame is sometimes finished off by varnishing; but the effect is much better if left unvarnished, though perhaps it will not look well quite so long. Picture-frames can be ornamented in the same way, and they, as well as brackets, etc., may have the foundations cut out of strong mill-board.

FIRESIDE GAMES.

Games For Winter Evenings.—We give a game or two more, for amusement on winter evenings. The "Magic Answer" is a game much liked. There are two ways of playing it, and it requires two confederates; one leaves the room, and the company decide upon the name of any person they please; on being recalled, the other confederate puts the question, and asks "Is it So-and-so?" naming a different

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person each time. The answer is "No," until the right person has been named, when it is "Yes." The simple trick consists in always naming a person with white hair before the name of the person agreed upon. The correct answer creates much surprise as to how it has been arrived at. "Birds" is rather a funny game, if well played. Four or five ladies out of the company each choose the name of a bird, and whisper it to the gentleman who is to sell them. Any one of the company offers to buy a bird, and asks for the one he wants; the amusement consists in the badinage which passes between the birdseller and the purchasers, and the guesses as to which of the ladies is intended by the birds described; children and young people much enjoy this game, and the descriptions of the birds are made as *apropos* as possible. Some young people find amusement in games in which pencil and paper are required, such as "skeleton letters," letters written without adjectives by a clever member of the company, an adjective being afterwards supplied by each of the company in turn. When a letter is completed, it is read aloud, and never fails to provoke much merriment. Another form of letter-writing is to distribute a number of slips of paper to the company, who each write a paragraph, folded down, and pass it on to their neighbor, who also writes and passes it on. When the papers are filled up, and the letters finished, they are unfolded and read out. A game called "Rhymes" is also a favorite one. One of the party writes a line of poetry on a sheet of paper, folds it so as only the last word can be seen, and hands it to the next person, who adds another line to rhyme with the word seen on the paper—the poetry may be either original or not. When everyone has written something, the united composition is read, and is often very funny indeed. A cheerful game for a family-party, when tired of other things, is "What is my thought like?" A lady is told to think of a gentleman. She then asks the company: "What is the object of my thought like?" Each person gives an answer; the lady then names the person of whom she has been thinking, and inquires how or in what way the objects severally named are like him; and then follows the best reasons that can be given, and the more absurd they are, the greater the laughter occasioned.

FLOWER GARDENING.

Late in February transplant all hardy fibrous-rooted flowering evergreens (perennials) and biennials—that is, cuttings rooted from plants of last year, and sweet-williams, hollyhocks, perennial sun-flowers; also violets, primroses, polyanthus, daisies, pinks, monk's-hood, hepaticas, campanulas, etc.; but this can only be done when the weather is open and mild, and gives early promise of spring. So also evergreens, as laurustinus, laurels, and pyracanthus, may be transplanted; but they must be carefully done, and have a good ball of earth around them.

Cuttings can be made in February from strong shoots of the last year's growth of roses, and honeysuckles, and jasmines, and these will root well by October, and be ready for transplanting. Choose the strongest shoots, and do not cut them less than six inches long. Cut them with a knife, in a slanting direction; plant them in a moist situation, out of reach of frost; put each cutting half-way into the ground, which should have been well dug and raked. Beyond this there is not much to be done in small garden strips in this month; but where there is a green-house, the potting of plants should be carried on rapidly, according to the spaces capable of screening them from frost.

Moss can be cleared off a lawn in February, by drawing a fine rake over it two or three times. All bare places under trees and elsewhere should now be well scratched over with the rake—seeds mixed with bone-dust should be sowed over the vacant places, and be well rolled in.

Edgings of box, of thrift, and house-leek (sedums), can be made, and dig all borders lightly with a garden fork.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

SOUPS.

Milk Soup.—Four large potatoes, two leeks, two ounces of butter, three tablespoonfuls of crushed tapioca, one pint of milk. Put the potatoes and leeks, cut in four, into a saucepan, with two quarts of boiling water and the two ounces of butter, a teaspoonful of salt and pepper to taste. Boil an hour, run through a colander, and return it to the saucepan; add the milk, sprinkle in the tapioca, and let it boil fifteen minutes.

Vegetable Soup.—One and a half pounds of beef to three quarts and a pint of water, one half-cupful of rice or barley, season with salt and pepper; put in a pot and boil steadily for two hours; then add parsley, one onion, two potatoes, one carrot, and tomato if you have it; if the water boils down, you can add more hot water.

MEATS.

To Make Raised Pies.—Take one and a half pounds of best lard, three-quarters of a pint of new milk; boil them together, stir the boiling mixture into four pounds of flour; knead the paste well, and set it down to the fire twenty minutes before using. To raise the crust of a pie, you must take your paste *warm*, roll it out, and mould it on a mould (a decanter will do in default of a proper one); when cold, take it off, and fill it with pork or veal, which must be cut about the size of dice, seasoned with white pepper, salt, and a little dried sage; put on the tops; and to make glossy, brush over with the white of an egg. Oak-leaves cut out of the paste and laid around the pie to form a wreath, and an acorn in the centre, will be found a great improvement.

A Nice Dish from Cold Beef, with Mashed Potatoes.—Mash potatoes, either in a plain way or with [illegible] and the yolk of an egg, and add some butter and salt. Slice the cold beef, and lay it at the bottom of a pie-dish, adding to it some pepper, salt, and a little beef-gravy. Cover the whole with a thick paste of the potatoes. Score the potato-crust with the point of a knife, in squares of equal size. Put the dish in an oven, and brown it on all sides. When nicely browned, serve immediately. This, with an apple-tart or dumpling to follow, is a capital dinner for a small family.

Economical Stew.—Slice some cold beef or mutton, season the meat with pepper and salt, and dredge over it a little flour. Put it in a stewpan, with some of the cold gravy; or, if there be none left, add a little water. Slice an onion fine, and add to it also a few potatoes. Stew gently until the meat is quite tender. If there was no cold gravy, a little butter rolled in flour must be added a few minutes before the stew is served.

An Excellent Hash from Cold Poultry.—Cut the meat in pieces, put the trimmings and bones in a saucepan, with some pepper, salt, a slice of lean ham, and a little onion. Simmer this for half an hour, thicken it with a bit of butter rolled in flour, then put in the meat. Before serving, squeeze in a little lemon-juice.

VEGETABLES.

Salsify.—Throw each root, as you scrape it, into weak vinegar and water. Drain them, throw them into salted boiling water. When tender, drain, and let them cool. Cut the

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roots, when cold, into bits two inches long, lay them for an hour or two in a bowl containing a spoonful of oil mixed with one of vinegar, and salt and pepper to taste, turning them once or twice. Drain thoroughly, dip each piece of salsify into frying butter, or into egg, and then in bread-crumb, and fry in plenty of hot fat. As soon as they take a light-brown color, drain them, lay them a moment on warm kitchen-paper, and serve very hot, garnished with fried parsley.

Potato Cakes.—Two potatoes, a little salt, a breakfast-cup of flour, one ounce of butter. Boil the potatoes, peel and bruise them, and work them into a paste, then add a little salt, and mix it in a large breakfast-cup full of flour. Roll out the cake, and cut it into six or eight pieces. Bake it slowly in a metal frying-pan, in which put previously about one ounce of butter. The cakes should be a light color, and require constant attention while baking.

Boiled Dried Beans.—Put a piece of pickled pork in a pot with two quarts of water. In another pot put one quart of dried beans, which must have been carefully picked and washed. As soon as the beans begin to boil, take them out, put them in a colander to drain, then put them in with the meat, and just cover the whole with water. Boil them till they are quite soft, and send them to the table.

Another.—Boil the salsify as above, then mash it smoothly, add two well-beaten eggs, half an ounce of flour, and pepper and salt to taste. Mix well, shape it into little balls the size of a walnut, dip each into egg, then into bread-crumb, and fry like croquettes.

DESSERTS.

Painted Ladies.—Remove the eyes and stalks from some nice round-looking apples that will cook well, and peel them very evenly, to preserve their shape. Place them in a shallow stewpan large enough to hold them in one layer. Dissolve loaf-sugar in sufficient water to completely cover the apples, allowing four ounces of sugar to each pint of water; add a few cloves, a little lemon-peel, and stick cinnamon. Cover the stewpan, and simmer the apples very gently, or they will break before being cooked thoroughly. When done, and they are cool enough, lift them carefully to a glass dish, and with a small brush, tint them delicately on one side with a little liquid cochineal or melted red currant jelly; strain the syrup, return it to the stewpan, and boil it rapidly until reduced to one-third of a pint. When cold, stir to it a wineglass of sherry and the juice of half a lemon, and pour it around, but not over the apples. Blenheim oranges do well for this dish.

Apple Fritters.—Peel three large apples, core them with a column cutter, and cut them across in slices rather less than half an inch thick; put them in a flat dish with half a tumbler of brandy, and strew plenty of powdered loaf-sugar over them; let them remain covered for a couple of hours, then take each piece separately, dip it in batter so that it is well covered with it, and fry a golden color in plenty of hot lard. Lay the fritters in front of the fire, and when all are done, pile them up on a napkin, shake plenty of powdered loaf-sugar over them, and serve.

Mince-Meat.—Take four pounds of raisins, four pounds of currants, four pounds of suet. Chop up fine one dozen pippin apples, half-ounce of cloves, the same of cinnamon and mace, one nutmeg, two large lemons, juice and peel. After all is prepared, mix the fruit and suet well together in a large dish; add one and a half pounds of brown sugar, and wet it well with brandy; pack it down tightly in an earthen jar, and tie closely. When you mix it for use, add a little more brandy, and sugar, and slices of citron.

Batter.—Beat up one tablespoonful of brandy, one of olive-oil, and a little cold water, with the yolk of one egg: add a pinch of salt, then work in sufficient flour to make, with the addition of more water, as much batter as will be wanted. It should be of the consistency of thick cream. Just before using, whisk the whites of two eggs to a froth, and mix them lightly but effectually with the batter.

Plum Pudding.—Half-pound of flour, half-pound of suet, half-pound of plums, half-pound of currants, half-pound of brown sugar, a large teaspoonful of baking-powder, a little salt and nutmeg, half-pound of raw carrots grated, half-pound of raw potatoes grated. The vegetables are sufficient to mix; neither eggs nor milk are required. Boil six hours.

CAKES.

Pound Cake.—One pound of butter, one pound of loaf-sugar, one pound of eggs, one and a quarter pounds of flour. Put the butter into a clean pan, about milk-warm, and stir it around until it becomes cream; then add the sugar, which must be pounded very fine, and stir them together for a few minutes. Break the eggs in, and beat them all together for five minutes; then gradually add the flour and six drops of essence of lemon; stir them lightly together, put in a buttered mould, and bake in a cool oven. This cake is good, but plain. If a richer one is desired, put in one pound of currants, half a nutmeg grated, and one quarter-pound of candied lemon, cut into thin slices.

Buckwheat Cakes Without Yeast.—To one quart of luke-warm water, add as much buckwheat meal as will make a batter of the proper thickness. Add to this a little salt, a teaspoonful of soda, dissolved, and a teaspoonful of tartaric acid dissolved in half a cup of water. When the batter is ready, put in the acid and beat the batter well, then stir in the soda, and bake immediately.

Muffins.—One quart of milk, five eggs, one tablespoonful of good yeast; if home-made, three or four tablespoonfuls. A lump of butter the size of a walnut, and enough flour to form a stiff batter. Set them to rise, and when light, bake them in rings.

Rice Butter Cakes.—Take a pint of boiled rice, mash it well, add three well-beaten eggs, a quart of milk, a little salt, and enough flour to form a batter. Add a teacupful of home-made yeast. When light, bake on a griddle.

FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

FIG. I.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF BLUE CASHMERE. The back of the skirt is laid in kilt-plaits from the waist to the foot. The front has three kilted flounces. The panels at the side and the collar on the bodice are dark-blue brocaded silk. The coat-bodice is close-fitting, long in front, but quite short at the back, where it is ornamented with a large bow.

FIG. II.—WALKING-DRESS, OF BROWN WOOLEN MATERIAL, with gay satin stripes. The skirt is quite plain. Scarf-drapery, trimmed with an ecru embroidered ruffle, looped up at the side, and falling in loose puffs at the back. Jacket of brown cloth, close-fitting, cut in battlements at the bottom, and trimmed with brandebourgs down the front. Brown felt hat, ornamented with a bird.

FIG. III.—VISITING-DRESS, OF LIGHT-BLUE ALBATROSS-CLOTH. The skirt is trimmed with a deep flounce, which is put on with several rows of shirring. Above the hem is inserted a strip of white surah silk, ornamented with two rows of gold braid. The pointed side-pieces are also edged with this trimming, as is the deep coat-basque. Above the flounce, and passing under the basque, is a scarf of the surah, striped with many rows of gold braid. The sleeves, collar, pockets, and front of the basque are ornamented in the same way. Bonnet of dark-blue velvet, lined with light-blue, and trimmed with a thick spray of pink rosebuds.

FIG. IV.—VISITING-DRESS, OF METTERNICH-GREEN, OF LUSTRELESS SILK. The shape is a Princess. The front of

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the skirt is laid in long plaits. The bottom is trimmed with five very narrow knife-plaited ruffles. Above this is a full quilling of heavy lace, which has been dyed the color of the dress, and which is interspersed with chenille drop of the same color. This trimming extends from the throat down either side of the front plaits, and around the bottom, just above the narrow ruffles. Three-quarter sleeves. Velvet bonnet, of the color of the dress, lined with rose-color, and trimmed with rose-colored feathers.

FIG. V.—CARRIAGE-DRESS, OF INDIA-BLUE SILK. The bottom of the skirt has a knife plaited ruffle. Above this is a shell quilling. A chenille fringe trims the bottom of the long gathered underskirt, and the tunic crosses in front, and is also trimmed with chenille fringe. The very long redingote is of blue brocaded silk. The waist is made with a point. The coat-skirt is very plain, and opens in front; it has large velvet pockets at the sides. The waist has a collar and revers of dark-blue velvet, and a soft silk-gathered plastron in front. Hat of dark-blue plush, with yellow plume.

FIG. VI.—WINTER CLOAK, OF BROWN BEAVER CLOTH. The bottom, sleeves, and collar are trimmed with seal-skin. Above the fur, at the bottom and on the sleeves, are several rows of wide Hercules braid, and above this again is a row of fancy braiding. The sleeves are put in in the dolman style. Brown velvet bonnet, trimmed with a yellow bird and brown and yellow feather.

FIG. VII.—WIDOW'S COSTUME, OF PARAMETTA AND CRÈPE. The kilted skirt is of parametta, and has a treble box-plait of crèpe down the centre of the front. The bodice has paniers terminating at the back as a tunic. The trimming of the cuffs, the collar, the plastron, and bow are of crèpe. Crèpe bonnet and veil.

FIGS. VIII AND IX.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF BÈGE-CLOTH. The skirt is kilted nearly to the waist, and the full round tunic, which is also of bège-cloth, is machine-stitched. The bodice is of dark-blue cloth, and the basque is cut out as battlements, and is ornamented with braid, which is continued down the front, at each side of the buttons.

FIG. X.—WALKING-DRESS, OF DARK-GREEN CASHMERE. The skirt is laid in box-plaits in front, and in kilt-plaits at the side and back. The round tunic is full and short, and simply draped at the back. The coat-basque is close-fitting, and is buttoned down the front with old silver buttons. Bonnet of mastic-colored felt, with crown, with dark-green plush front. A bunch of dark-green feathers and a silver buckle ornament it.

FIG. XI.—VISITING-DRESS, OF TERRA-COTTA COLORED OTTOMAN SILK, and dark-claret velvet, with terra cotta polka-dots. The bottom of the skirt has a flounce of the Ottoman silk, laid in side-plaits, with bands of the claret-colored velvet alternating with the silk plaits. The bottom of the velvet skirt is cut in deep vandykes. The Ottoman-silk scarf is draped quite low in front, is caught up at the sides by a band of the velvet, and falls at the back, where it is turned up and draped. This Ottoman-silk scarf is placed so as to show the upper part of the velvet skirt, and does not reach to the waist. The bodice is pointed at the back, and has a vest of the velvet. The cuffs and narrow collar are also of velvet. Folds of the silk are laid fichu-fashion about the shoulders. Bonnet of claret-colored plush, with terra-cotta colored feathers.

FIG. XII.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF DARK-CRIMSON SILK AND BLACK SATIN. The underskirt is of the satin, edged with a narrow knife-plaiting. The scant ruffles of black satin are covered with black Spanish lace flowers. The crimson overdress is long in the front, falls square at the back, and is draped high on the side, with a gold buckle. The bodice has a long point, with a gathered plastron in front, and the collar and cuffs are of black lace.

FIG. XIII.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF ALMOND-COLORED CAMEL'S-HAIR AND SEAL-BROWN VELVET. The skirt consists of alternate box-plaits and kiltings of the two materials. The double tablier is trimmed with velvet. The bodice is in the redingote style, with long coat-ends at the back, where it falls in wide plaits, and has square tabs in front. This is also trimmed with seal-brown velvet, and the buttons are of velvet.

FIG. XIV.—VISITING-BONNET, OF BLACK SPANISH LACE, JET DROPS, AND YELLOW CHRYSANTHEMUMS. In white blonde this would be a beautiful bonnet for the opera, substituting pink or red flowers for the yellow ones. Without the flowers, it makes a beautiful dressy bonnet for an elderly lady.

FIG. XV.—DIRECTOIRE BONNET, OF BLACK CHENILLE, trimmed with three dark-red feathers. The lining and strings are of black velvet.

FIG. XVI.—BONNET, OF LEATHER-COLORED VELVET, trimmed both outside and inside with ruby-colored roses. The Ottoman-silk strings match the velvet. A bird at the side.

FIG. XVII.—CRÈPE BONNET, FOR MOURNING. There is a very narrow plaiting of crèpe around the edge, and the crèpe is put on full and carelessly at the top. Broad crèpe strings, hemmed.

GENERAL REMARKS.—There is never much that is new in the fashions to chronicle in this month. The winter ones have all been decided upon, and the new styles for spring have not appeared. In fact, the costumes are already so varied, and any transitions are so gradual, that we slip from autumn to winter, and from winter to spring, and are astonished to find how our last year's gowns, wraps, and bonnets are still quite in the fashion. Yet human nature, at least women's human nature, likes change, and there is always some little thing that is new—the cut of a sleeve, the trimming of a skirt, the length of a wrap, or the pose of a feather, that is valuable to those who need new garments.

In colors for outdoor wear, dark-brown vies with dark-green for popularity, and dashes of red are everywhere, from the aigrette in the bonnet to the "clocks" on the stockings. Black never loses favor, and is more worn by elderly ladies than any color, however dark the shade.

Gathered flounces, cut either straight or bias, are new, pretty, and easily made. For several summers, the straight flounces of white dresses have been finished with rows of narrow tucks, and now soft silks are being made in the same way for winter wear.

Soft white muslins and tulle are much used for evening-dresses for young ladies; but though the material is usually cheap, they are so frail, and the making frequently costs so much, that camel's-hair, French bunting, and albatross-cloth, and surahs in light color, remain most in favor, except for the very rich. Tulle, also, to look well, should be made over silk or satin.

Tournures or bustles are universally worn, but of only moderate size. When too large, they sway and move with every step of the wearer, giving her a ridiculous wriggling appearance, though all superfluous fullness is dispensed with. Stiff muslin or horsehair ruffles are usually fastened into the back of the skirt, to give it the needed fullness; but if the dress is much draped at the back, even these may be dispensed with.

OUR PARIS LETTER.

RUE DES PETITS CHAMPS.

I have seldom seen prettier costumes made up in woolen materials than are now shown in Paris, and that in most cases without any admixture of silk, satin, or velvet, the charm of these toilettes consisting in their stylish simplicity.

Plaited underskirts, with the plaiting extending from waist

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to hem, are very much in vogue, even in the plaids that are now so fashionable. Over these underskirts are placed full looped draperies at the back, and a graceful scarf or apron overskirt in front. One of the most tasteful plaid walking-dresses that I have seen this season has a pointed draped apron overskirt, with full looped draperies at the back, the sides showing the close-plaited underskirt to the waist. Another style has a draped overskirt plaited up to a point at one side, attached there to the waist, and falling in full rounded folds over the other side of the skirt, nearly to the hem. This fashion is very popular; but is unbecoming to any but the most slender of figures. Another way of making a cashmere dress is to cover the underskirt as high as the knee with narrow ruffles, each bordered with an inch-wide band of velvet. The overskirt falls in a graceful curve in front, meeting the ruffles, and is caught up in drapery with two pointed ends at the back. The corsage is a very long coat in velvet, cut in deep scallops, or it may be made of cashmere, with cuffs and sailor's collar of the velvet. In white cashmere and ruby or sapphire velvet, this toilette makes a pretty evening-costume for a young lady.

Chené stripes in soft woolen materials are a good deal worn; the stripes are about an inch and a half wide, and much ingenuity is shown in draping and arranging the material so as to have all the trimmings, the overskirt, etc., on the bias. When well made, these dresses are extremely effective. Braided jackets, in dark-blue, brown, or green cloth, are still much worn, with underskirts in woolen stripes or plaids. Plush is a good deal used in combination with cloth or cashmere for walking-suits; but chiefly for the underskirt, or in bands for trimming. Plush opera-cloaks, in the deeper tints, such as ruby, old-gold, or sapphire-blue, are in great favor.

This seems to be an eclectic season in regard to wraps, as last year was for hats and bonnets. Every lady wears the cloak that best suits her style or figure. One sees wraps of every shape and length, from the trim tight-fitting cloth basque of a slender maiden to the long stamped velvet paletot of a portly matron. Black is decidedly the favorite color for outdoor wraps; and it is no longer essential to have the cloak and dress of the same material, except for very dressy costumes. Cloth and stamped velvet are the materials the most in vogue, unless the cloak or jacket forms part of a full costume. A novel and handsome wrap is a short tight fitting jacket of seal-skin, made single breasted, and bordered with a band of sea-otter fur. Of course this garment was made for a slender figure: a stout one would look ridiculous in it.

The uncut velvet, or Ottoman velvet, introduced by Worth at the beginning of the season, is now only used for the trimmings or skirt-fronts of very dressy toilettes. It comes in all sorts of delicate evening-dress colors, and in pale-pink or yellow it is very lovely, having a sort of silvery bloom upon its surface that is very attractive. But it is too perishable to be used in any form that will subject it to actual wear, as it marks and crushes in one wearing. Embroidery in colored floss silks, and in chenille, and sometimes with a blending of both, is a good deal used for ball-toilettes. The skirt-front of pale-colored satin is covered with these superb embroideries worked upon the material. A novel element is the introducing of artificial flowers or fruits into the embroidery. Thus a cluster of vine-leaves will surround a bunch of artificial grapes, and a skirt-front worked all over with the foliage and branches of a rose-tree was set here and there with artificial roses very exquisitely made. Another skirt-front, embroidered with colored morning-glories in all their different and splendid hues, had tiny humming-birds set here and there, some apparently sipping from the calyx of the blossoms, others clinging to the vine as if to rest. The corsage had a cluster of humming-birds attached to the left shoulder. The effect was good, and the conceit was pretty, but was hardly in the best taste.

The newest color of the season is a greenish-gray, which is no other than the reseda or mignonette-color that was so fashionable several years ago. It comes in a light lady's-cloth, and is made up in combination with peacock-blue plush.

A very pretty style of embroidery on satin, for the skirt-fronts or underskirts of evening-dresses, consists of a large round spot, worked in white chenille on white satin, and having a cut-glass bead in the centre. The overdress may be in silk, or satin, or brocade, but always in pure white.

Very large rosettes, formed of loops and ends in inch-wide ribbon, either of satin or velvet, are much used for trimming bonnets or evening-dresses, replacing both feathers and flowers very advantageously.

The most popular shoe of the season is the Henri Deux. It is a slipper, cut high at the back and low in front, where a small bow of inch-wide ribbon is placed. A strap crosses the instep, and is fastened with ribbon, tied so as to form a long narrow bow with ends. This new shape comes in all shades of satin for evening-dress wear, as well as in black and bronze morocco.

The pointed or spoon-shaped bonnets, which have been recently introduced, do not appear to be very popular. They are not worn by the really elegant and fashionable ladies of Paris. In dark velvet, lined with pale-colored satin, they are rather pretty; but they do not "take."

LUCY H. HOOPER.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—YOUNG GIRL'S DRESS, OF DARK-GREEN AND BLUE SCOTCH PLAID. The underskirt has two ruffles, laid in box-plaits. The tunic crosses in front. The coat-basque is of brown striped cloth, double-breasted, and has velvet cuffs and rolling collar. Brown velvet hat and feather.

FIG. II.—GIRL'S DRESS, OF ALMOND-COLOR CASHMERE. The skirt is laid in box-plaits, with smaller plaits between. The coat is of brown velvet, cut away in front, and trimmed with brandebourgs. Seal-skin cap.

FIG. III.—BOY'S C STUME. The knickerbocker trousers are made narrow. The sacque-coat has collar, cuffs, and trimming around the bottom of fur. The belt, which falls low, is ornamented with a silver buckle. The broad felt hat is trimmed with a band of velvet and a pompon.

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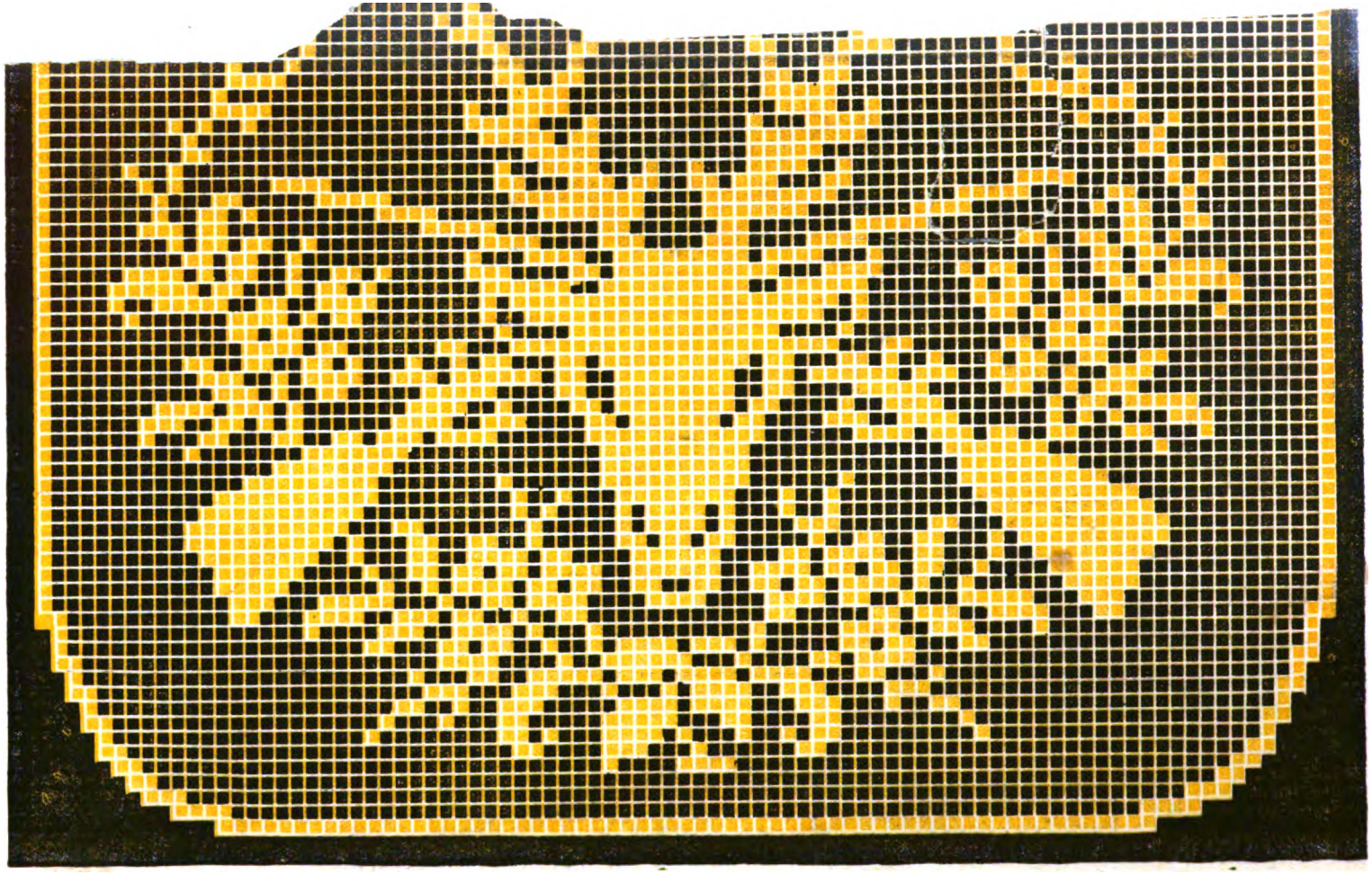

TIDY ON JAVA CANVAS: HUNTING EMBLEMS.

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CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR MARCH. COLLARETS.

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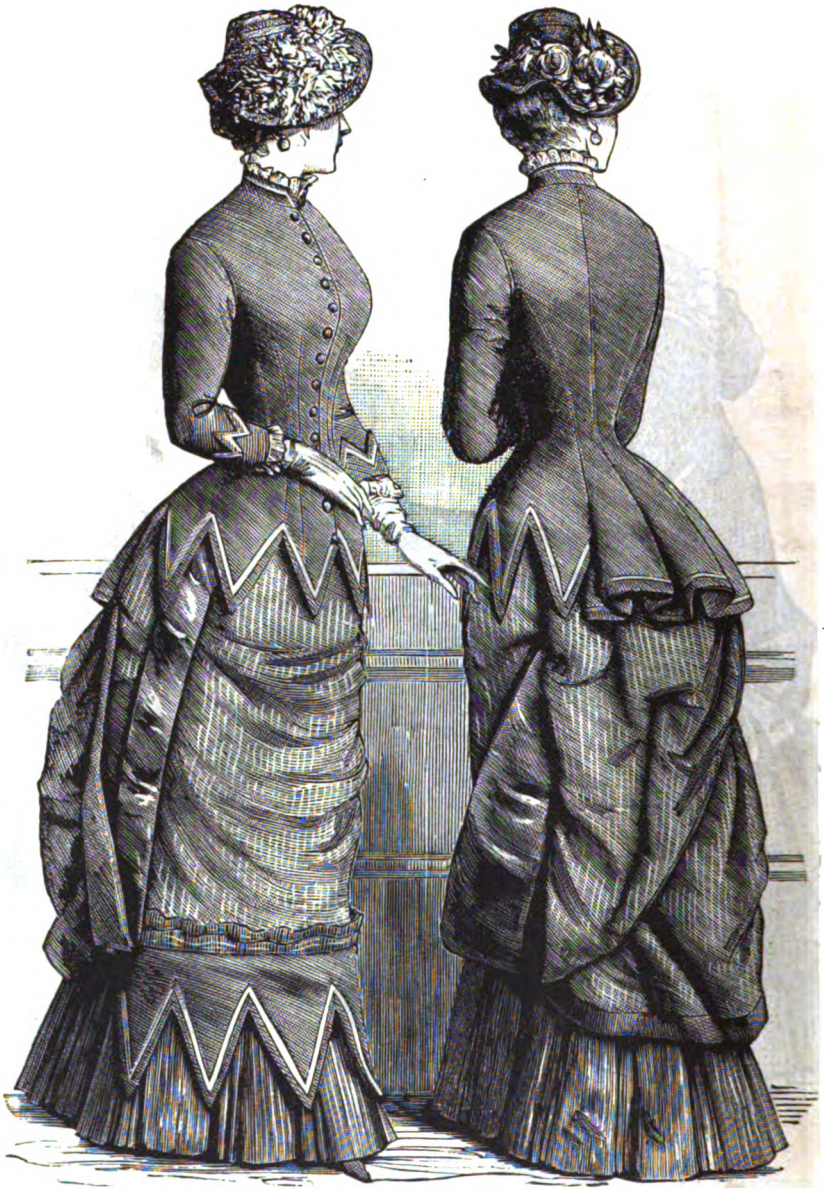

OUT-OF-DOOR DRESS: FRONT AND BACK.

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IN-DOOR DRESS: FRONT AND BACK.

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NEWEST STYLES FOR HOUSE-DRESSES.

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NEWEST STYLE FOR ULSTER: BACK AND FRONT

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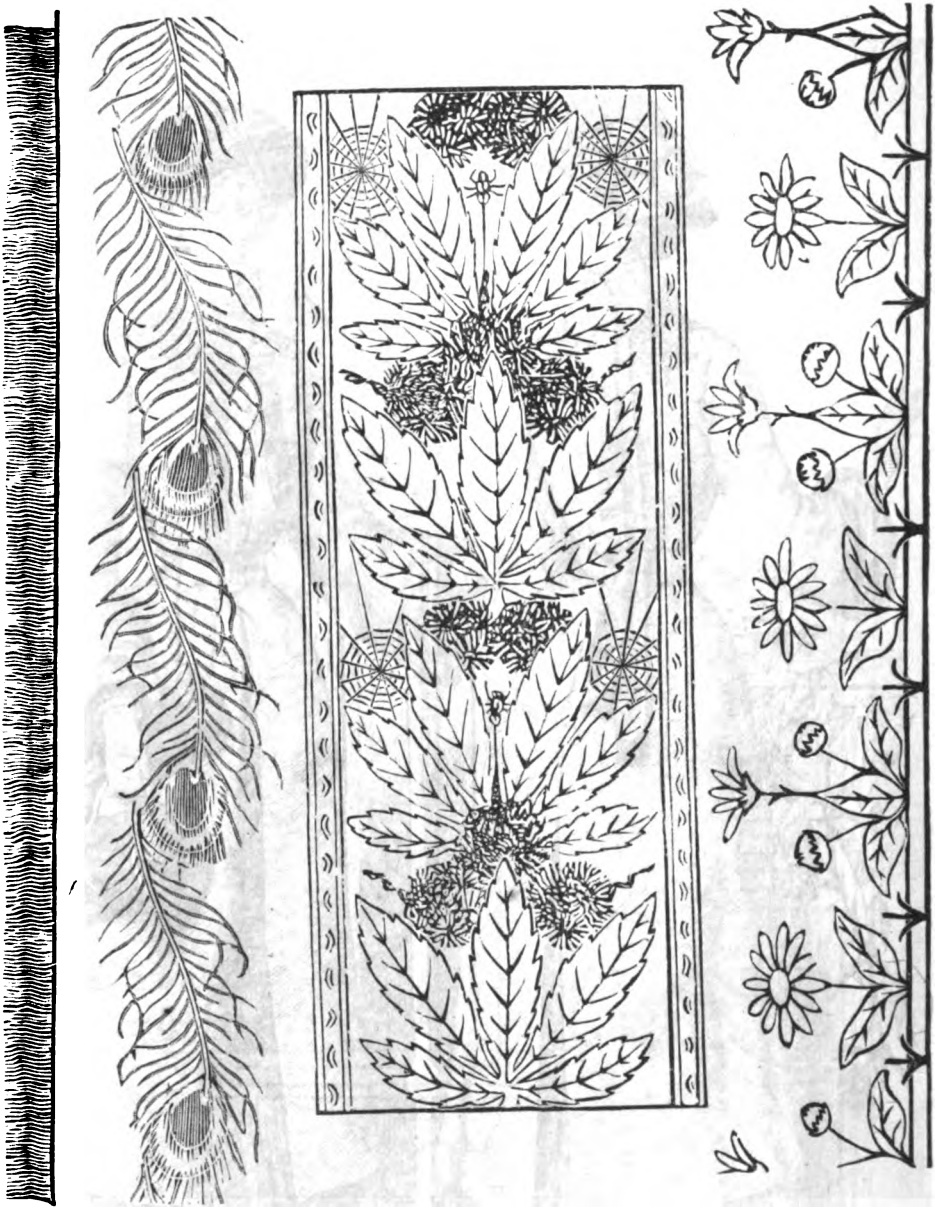

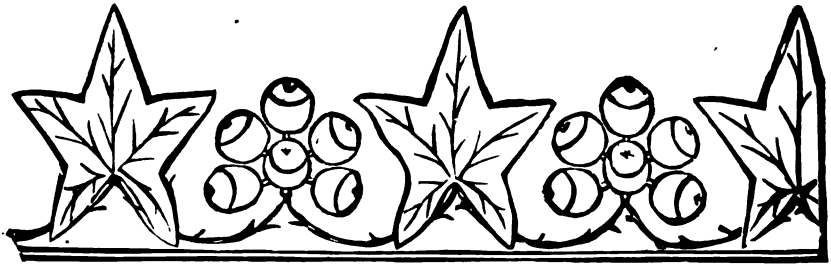

IVY PATTERN. CONVENTIONAL DAISY. CHESTNUT LEAF AND BURRS PEACOCK FEATHER.

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COBWEB: WITH WILD ROSES POMEGRANATE PATTERN (CONVENTIONAL).

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TELL ME A STORY.

As Published by SEP. WINNER & SON, 1007 Spring Garden St., Philadelphia.

Words by F. E. WEATHERLY. Music by A. H. BEHREND.

Allegretto.

mf

mf

1. Tell me a sto - ry, just one, moth-er dear, Can - dles are com - ing, bed-time is near. There is my hand to hold, Bend down your head, Don't speak too loud, mother, Dol - ly's in bed. No! not the sto - ry of
2. Ah! there is Ma - ry just come with a light, Now there's no time for a sto - ry to - night. Please make the boys, mother, Mind how they tread, Their boots are so heav-y, and Dol - ly's in bed. Good-night, dear moth - er!

mf

tempo.

tempo.

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old Jack and Jill, They were so stu-pid to tum-ble down hill. I'm
Ask pa - pa, please, When he comes home, not to cough or to sneeze.

1 rall.

tir'd of Jack Horn-er and Lit-tle Bo-Peep— Stay! let me see if

rall.

p

Dol-ly's a-sleep.

2 p rall. pp

Give me your hand, Mary, Hush, soft-ly creep,

p rall. pp

pp rit.

We must not wake her, Dol-ly's a-sleep. . . . . .

pp rit.

Ped. *

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NEW STYLES FOR HATS AND BONNETS.

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXXXIII. PHILADELPHIA, MARCH, 1883. No. 3.

A CENTURY OF FEMALE NOVELISTS.

BY EMILY J. MACKINTOSH.

MADAME D'ARBLAY.

THERE had been a dinner-party at the house of a well-known literary celebrity, and after we had adjourned to the drawing-room, the talk turned on female novelists. Our host was famous as a collector of fine books and of engravings, especially engravings bearing on literature. It is he who owns the incomparable Froissart, with nearly a thousand illustrations, most of them illuminations from his own pencil.

"Have you ever seen," he said, "the likenesses of the more famous female novelists? I have them all here."

As he spoke, he led the way to a large standing-rack, containing a bulky portfolio, and began to take out portrait after portrait, commenting on each in turn.

"Here," he said, "is Fanny Burney, painted after she became Madame D'Arblay. She may be held to be the pioneer of the female novelists of the modern school. She was born a century and a quarter ago. No fiction, from a woman's pen, except 'Jane Eyre,' has ever had the immediate and distinguished success of her 'Evelina.' All London raved about it, from Johnson and Mrs. Thrale on the one hand, to Mrs. Delany and the royal family on the other. Its popularity was increased by the story, which got about, that it was the work of a girl in her teens. But this was not correct. Miss Burney was twenty-eight when she wrote it. Moreover, she had been accustomed all her life to seeing and hearing, at her father's *conversaziones*—for he was a leader in the musical world of that day—the brightest and most intellectual people of the metropolis, and some even of the highest fashion. The novel was, therefore, not such a miraculous performance, after all. It is, moreover, only a novel of manners, and not of character; and consequently, critically speaking, ranks in the second class, though, let us admit, at the head of that class."

He threw the engraving aside, and taking up another, said:

"Madame D'Arblay was only a sort of introduction. But we come, now, to what properly belongs to this century. This is Anna Maria Porter, one of the celebrated Porter sisters. She was a great pet with Sir Walter Scott, who, perhaps, overrated her ability. She was born in 1781, just one hundred and two years ago. Her best works were the 'Hungarian Brothers' and 'Don Sebastian,' both now almost entirely forgotten. She was quite handsome, as you see, and a little theatrical in manner, as most women in society at her time were. Her elder sister, Jane, had much more talent: strictly speaking, neither of them had genius. The latter was born in 1776, and survived until 1850. Any person, now, past middle age, might easily have known her. The most popular of her books were

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MISS ANNA MARIA PORTER.

'Thaddeus of Warsaw' and 'The Scottish Chiefs.' The first was translated into almost every Continental language, and was exceptionally popular, because its theme, I suppose, was Poland. In compliment to her, she was elected a lady canoness of the Teutonic order of St. Joachim, and often, after that, wore the garb in which you see her in this engraving—the uniform, so to speak, of that order."

"People think her works are no more read," said a publisher, who was present; "but I know for a fact that 'Thaddeus of Warsaw' still keeps its hold on the public. Thousands of copies of it are sold annually."

"I am not surprised," answered our host. "It is intensely romantic and emotional, and such fictions will be read by the people at large as long as human nature is human nature."

"Yes, and 'The Scottish Chiefs,' whose hero is Wallace, and which appeals to the same universal sentiment," said the publisher, "continues also to sell."

"Have you ever thought," our entertainer remarked, after a pause, "that the emotional character of those novels was due, in a large degree, to the tempestuous passions of the French Revolution? That event stirred the human heart to its profoundest depths. Everybody, in England as well as on the Continent, became emotional. People cried openly at the theatres; even George, Prince of Wales, when quite fifty, did it. If a well-bred Englishman, now, was seen in tears in such a public place, he would think his manhood disgraced forever. Orators, even n Parliament, were passionate rather than logical. Compare Sheridan or Erskine with Gladstone, for example, or even with D'Israeli. You find this emotional character in everything. It culminated in Byron, who, in this particular, was the type of his times."

"You are correct," said a well-known critic. "Certainly, things had not been so a generation earlier, nor are they so now. There is nothing especially emotional in Miss Burney's novels, nor, as a rule, in the literature of her generation: in fact, the reverse is the case. It was rather, like our own, a critical, even skeptical age."

"Here is Mrs. Inchbald," said our host, taking up another print. "She was born in 1753. Her portrait, like that of Miss Anna Maria Porter, has a touch of the theatrical about it. Such was the fashion of the age, as I have hinted. But it was personally characteristic of her. She was very beautiful: tall and slender, with hazel eyes, and luxuriant hair of a golden-auburn tint. When only sixteen years old, she ran away from home, and went to London, intend-

MISS JANE PORTER.

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MRS. INCHBALD.

ing to become an actress. At nineteen, she married Mr. Inchbald, an actor, and appeared, with him, as Cordelia, at Bristol. She acted afterwards with the Kembles. But her success in this line was never great. In 1791, her 'Simple Story,' a tale of real pathos, the best of her many works, appeared. She died in 1821. She was quite ignorant, that is, for a person of her pretensions. Some of her writings, too, show a want of refinement; but her pathos was irresistible; and she may be said to have had real genius. She is now almost entirely forgotten, however: nobody, hardly, in this day, reads even the 'Simple Story.'"

"But who is this?" I said, taking up an engraving. "You have got a baby, cap and all, mixed in with your female novelists."

"No, that is Jane Austen, the best novelist, in her line, that English literature can show. Sir Walter Scott once said, you remember: 'I can do the big bow-wow,' and added, 'but Miss Austen has a delicacy of touch I don't pretend to rival.' That picture shows how absurd the fashion of dress is sometimes. Such a cap would not now be worn by any grown-up woman, without convulsions of laughter from everyone seeing it. Miss Austen was born in 1775, only a few years more than a century ago, and died in 1817. She lived a quiet, uneventful life, principally spent in Bath and Southampton. Her father was a clergyman. Her novels are perfect types of English rural life among the upper middle class, in the first decade of this century; and from that point of view have almost a historical significance; while, as realistic pictures, they rank, in literature, as Gerard Dow, Teniers, and the best of the Flemish school rank, in art."

"Only they are more refined."

"Yes, they are purity itself, morally considered."

"And intellectually?"

"As works of art, unrivaled, I think. There is nothing of its kind in the language better than 'Pride and Prejudice'; and I doubt if there ever will be."

MISS JANE AUSTEN.

"Ah, here is Mrs. Opie," I said. "I remember, in childhood, reading her 'Simple Tales.' She married Opie, the artist, who succeeded, if I recollect, Fuseli, as professor of painting at the Royal Academy."

"Yes! She is remembered for that, more even than for her writings. Her style is careless and incorrect; but she knew, like Mrs. Inchbald, how to appeal to the heart. You see, all through this age, it was the emotional quality, as I have already said, that came to the front. In person, Mrs. Opie was more noticeable than in mind: her face was bright and animated; she had beautiful auburn hair; and her figure was especially elegant. She survived until 1853."

"Who is this?"

"Ah, now we begin to touch on a different epoch: the transition, so to speak, between the

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Past and Present. That is Mrs. Gore. Nobody reads her novels now; but even so late as thirty years ago, they were popular; and they have a certain kind of merit, after all. She was born in 1799, and married Capt. Charles Arthur Gore, a man of good family, and an officer in the Life-Guards. That tells, to a certain extent, the whole story. Living in the fashionable world, her novels are devoted, almost exclusively, to fashionable life. Her first story appeared in 1823, her last one just twenty years after. Her novels, apart from any literary merit, have a value as pictures of life in England, among the gentry, in the second quarter of this century. She knew that class thoroughly. No novelist ever exceeded her in her desire to paint things as they were. Once, having to describe a steeple-chase, she not only asked information of a gentleman about to ride in one, but walked over the whole course with him."

MRS. CHARLES GORE.

"The emotional age had died out, by her time," I remarked. "That, at least, is what you mean, I suppose, by saying she lived in a transition age, between the Present and the Past."

"Yes! The day when passion reigned supreme had gone. The French Revolution had burnt itself out. The day of cold analysis, however, had not yet quite set in. Meantime, here is a portrait of the most beautiful authoress of them all; one of the most lovely women, indeed, of her time: the Honorable Mrs. Norton. I would have shown it to you before that of Mrs. Gore, if you had not been too quick for me; for she belonged, almost wholly, to the emotional school. Yet she was much younger than Mrs. Gore, not having been born until 1808."

MRS. OPIE.

"Poor thing! What an unhappy life was hers."

"Yes, in part; but not at the close. She was born, apparently, with every advantage; for she was a granddaughter of Sheridan, and inherited his genius; and she had both personal and intellectual gifts. What a family of girls that was! A sister is now Duchess of Seymour, and was 'Queen of Beauty' at the famous Eglintoun tournament; and another was Mrs. Blackwood, author of 'I'm Sittin' on the Stile, Mary,' and mother of Lord Dufferin. Mrs. Norton wrote 'Stuart of Dunleath,' and various other novels and tales, most of them now quite forgotten. Some of her poetry, however, is still read."

"It is better, I think, than that of Mrs. Hemans, her cotemporary," I said. "It has, at least, more force. Her poem, 'The Undying One,' if I remember, was pronounced by the Quarterly Review to be worthy of Lord Byron.

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THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

Perhaps that is rather exaggerated praise; but a journal so high in character would not have committed itself to anything really absurd; and therefore there must be some truth in the comparison."

"She may be called a cotemporary of us all, for she lived to 1877. Hence, though in the character of her mind she belongs to the earlier years of the century—that is, to the emotional age—yet, in other respects, she may be ranked with our own day. And this brings us to Mrs. Gaskell, who is more of the Present than of the Past, though still, to a very great degree, emotional."

"She looks almost like a nun."

"She was anything but a nun, in some respects; for she was the wife of a Unitarian clergyman. Yet she had quite the chaste, severe character of the typical nun. She was born in 1810, and may be said to stand for a generic class, to which Dinah Mulock, and, to a certain extent, Mrs. Oliphant, belong. I select her, because I think her the best, though not the most voluminous; and because, being dead, one can speak of her impartially. Her 'Cranford' and 'Ruth,' to say nothing of 'Mary Barton,' are very remarkable."

"Ah! here is Charlotte Bronte, the greatest genius of all," I said.

"Yes! No novel, written by a woman, ever produced the immediate and wide-spread sensation that 'Jane Eyre' did. It had a greater popularity than 'Evelina' even. It founded a school, in fact. For nearly a generation, the favorite type of hero, in all novels written by women, was somewhat of the Rochester type. I am not sure but that Charlotte Bronte, in point of real genius, was quite equal to George Eliot, though she had not the same wide culture, and did not live to become so consummate an artist. She was born in 1816, and died in 1853. Mrs. Gaskell's biography has made her life familiar to everyone."

"This, I suppose, is George Eliot. It certainly is ugly enough."

"Yes, that is Marian Evans, otherwise George Eliot. It is a copy of one of the two portraits: the only ones ever taken of her. The artist has softened, somewhat, the exaggerated outlines of her nose—a feature, by the bye, singularly like that of Savanarola's. Her death is so recent, her career so well known, her works still so extensively read, that I need not speak further of her. Only note, before we close the portfolio, the distance we have traversed, not only in years, but in the change in taste, since Anna Maria Porter. A century ago, novels were either dramatic or emotional; and the best of them both. Now, they are analytical and logical. Then we had 'Thaddeus of Warsaw' and the 'Children of the Abbey'; now we have 'Daniel Deronda' and

MRS. GASKELL.

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'Vanity Fair.' The earlier ones had not the genius of George Eliot; but neither had they the hopeless views of life we find in 'Middlemarch.' I sometimes wonder if we have, on the whole,

CHARLOTTE BRONTE.

improved. If culture leads only to despair, in what, I pray you, have we gained?"

"I see Miss Edgeworth, Hannah More, Mrs. Trollope, Miss Jewsbury, Lady Morgan, and Miss Mitford here. What of them?"

"Well, they were hardly typical; in the sense, at least, in which I have been discussing this question. Hannah More represents, however, the religious element in fiction; Miss Edgeworth the didactic and matter-of-fact school; the others, other qualities. Then there was a very good writer, partly of the romantic school: Mrs. Marsh, whose 'Admiral's Daughter,' thirty years ago, made quite a sensation, and deservedly, I think. I have tried to take a broad view, you see. I have endeavored to trace the progress of novel-writing, in the hands of women, from the emotional school, through that of fashionable life, down to the severely intellectual one of the present day. The Misses Porter, Mrs. Gore, and George Eliot stand for the three exponents of these several schools."

"It is something of a new idea to me," I said. "But it seems plausible."

"Of course, in this hurried talk, I have not been able to discuss the question so thoroughly as I could have done, if there had been more leisure. But I think you will realize, the longer you reflect about it, that literature, fiction especially, is very greatly affected by the age. Scott's novels could not have been written in the days of Queen Anne, nor could they be written now. A Thackeray would have been quite out of place, would have been impossible, during the era that brought forth a Byron. So Miss Porter, Mrs. Gore, and George Eliot could not have done what they did, except just when they did."

GEORGE ELIOT.

With these words, he closed the portfolio, and we went to the piano, where a great artist was about to perform.

SAVING HANDS

BY GEORGE WEATHERBY.

When men need help, can we pass coldly by?
When, with despairing hearts, the mourners weep,
Dare we, unmoved, sink tranquilly to sleep?
Have we no ears to hear the widow's sigh—
The wife's lament—the hopeless bitter cry
That reaches us across the troubled deep,
When the fierce waves their awful harvest reap,
And one by one brave hearts sink down and die?
Has Pity lost her old-time loving touch?
Does Charity but seek herself to please?
Nay, God be praised, kind hearts will ever be
To whom Christ's words are spoken: "Inasmuch
As ye have done it unto one of these,
Ye have most truly done it unto Me."

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A NOCTURNAL MESSENGER.

BY EMILY LENNOX.

After climbing a flight of carpetless stairs, and surmounting a barricade of dry-goods boxes, it was like stepping over the threshold of Paradise to enter that cozy little sitting-room. A rose-shaded lamp was softly burning on the table, and a fair-faced girl ran her fingers over the piano-keys, evoking a low sweet melody.

The girl at the piano was alone in the house with an invalid aunt and two servants; for they had just moved in a few days before, and the rest of the family had not yet arrived.

"We must make one room habitable," she had said. So the pictures and books were unpacked without delay, and a cozy refuge was contrived in the midst of the general chaos.

Miss La Bree was lying on the lounge, with a hand-screen before her eyes, and the patter of the rain on the windows was the only variation of the music, except an occasional pounding downstairs, and the swish-swish of a scrubbing-brush.

But presently there was a hurried hobbling step, and old Hannah thrust her head in the door without ceremony.

"Oh, lor', Miss Betty!" she cried, in the most abject terror. "Jane's smashed the lookin'-glass, and cut herself awful. She's a-bleedin' to death."

Miss Betty's hands fell on the keys with a crash, and before her aunt had time to utter a little hysterical scream, she had started downstairs to the kitchen, where Jane was walking around like a lunatic, wailing and shaking her arm, from which the blood was flowing rapidly.

"Stand still!" Miss Betty commanded, whipping out her handkerchief, and twisting it lightly about the girl's arm above the wound. "You have cut an artery; but don't be frightened. I'll fix it in a minute."

Miss La Bree came downstairs, wringing her hands, and old Hannah hobbled after her.

"Oh, Betty," she cried, nervously, "what shall we do? How perfectly dreadful. Jane, Jane! How could you do such a thing?"

Jane only bohooed the louder, and Miss Betty gave her aunt a look of deep significance.

"There is no occasion for alarm," she said, severely. "Hold this handkerchief, please, Aunt Adele. The blood won't flow as long as you keep that twisted tightly. I am going for Doctor Ducie."

Miss La Bree uttered another exclamation of dismay.

"You can't go alone," she cried. "Not at this time of night, and in this dreadful weather."

"I must, and I will," Betty answered.

"It's a mile and a half to Doctor Ducie's," her aunt remonstrated. "Can't we manage till morning, Betty? Something awful will happen to you on the way."

"Let it happen, if it will," she said, fearlessly. "But it won't. I'm going, Aunt Adele. Be sure and don't loosen the handkerchief."

With this she started upstairs, and seized her gossamer out of an open box in the hall.

The box was filled with her brother Frank's winter-clothes, and, at the sight of them, a wild idea flashed into her brain. She had spoken resolutely, but she had no more fancy for this nocturnal mission than any other girl of nineteen.

What if she were to put on Frank's clothes? She could then go with impunity. The idea grew upon her, and before many moments passed, the rose-shaded lamp revealed a boyish figure, clad in dark-green pantaloons and an English jacket, and a face smiling at the reflection in the mirror.

Miss Betty laughed softly, for her short curly hair made the illusion so perfect that anyone who didn't know her would have sworn that she was a boy of about fifteen.

Miss La Bree would certainly have swooned away, had she witnessed this transformation; but her niece left the house without showing herself in masculine attire.

Once on the road, Betty started for Dr. Ducie's on a run. She had not taken an umbrella, because she felt it would impede her progress, and she didn't mind a wetting.

The road was a lonely one, with very few houses in sight for a good three-quarters of a mile, and the English jacket had never covered such a fluttering little heart. Still Betty never dreamed of turning back.

She reached Dr. Ducie's house in half an hour; but just as she ran up the steps, she saw the Doctor's buggy drive down the carriage-way to the road.

Like a flash she was after it, and managed to overtake it.

"Dr. Ducie!" she cried, dashing up to him.

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The words had hardly left her lips when her foot struck against a curb in the drive, throwing her prostrate, and before the Doctor could rein up his horse, the hind wheel of the buggy passed over Betty's ankle.

A faint cry escaped her lips, for the pain of the thing almost made her sick.

The Doctor was beside her in an instant.

"Are you hurt?" he cried, with deep concern, going down on his knees in the dust. "How? Where?"

"My ankle!" Betty moaned.

The Doctor lifted her into the buggy, and drove rapidly back to the house.

"I ran over this young man, Mrs. Fry," he said, as the housekeeper helped him carry Betty to a lounge. "Get me some arnica and the bandages, please."

Betty was quivering with pain, but her eyes opened in the blankest astonishment as the light of the study lamp revealed to her the physician's face. Although she had never spoken to Dr. Ducie, she had seen him several times, and she knew perfectly well that this was not he.

The gentleman attending her was quite young. He had dark-blue eyes, which were looking at her with kind solicitude, and a fine-looking face, which was partially concealed by a curly golden beard and mustache.

"Where is Dr. Ducie?" she said, faintly.

"Out of town," was his reply. "I am Dr. Gwynn, his assistant. I am very sorry I ran over you. Is your ankle very painful?"

"Oh, never mind it!" Betty said, hastily. "I came for Dr. Ducie, but I suppose you will do just as well. Please go to Valleyview as quickly as possible. One of Mrs. La Bree's servants has cut her arm, and is in danger of bleeding to death."

Dr. Gwynn started to his feet.

"Your ankle has been badly hurt," he said, regretfully; "but I do not think it will be any worse for not receiving immediate attention."

"No, no!" Betty urged. "Go at once! I can wait till you return."

Then as he started toward the door, she cried out:

"Take me with you, please. I want to go home at once!"

"You are Mr. La Bree's son, I suppose?"

The warm color surged into Betty's face.

"Yes," she answered, looking away.

"You had better stay here," said Dr. Gywnn. "You are wet through, and the road is so rough that the ride will be very painful to you."

"I'd rather go, if you please," she replied; and he had her again conveyed into the buggy.

When they reached Valleyview, Betty said:

"Go in and tell Miss La Bree that I would like to see her: then attend to the servant."

Betty's aunt came out on the piazza, and at the sight of her niece in boy's clothes, she uttered a little shriek of astonishment.

"Hush!" cried Betty. "Not a word, Aunt Adele. I would not for worlds have Doctor Gwynn know. I put on this suit because I thought it would be a protection. Can't you manage to tell Hannah not to betray me?"

Doctor Gwynn came out again, and helped "Master La Bree" to the lounge in the sitting-room; and, after bandaging Jane's arm, he proceeded to examine Betty's ankle.

With trembling hands, poor Miss La Bree drew off her niece's low-cut shoe, which was soaking wet, and removed her stocking, exposing a foot so small and white and delicately veined, that Doctor Gwynn looked at it in astonishment.

There was an ugly red ridge across the ankle, which was beginning to swell.

"There are no bones broken," said the Doctor, thankfully; "but this abrasion must be very painful."

He bathed it gently with arnica, and bound it up with ointment.

"It has made you feverish already," he said, glancing at her scarlet cheeks, as he wrote out a prescription. "I will have this sent to you right away. What is your name, Master La Bree?"

"Tom—Dick—Harry!" stammered Betty, in an agony of confusion.

Doctor Gwynn elevated his eyebrows. He thought his patient was growing delirious.

"Harry?" he queried, turning to poor Miss La Bree. "Is that the name?"

"Ye-es," she said, starting as though he had struck her. "Harry La Bree."

"I hope you forgive me, Harry," he said, holding out his hand to Betty, with a winning smile. "I didn't mean to run over you; but the best thing I can do for you now is to help you recover; and you may be sure I will do what I can with all my heart."

When he had left them, Betty turned to Miss La Bree, and said, savagely:

"Aunt Adele, promise me you will not say a word about this. Oh, I should die of mortification, if he were to find me out."

"What on earth made you do such a thing, Betty?" wailed Miss La Bree. "I don't see how on earth we can keep it secret."

"Sit right down," said Betty, quickly, "and write to mamma. Tell her that Jane has hurt her arm, and that I have a sore foot, and that we

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won't be able to get the house ready for them next week."

"She'll come anyhow."

"No, she won't," answered Betty. "She promised me to let me have the moving all in my own hands, and she won't come till I send for her. Aunt Adele, you must never breathe a word of this to a living soul."

Some weeks later, on the lawn at Valleyview, Betty might have been seen in a garden-chair. She wore Frank's velvet smoking-jacket; but over her knees she had thrown a linen afghan. Doctor Gwynn was there, and though he had told her she might walk a little, nothing in the world could have induced her to try it, since she would have been obliged to put on pantaloons. No, indeed. She would not stir a step till Doctor Gwynn ceased attending her. But somehow Betty was in no hurry for that time to come.

Yes, it was four weeks since the night when she had gone on the mission which had involved her in such embarrassments. She had written again and again to her father and mother, telling them of unforeseen delays, etc., etc., till Mr. and Mrs. La Bree were quite out of patience. It was only what Betty had feared, when she saw her brother Frank coming up the walk that afternoon.

If only he would go into the house at once. But no. He saw her, and came towards her with a rollicking salute.

"Hello, Betty, my dear," he cried, giving her a good hug. "How d'ye do? What are you dressed in my jacket for?"

"Frank," she said, struggling in his arms with desperation, "there is a stranger here."

"Oh, excuse me," he said, apologetically, as poor Betty stammered out the name of Doctor Gwynn.

Fortunately, Miss La Bree caught sight of him from the library-window.

"Frank, Frank!" she cried, gesticulating wildly. "Come here this instant."

"It seems I'm wanted," he said, smiling, as he started toward the house. But the next moment he turned, and called out:

"How's your foot, Betty? You're the worst girl I ever saw. You're always hurting yourself in some way or other."

Betty did not reply; for she had buried her face in her hands, and burst into tears of mortification.

"You must know it all now," she said, chokingly. "I'm not a—boy at all—Doctor Gwynn. I—I dressed up in Frank's clothes, that night. I never did it before, and—and I didn't think anyone would know. I thought it would be safer to go in that way. Pl-please don't think I'm a dreadful girl, for I'm not."

Here Betty broke down completely, and Doctor Gwynn was obliged to draw her head down on his shoulder.

"You foolish little thing," he cried, his eyes shining with fun, but more with tenderness. "You thought I did not suspect. Do you suppose I did not know, the moment I saw them, that these pretty hands and feet belonged to a woman? And do you suppose my heart did not tell me in its own peculiar language? Betty, I have known it all along. Perhaps it would have been better for me, if I hadn't, for I have learned to love you, my darling, and I cannot be happy without you. Tell me—will you marry me, sweetheart?"

Betty looked at him in the most abject astonishment, which, for the moment, stifled all other emotions. But gradually, as the significance of his words dawned on her, a soft flush stole into her cheeks, and her eyes reflected the tender light which shone in his own.

"Will you marry me, Betty?" he asked again, and she did not say him nay.

GIVE ME A ROSEBUD.

BY AURORA VANE.

Ere summer, on unsandaled feet,
Goes, with her wealth of roses sweet,
Oh, darling one, please give to me
A rosebud, sweet and fair to see.
A lovely rose of creamy-white,
Oft kissed by shining rays of light,
And oft refreshed by gentle dew
And summer rain. Oh, dear one true,
Please let this lovely rosebud be
A token of thy love to me.

Oh, give me, dear, a rosebud fair,
That thou hast watched with tender care.
Perfect its beauty; for I know
Its loveliness would rarer grow
Beneath the gleamings of thine eyes,
Bright as the blue of sapphire skies.
A sacred treasure it shall be,
A token of thy love to me,
For evermore. When life departs,
Oh place it o'er my pulseless heart.

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THE PROFESSIONAL BEAUTY.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 138.

CHAPTER VII.

THREE days passed after Jack Erlescourt's departure, and on the third morning, the guests at Bolton Towers, and the world at large, knew that the old Earl was dead.

On the previous evening, Constance Denby received a letter, addressed in a handwriting which she recognized. She only gave one glance, put the missive in another envelope, and directed it to the care of Mr. Erlescourt's London solicitors.

No prouder woman ever lived than this large-brained, noble-souled American girl, and the humiliation she endured from feeling that her heart had gone out towards a man so unworthy, only the most sensitively organized of her sex could understand.

She thought she could more easily have pardoned herself and him had he been wilfully bad; but to be deceived by a contemptible trifler, a male coquette, so eager to gratify his vanity that he could not resist essaying the power of his fascinations upon two women under the same roof, forgetting that they might at any moment exchange confidences, was a proof of her own lack of perception terribly galling.

Very probably, too, a desire to avenge himself on Mrs. Treherne for her treachery in former years had something to do with his conduct. Doubtless the pair might be well matched in emptiness and frivolity; still, this idea rendered Constance more lenient towards Mrs. Treherne than she might otherwise have been, for she indulged a theory that such heart as the professional beauty ever owned had been given to the admirer of her girlish days, though the desire for adulation and the craving for wealth had proved so strong that her love could not for an instant weigh in the balance against them.

Constance was eager to get away from the house; but unless she could offer some cogent reason for departure, Lady Bolton would not abate one day of the promised fortnight, and she had none such to offer. Of course she and Mrs. Treherne were thrown constantly together, but the party was so large that they could easily, without its being noticeable, avoid personal communication, a penance the beauty shrank from, with a dread compared to which Miss Denby's repugnance was slight indeed.

Try as she might, Florence Treherne could not sufficiently warp and harden her nature to permit her to do evil without suffering keen remorse; and already she regretted more bitterly than any other act of her life the revolting meanness into which she had rushed through the instigations of temper, wounded vanity, and Colonel Stretton's crafty temptations.

And she had worse to bear. Her fear of this important ally increased daily, though among her train of courtiers none were so humble and obsequious as he. But Florence seemed always to hear the voice of a relentless Fate under his smooth tones; and his softest smile looked a menace to her frightened eyes. Yet she hid her trouble with feminine skill; never had she been gayer, her bon-mots more frequent, her repartees readier; even her beauty appeared absolutely to increase in brilliancy.

She snatched at any excitement; and enough offered, for the whole county was in a state of fever over her presence. The journals teemed with paragraphs concerning the entertainments of which she was the queen; and so the days sped on.

A popular regiment had its quarters for the time at the shire town, some twenty miles distant, and the crowning festivity previous to the beauty's departure was to be a ball given by the officers in her honor.

Two days before the evening appointed, Mrs. Treherne received a letter from her husband; he wrote frankly that the long-deferred crash in his business was imminent, and spoke of his illness —the first time he had ever mentioned to her any matter regarding his health. She was both disquieted and angered by his epistle; but her daily growing selfishness enabled her speedily to render her anger sufficiently strong to silence her fears and her conscience.

She kept her own counsel, and did not even confide in the Colonel, though sorely tempted to do so in spite of her dread—her almost downright dislike of the man.

The day of the ball came; the house was full of guests, and besides those whom she expected,

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Lady Bolton was warned at breakfast, by a dispatch, that a family of Scotch cousins proposed to descend upon her, and remain for a couple of nights.

She was quite at her wits' end. But the Scotch cousins were people who for the last decade had yearly, during six weeks, turned their castle into a hotel for the benefit of her friends, so refusal of their request was out of the question.

It chanced that Mrs. Treherne and Constance Denby were the only persons in the room when she opened the message; and having read it, she sat staring at them with such dismay painted on her countenance, that at first they were frightened.

When she detailed her dilemma, both began to laugh, and, unknown to each other, from the same reason—the nervous state in which a sleepless night had left them.

"I see a way out," Constance said. "Mrs. Treherne has a boudoir and bed-room—"

"And you shall have either with pleasure," interrupted Florence.

"Bravo!" cried her ladyship. "By good luck, there's a sofa-bed in Florence's boudoir."

"Then I'll sleep on that," said Mrs. Treherne. "You see, dear Lady Bolton, the matter is settled."

"You are a pair of angels," pronounced her ladyship.

"But the Scotch cousins number four," suggested Miss Denby. "So you want two more angels."

"No; I'll put Lady Mary and her sister in my dressing-room. It's all right!" exclaimed the relieved hostess, and other guests entering at the moment, the conversation dropped.

The children at her ladyship's model school had a show examination that day, and she insisted on her visitors being present for awhile. When the party was ready to start, Constance Denby found the headache with which she had risen so much worse, that she begged their hostess to leave her at home to rest, preparatory to the fatigues of the evening.

She went to her chamber, and found that her things had already been removed to Mrs. Treherne's apartment. Her own maid had gone with some of the other servants to the school exhibition; so without informing the housekeeper, she entered Mrs. Treherne's rooms, obliged to pass through the boudoir, in order to reach the sleeping-chamber. She lay down on the bed, and soon fell into the deep slumber which follows excessive mental weariness and severe bodily pain.

A couple of hours afterward the party returned, and as Colonel Stretton was still lingering on the colonnade to finish his cigarette, a boy came up the steps with a telegram for Mrs. Treherne. Stretton kept himself too well-informed in everything concerning the lady and her husband, not to be certain that the dispatch was from Mr. Treherne, having already that morning received news of the double calamity which had befallen the man.

Florence had just escaped from the greetings of the newly-arrived Scotch cousins, gone to her boudoir, and flung herself into an easy-chair, a prey anew to her dismal forebodings, when she heard a knock at the door, and for the second time Colonel Stretton ventured to present himself in her private apartment.

Her first thought was of the temptation he had brought her on his previous visit. The remembrance of the meanness to which she had yielded kept even anger against him in abeyance, nay, left her speechless with shame.

"I bring my excuse in my hand," he said, gayly, holding up the telegram. "I hope I am the bearer of some wonderful news; but very probably it is only a warning that a score of your admirers propose to appear at the ball to-night."

Florence began to laugh; but a shiver of dread chilled her, as she took the dispatch. She opened the envelope, read the lines, and cried out:

"I must start for London. I know there is a train at five o'clock. Mr. Treherne is very ill."

For a few instants, thanks to that troublesome conscience of hers, she was in a state of such agitation that, though aware the Colonel was talking earnestly, she did not comprehend a word he uttered. When she could listen and understand, she discovered that he was essaying to calm her fears. But she only repeated:

"I must go to town at once. Mr. Treherne must be very, very ill, indeed, to send me such a message as that."

The Colonel smiled, drew a newspaper from his pocket, and held it towards her, pointing to one of the paragraphs.

"There really is no necessity, you perceive, for distressing yourself," he said, coldly. "Your husband was well enough last night to preside at the meeting of the stockholders in that new company."

Florence glanced down the column, and rushed from alarm into anger.

"He wrote me yesterday that he was ill," she said. "It is odious to frighten me in this manner."

"Just the stale old dodge of a husband who chooses that his wife should give up any little

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enjoyment which may fall in her way," responded the Colonel, speaking as if the lady whom he addressed led, as a rule, the most wearisome and monotonous of lives.

As he spoke, Florence's eyes chanced to fall upon the telegram which lay on the table between them. Against her will, she read the brief, half imperative, half appealing sentences. Her anger vanished, though she tried hard to retain it, and she exclaimed:

"I must go—I must. I know Mr. Treherne too well; he would never have sent that dispatch, except at the last extremity."

The Colonel said, quietly, without even a sneer in his voice:

"Yes; the last extremity. He had tried every other method for forcing you to submit to his tyranny; now he appeals to your feminine generosity—which means weakness."

"I think," she said, slowly—speaking, too, in spite of herself—"that I am as ungenerous as you are unjust." She saw a certain expression cross his face which she had learned to fear, and added, in a sort of desperation: "I wish, Colonel, that you would never mention my husband's name."

"I wish I never need. God knows the sound of it is not pleasant in my ears," he cried, rushing suddenly from his customary composure into an apparent excitement, which would have done credit to a professional actor.

Florence half started from her seat. He put out his hand, rose, walked several times up and down the room, then paused before her, and said, in a choked voice:

"Don't be troubled, Mrs. Treherne. I shall not forget. I am not likely ever to offend again, as I did the other day. See—there is only your old faithful friend here. Let us talk quietly. You used to think my advice of value. I doubt if you have ever been sorry for following it—"

"You have been my one real friend," she interrupted, softened by the artful appeal.

He only bowed his head, in sign of thanks for this recognition of his services, and continued:

"Then let me urge you to follow it on this occasion. I think—I know—that I speak as dispassionately as a third person could, when I say that I am sure you will be glad later for having done so."

"Well, let me hear your advice," she said, trying with all her might to subdue the warnings which shook her very soul, and to cleave fast to her old faith in the man to whom she owed her success—and her troubles. "Why don't you speak? What do you think I ought to do?"

"Remain for the ball—in fact you must. If you go to-day, you will give rise to all manner of gossip. Everybody will have seen this paragraph, so to say that your husband is dangerously ill will be worse than useless. Rumors of his business difficulties are already widely circulated. Why, this action on your part might be the crowning stroke. Really—forgive me—but your fears make you as short-sighted as his tyrannical disposition and jealousy do him."

"He is not jealous—he knows—"

"Not jealous, in the ordinary acceptation of the word," Stretton broke in; "but jealous of your success, because it has been achieved entirely independent of him."

He had touched the chord to which every vain unworthy impulse of her nature vibrated responsively.

"Ah," she murmured, with a sigh, which was complacent rather than a sign of pain: "I fear that you are right there—yes, you are right."

"Then, dear friend," he said, earnestly, "listen to me—be certain that my advice is of vital importance here. Don't rush off in this insane fashion—wait at least till to-morrow. Nobody but ourselves knows that you have received this dispatch. If you insist on going in the morning, you can be supposed to receive it then."

She listened eagerly; she longed to follow his counsel; she fought hard to subdue the premonition which tore at her heart like some absolute physical force; but all in vain.

"I can't stay," she cried, despairingly. "Go away, Colonel Stretton; let me alone. I don't want to go, but I must—I must. I won't hear another word—not a word. Oh, I feel as if my evil genius were tempting me—stop, I say, stop."

Constance Denby awoke suddenly to the consciousness of voices in the adjoining room; so suddenly, that for an instant Mrs. Treherne's passionate speech seemed a part of the unquiet dream from which she had been aroused. Before she could stir, Florence hurried on, in a voice sharp with suffering:

"I must go—I will. My evil genius—yes, you are."

Constance's first impulse, when fully awakened, was to start up and open the doors; but a brief reflection showed her that for Mrs. Treherne's own sake this must not be done. She had heard too much. She buried her head in the pillows to deaden all sound; but in vain. The Colonel's answer was distinctly audible.

"You mistake nervous weakness for an omen," he said. "You must indeed be far past the power of using your reason and judgment, when you

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can apply such language to me. Mrs. Treherne, you are in no state to act for yourself. You must consent to be guided by your one earnest well-wisher."

"I want no further guidance," she cried. "I will not listen. No arguments, no persuasions shall induce me to remain."

"Then I must use moral force," he said, in a slow pained tone. "I must employ any and every means to prevent your vitally injuring yourself and your husband. Mrs. Treherne, you cannot go to London to-day."

"Who shall stop me, sir?"

"I must."

"I wonder by what means—"

"Do you forget your letters to me? Have you never realized the power they have placed in my hands?" he asked.

"My God!" she groaned. "You dare to threaten me?"

"Even that I dare, base as it is, since it is only by such means I can save you from social ruin," he answered.

Constance sprang up, searched wildly about for some means of egress, tried two doors, but they only led into closets. Then she noticed a third door, half hidden in the wainscoting. She opened it with some difficulty; it gave upon a narrow dark staircase, down which she fled, half frantic from a sensation of guilt, as if the knowledge she had had thrust upon her had been gained by her own consent.

As Colonel Stretton uttered those last words, Mrs. Treherne sank helplessly back in her chair, and hid her face in her hands.

"Forgive my cruelty," he cried. "Dear, dear friend, believe that I am only acting in your interest. If you were to go, I tell you that you would bring on the very crisis with which that man menaces you. Another woman might yield to her nerves, or her master's caprice. In your position you cannot; you must pay the penalties that always fall upon royalty."

There was no undertone of mockery in his voice now. The eyes which regarded her so fixedly were kind and sympathizing, and the appeal to her mad vanity, which he so artfully employed, had its effect even in that crisis, in spite of her anger and terror at his recent threat. She began to speak, meaning still to urge some feeble expostulation; but he interrupted her:

"Please let me finish. What I want to add is this: I have had quite a sum of money left me unexpectedly; it shall be placed at Mr. Treherne's disposition."

"He would not accept it. You know he would not," she said.

"He need not know its source; and you, you, by refusing, will prove that you cannot forgive the momentary insanity which took possession of your old friend the other day. Oh, Mrs. Treherne, you are a less generous woman than I thought you," he cried, his voice breaking with passionate emotion. "Don't disappoint me—don't destroy the last illusion of my life. What I said a few moments since sounded fairly base; but it had to be said. Stay, and to-night I will place it beyond my power ever to threaten you again. Those letters shall be given back."

He saw an expression of relief cross the agitated pallor of her face, and added, in a persuasive tone:

"Dear Florence, do what your grand soul prompts you to. Put out your hand frankly. Say: 'Friend, I can trust you; I accept this proof of your esteem and repentance.' Only do that, Mrs. Treherne—oh, you will be glad all your life long."

His promise to restore her letters brought a hope which, combined with his appeal to her arch-passion of vanity, helped him on to victory.

"I do trust you," she said, with a quick gush of tears. "Colonel Stretton, I will obey you, on one condition—"

"Don't use that word," returned he, bowing over her extended hand; "and—no conditions, please."

"Yes, one—that you forgive my harsh thoughts and my unkind behavior of these last days."

He bent his head till his lips touched her quivering fingers, and said, with a faint laugh that was like a sob:

"Child, woman, and queen, all in one! I thank you—you have made me think better of myself—it is a good deal to do for a man past forty!"

Before she could speak he left the room. As he closed the door, she saw him brush his hand across his eyes. She called his name—he glanced back with a pathetic smile—shook his head, and disappeared.

CHAPTER VIII.

Lady Bolton and the owners of the adjacent country-seats had made arrangements to have a special train, starting from the Towers station, to take them and their guests to Wamsley for the ball. Her ladyship, being of an economical turn of mind on occasion, exulted openly that no such expense as to their return would be necessary, because a train from London—a slow one, but that was no matter—would halt at Wamsley a little after four o'clock in the morning, by which they could all be brought home.

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Some forty people sat down to dinner that night at Lady Bolton's table, and as the ladies were already arrayed in their evening-dresses, the effect was so pretty that in a former era the scene might have served to inspire Watteau.

Across the blaze of light—the odorous beauty of the flowers—the sensuous glow and brightness—Florence Treherne, in her most brilliant loveliness, looked out and met Constance Denby's eyes fixed full upon her—fixed with an expression which was harder to bear than the sternest condemnation could have been, for there was downright pity in the gaze. It agonized the wretched woman; maddened her, by rousing remorse to a flood-tide which fairly made her tremble for her reason.

And always, though she did not glance towards him, she felt the influence of Colonel Stretton's regard; and some prophetic intuition in her soul warned her that by the compromise of the morning she had only laid herself open to unknown dangers, in the future, worse than the perils by which she was already surrounded.

Every line and word in her husband's letter came up, and printed themselves in characters of fire upon each object at which she looked. She knew that she had wearied destiny at last; she was hastening to her doom. This ball was to see the culmination and the darkening of her meteor-like splendor; but it was too late to retreat, she said to herself, she must go on.

She did not recollect seeing Constance Denby again until they were in the ball-room, where her arrival had been the signal for an ovation which surpassed anything that even she had ever received. A double line of gentlemen—officers in their brilliant uniforms—the first men of the country—were waiting in the entrance-hall. Colonel Stretton, upon whose arm she leaned, was forced to yield her to the Lord-Lieutenant, who conducted her to the ball-room. The dancers paused as she appeared. The throng pushed forward, while the band struck up a march of welcome, composed in her honor by one of the most famous musicians of the day.

Whether she had been there moments or hours, Florence could not have told; she had danced, and talked, and moved about, followed by an admiring crowd; she was conscious that she was conversing with the leading statesman of England; knew that he was telling her he had made the journey from Yorkshire on purpose to meet her; knew, too, that Colonel Stretton stood close at hand, never for an instant releasing her from the tyranny of his scrutiny; then suddenly a parting in the assembly showed her Constance Denby again.

What she said to her companion she did not know; what she meant to do or say she had no idea; but she walked straight towards the American, and whispered:

"I have something to tell you. I don't want to; but I shall go mad if I don't."

Miss Denby lifted her hand, arranged the lace on Florence's corsage, and whispered back:

"Not now—remember where we are—to-morrow."

"To-morrow?" echoed Florence. "Will there be any to-morrow?"

She heard herself laugh; she felt Constance Denby's hand press her arm heavily in warning; caught anew that glance of pity from the honest eyes, and realized that she had been on the verge of telling her dismal secret out—of acknowledging her deceit and meanness. In another instant, the music struck up afresh; she was whirling through the mazes of a waltz, in the embrace of some scarlet-uniformed gallant; then the next thing she realized distinctly was seeing Colonel Stretton beside her, and hearing him say:

"You are tired. Come into one of the ante-rooms, and get a breath of air. I never saw you in such brilliant beauty; but I'm afraid you are not well."

She half snatched her hand from his arm; a mad longing to upbraid him then and there seized her; but again she heard his low repressed voice. It only said: "Come." But it was irresistible to her ears as the voice of Fate. She allowed him to lead her on.

They were stopped by the summons to supper. She thought she had been in the room a hundred years at least, when once more she saw the Colonel beside her.

Two German stock-brokers was standing near, conversing in a low tone in German.

"She can't know," one of them said.

"Well, she will, soon enough," the other replied. "Her husband's name will be in the Gazette to-morrow."

"No doubt of that; he is gone up completely; she may thank herself, too; she has ruined him; it is incredible that husbands can be such fools."

Then Florence perceived that she and the Colonel were alone in one of the ante-chambers; whether he had led her there, or she, in her mad haste to escape beyond the reach of those torturing voices, had impelled him on, she could not tell; but there they were.

"It is not true—it is not true," she cried. "Tell me the truth. Are you dumb?"

"I can't bear to speak; it is worse than death; but I must," he groaned. "Yes—it is all true."

"And you knew it—and forced me to stay?"

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"It was the one kindness I could show. Indeed, I only learned the whole facts at dinner-time. I had sent up to London as soon as I left you this morning."

He had, indeed: and he believed that the moment of his triumph had come. He had entered the ball-room with his whole plan fully matured, down to its slightest detail, and her next words only anticipated the proposal which had been upon his lips.

"I can't go back among those people," she moaned. "If you have any pity, get me away."

"We will go to the station. I will account for your departure," he said. "It is better you should meet no one. Courage, courage! I see a way out yet, if you will only be brave. I have the checks for your wraps in my pocket. Wait quietly here, while I go for them."

He had placed her in a chair behind a screen near the doorway, and she waited there, with a strange nightmare sensation, growing stronger and stronger, till it seemed fairly to paralyze body and mind. She heard voices—heard steps cross the chamber. She shrank further back in her seat, dreading lest she might be seen, and she thought that to be noticed or addressed would give the finishing stroke to her reason.

The Colonel returned, drew her cloak and furs about her with kindly solicitude; but he did it all in silence. He led her quickly down the stairs; a carriage was waiting; he helped her in, and they drove off to the station.

Again he left her, while he went to procure tickets. Before he came back, she heard the engine whistle; heard the train halt. The Colonel rushed up in great haste, saying:

"The other carriages are coming. We shall just have time to secure a compartment to ourselves. You don't want any of those chattering idiots to torment you."

She was trembling so violently that she could hardly stand. He half carried her through the waiting-room out upon the platform. She was in the railway-carriage; the door closed; he was persuading her to lie down; arranging her furs; talking very rapidly; and she so cold and faint, that she was only capable of thought enough to be thankful to him for this respite, before meeting any eyes save his; his that knew the secret; the secret which all the world must know so soon.

The warning bell rang; the wheels began to move. Just then a voice shouted:

"No stop till Sandgate. Passengers for Dover change at Sandgate."

Florence sprang up, crying:

"What did he say? We have taken the wrong train. Open the door—quick—quick."

But they were already steaming out of the station. She fell back in her seat, moaning:

"Too late. Oh, my God, where are we going—what shall I do?"

"The only thing that can be done," he answered. "Listen to me, Florence. I have saved you. Your husband is mad. Not only pecuniary ruin has come, but in his desperation he has hypothecated stocks belonging to a client. He risks a criminal process; you would be dragged into court as a witness; you must get away for a time. I have settled everything; you must cross to France. I have friends with whom you can wait quietly, until the worst is tided over."

She was quite mad now; struggling to open the window; trying to call out; but her voice was gone; her senses reeling; she could only sink helplessly down again, and wait for the deathly faintness which had seized her to pass. He was speaking still; she put her hands to her ears to shut out the sound of his voice; closed her eyes to escape the sight of his white agitated face: and through the whirl in her brain she seemed to hear phantom tones echo her husband's disregarded warning:

"Take heed, lest he prove your evil genius—your evil genius."

She knew that she was repeating the words; she could hear him pleading, expostulating; she burst suddenly into a paroxysm of frightful hysterical laughter.

"Be still," the colonel exclaimed, in a tone of authority. "You are out of your senses; you will go completely mad, if you do not make an effort to control yourself."

He took hold of her hands as he spoke. The unutterable loathing which his touch roused in her soul brought reason back, dispelled even the death-like chill which had frozen her physical powers. She wrenched her fingers from his grasp, saying:

"I have been mad for months, I think; but spare yourself any further solicitude, Colonel Stretton. I am in full possession of my senses at last."

"Then listen," he cried, quickly, "and let me tell you—"

"There is no need of further words on your part," she broke in. "I understand you perfectly. In what you have said concerning my husband, there is not one word of truth. Ruined he is, no doubt; but he has done nothing dishonorable. He is, what you have at length proved to me you are not, an honest man."

Even at this crisis, he fell back on his stale old trick of appealing to her gratitude, reminding her of his past services; but her despairing rage

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had reached a height where this appeal only added to its might. She poured the full torrent of her wrath upon his head; roused him finally to a fury which equaled her own: and he threatened her with the exposure of their money transactions, repeating passages from the letters she had written him. When he saw that this thrust had struck home, he dropped on his knees; poured out a wild rhodomontade of repentance; urging her to trust in his devotion; to comprehend that his plan was the only way out of her present strait; for before noon of the coming day, she would not have a friend left out of the whole world that had been at her feet.

She realized the truth of what he said; felt it in the fullness of its awful significance; knew that, putting everything else aside, this railway journey was enough to ruin her utterly.

She started up again with some mad idea of escape. Suddenly the train slackened its speed; came to a halt. The carriage-door opened, and she heard Constance Denby's voice calling:

"We have taken the wrong train, Mrs. Treherne. Get out—get out."

CHAPTER IX.

Rooted in her simple religious credence, which, puerile as it might appear to modern philosophers, brought her peace and rest, even in seasons of great trouble, Constance Denby always believed that her actions on this night had been directed by a merciful Providence, "for the saving of a human soul alive."

It had occurred to Lady Bolton that it would be a good idea to take several maids to assist in the dressing-room, and among those selected was Miss Denby's—an elderly quadroon, whose devotion to her young mistress knew no bounds, and whose discretion and practical sense were always to be depended upon.

The ball proved to Constance the saddest evening festivity in which she had ever shared, though she received attention enough to have satisfied any lady, short of a professional beauty. Nor was her depression owing to personal causes; it centred on the woman whom of all others she had most reason to dislike. She could not put out of her mind the fragments of conversation which she had so unwillingly overheard between Mrs. Treherne and Colonel Stretton, and however sorely she might blame Florence for remaining until after the ball, her pity went far beyond her condemnation. Whether dancing or talking, she could not keep from watching the beautiful creature. She noticed, what Florence in her excitement gave no heed to, that Colonel Stretton's manner was very different from his ordinary obsequious devotion. He hovered near her constantly; his every word and look conveyed the impression of familiarity, which would have been permissible only in a brother or husband; and at length Constance learned that at least one other person had observed this change. Lady Bolton whispered to her certain animadversions, and finally worked herself up to such a pitch of irritation, that she vowed she would tell Florence what she thought.

"The man may be a useful friend and ally—indeed, she owes her success to him—but if this sort of thing goes on, there will be gossip, and that, at all events, she has always avoided."

But Constance soothed her into temporary patience. She knew, what she could not reveal to her impulsive hostess, that however much Stretton's conduct might anger or wound Mrs. Treherne, the unfortunate woman dared not resent it; and to have Lady Bolton choose this special occasion for uttering even the mildest reproof, would be enough to drive her desperate.

The hours appeared as interminable to Constance as they could have done to Florence herself, and the wild words which she checked on the beauty's lips aroused her to a strong dread that some awful crisis was near.

She had left the supper-hall before Mrs. Treherne and the Colonel; gone into the dressing-room in which her maid was stationed; and through the open doors of the other, saw Colonel Stretton enter, and claim Florence's wraps.

"Get my cloak," she said to her woman. "Get yours, too—I must go—I am ill. We can take any carriage—I'd rather wait at the station than here."

There was no pause for question on the quadroon's part. The pair followed the Colonel and his charge downstairs, and drove close behind them to the railway. There was time for Constance to make such slight explanation as was necessary, and when they alighted, they caught sight of Florence huddled in a corner of the carriage.

"I will go into the waiting-room," Constance said. "Go see what that man is doing; he will not recognize you."

It was not long before the maid returned, and the information she brought was enough to prove to the agitated girl that her premonition had been no folly of disordered nerves.

"He took two tickets for Dover; the train is coming," said the quadroon.

"Then we must go by it," Miss Denby said. "I have no money—use Lady Bolton's name—"

"I have your pocket-book," interrupted the quadroon, as calmly as her mistress had spoken, though each could see the unutterable horror and fright she felt reflected in the other's eyes.

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They were in season to enter the compartment next that in which Stretton had placed Mrs. Treherne, and during the quarter of an hour which followed, Constance Denby had leisure to arrange her plans; for in spite of her agonizing terror, never had her brain acted more quickly.

"He is carrying her off without her knowing that it is not the right train," she said. "We must go on to Sandgate—oh, if only we had money, I would hire the guard to stop."

"I have fifty pounds," the quadroon answered. "You gave me the pocket-book this morning to put away, and I was so hurried, I slipped it into my bosom, and never remembered it till I was getting ready to come to-night."

"Thank God!" cried Constance.

Directly the guard had come to look at their tickets.

"We are foreigners. My maid thought this was the up-train," Constance said. "We were at the Wamsley ball. If you will stop at the first station, you shall have fifty pounds."

She held out the bank-notes as she spoke, and with a little hesitation the guard rejoined:

"I will ask if it can be done. I think it'll be all right."

He disappeared, and after another dreary wait, came back, and said:

"I have managed it. In ten minutes we shall reach Manning. You'll just catch the Wamsley train there."

Ten minutes passed, that seemed scarcely as many seconds to Constance Denby, so absorbed was her whole being in thankfulness.

"Open the door of the carriage in front; a lady wants to get out."

In another instant she was on the platform, and Florence heard her warning cry:

"We have taken the wrong train, Mrs. Treherne. Get out—get out."

As Florence started forward, the Colonel attempted to stop her; but she darted past him, and sprang down into Constance's arms.

"Do you go on?" the guard asked of Stretton.

The Colonel descended; the train whirled by. When Constance could free herself sufficiently from Mrs. Treherne's embrace to listen to her maid, who was pulling at her cloak, she heard the woman whisper:

"He got out, too—here he is."

While the quadroon assisted her to support Florence, Miss Denby turned and faced the miserable wretch, who, in spite of his insane fury, shrank under the fire of her eyes.

"How unfortunate we four were, Colonel Stretton, to make such a blunder," she said, with icy quiet. "But Mrs. Treherne's sudden illness frightened us all so much, that we thought of nothing but to get her away from the ball before there could be any commotion. It was a pity that you, generally so composed, should have mistaken the train; but luckily it is of slight consequence. Ah, there comes the Wamsley train now. We don't require further assistance, Colonel—good-night."

Between them, she and the quadroon led Mrs. Treherne across the platform. The train came up and halted. Colonel Stretton saw the three enter a carriage. Then he slunk into another, with only one consolation to offer himself, and that a very poor one: at least, he could have his revenge.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

THE POOR MAN'S SHEAF.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

He saw the wheat-fields waiting,
All golden in the sun,
And strong and stalwart reapers
Went by him, one by one.
"Oh, could I reap in harvest,"
His heart made bitter cry.
"I can do nothing, nothing,
So weak, alas, am I."

At eve, a fainting trav'ler
Sank down beside his door.
A cup of cool sweet water
To quench his thirst he bore.
And when, refreshed and strengthened,
The trav'ler went his way,
Upon the poor man's threshold
A golden wheat-sheaf lay.

When came the lord of harvest,
He cried: "Oh, Master kind,
One sheaf I have to offer,
But that I did not bind.
I gave a cup of water
To one athirst, and he
Left at my door, in going,
This sheaf I offer thee."

Then said the Master softly:
"Well pleased with this am I.
One of my angels left it
With thee, as he passed by.
Thou may'st not join the reapers
Upon the harvest plain,
But who so helps a brother
Binds sheaves of richest grain."

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MY SISTER'S FRIEND.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

FROM the first I did not like her. Perhaps my expectations were too great beforehand; for Ane had led me to believe that Dane Haskell was but little lower than the angels.

Ane was my half-sister, and her name was Margaret. But in her babyhood I had called her "my little angel," and she had given herself the nickname of "Ane," as soon as she could lisp. And it had always clung to her.

She was not of the stately order, this Ane of ours. She was rather petite, yet round and plump, and all color and animation. Not handsome, maybe; and yet not a man or child, for miles about Maple Hall, but would have sworn she was beautiful.

She was even wonderfully well liked by many women. She was so free from little jealousies herself, that she quite shamed some of them into forgetting theirs.

I suppose it was that queer charm, called magnetism, which nobody can explain, that made her so attractive to everybody. That, and her lovely character and sweet ways.

I was eighteen when she was born. My mother had been dead for five years, and my stepmother had been at Maple Hall just a year. Just a year, in which I had grown to love her very dearly; and then Ane came, and she went.

I took the motherless baby to my own twice desolated heart, so soon to be thrice desolated; but it is not my own story I am telling, so never mind about that. I suppose no maiden lady of forty-one lives, who has not her romance locked up and laid away somewhere in her heart.

I tried to be a mother to the baby, and I succeeded very well, I think. I took charge of the house, too, and that was no small matter; for Maple Hall was always full of guests, and my father was of the old school, and wanted his stately dinners and everything in accordance.

At thirteen, Ane was sent away to boarding-school, and remained four years. She came back very much as she left us: a slight unformed girl, quiet and sensitive, only that she was "finished" in accomplishments: could dance, and sing, and draw, and speak French like a native.

But she had not been at home six months before she began to blossom out into the full-blown rose she has been ever since; and everybody raved over her.

From the time she came home, she had a great deal to say about one of her school-mates—Dane Haskell. She lavished all the praises on her that are common in school-girl vocabulary, and I grew to think of this unknown friend of my darling's as a paragon of perfections.

And, after five years of separation, but of constant correspondence, Dane came to make the long-talked-of visit to Maple Hall.

Ane was wild over the thought of it. For weeks before her arrival, I heard nothing but "when Dane comes," "after Dane comes," "so soon as Dane comes."

As Dane came up the steps to the hall, where I stood waiting to greet her, that May night, and held out her hand to me, and stooped to kiss me, I felt an unaccountable repugnance to her. I could not have told why. Ane had gone down to the station to meet her, and was all a quiver of delight as she came up the steps arm in arm with her long-expected friend.

Two hours later, when Dane came down, dressed for our five o'clock dinner, I took a survey of her.

She was tall and very slender—so slender she was thin; but she dressed to conceal this. puffed sleeves, and full ruchings of lace about her throat. Her hands were small and shapely, though not models of beauty, like my darling's, and her face was small: a teacup face, I called it, with a little *retroussé* nose, and a pursed-up mouth, and bright brown eyes. Her eyes were thought to be her strong point; but I could not bear their expression. They were too small, and they gleamed, and I hate gleaming eyes.

Her hair was light-golden, and very abundant—very lovely hair, indeed.

"Isn't she beautiful?" whispered Ane to me, the first moment she could find me alone.

"Beautiful hair," I answered, glad I could praise something honestly in her idol.

"Isn't it?" cried Ane. "Just like spun gold; and such eyes!"

After awhile, we repaired to the drawing-room, and ere long some friends dropped in, as they were always doing at Maple Hall. We spent very few evenings alone.

Ane was called upon to sing and play, and consented readily, as was her custom. She possessed a clear alto voice, and sang some old ballads very prettily. I watched Dane while Ane sang. Her

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face wore a well-bred but unpleasantly critical expression, at first; then she looked politely bored. Presently, she was asked for some music, and as soon as she touched the instrument, I saw she was a finished artist. Everyone was delighted with her brilliant performance, and no one gave more earnest praise than Ane, who was proud of her friend's accomplishments.

Among our callers that evening was a Colonel Roberts, a man of forty-five or fifty, who was remarkably handsome, and the owner of a fine estate near Maple Hall. A bachelor, and a very attractive man to a casual observer. I had always known him and his history, however, and while he was a welcome guest always at the Farm, my sentiment, as you will ere long understand, was mainly pity.

I saw Dane's eyes fixed upon him several times that evening with a look of interest, and she smiled upon him very sweetly.

The next morning, she came into my room with her crochet-work.

"Will I disturb you?" she began, with a sweet smile. "I want to come in, and get acquainted with you, if you are willing. I want you to like me."

She looked very sweet, and her voice was very coaxing. But it did not affect me at all.

"Come in," I said. "I am very easy to get acquainted with. It is no hard task."

Miss Dane fell to talking very easily of this and that, and finally spoke of Colonel Roberts.

"He seems an elegant man," she said, and her eyes were watching my face, I knew.

"He is," I said. "Handsome, of fine family, well educated, and wealthy."

"It is a wonder he never married," she continued, and again her glance seemed to search my very heart. As I made no reply, she added: "But then he is still young—not over forty-five, I should say, and that is by no means old for a man to fall in love and marry."

In my secret soul, I saw through the girl's scheme at once, and I was just mean enough to help it on.

"No, nor for a woman either," I answered. "You know I am forty-one."

"Impossible," she cried, with well-feigned surprise. "Why, you look full ten years younger than your—your friend, Colonel Roberts."

Two hours later, I heard her singing in the parlor. Ane came to me with a troubled look.

"Colonel Roberts came," she said, "and happening to meet Dane in the hall, and papa being out, he asked her to sing for him. I suppose it is all right to leave them alone, isn't it? And yet I always feel uneasy."

"Oh, it is all right," I said, inwardly consumed with laughter. "And Ane, dear, say nothing to Dane about Colonel Roberts' peculiarities, unless it becomes absolutely necessary. I always dislike to expose people's skeletons, if they can be hidden."

"Very well," answered Ane; "but I shall feel better if you keep somewhere in their locality. I have to do some copying papa asked me to do while he was gone."

I was just across the hall, in the morning-room, when Dane came out, looking up and smiling into Colonel Roberts' face. She accompanied him to the door, and returned, looking radiant.

"When did you come in here?" she asked. "I did not hear you."

"You were singing to the Colonel," I answered, with a tone that might have been called "short," "and you could not hear me."

"He is very delightful, isn't he?" she queried. "And so appreciative of music. He says I am the first real musician he has heard in years; but then he meant to flatter, no doubt. What a striking-looking man he is, with his black hair and eyes, and that strangely pale face."

"Very," I answered. "We all think he has a distinguished air."

A day or two later, I asked Ane to sing for me. She hesitated, and then begged to be excused.

"Why?" I asked. "Are you not well?"

"Yes, but—well, to tell the truth, Janet, I do not feel comfortable to play or sing since Dane came. She has such a finely-educated ear, that my music must jar upon her. Of course, she does not say so; but then I feel it, and I grow to dislike the sound of my own voice. I was a goose to ever suppose I could sing."

I said nothing; but down deep in my heart, I wished Dane in the bottom of the sea.

Among the gentlemen who frequented Maple Hall was Carrol Gray, a young physician. He had been a lover of Ane's three years before; but she declined the offer of his hand, and then, after her fashion, she transformed him into a staunch true friend—a thing so few women can do.

As soon as Dane came, Ane took Carrol aside, and begged him to do all he could to make it pleasant for her friend. So Miss Dane was treated to drives and rides without number, through the lovely May and June days.

One day, two weeks after she came, I heard her telling Ane that "Carrol Gray said he found more pleasure in her society than he had ever found in any other woman's."

"I am glad," said Ane, quietly. "I felt sure you would be congenial friends."

But, all the same, I knew she must feel the hateful sting of Dane's words.

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"I will be even with her for that," I said, mentally, and I was ere long. It was almost time to spring my trap.

Every day Colonel Roberts came to the house, and every day Dane "happened" to meet him, and take upon herself the task of entertaining him. Then she came to me so sweetly, so blandly, and confided to me the compliments he paid her, watching me keenly to see the effect of her words. I knew she believed Colonel Roberts to be my lover; and I knew she fancied that she was working upon my jealousies, and winning my lover's affections away at the same time.

She was the sort of girl who could find no pleasure in conquest, unless she was making some other woman uncomfortable. There are plenty of such little souls on earth.

One day the denouement came.

It was at dinner, and I turned to my father, and said:

"Have you seen Colonel Roberts to-day, father? He has not been here."

"No," chimed in Dane, "and he said he should certainly call this forenoon."

"I have not seen him," father replied.

"I hope," I continued, "that he has not gone off in one of his attacks again. He has been well so long now. I suppose he may be taken at any time."

"Why, what do you mean?" queried Dane, blankly.

"Don't you know?" I asked, looking at her with an expression she could readily read, I fancy. "Don't you know that Colonel Roberts is an insane man, poor fellow? Subject to spells of aberration of mind, when he wanders off and is not seen for months? He was in our asylum for two or three years, but was pronounced incurable, and as he does no one any harm, at these times, he is allowed to remain at large."

"But he is so intelligent—so agreeable," began Dane.

"Yes," I added, "quite like a young lady's ideal—so handsome and fascinating. In fact, I thought it best to warn you of his misfortune before you lost your heart."

And I laughed so pleasantly, that everybody at the table thought it was a jest, save Dane. She flashed a look from her deep-set eyes—a gleam that said it was to be war to the knife between us hereafter. She had been defeated at her own game; had made herself ridiculous in my sight, when she fancied she was making me wild with jealousy. And she hated me for it.

I wondered what she would do next, and I did not have to wait long to discover. She began to make love to father. At first, I was only amused. Then I grew secretly alarmed. For, with all due respect to my loved father, I knew, where a woman was concerned, that the old saying was true: "There is no fool like an old fool."

Father was sixty-two years old, but very hale and hearty, and of fine robust form—a stalwart gentleman of the old regime.

Dane sat with him while he smoked, and sorted his papers, and read aloud to him, and brought his hat and cane, and took walks with him about the place; and I came in, once or twice, and found her leaning over the back of his chair, and stroking his head, and cooing to him, and he taking it all very quietly, and acting very much as if he liked it. And oh, how she fawned upon me, and how sweet she was those days. I could have wrung her slim neck with good grace.

With July there came our usual influx of guests to Maple Hall.

Two young lady friends of Ane's from the city, and their lovers, and a young man who was no one's lover—as yet. But he had been at Maple Hall the year before, a few weeks—this Wynne Daley, and I had never seen Ane's face light up so in my life, as it lighted when her friend Carrie Snow wrote that he would be of their party. The gentlemen took rooms at the hotel, a mile distant, and the young ladies were at once domiciled at Maple Hall. Then all sorts of merry-makings began.

There were, with Carrol Gray, just four couples of them, and no reason why they should not have been as happy as meadow-larks all the glad summer. No reason, save that Dane Haskell made one of their number.

Before a week had passed, she had made both the young lady guests feel unwilling to play or sing in her presence, just as she had Ane. And yet she had said nothing; but if you have ever seen a mean, hateful, yet polite woman, you can understand.

Then she had been laying little plans to make both young ladies jealous of her, and succeeded, at once, with one of them, who had a natural leaning in that direction, as so many girls have. Poor Carrie Snow, pretty and bright as she was, seemed utterly wretched if her lover, Howard Sanborn, was ever so little attentive to another.

Dane saw this at once, and acted accordingly. And Howard, himself the soul of honor, and trusting Carrie implicitly, and fond of pleasure and mirth, danced and sang with Dane, all unsuspicious of the misery he was causing.

And Dane was in her element. One night she came in my room, after there had been a lawn-party. Her eyes were gleaming, and she looked radiant.

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"I have had a lovely time," she said, throwing herself down by the window.

"I am glad," I said. "I hope all the young people enjoyed themselves equally well."

She laughed.

"I don't think Carrie Snow did," she said. "She looked as if she would like to murder me. Really, I do not see how she and Ane came to be such friends—she is of such a jealous nature."

"I will tell you," I said. "She is a girl of fine traits of character, with the exception of this jealousy; and that Ane has never worked upon, because she has always had so many lovers of her own, she has never found it necessary to try and win any other woman's. I always think a girl has been deprived of her share of attention and love in this world, when she seeks for that which belongs to someone else by right. Ane, as I say, has been so much sought after, that she has never needed to make Carrie jealous, and so they are fast friends."

"That is a queer view to take of it," sneered Dane, nettled to the core, I could see, as she arose to go to her room; "and pray, who have been Ane's admirers?"

"Doctor Gray, for one," I answered. "He sued very hard for her hand three years ago; but quite in vain. He has never seemed quite the same since. Only the other day he was talking with me about her. He said he had enjoyed your society more than anything else for years. 'More than the society of any woman I know,' he said; 'for I never think of Ane as a woman; she seems to me always like an angel; like something divine.' And he added, that he feared, as he had given his first love to one so far above all others, that he could never be content with a lesser love for a less worthy object, and therefore was doomed to a single life."

I saw a look of actual malice flash into Dane's eyes, as she turned away. And that night I dreamed that a large cobra had coiled itself about Ane, and was slowly crushing her life out, and that its eyes were precisely like Dane's.

But the next day Dane was sweeter than ever to both Ane and me, and made no effort to tantalize Carrie Snow. I thought my lesson had not been in vain; but I found she was only planning greater mischief. She redoubled her attentions to father, and every moment I was alone with him I had to listen to her praises, which nearly drove me crazy. But I did not dare say a word, lest he should think me jealous, and, man-like, assert himself and marry her. For I had no doubt she would have taken him and Maple Hall in a moment.

During the next two weeks, the young people were out a good deal: riding, boating, picnicking; and I saw little of them. But I noticed that Ane was very quiet, when she was at home, and that she had grown very pale, too. I wondered if she was worrying over father as I was, and I asked her.

"No," she said. "Why? What is there to worry about?"

"Oh, you know how easily men at his age are influenced by a young woman," I said, "and I have been half afraid he might think of marrying Dane. She hangs about him so much."

Ane's face really brightened.

"Does she?" she queried. "I had not noticed it."

Then her face drooped again, and she sighed.

"But I do not think she has any such thought," she added. "I think she has set her heart on someone else."

"Who?" I asked.

"Mr. Daley," answered Ane, and she choked a little over the name.

My heart stood still.

"And he?"

"Why, of course, he is interested," Ane replied. "Dane is so pretty, and brilliant, and accomplished. He has had eyes for no one else the last week. He is almost cold to me, even—perhaps he thinks I care for him, and he is taking this way to cure me. But he need not worry."

She spoke with pride, and lifted her head proudly, and her eyes glowed. Yet for all that I knew her heart was breaking. Knew she was bearing a wound in her breast that a lifetime could not heal.

She went away, and left me tenfold sadder than before. I would rather it had been father a thousand times than Wynne Daley—handsome, debonair, brilliant Wynne, the only man Ane had ever cared for in all her life.

After that, I watched matters a little myself, and I saw how things were going.

All the courtier-like devotion, that had for two summers been given to Ane, was now bestowed upon Dane: all the languor of his beautiful eyes, all the delicate attentions that proclaim the lady of a man's choice. Could it be he was that most despicable thing, a male flirt?

It looked very much like it; for certainly he was meeting Dane Haskell more than half way. Ane was bearing it all very bravely, seeming not to care.

There were merry times for the next two weeks, at Maple Hall; for Dane was excellent at planning pleasures, and Ane was too perfect a hostess to do otherwise than lend her willing aid

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to all her friend's plans; but I saw it was a fearful effort for her often. It seemed almost these days as if Dane were the hostess, she took the reins so into her own hands; and father seemed to enjoy it all, as well as the young people, and seemed perfectly blind, too, to Ane's changed appearance. For she was changing every day: growing paler, thinner, more spirituelle; and Dane was more demonstrative every day to Ane and me both; and every day my desire to choke her increased.

At length, the crisis arrived. Dane came and put her arms about Ane, and confided to her the fact that she was engaged to Wynne Daley.

"And now, dear," she said, coaxingly, "one last favor before I go: for he urges a speedy marriage, and I must leave you next week. The night before I go, I want you to give a party, in honor of my engagement, dear—will you? The moon will be full and we can dance on the lawn, and have Chinese lanterns in the orchard—oh, please say yes. It will be a fitting close to this perfect summer."

Ane consented, and then Dane came to me, with a caressing smile on her lips, and a malicious gleam in her eyes.

"Dear Miss Janet," she said, "you see I took your kind counsel, and ceased to flirt with other girls' lovers—with engaged men. You made me see that it was very naughty. So I looked about for one who was free, to enjoy myself with; and now you see the result. I am sure you will be glad to congratulate me."

She looked me full in the eyes, and I knew she was exulting in the knowledge that her old debt was settled, and she was even with me on the Colonel Roberts score. She knew she had hurt me; in the cruelest way possible, through my love for Ane. Oh, how I hated her.

We went on with our preparations, and Ane had the look in her eyes that I saw in her young mother's, the day before she died.

Father looked dazed for awhile, as if he realized that he had been made a fool of by a designing girl. And then suddenly he noticed Ane.

"What ails the girl?" he said to me, after we were all dressed for the party that night. "She does not look like herself."

"She hasn't for weeks," I answered. "I shall be glad when we are left alone again and she can rest. It is hard work to entertain guests so long—women guests."

Ane was all in white, and she did look like a wraith that night. Her face was very pale, but her eyes were like great wells of flame. She was very gay, and the life of the evening, which was a grand success. Dane was fairly radiant, and the congratulations were very cordial that were offered the happy couple.

Yet I fancied Wynne looked very pale all the evening, and he certainly was not in his usual spirits. It was quite late—perhaps near midnight—when he came and sat down by me.

I looked up into his pale, weary face, and felt a curious sensation of pity—I knew not why.

"I believe I have not congratulated you," I said. "Allow me to do so now, Mr. Daley. I hope you will be as happy as you deserve. That is fair, is it not?"

"Certainly," he answered, a little *distrait*, and then he turned to me suddenly, and said in a low voice:

"Miss Janet, I know you are too womanly a woman to allow what I say to you to reach ears it is not intended for; but I feel I must say to you, that I think your silence was hardly kind or fair."

I looked at him in amazement.

"I do not understand," I answered. "To what do you refer?"

"You must know what I mean," he responded, almost irritably. "Of course I know the matter is a family secret; but I feel I have the right to speak to you now, in this last hour, at least. It may be good sport for your sister to conceal her engagement, and make a dupe of other men; but I think it hardly fair of you to allow me to become as interested as I was. Of course, it is all over now; once knowing a woman I had worshiped was a wilful flirt would cure me of my love in an hour; but I think you are too noble a woman to be a party to such affairs, and I beg you will not in the future. That is why I spoke to you now, and that I have spoken, of course, must remain between us two alone."

"Mr. Daley," I cried, "what do you mean? My sister is not a flirt. My sister and I have concealed nothing from you. Ane is not, and never was, engaged to any man."

He grew white to the lips.

"Is she not engaged to Doctor Gray?" he asked. "And is not the engagement kept strictly secret at her request?"

"Certainly not. No shadow of a tie exists between the two, save that of friendship."

"Thank you," he said. "I beg your pardon." And he turned away.

The guests had already begun to depart. In an hour they had all gone; all but Wynne Daley.

"I want to speak with you, and Miss Ane, and Miss Haskell," he said, in a low suppressed voice. "And I want no one else present."

The two other guests dropped off to their rooms, and Dane waited for a good-night with

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her lover. I called to Ane, who came wondering and weary, and then I closed the door.

Wynne stood with his elbow leaning on the marble mantel, his head supported by one bare hand, his other gloved, and hanging at his side. He was very pale, and his eyes were like fire.

Dane had thrown herself on a divan. She seemed all unconscious of the storm brewing. But her lover's first words aroused her to alarm.

"Miss Haskell and Miss Demoe, I want your attention for a moment."

Both looked up, one in sudden terror, one in wonder, at the tone of his voice.

"Miss Dane Haskell informed me some weeks ago," the voice continued, "in a very accidental and careless manner, that you, Miss Margaret Demoe, were the betrothed wife of Doctor Carrol Gray, and that you wished the engagement kept strictly secret. I have a right and a reason for asking you now if this is true?"

Ane looked him fairly in the eyes, her own face as pale as his own.

"It is not true," she said. "I was never engaged to any man."

Then she turned to Dane, who shrank as before an accusing angel.

"Dane," she said, "why did you tell him that?" And her voice shook as with unshed tears.

For a moment, Dane was silent. Then she looked up. Very pitiful, very dramatic she was, as she threw back her head, and clasped her hands upon her breast.

"Because—because I loved him," she cried, and fell forward apparently in a dead swoon. But I knew it was only a sham, and I had not a particle of pity for her—not an atom.

She only woke from one fit to go into another.

Wynne Daley was almost as devoid of pity as I. He waited patiently till she seemed to have a lucid moment, and then he continued:

"Of course you understand that our engagement is annulled. Of course you must have understood that I loved Ane, or you would have found the lie you told unnecessary. I did, and I do love her now, though, when I believed her a wilful flirt, I did what many a wiser man has done: resolved to marry the first available woman for spite. But that I will not do now, though I may not win the woman I do love. I will go my way silently, and you may explain as best you can the unfulfilled engagement, which has been made so unnecessarily public. These ladies are honorable, and will keep the secret of your disgrace. Good-by."

He left her, and the next day she left us, never to return—the minx.

Of course Ane married Wynne, and of course "people" said she had taken her "friend's" cast-off lover, "who no doubt married her for spite." But Ane smiles at this, and seems wonderfully happy, somehow.

AUTUMN DAYS.

BY MRS. E. W. DEMERITT.

Over the hills hangs a violet haze;
The trees in the forest are all ablaze.
In the open fields the sumacs burn,
And slowly to gold the chestnuts turn.

The ground is strewn with gay painted leaves,
Which the passing wind in a rich carpet weaves.
While deep in the grass, the lowly brier
Glows in the light like a trail of fire.

Along the road, from the wayside sod,
Spring the purple aster and golden-rod.
From dull hue to splendor the woodbine grows,
And o'er the rough wall its red mantle throws.

Oh, warm tender days! Oh, bright laughing sky!
We gaze on you in an ecstasy.
Linger with us awhile you may;
All too short is your brief, brief stay.

A HINDOO LEGEND: THE LOTUS.

Love came to Flora, asking for a flower
That would of flowers be undisputed queen.
The lily and the rose long, long had been
Rivals for that high honor. Bards of power
Had sung their claims. "The rose can never tower
Like the pale lily with her Juno mien."
"But is the lily lovelier?" Thus between
Flower-factions rang the strife in Psyche's bower.
"Give me a flower delicious as the rose
And stately as the lily in her pride."
"But of what color?" "Rose-red," love first chose,
Then prayed, "No, lily-white—or both provide;"
And Flora gave the lotus, "rose-red" dyed,
And "lily-white"—the queenliest flower that blows.

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"FORGET-ME-NOT."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE DERWENT DIAMONDS."

"Don't trifle with me, Lilian—"

"Miss Davenant, please," interrupted the young lady, teasingly.

"Miss Davenant, then," he said, stiffly.

"You forget," she added, with an affectation of demureness, "that this is my twentieth birthday, Mr Murray. I'm quite a young lady, you see; and I can't have you calling me by my first name, as if I were a school-girl."

The young man bit his lip, and repressing the irritable reply that rose to his tongue, turned to the window, to conceal his anger.

Miss Davenant crossed the room, laughing lightly and coquettishly as she went, and seating herself at the piano, began to run her slim white fingers over the ivory keys. Then, after this prelude, she sang, in a sweet trilling voice:

"I must give thee a gift, darling,
What shall it be?
A necklace of pearls,
From the deeps of the sea?
A cluster of diamonds,
To wear in thy hair?
Or a circlet of gold,
For thy finger so fair?"

Howard Murray watched her while she sang; a smoldering fire in his handsome eyes, and a tumult of passionate pain and rapture stirring his heart; but he said nothing.

For over a year he had been Miss Davenant's devoted admirer. A score of times, at least, he had endeavored to win from her pretty lips some assurance of her favor But she had baffled him in every instance No butterfly, amid the May roses, was ever more coy, or difficult to capture, than was Miss Lilian Davenant.

She vexed, and teased, and tormented poor Howard, until his very life was a misery Yet, while she turned all his tender avowals into ridicule, and laughed at his suspense and impatience, there was always an indescribable something in her air and manner that kept his hopes alive A careless word, a glance from her beautiful eyes, a smile, or a swift soft touch of her white fingers, would throw the poor fellow into a tumult of rapture, and make him hope even against hope.

He had submitted now for over a year. But this fair spring morning, Miss Davenant's birthday, found him desperate, and sternly determined to put his fate to the test

"If she is really a coquette—if she cares nothing for me," he thought, watching her while she sang, "it is high time I found it out. If she is as true and tender as she is beautiful—"

At that moment, some subtle inflection in the young lady's voice, something in the turn of her beautiful head, in the very atmosphere that surrounded her, seemed to assure him that she was all he desired her to be; and with a thrill of rapture, disregarding his anger, or rather in spite of it, he hastened to her side

But she tossed the song aside, and rose from the music-stool, as he approached.

"Pray, finish your song," he entreated "Let me hear the end."

"Oh, the end is stupid and sentimental," she replied, "and I find I'm not in a singing mood this morning."

"Then listen to me. Just one minute, I beg" He went on, eagerly, as she turned as if to move away. "This is your birthday, Lilian, and I've a gift for you—"

As he spoke he tried to take her hand

"Didn't I tell you to call me Miss Davenant?" she interrupted, breaking from him; "and please don't speak to me of gifts. I've had scores already, this morning, everything you could mention, from a button-hook up to a set of diamonds; and I care for none of them I don't want any more"

"What would you care for, Miss Davenant?" asked the young man "Is there no gift you would like to have?"

"None Let's see," setting her head on one side, and glancing up at him from under her heavy lashes. "I don't know—I really don't" Then she began, archly, to sing the refrain of her song:

"My gift must be changeless, love,
Give me thy heart."

"You have my heart already, Lilian. You surely know that?" put in poor Howard.

But she was gone, flashing out of the room, like a swallow in flight, while the words were yet on his lips.

"I'm going for a walk," she called, a moment later, looking in from the hall, with a nubia gracefully twisted about her head "Will you come? You may, if you wish."

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What could he do? He was her slave, let her behave as she would.

He followed her obediently, therefore, and they bent their steps towards the river.

The morning was a lovely one, for it was early summer. The air was soft and balmy, sweet with the fragrance of bud and blossom. All nature wore that peculiar freshness and beauty only seen at that season, and after plentiful rains in May.

Miss Davenant enjoyed her walk, as she enjoyed everything else. She imitated the birds that trilled overhead; and threw pebbles into the river; and decorated her beautiful tresses with wild-flowers; and chattered, and laughed, and broke forth into gay snatches of song, with all the happy abandon of a child.

Never had she seemed lighter hearted. I have seen boys impaling flies, and enjoying the cruelty of it; and Miss Davenant seemed to be made happy by the very tortures she inflicted.

Howard Murray walked beside her, taking note of all her varying moods, and waiting and hoping for some token of her favor; but she gave him none; nothing more, at least, than her bewildering glances and bewitching smiles. They descended to the river-brink at last, making their way through the alder thicket to the mossy bank. The stream, swollen by the recent rains, rushed rapidly by below.

"Look at your beautiful namesakes, Miss Davenant," said Howard, pointing towards a bed of water-lilies. "How lovely they are. And they are just coming into bloom; the very first I have seen."

"I wish you had a boat, that you might go out and gather some," said the young lady: "they are one of my favorite flowers. But no: there, close under the bank, I see a forget-me-not. I would rather have that."

"Where?" asked her companion. "Aren't you mistaken? I can't see any."

"Oh, never mind," she said, pettishly. "Perhaps you don't want to see. I wouldn't have you wet your feet, Mr. Murray, in order to gratify my silly fancies."

Her lover's cheek grew hot and red.

"I'd risk my life to please you, Lilian," he said, in a repressed voice, "much less merely wet my feet. I shall be able to see the flower, when I get closer to the bank."

"Of course you will," she replied, coquettishly. "You asked, awhile ago, what sort of a gift I would like to have. Let it be that bit of forget-me-not. I'll take that for my birthday gift, Mr. Murray, and I'll take nothing else."

"You shall have it," he repeated, and even while he spoke, he ran down to the bank.

But the bank was treacherous: the current had undermined it; it gave way, just as he plucked the flower; and the next moment he was whirling down with the swift-flowing stream.

The girl clasped her hands in terror. She had not thought of this. She was thoughtless, but not really bad. She gave a wild shriek.

"Oh! what have I done? What have I done?" she cried.

She hurried through the reeds and alders to the brink of the stream, her nubia, now loosened from her head, flying wildly behind her, like a drifting veil.

"Oh, Mr. Murray," she cried, again, and again. "Oh, Howard, what have I done?"

This emotion in her voice, this calling him by his Christian name, would have made life dear to him, even if he had before given it up in despair.

He struck out bravely. But the river, swollen with rain, was too fierce for him; and Lilian Davenant, with a cry of terror, saw him disappear beneath the current, his last action being to hold up the flower, his last words, heard over all the rush of the waters.

"Forget-me-not."

"Oh, heaven save him," she cried. "Heaven forgive me. What—what have I done?"

She ran to and fro, on the top of the bank, wringing her hands, wishing, for the moment, that she was sinking out there, in the whirling waters, instead of her lover.

But our hero was an expert swimmer, and a strong man. He soon rose to the surface again, and struck out for the shore. Although the task was almost a hopeless one, he reached the bank at last. Panting and breathless, from his terrible battle with death, he could only drag himself up on the shore, however, and sink down there almost lifeless.

Miss Davenant, as she saw this, threw out her white arms, and uttered a cry of joy, that recalled his fast fading senses to themselves.

"Oh, he shall have his reward," she murmured, "he shall have his reward," her bosom heaving, her eyes dim with happy tears, as she hurried to where he lay. "Nothing that he can ask of me, shall be refused. Howard, my love," she cried, passionately, "my love."

She knelt beside him, she took his head in her arms.

"My darling," he said.

His spent voice was little more than a whisper. But soon, under the mesmeric influence of

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loving touches, he rallied, rose, and staggered to his feet.

He was hardly able to stand, but he was still the chivalrous gentleman.

"Miss Davenant," he said, tendering her the flower, "here is your birthday gift."

She gazed at him a minute in bewilderment. Then, suddenly, she caught the hand, that even in its battle with death had held on to the flower, and kissed it passionately.

"Oh, you are saved. Thank God," was all she said, "thank God."

"I am the happiest man alive," he answered, pressing her to his heart, and kissing her dear lips. "I have won you at last, Lilian."

"You deserve to win a better woman," she whispered, softly. "I see, now, how wicked I was to trifle with you."

And on her wedding morn, soon after, Miss Davenant wore a jeweled forget-me-not in her beautiful hair, as the pledge of her love for the man who had so chivalrously risked his life to secure it for her.

A WOMAN'S DECISION.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

The words that spoken years ago
  Had all my life with rapture filled,
Awake no loving impulse now.
  In old affections, worn and chilled
By long indifference. Go your way;
What answer could I give but nay?

You knew I loved you. Ah, you guessed
  What my poor arts could not conceal;
It gave you food for idle jest,
  And I—what words can e'er reveal
The pain, the tears, the bitter shame,
That seared my youth like scorching flame?

Love's cold and dead. No lingering glow
  'Mid the pale ashes you will find.
'Tis past rekindling; all too slow
  You give the food for which it pined.
The flame's for lack of fuel spent.
We'll leave it so, and be content.

I loved you once; but ah, the change
  From then to now. Ambition drew
My feet to paths of nobler range
  O'er life's fair level heights; but you,
In sloth's inglorious control,
Have wrecked the manhood of your soul.

You wince and falter. Is the truth
  So hard to bear? To me you bring
The remnant of your wasted youth,
  (Oh, poor and tardy offering,)
Your ruined fortunes, tarnished name.
I see you blush, methinks in shame.

Now I have spoken, let us part
  In friendly fashion, so—good-by.
Go—go, I pray, beseech me not,
  Nor ask what I must still deny.
And yet—and yet—forgive the pain.
My love, come back—come back again.

COURTSHIP.

BY FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.

It chanced, they say, upon a day,
  A furlong from the town,
That she was strolling up the way
  As he was strolling down—
She humming low, as might be so,
  A ditty sweet and small;
He whistling loud a tune, you know,
  That had no tune at all.
It happened so—precisely so—
As all their friends and neighbors know.

As I and you perhaps might do,
  They gazed upon the ground;
But when they'd gone a yard or two
  Of course they both looked round.
They both were pained; they both explained
  What caused their eyes to roam;
And nothing after that remained
  But he should see her home.
It happened so—precisely so—
As all their friends and neighbors know.

Next day to that 'twas common chat,
  Admitting no debate,
A bonnet close beside a hat
  Was sitting on a gate.
A month, not more, had bustled o'er,
  When, braving nod and smile,
One blushing soul came through the door
  Where two went up the aisle.
It happened so—precisely so—
As all their friends and neighbors know.

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A SPLENDID FELLOW.

BY LILY M. CURRY.

PAUL VICKERY lingered at the door, twisting the knob, while his friend, Sidney Elliott, whom he had been visiting, stood frowning.

"Well," repeated Vickery, "I'm off. But what about Mrs. Peck's tea? Will you go?"

"I don't know; I may," was the reluctant reply; and Paul went out, wondering what the matter was

"Sid is a moody fellow," he muttered, "cross as the deuce"

It was noon, and he would go home to lunch, he thought. So, buttoning his overcoat against the keen air, he walked slowly up the Avenue.

"Balloons! Only ten cents," cried an old street-vender, dangling his wares before the young gentleman.

"Good heavens," laughed Paul, "what do I want with them?"

But something in the man's face touched him.

"I suppose you have a rough time," he said, and threw the man some money. "Here, I'll take your stock Give me the strings. What, are there ten? All right, I'm going into the business."

And off he marched toward the Park

It was fun at first. Then people began to stare at his red and blue playthings. He met several acquaintances, who chaffed him a little. And, presently, who should come sailing down Fifth Avenue, in all the daintiness of terra-cotta satin, but the most charming girl in the world. Mrs. Peck's niece, Adelaide Lascelles.

By this time, Paul had begun to tire of his new property; so he escaped across the street, sprang into a coupé, and bade the coachman drive slowly toward the Park. At each crossing, he allowed one of the perplexing toys to make its escape, until all were disposed of, when he dismissed the carriage, and went home

Long after the door had closed upon Paul, Mr. Elliott had continued to sulk. If Paul were anyone else than Paul, his staunch old friend, he would be angry with him. But he could scarcely bring himself to a quarrel with one who was forever heaping him with favors; for Paul was a young man of abundant means, and Elliott but a poor lawyer, at the bottom round No, he could not quarrel with sunny-tempered Paul.

Adelaide Lascelles! How the name thrilled him. Young, beautiful, but alas, rich

He swallowed an incipient groan, and at length determined to attend Mrs. Peck's tea

Mr. Sidney Elliott would have ordinarily thought it a glorious treat to be served with thin bread and butter and thinner tea by the young lady's own hands; but to-night he was [illegible]less and miserable.

Miss Lascelles wore a gown of royal-blue velvet, whose sumptuous folds, sweeping past so close, intoxicated him. He sipped his tea, and drowsily examined the quaint Japanese cup Occasionally he stole a glance at her perfect form and classic beauty.

"Eyes of the sea and sky, on a gray day," he thought, remembering a poem, and also wondering how anyone could see beauty in hair that was not of the darkest brown.

Meantime, Paul was begging Miss Lascelles for tea.

"Dear me! I had not meant to slight you, Mr. Vickery," she said, laughing softly. "You shall have some tea, though I am not sure you deserve it."

"And why not, pray?"

"I believe you purposely retreated this morning," was her answer. "Ah, sir, you cannot convince me of your innocence."

"But I assure you—be merciful."

Sidney had risen from his sofa, and now joined the group. He noticed that Vickery reddened like a girl.

"Tell us, then, for whom were the balloons intended? It occurred to me you were going to visit some orphan asylum."

"Would that you had been with me to suggest it I was too stupid. I let them loose, one by one, driving up the avenue."

Elliott turned away, and set down his cup; the tea sickened him. Why was he here? It was no place for him, poor struggler—this rose-lit Paradise, where they sipped sweet draughts, and talked idle nonsense, and laughed without a reason Such places were only for Paul. He would go. He spoke a few words to Adelaide, pleading fatigue. She seemed troubled, just for a moment, but then a sweet color came into her pure, camelia-like face.

"Must you go?" she repeated. "I am so sorry." That was all.

Later, at dinner, Mrs. Peck said to her niece:

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"So Mr. Sidney Elliott, it seems, had a bad headache to-day. Did you notice that he stayed only a little while? I have been just considering which I admire the most, him, or Paul."

"We have known Paul so long—" began Adelaide, hurriedly, then paused. "I should fancy Mr. Elliott is much older," she resumed.

"Of course, of course. And of an entirely different temperament—more nervous. Did you ever see finer eyes?"

At that moment Sidney was sitting gloomily, by himself, in his own room. He was glad that Victory did not come in; he did not feel capable of civility. Yet his conscience smote him. He could not turn right or left without stumbling on some evidence of his friend's good-nature. The enticing easy-chair, the curious cabinet on the mantel, the quaint table-lamp, the fine painting on the wall behind him, and a host of smaller articles—all were gifts from Paul. But jealousy, alas, comes between even the warmest friendships.

It was late the next morning when Elliott rose. Fortunately, he had little or nothing to do for the day. He found himself, again, at Mrs. Peck's, making a call, though, all the while, thinking how utterly useless were his longings.

"So glad you came. We want your advice," laughed the blonde matron, as she shook hands with him. "We are going to give a ball. But where is Paul? We can do absolutely nothing without him."

"I have not seen him to-day," replied Sidney. "But perhaps I could find him at the club. It is but a step. Let me try."

"Oh, really, no," said Adelaide. "You are too kind."

"Not at all. I shall return at once, in any event." He made his exit from the blue and gold boudoir as he spoke.

Paul was not at the club. However, as Elliott turned to retrace his steps, he saw his friend driving down the street, footman-attended, in the jauntiest cart imaginable.

Paul saw Elliott, and drew up at the corner.

"How do you like this, Sid?"

"Stunning!" returned Sidney, who had a passion for elegant turnouts. "I was looking for you," he went on. "Mrs. Peck wants you. But, of course, you can't come."

"I was just on my way to your rooms," said Paul. "It is as well that we met. You see, I had intended to ask Miss Lascelles for a drive in the Park."

Elliott's face paled, despite himself.

"Well?" he queried, coldly.

"But the fact is, I can't manage the team to-day. I wrenched my wrist this morning; and it's worse than I thought at first. Now, if you want to do me a favor, take the rig and—my place."

Sidney started. His heart thumped for a moment, then sank.

"Thanks. I can hardly suppose the lady would be pleased with such an off-hand arrangement."

"Nonsense, Sid. I think you might oblige me."

"Oh, if you put it that way, it's another matter," said Sidney, and sprang in.

It was by no means difficult to persuade Adelaide into the drive, especially as these mild November afternoons were growing scarce. So, while Paul remained to gossip with Mrs. Peck about the coming ball, Elliott and Miss Lascelles drove off.

When once inside the Park, Elliott let the horses take their time. Occasionally, he stole a glance at Miss Lascelles. His heart throbbed violently. Once, he gave a guilty start; for their eyes had met. It seemed to him that he had looked for a second into Paradise.

Presently—just how he could not tell—they came to talk of men, and professions, and ambitions. She flattered him with the suggestion of a brilliant future, and uttered such encouraging words, that the blood went leaping in his veins.

For months he had worshiped this woman from afar; but with chivalric regard had never even hinted his love. This moment, however, his heart was too sorely tried, and in a low earnest voice he said:

"Miss Lascelles, suppose a poor but ambitious young man should fall madly in love with a beautiful woman—one who had everything: friends, position, and wealth to defend her. What should he do? Should he not, at any cost, conceal his love, until he had won a name?"

"Perhaps," she said, doubtfully.

He dared not look in her face; but he fancied he had caught in the tone of her voice an echo of his own passion. When he spoke again, it was clearly of himself.

"I have the ambition and industry, possibly, to reach success," he said, as if emboldened by the brief silence; "but well I know that it may be years away, though I have a great hope that even now the case is in my hands which will speedily settle my future."

"Ah," said Miss Lascelles, with decided interest, "a suit, a great suit that you expect to gain?"

"Yes, a suit involving large interests, which, if I win, will surely give me an enviable place in my profession."

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"And you will win," she said, brightly; "it is both my hope and my prediction."

By this time, they had made the circuit of the Park, and were at Mrs. Peck's again.

"I hope I have not vexed you with my confidences," he said, breathlessly, as they went up the steps.

"Oh, Mr. Elliott, I have been truly interested," she began, reproachfully, then stopped, for Paul Vickery was coming out.

"Mrs. Peck and I have arranged every detail," he said, lightly.

Elliott tried to be agreeable.

"Thanks for the team, Vickery," he said.

"All right. I'll take them home," was the unceremonious rejoinder; and Paul chuckled as he drove away. His wrist did not seem to trouble him now. "Had to have some excuse," he reflected. "Sid is so deuced sensitive; hardly dare to offer him anything nowadays."

Elliott thought he could not stop to tea, and Adelaide bade him a rather dreamy adieu.

Mrs. Peck had a habit of saying the most charming things about everybody to everybody else, and sometimes, all unintentionally, making mischief. This very afternoon, she had sent Paul off with a queer notion in his head.

"Adelaide will hardly have enjoyed the ride for thinking of your poor wrist," she had said, innocently, but her tone and the knowing toss of the blonde head had set him to thinking.

Could it be possible that Adelaide cared for him? If such were the case, what would poor Elliott do? Poor Sid! Could he survive it?

That evening, Mrs. Peck said something of the same sort to her niece.

"I think it was quite self-sacrificing in Paul to send you off with that Mr. Sidney Elliott," and she laughed slyly.

"Oh, aunt!" cried Adelaide. "Surely you don't think—"

"I never think, my darling. I *know*."

Adelaide colored, and was silent, remembering the words that Sidney Elliott had spoken.

Paul Vickery did not again go to Mrs. Peck's for two or three days. Then he noticed a certain shyness in the young lady's manner.

"Good heavens!" he groaned. "How will it all end? I fear Mrs. Peck is right."

Meanwhile Elliott was undergoing a wearing suspense, for the law-suit of which he had spoken to Adelaide was on trial. He did not see Paul oftener than twice or thrice until the morning of the ball, and then had but a few words with him, and those on the subject of the suit.

"You look flurried," said Vickery.

Sidney gave a nervous laugh.

"I shall probably be flurried until we have had a decision. Our arguments were all made to-day, you know."

"Of course," said Paul, who was far more anxious himself than the other had dreamed.

"We'll meet at the ball this evening."

Sidney spent a restless day. He was early at the ball. For awhile, of course, he could not expect to see much of Adelaide, who was assisting her aunt to receive the guests. But he found a niche, whence, unnoticed, he could observe her graceful movements and exquisite attire. She wore a rich, creamy silk, with crimson roses at the belt and on the bosom; creamy gloves, whose soft, wrinkled gauntlets reached almost to the round, white shoulders; and her slender feet were crimson-stockinged and slippered.

Presently some one took his arm. It was Vickery.

"What news?" asked the latter.

"Success," answered Sidney, in a dazed way, as if he himself could scarcely realize it, though it had been seven hours since.

"By George!" cried Vickery, his eyes shining. "Is it so? Then come along, old fellow, and enjoy yourself. No more dreaming."

In due time Sidney had sought Miss Lascelles and secured a waltz, after which he looked for her aunt.

Mrs. Peck found a quadrille for him. She was fonder of dancing, even, than Adelaide.

It was over—his waltz with Adelaide, and, still giddy with the sublime rhythm, and the clinging, intoxicating perfume of crimson roses, he remembered that his quadrille with Mrs. Peck came next. It was after the opening figure that his partner caught him closely observing Adelaide, who was dancing with Paul.

"A pretty couple," she suggested, confidentially.

"Yes," was his faint assent.

"Ah! I often picture them dancing merrily through life together."

"What did you say?" cried Sidney, with a hard gasp. "Is there any—"

"Oh, *I* must not be the first to announce it," she laughed. "They really have not authorized me." And then came their turn to lead another figure.

Sidney's heart was strangely cold and quiet.

So this was the end of it all! He had been making a terrible mistake. For of course the aunt must know. Before, it had been a spectre of possibility, which haunted him; now, it was a demon of certainty.

What booted the success, the inspiring triumph, which had been his that afternoon?

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He managed after a fashion to get through the quadrille, and creep away to a corner.

The constant music, exquisite at the outset, turned to a jar of hideous discord. Still he remained quiet in his corner, and saw Adelaide again dancing with Vickery.

The dull ache at his heart and brain grew intolerable. He resolved to get away from this scene of mockery. The glitter of jewels and shimmer of silken raiment were maddening.

He arose to make his way across the room, and so met Miss Lascelles.

"I believe I must go," he said, with a ghastly smile. "And I will bid you a long good-by, for to-morrow I go abroad."

"Go abroad?" she smiled, as if he were joking.

"Yes, I—I have had news to-day—sudden news—which will affect all my future life—how, I hardly know."

Then she realized that he was in earnest, and wondered why his success (which, strangely enough, he had not mentioned to her, but of which Paul had given her a hint) should have so altered his plans.

"I am very sorry," she said, with courteous regret. "Do not go without seeing us, to-morrow."

And then she turned to a waiting partner, while Sidney went on slowly toward the stairs, where Paul confronted him.

"Paul," he said, faintly, "I would like to see you alone a little while—five minutes. Is there no place?"

"To be sure, old fellow. We'll go down to the conservatory."

When they had reached that place, he cried: "For heaven's sake, Elliott, what has happened? You are as pale as death."

"It isn't much," said Elliott, feebly. "I've been an idiot, and deserve to suffer for my folly. But you've been a true friend, Paul; and I am sorry, if I've acted bearish, these two weeks."

"Well," replied Paul, frankly, "I think you have been a little bearish. But let that drop."

"If I had only known," Sidney continued, slowly, and with a great effort, "I might have been spared much pain."

"Of course," said Paul, "and if I only knew what you refer to, I might unravel the mystery. Why not out with it?"

"Don't, Paul," with a great sob. "Don't pretend to misunderstand me. If I had known there was any prior claim—and especially you, old fellow—" Then Sidney broke down.

"Sid, you bewilder me. I tell you I've no prior claim on anything you want. Why the deuce don't you—oh, you don't mean a lady, do you?"

"I mean Miss Lascelles," said Elliott, raising a stern white face.

Paul sobered instantly.

"Oh," he repeated, "Miss Lascelles. Sid," he cried, impulsively, "if I've been to blame in this, I'll never forgive myself—never—never. But what can I do?"

"What can you do?" cried Elliott, fiercely. Then softening a little: "Let the world know of the engagement soon, or some other poor devil—"

"But there is no engagement."

"No engagement?" repeated Sidney, staring curiously.

"Why, of course not."

And Paul's face showed great perplexity.

"Sid," he cried, abruptly, "if you will wait till I go back and excuse myself from a partner, perhaps I can explain this matter. Mind you don't stir. I'll return at once."

And without waiting for an answer, he posted back to the ball-room, where he secured Adelaide for a promenade. He had an idea.

"Kill or cure," he muttered to himself. "If she does not care for him, it's best he should hear it from her own lips."

And so he said to her:

"There's a poor fellow, down in the conservatory, who has had bad news to-day. I think a word of sympathy from you would be vastly comforting."

"Is it Mr. Elliott?" she asked, quietly. "I thought he had had good news."

"You will find him at the south end," said Paul, leaving her abruptly at the entrance.

Elliott started as Miss Lascelles came in.

"Miss Lascelles," he cried.

She drew near, so near that the perfume of her roses made him dizzy again.

"Is it true," she asked, gently, "that you have had bad news?"

"Yes," he said, with infinite sadness. "I have had some fond hopes shattered."

He wistfully watched her face, as if longing to read something more than pity. But it was perfectly calm.

"You will despise me for displaying such weakness," he resumed, "but it has been a terrible blow. I have been foolish enough to suppose that a beautiful girl might care for me, and this evening—"

"This evening?" she repeated, steadily.

"I learned of her love for another."

After a little Adelaide spoke calmly.

"You have my sympathy, Mr. Elliott. It must be hard to bear. Perhaps in time, though, you will come to forget it."

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"Never, never!" he cried, passionately. All hope was gone now—she was indifferent to him. "I thank you for your sympathy," he said, gently. "I shall always remember it. May I take you in again?"

"I think I will wait here for Paul."

"Then good-night," cried Sidney, desperately, "and—thank you—for all."

He fled hastily, fearing he should do something mad; those crimson roses were so near.

He meant to find the cloak-room, and leave the house at once. But, instead, he continued his wild rush up the grand staircase, and entered a small, empty chamber.

Here it was still, and he tried to think calmly. The window was wide open; a full, yellow moon looked in from a frosty sky. Scarce knowing what he did, Sidney fell on his knees, and rested his forehead on the window-sill. The ball-room music, faint and sweet, and the sliding footsteps, came occasionally up to his ear.

But he grew quieter, and at intervals peered out over the sill—down, down. The distance offered a horrible suggestion. But he had a brave heart, after all. "The thong, the rack, the fire, but not that. Face it like a man," he cried, addressing himself. He rose to his feet, just as the door opened, and some one strode across the floor. He looked around, and saw Paul.

"For God's sake, Sid," said his friend, "what did you say to her? I found her in a dead faint. I have been hunting for you everywhere."

"What did I say?" repeated Elliott, hoarsely, as if dazed.

Paul shook him a little.

"Wake up. Do you want to break her heart? I mean Adelaide. Now, come back, and do the thing properly. Wait a moment. I think I see where the trouble lies. You've been mistaken about me, Sid. I tell you now, on my honor as a gentleman, that, while I admire and esteem Miss Lascelles, I never yet dreamed of marrying her. And judging from what she said when she first came to herself, I should imagine—"

"What did she say?" gasped Elliott.

"Oh, she began moaning about your having 'gone forever!' And not believing anything of the kind, I just rushed off in search of you."

Sidney staggered to the door.

"God bless you!" he cried, and hurriedly disappeared down the stairs, while Paul followed.

Adelaide rose, trembling, from her seat, at Sidney's approach.

"You will not go," she said, softly, and her lip trembled.

"Oh, my darling, my darling, bid me stay. For it is you I love."

He folded her to his heart, and the crimson roses filled the air with sweetness, and the music came in tender snatches from the ball-room—and love reigned.

And all this was brought about by Paul. No wonder that Elliott, to the day of his death, will think him A SPLENDID FELLOW!

QUITE DECIDED.

BY E. C. GORDON.

Yes, I hate you! Once I said:
"Dear, I love you." Love is dead;
Hush! tread softly. Do not weep,
Lest you break its dreamless sleep.

Here are letters, gifts, and flowers,
Worthless links of bygone hours;
Take them all—well, leave just one
For my heart to rest upon.

Blot away from memory's book
Every thought, and word, and look;
Write across: "I quite forget."
Why, how strange, my eyes are wet.

Since I hate you, can there be
Any hope for you or me?
Is hate present? Is love past?
Choose, my darling, which shall last.

MY LADY FAIR.

BY MRS. PIDSLEY.

She walks in the garden, my lady fair,
With a nameless grace and a presence rare;
With rapture I gaze on her lovely face,
For there all that is pure and true I trace.

She walks in the garden, my lady fair.
There's a glint of gold in her rippling hair.
She's trilling a lay of the olden time,
And her eye grows bright as her glance meets mine.

I love her! I love her! This lady fair,
With the gracious mien and the presence rare.
And the dearest of all life's joys, I ween,
Is to call my lady, my wife, my queen.

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RULE OR RUIN.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1882, by Miss Ann Stephens, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 160.

CHAPTER VI.

In the picturesque lake country of New York lies a lovely sheet of water, which has given its name, Skaneateles, to the town nestled upon its margin.

I saw both for the first time during the autumn of the year to which we have lately bidden farewell, and during the pleasant days spent in their vicinity I arranged in my mind the story with which I hope for a twelvemonth to interest you, my old friends.

I want to take you back almost a century and a half, to the year in which in a former chapter I described the accession of the youthful heir of the Earls of Forsborough to his ancestral honors.

At that time, Skaneateles Lake was girded by a primeval forest. At one end, where the waters scoop into the land, forming a wide, deep basin, and the shore rises abruptly, till it attains the dimensions almost of a bluff, spread the wigwams of the Cayuga Indians—among the most powerful of the tribes whom American history knows as the Six Nations.

It was a September afternoon, late in the month, and never did even our New World offer a day more lovely.

An unusual excitement reigned in the Indian village; for on the previous day swift runners had brought a summons for the tribe to join in a Council, which was to take place near Albany.

The Governor of the Province of New York had conceived the plan of calling together representatives of the Nations, with which England was in treaty, partly for political purposes, partly to give certain newly-arrived British regiments an idea of the real character of the allies who were expected to play so important a part in the anticipated struggle against the French.

In the outskirts of the straggling village, close to the brink of the lake, stood a log-cabin, which had been built years before by a Protestant missionary, and in which he dwelt, loved and honored by the tribe, along with his granddaughter, whom the Indians called the Morning Star.

The excitement increased as the day wore on; for upon an occasion of such importance, it was the habit of the chiefs to take with them their favorite wives and daughters, and as human nature displays few variations, you may be certain that the hearts of the swarthy women, mothers and maidens, swelled with as many glowing fancies as could quicken feminine souls in any modern society on the eve of an anticipated pleasure.

The missionary's granddaughter was seated alone in the living-room of the log-cabin, which, rude as it was as to make and furniture, betrayed numerous evidences of the occupancy of refined and poetical natures.

She was seated at a table, busily preparing humming-birds, with the skill of a practiced taxidermist.

A shadow darkened the door. She looked up, and saw an Indian girl, bright as a flamingo and graceful as a panther, standing on the threshold. She held in one hand a bow and its arrow, whose stone tip was so carefully wrought that the point of a dagger could hardly have been sharper. In her other hand, she grasped a number of humming-birds, which she held up with a low gurgling laugh, sweet as the notes of a wood-thrush.

"Here you are at last, Okalona," the young lady said, with a pleasant smile of greeting. "So you have found more of our pretty little unfortunates—all to be sacrificed for your sake."

"And I have got them just in time. They must all be made up at once. I can help—and they must be done," cried the girl, panting and breathless with excitement, though the accent and modulation of voice with which she spoke English were as pure almost as those of her white friend.

"I thought by your looks that something very pleasant had happened to you. Tell me what it is," rejoined the other.

"It is decided that I am to go to the Council, along with my mother and the chief," exclaimed Okalona, as she untied the string of grass which held the bundle of birds together, and laid the brilliant-plumaged little creatures one by one on the table.

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"Pahwaset hesitated, because he said I was too young; but it is all settled—I am to go."

"Your father is too kind ever to refuse you anything you ask, if he can avoid it—"

"I know, I know," interrupted Okalona, too eager to listen. "There will be nothing so beautiful. I shall have a crown of them for my head, and plenty twined in the braids of my hair—plenty. I mean to be very, very handsome."

"I only hope your poor head will not be completely turned before this expedition is over," said the missionary's granddaughter, with a smile so sweet that it prevented any possibility of offence being taken at her words. "You must promise me to be very wise and sedate."

"I would promise you anything you chose to ask, Angela!" exclaimed the Indian girl, while a sudden expression of gravity and thankfulness elevated her dusky features into new beauty. "I would be glad to give my soul for you, and, thanks to your teachings, I know what the word soul means! I hope, I pray, each morning and night, that I may be able some time to prove the truth of what I am saying! That is all; but I want you to remember these words!"

"I will, I promise in my turn," Angela answered, and the lips of the two girls met in a silent kiss, and their arms joined in a long embrace.

Suddenly the Indian girl started up, whispering: "I hear steps; it is your grandfather. He brings a visitor."

"It must be Mr. Roach, the fur-trader. I told you about him," Angela said, rapidly.

"Yes, I remember," Okalona answered, turning towards the door, so that her face was hidden from her friend's scrutiny. Then, with a low, deep breath, she stepped quickly back, so that she was hidden from view by a curtain which hung before some book-shelves.

"My child," called a voice, which possessed the richness of age without its ordinary tremulousness, "I bring our new friend, Mr. Roach, to wish you good-day."

Angela rose, while an expression, hardly strong enough to call displeasure, swept swiftly across her features, and replied:

"Friends, new or old, are always welcome!"

"Thanks, Miss Angela," a young man's voice said, and then both gentlemen entered the room.

A courteous wave of the host's hand gave the precedence to his guest, a handsome blonde fellow, of perhaps eight and twenty, who walked towards the young lady with his hand extended.

"Mr. Roach has decided to accompany us in our trip to Albany," said the missionary, looking at the youthful couple with a smile of heavenly sweetness, which softened his rugged features into that peculiar beauty of age which is so incomparably far beyond that of youth, because it is a sure index of the soul.

A very old man, but erect as a boy of twenty, with soft, melancholy black eyes, snow-white hair, falling in heavy waves to his shoulders; attired in a half-Indian garb—altogether an object so picturesque that he looked a model ready for the hand of an artist.

But it would have taxed the utmost skill of a great genius to depict the face! It was so replete with gentleness, so full of love for all created things, that no acute observer could have gazed thereon without comprehending that through the experience of suffering this aged man had learned aright existence's noblest lesson—to live for others, and had thereby attained the highest blessings which life can offer any human being—patience and peace.

He stood for a moment watching the youthful pair, then passed on into an inner room.

"Why do you go away, grandfather?" Angela exclaimed, in Italian. But he had closed the door before she spoke. She made a movement to follow, checked herself, and said to Roach, still speaking in the same soft tongue in which she had called after her relative: "Is he disturbed about something—is he ill?" Then she stopped, with a little nervous laugh, and added, in English: "I beg your pardon. I forgot what language I was speaking."

"I understand," Roach answered, in Italian. "I am sure that he is neither ill nor troubled. What makes you fancy he could be?"

"Only because he looks more like an angel than usual, and his voice sounded even sweeter than ordinary," she said, with another glance towards the door, which showed how difficult it was to restrain her impulse to follow the old man.

"I wanted to pay the same compliment to his granddaughter, but I did not dare," returned Roach. "At least, I may be allowed to hope that it is not suffering which makes her so beautiful to-day."

Again the expression which had crossed Angela's face at the sound of his voice, when he stood upon the threshold, flitted over her features, and the young man added quickly, still speaking in the sweet southern dialect in which she had unconsciously replied to his first remark:

"Have I offended you?"

"Oh, no," she replied, with a grave, gentle dignity; "only made me sorry you have so soon

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forgotten what my grandfather told you the other day—that we missionaries are taught to consider such light compliments a sinful waste of words and time."

"Do you term the frank expression of an honest heart light compliments?" he exclaimed, eagerly. "I should have expected more justice from the father's grandchild."

She gave him a glance, half of annoyance, half of regret at her own petulance; then, with the tact of a true woman, got herself out of the difficulty by a rapid change of subject.

"Why, I did not notice that we were speaking Italian," she said, in English, with a smile. "My grandfather and I talk it so habitually between ourselves, that I forgot to be surprised to hear an Englishman speak the language so well. Where did you learn, Mr. Roach?"

"I spent several years in Italy when a boy," he explained; then added, in a voice which suddenly deepened with emotion: "You did not answer my question. But surely, you cannot, with your delicate intuitions, fail to distinguish between frank honesty and mere compliments."

She hesitated for an instant; then, looking him full in the face with her serious, beautiful violet eyes, replied in a low tone:

"I will try to, henceforth, Mr. Roach, and you shall oblige me by making your expressions of friendship less poetical.'

He opened his lips to speak, while a hot flush shot over his face; but apparently regardless of his intention, she moved away, saying:

"I quite forgot my other visitor. I want you to see her." Then she called: "Okalona, where have you hidden yourself?"

The curtain which hung in front of the bookshelves was sent flying out into the room, like an immense bird's wing, and the Indian girl emerged from her place of concealment.

The apparition was so lovely and so unexpected, that the young man fairly started back, with a vague wonder if it could be mortal.

She stood there with her beauty roused by nervous excitement to its fullest splendor, her eyes blazing like diamonds; her lips parted so as to show a gleam of the pearly teeth; her two arms extended, till her blanket fell down from her shoulders in folds as artistic as the mantles worn by the women of ancient Greece; her attitude graceful as that of a wild deer just ready to leap.

"I will meet you by the lake, Angela," she cried, and was gone.

As the outer door closed behind her retreating form, the missionary's granddaughter turned to Roach, and said:

"You have seen my friend. Is she not more lovely than I described her? She hid, I suppose, frightened by a stranger's appearance. You recollect my telling you about her?"

"Perfectly," Roach replied, with difficulty mastering the emotion which the sight of the girl's beauty had aroused, though he spoke quietly enough. "And your grandfather told me what you omitted, that you have been like an elder sister to—what is her name?"

"Okalona."

"Ah, yes. You have spent so much pains and time in lifting her out of ignorance and developing her mental qualities, that you must have learned to love her very dearly, as we always do the people for whom we take a great deal of trouble."

"She is worthy all the affection I or a far better woman could give," Angela said, enthusiastically. "The teaching and training her have been among my greatest pleasures. She is so quick and apt, that I am sure a few years more would carry her far beyond her instructress."

"You speak as if you were a whole generation her elder," Roach rejoined, laughingly.

"I am almost twenty-two, and she barely sixteen. Even in this quiet life I have led, six years make a world of difference," Angela answered, thoughtfully. "I wonder sometimes if I am really doing the child a service. But grandfather says I must not think of that—only be ready to do whatever my hand finds to do."

"And grandfather is right," said the missionary's voice, so suddenly that both started.

He had opened the door of his chamber, just as Okalona fled, and the pair turning, saw him standing there, with his whole face illuminated by the smile which parted his lips.

"Grandfather is always right," cried Angela, hurrying towards him, and leaning her head upon his shoulder.

The old man laid his hand on her forehead in a silent blessing; bent, and kissed her cheek; then said, quietly:

"Have you told Mr. Roach what a hard journey we have before us? It will take at least four days to reach Albany."

"Oh, I am not afraid of the fatigue," said Roach. "I have been months enough in America to learn a little physical endurance. Besides, a journey in company such as I shall have would compensate for hardships ten times worse than any we can encounter."

He glanced toward Angela as he spoke; but her eyes were fastened on her grandfather, who said:

"We will try to make the journey of benefit

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to us all. No event happens in this mortal life which may not be turned to our good, and that of those about us, if only we use it aright."

"As even the weakest and most ignorant must learn to do, if allowed the benefit of your example," Angela half whispered.

The old man kissed her cheek again; put her gently aside, and sat down near their guest, saying:

"My daughter, friend Roach and I have had a long walk. Can you give us something to eat?"

"I hope I am a fair enough housekeeper for that," she replied, with the girlish lightness which now and then enlivened her usual grave demeanor.

She went away to consult the old Indian woman who assisted her in the work of the kitchen, and while she was laying the cloth, and passing in and out in pursuance of her duties, the missionary and his guest sat talking upon matters connected with the probable results of the Council to which they were bound.

"The newly-arrived regiments will make a grand show," Roach said, in answer to some remark of his entertainer's. "Better than that, they will prove the very men for their post. I learned only to-day that the king has even sent one regiment which he has hitherto refused to dispatch. By the way, a splendid chance to distinguish himself has been given the new Lord Fausbrook. The death of the Colonel, which took place at sea, leaves him in command."

The missionary laid a hand heavily on either arm of his chair, and for an instant his face betrayed a strange emotion, which John Roach secretly watched, while seeming to follow Angela's movements, as she flitted about the table.

Presently the missionary asked, quietly:

"What did you say was the name of the young nobleman?"

"Lord Fausbrook. He inherited the title only a few months since," Roach replied, now openly and steadfastly regarding his host. "You told me you had lived in England, so you may perhaps know that the Earldom of Forsborough is among the most important in Great Britain."

At this instant, Angela, who had been too much occupied to heed the conversation, called:

"Dinner is ready, grandfather."

The old man rose, signed to his visitor to follow, and as the three stood about the table, lifted his hands in blessing. "Lord of the universe, Father of humanity, whom nothing that concerns mankind can be too small or too slight to interest, receive our thanks! Not a swallow can fall to the earth without Thy permission; even the hairs of a man's head are numbered! We ask Thee for us personally that now and always we may have grace to submit to Thy guidance—to accept Thy will. Amen."

And while Angela's clear, ringing voice repeated the last word, the guest stood with his face hidden behind his hand, to conceal the terrible exultation which paled his features. His last doubts were over—he had found the objects of his search.

CHAPTER VII.

Two mornings later, the shore of Skaneateles Lake, along which were scattered the picturesque villages of the Cayuga Indians, revealed a spectacle grander from its wild nature than the beginning of any Old World royal progress could have presented.

Line after line, the young braves of the tribe, in their most brilliant war-plumes, wound along the bank towards the isolated dwelling occupied by their leading chief, Pahwaset. It was a large structure, built of huge logs, standing on a round eminence at the opening of the lake, and rendered more conspicuous at this season by the gorgeous tints of the forest trees which surmounted it.

Here they formed into a semi-circle, across which their ruler, followed by his oldest warriors and the medicine-men of the tribe, foremost among whom walked the missionary, passed slowly towards the spot where the horses were tethered, and the necessary baggage collected, under the charge of those assigned to this especial duty.

Close behind this group walked Angela, accompanied by the wife and daughter of Pahwaset—an innovation upon the usual Indian customs, which proved, more plainly than any other exhibition could have done, the influence which the grand old man and his child had acquired over the entire tribe.

As soon as the grave, dignified procession had traversed the space, the semi-circle broke up with the swiftness of a wave flung at high-tide upon the ocean's beach. The women, who had stood in a phalanx at one side, rushed eagerly forward, and during a few moments the only comparison which could give an idea of the scene would be that of the swarming of a hive of bees. Even the decorum characteristic of the red races could not prevent the general excitement rising into wild commotion as the squaws pressed on. Some snatched up their burthens, prepared to travel on foot; others ready to mount the horses, which had been secured for them; while those too aged to undertake the journey swelled the

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crowd, and hosts of children shouted and fought in the very foreground in their mad eagerness to watch the start. But the military discipline which ruled the Roman legions in their proudest days was scarcely more perfect than that which governed the aborigines of this soil, and it required but a brief time for those in command to reduce the assembly to order.

Within an hour the train set forth, Pahwaset and his old warriors marching in advance, silent, resolute, leading the people forth into the depths of the primeval forest, so bright already with gorgeous coloring that to enter it was like passing up the aisle of some mighty cathedral formed by nature's hand, compared to which the grandest architectural achievement ever created by man could only appear a pale and ineffectual reflex.

For days the assemblage journeyed through the splendor of the wood, led unerringly by its appointed guides, and on the fifth evening this important portion of the Indian army came in sight of the Hudson, and encamped on the high ground back of Albany.

The next morning's sun rose in splendor, and at an early hour the representatives of the Six Nations marshaled under their respective leaders to meet the Governor of the Province and the newly-arrived British regiments.

About where the present State House stands, a platform had been erected for the accommodation of the chief dignitary and his invited guests. Here were gathered the leading gentlemen of the Province with their wives and daughters, and conspicuous among these for grace and beauty showed the Governor's youthful niece.

The cavalry regiments, with their scarlet uniforms blazing in the light, swept slowly past; then came the infantry, and behind followed the bands of Indians; each troop pausing for an instant to salute the Governor, then filing on towards its appointed place in the field.

The review began with the martial manœuvres of the white soldiers; then they divided into four squadrons, leaving in the centre a wide space free for the performance of the war-dances of the Indians.

When the time for this exhibition arrived, the various officers of the British regiments found leisure in turn to pay their respects to the Governor and the ladies, who formed a knot, brilliant as a bunch of exotic flowers, in the group gathered about him.

Among these guests, the missionary and Angela had a place, and were treated by all with the consideration which the old man's long years of successful work among the Indian tribes had amply earned him.

As the missionary, a little weary of the scene, was standing thoughtfully near the steps which led to the platform, a group of officers passed him, on their way to salute the Governor.

The missionary chanced at the moment to drop his cane, which he was holding under his arm, and one of the young men, dressed in the uniform of a Colonel, stooped quickly, took up the stick, and handed it to its owner.

Just at the instant, the Governor, who had been walking for some moments up and down the centre of the platform with a stately Knickerbocker dame upon his arm, turned in that direction. He made some remark in a low tone to the lady, and walked forward a few steps, saying, in his habitually slow measured voice, which gave peculiar distinctness to his words:

"Colonel Fausbrook, I am happy to congratulate you. I have never seen anything to surpass the discipline of your men. We had all heard a great deal in advance of your regiment; but highly as I knew its coming was to be prized, it goes beyond my expectations."

The young Colonel bowed low, and returned his thanks in a few well-chosen phrases, while the eyes of all present were fixed on him with a curiosity of which he appeared unconscious; for there were few there who did not know that under his modest military appellation he shrouded one of the noblest titles in all England.

For some moments, the conversation became general in the group which had collected around, and during this time, the missionary kept his place, with his eyes fixed upon the young Colonel with a certain keen scrutiny, as if something in his appearance attracted a more than ordinary attention.

At some question which Fausbrook asked in regard to the Indians, the Governor, who, with the keen observation which characterized him, had noticed the missionary standing a little in the background, gave him a courteous sign to approach, observing:

"Father Meda, no one can be so capable as you of giving Colonel Fausbrook the information he desires. Let me make you two acquainted."

"I am indebted to his excellency for this opportunity of knowing you," the Colonel said. "Short as the time is since I landed in America, I have heard enough to understand how much the Province owes to your efforts among our Indian allies."

The missionary was still fixedly regarding him, and a rather tremulous smile played slowly about his lips, though he said, quietly:

"That a blessing has followed the attempts is

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sufficient. In matters of duty, the man personally is of no consequence."

"A rather hard doctrine to be accepted by the ordinary vanity of human nature, Father Meda," the Governor rejoined, with somewhat ponderous playfulness.

The missionary only smiled again, and as one of the group about the Governor answered the remark, and the talk again became general, he stepped once more into the background, and stood leaning against the railing which surrounded the platform.

The young Colonel, irresistibly attracted by the old man, of whom he had heard such frequent mention during the past days, followed as soon as an opportunity offered, saying, as he reached his side:

"I am afraid all these ceremonials and this idle talk have wearied you, Father Meda."

He hesitated, and then added, quickly:

"I am obliged to give you the title by which the Indians address you, since even the Governor used it from long habit."

"I have borne no other name for many years; it is pleasant to me to hear it," the missionary said. "What was it you were asking his excellency about the Nations?"

The Colonel repeated his question, and for some moments the pair stood conversing pleasantly.

At length, Angela, who had been seated among the little court that environed the Governor's niece, managed to escape, and traversed the platform in search of her grandfather. As she reached the pair, the missionary put out his arm and drew her towards him, saying:

"Colonel Fausbrook, this is my granddaughter —Angela. She has been my right hand for years. It is in a great measure owing to her feminine intuitions that I have been able, humanly speaking, to accomplish the work which appears so much to interest you."

The Colonel made a low obeisance, to which the girl responded, with a dignity and grace that none of the grandest ladies present could have surpassed, and then turned quickly towards her grandfather, her beautiful eyes eloquent with affection and solicitude for the being who since childhood had been the absorbing interest of her life.

"Grandfather," she said, "let us go out for awhile. We need make no formal adieus. I am sure you are weary of all this bustle. You look very tired."

"I believe I am tired," the missionary answered, with his placid smile; then added, in a tone so low that it did not reach even her watchful ears: "Very tired—very tired—but not of this."

"Then we will walk about in the plain," Angela said. "Come, grandfather."

"If Colonel Fausbrook will excuse us," the old man replied, bowing as he spoke.

"If you and Miss Angela permit, I will accompany you," Fausbrook said, with a second bow to the young lady, and a quick glance of admiration, as evidently sincere as it was involuntary, which brought a swift wave of color to her cheeks. "I am so little of a society man, that I feel quite out of my element among all these fine people."

The three passed down the steps, and entered the field.

They walked slowly on, till they reached a little knoll, across which a group of maple-trees cast a pleasant shadow, and paused there to look about over the picturesque scene. Not far off, a company of soldiers were seated on the grass, eating their dinners, their arms stacked in a shining heap at one side.

The Indian dances had just ended, and the warriors were filing off towards the portion of the plain where the squaws were collected, busy preparing refreshment for their braves. Near the platform, stood a group of gentlemen and ladies, in the showy attire of the period. Just beyond them, a knot of young men and maidens of the neighborhood, who had come to see the show. In whatever direction the eye turned, were oddly-contrasted groups, the whole scene lighted by the glory of the autumn sky.

The missionary, still silent and thoughtful, sat down on the stump of a tree, beneath the gorgeously-tinted maples, while the young pair conversed with the grave dignity with which reserved natures are apt to commence an acquaintance.

Presently, a band of subalterns, belonging to Fausbrook's regiment, rode by, saluting their Colonel as they passed. Angela, at the moment, had half turned to her grandfather, about to whisper some loving word in his ear, so that she did not notice that a civilian riding among the officers lifted his hat to her, though the gesture on his part was so simultaneous with her movement, that it almost looked as if she had averted her head to avoid replying to his sign of recognition.

John Roach's heavy brows contracted in a frown, and his eyes wandered from Angela to the gentleman standing near her, while their usually cold depths blazed with a sudden ferocious anger.

The young man's position had not warranted

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the missionary in asking a place for him on the Governor's platform, and Roach would have found the morning rather solitary had he not by good fortune encountered an acquaintance among the subalterns of Fausbrook's regiment. He had been made welcome by the rest; a horse courteously placed at his disposal; and after dinner, the group had set forth to survey the field.

He looked back, after passing the trio stationed under the maple-trees; saw Angela listening with deep attention to some remark of Fausbrook's, and again a gust of passion darkened his features. Then his head drooped, and he fell into a reverie so deep that his companions addressed him several times before he aroused himself, replied laughingly to their jests upon his abstraction, and rushed abruptly into apparent high spirits.

As the cavalcade was passing the groups of Indian women, Okalona started out from among them, in pursuit of a little dog, which had escaped from its owner, and risked being trampled under the feet of the horses.

The youthful officers reined up, with simultaneous and involuntary expressions of admiration. She made a marvelous picture, as she stood there in her gayly-embroidered dress; her head ornamented with a crown of humming-birds; a score of the brilliant-winged tiny creatures dispersed among the shining braids of her hair; her beauty heightened by her holiday garb, and the interest and excitement of the day, into its highest splendor.

She caught up the dog, and stood with it in her arms, gazing with childish curiosity at the officers. Suddenly, she caught sight of John Roach, and a smile of mischievous recognition dimpled her beautiful mouth. Roach had never forgotten the thrill of amazement caused by his first glance at her in the missionary's dwelling, and more than once, during the journey through the forest, had endeavored to address her; but each time she had fled like a frightened deer.

He urged his horse close to where Okalona stood, and said to her, in her native dialect, of which, with his remarkable aptitude for languages, he had already acquired a tolerable knowledge:

"Okalona is so bright and beautiful to-day, that she quite puts out the sun."

The girl was so beside herself with high spirits, that long since her promise to Angela to be sedate and wise had faded from her mind, and she cried, with a gay laugh:

"If the white hunter meant his flowery words, he would offer Okalona his horse. She is tired —very tired."

"What is she saying—what is she saying?" demanded Roach's friend, while a fresh murmur of admiration passed from lip to lip among the other officers.

Okalona laughed again, half turned, ready to run away, and replied, in her wonderfully correct English:

"She says if the young hunter were polite, he would offer Okalona his horse."

"Quite right," they all exclaimed, laughing heartily.

"If you can mount, I will give you a ride," said Roach, holding out one hand as he spoke.

He did not dream that she could accomplish the feat; but quick as a flash, she dropped the dog, seized Roach's hand, put one foot on the stirrup, and sprang into the saddle behind him, amid a loud burst of merriment from the officers, which was echoed by the groups of squaws.

The unexpected spring and the eager shouts frightened the horse; he started off before Roach could gather up his reins, and dashed at full speed down the field. Okalona's scarlet blanket streamed out, each instant increasing his terror, while from every point spectators crowded forward to watch the odd spectacle.

Hearing the noise, Angela and Fausbrook hurried down the knoll, reaching the level just as the maddened steed swerved, and bounded directly towards them.

The Colonel had just time to push Angela back. He did it so quickly, that before he could catch her, she fell to the ground.

With one terrible shriek, Okalona, regardless of the peril she risked, sprang from the horse, which dashed on, and threw herself upon the turf beside Angela, crying in agony:

"I have killed her—oh, I have killed her."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SILENCE.

BY FANNY DRISCOLL.

Is there need for a touch of the hand?
Or the shadow of smiles in the sun?
Or the rain for the violet's eyes?
Or the life of a rose that's done?

Is there need for the meeting of lips?
Or the clasp that is stronger than woe?
Or even a word through the night?
Nay, love, but I know, I know.

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MAUD'S TEMPTATION.

BY GABRIELLE LEE.

Of the many fashionable boarding-schools in New York, where young ladies were "finished," Madamé Trictrac's was the most renowned. The ormolu clock on the carved mantel has just chimed nine o'clock, and as this was the hour at which the young ladies were supposed to retire for the night, Madame calls to her principal assistant, intermitting, for a moment, her conversation with some guests; for this is her reception night.

"Mam'selle Napier," she says, in French, "it is your turn to see that the young ladies are in bed. I feel as if some mischief were on foot, and you, if anyone, will be sure to detect it."

Mam'selle smiles and disappears. She understood the system of espionage, and was Madame's right hand in this respect. "All quiet so far," quoth the lady, as she stole to the door of each room, and listened intently. "But I suspect mischief in that little witch of a Cuban's room—Theresa St. George. Ah," drawing her breath.

There was a sound of suppressed laughter, exclamations, and small shrieks of delight from within. Mam'selle listened a moment; then opened the door so quietly you could not hear the knob turn, and walked in.

Theresa St. George, the proprietress of the apartment, was seated upon the floor, the blue smoke of the cigarette in her mouth curling upward, as she nonchalantly smoked away, her eyes intent upon the cards she held in her hand; about her were grouped three or four others of Madame's pupils, similarly engaged, and beside them all was an impromptu table, improvised out of a washstand, on which was set forth a feast of forbidden dainties, such as plum-cake, pickles, and other edibles to which school-girls are particularly prone. Apart from this group, however, sitting up in the bed, was a girl somewhat younger, with great blue eyes, who seemed to regard these proceedings with amazement. This was Maud Hathaway, and it was her first night at school. She was the first to descry Mam'selle and give the alarm. The rest shrieked, and fled.

"I shall report you to the Madame," says Mam'selle, severely. "What an example to have set Miss Hathaway, who has just come to school!"

Theresa laughs recklessly, passes an arm over the teacher's shoulder, and rejoins:

"Now come, most excellent Napier, don't begin to preach. You know, when you were a school-girl, you used to do the very same thing yourself. As for Maud Hathaway, I shall take charge of her; you know she'll learn nothing but good from me. And by the bye, dear Napier, lest I should make myself sick, you will relieve me of a few of these goodies."

So Theresa, bidding Mam'selle "good-night," fills her hands with bon-bons and confectionery, slyly slips in a small bundle of her favorite cigarettes, and whispers:

"Don't tell any tales, my best Napier."

Mam'selle retires to her own room, has a quiet smoke, and the only result is that Miss Theresa St. George has a slight reproof, the next day.

Miss Theresa St. George was a privileged character. She was a Cuban, with eyes of purple-black, complexion of olive and carmine, and a mouth that was always wilful and always laughing. It was known to everyone in the school that she was an heiress. This was the room-mate that had been provided for Maud Hathaway.

And Maud was as pure as she was sweet. Rose-marine, the dew of the sea, was not purer than this simple creature, who had lived in a great city, knowing but little of what was at her very doorway. A tender mother had guarded her from her infancy, and taught her whatever she knew. But friends had told Mrs. Hathaway that she was "spoiling" Maud; that the girl would grow up "awkward and rustic"; and that she ought to be sent to Madame Trictrac's, to "finish" her education.

The next morning, the bell rang just at daylight, and life at boarding-school began for Maud. It seemed new and strange to her. But she made herself ready, combed out her hair, that floated around her face like sunbeams, then opened her Bible, whose blue book-mark, fringed with white, showed where she had left off reading, and began to turn over the leaves. Miss St. George, waking up, let fall her purple-black eyes upon Maud, and exclaimed:

"Well, *mon enfant*, what are you reading so early?"

"My Bible," answered Maud. "Don't you read it every morning?"

Miss St. George laughed recklessly.

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"Not I. I never read anything but novels—exciting ones, you know. I'll lend you some."

Presently, Miss St. George, grumbling about the bell, and saying how absurd it was to wake people up so early, arose. Then, suddenly coming forward, she kissed Maud, saying:

"See here, little one. I don't know what I'm going to do with you. I'm afraid you'll be in my way. But I've taken a fancy to you."

Almost every day, under the guardianship of Mam'selle, the young ladies took an airing. This was intended for exercise; but Madame's young ladies were by far too wise to confine themselves to this healthful occupation. They improved the opportunity by sly flirtations in every possible direction. Mam'selle set the example. Was it for no purpose that her eyes were brilliant, her smile fascinating? Certainly not! And when Mam'selle had her admirers, was it at all likely that her youthful charges should be without theirs? Each young lady had one. Little notes found their way back and forth; anonymous presents came to hand in the most mysterious and unaccountable manner.

As for Maud, she began gradually to lose her sweet simplicity. No one had ever talked to her about her beauty; but now she heard of it on all sides. The school-girls praised her eyes and hair. Theresa told her she was "handsomer than any saint." Presently, Maud, as well as the rest, had a "lover," who followed her when they went out to walk, and who slipped notes into her little ermine muff: notes filled with high-flown praises and the most exaggerated expressions of devotion. Maud believed it all, and began to dream of this lover, and to think him the best and noblest of men; began to look often in the glass, to see if she were so very pretty.

Presently the holidays came, and Maud returned home. Mrs. Hathaway noticed a change, almost at once; subtle and almost imperceptible it is true, but nevertheless there. The dresses she had thought good enough until now must be discarded; the "girls" at school thought them so "very plain"; the golden hair must now submit to the tyranny of the crimping-pin.

"I almost hate to let Maud go back to Madame's," said Mrs. Hathaway, finally. "It is true she is more at ease, and speaks French better for being there; but somehow I miss the child-like grace and deference to those older, that she used to have."

"Well, well," said Mr. Hathaway, trying not to look disturbed, "let the child try it awhile longer; you know she must learn the ways of the world a little; and if there's any fear of her getting spoiled, we'll bring her home again."

So Maud went back to Madame's, but not without words of tender warning from her mother's lips.

"Maud, dear," Mrs. Hathaway said, "the New Year lies fresh and fair before you. Be noble, and brave, and true; let no duty remain undone; perform no action you would be ashamed your mother's eye should see."

Maud, with kisses and tears, promised; but even as she did so a heavy weight lay on her heart. What if her mother should know of the clandestine lover? Even as she thought, the blush mounted to her forehead; but she quieted her conscience by saying to herself:

"All the rest of the girls do so; why should not I? One can't be young forever."

So Maud went back to Madame's with her secret untold: with the web of deception still around her.

Miss St. George returned also, and more rampant than ever. She had been everywhere.

"No stupid books for her," she said; "the other girls could write her exercises, and she would pay them for it."

Miss St. George's eyes flashed like diamonds, as she thus spoke, and she laughed recklessly, as she recounted to Maud how many bouquets and hearts had been laid at her feet, how many admirers had sought her favor.

"One, two, three, a dozen, *mon enfant*," she said, pinching Maud's cheek. "But only one of them all pleases me; and perhaps I'll marry him. Who knows? But now, I suppose, you must go to study. What a bore!"

Maud went down; not to study, however, but to write a reply to a certain billet in her pocket: a billet written on rose-tinted paper, and filled with silly praises of her eyes and hair.

To signalize the opening of the New Year, Madame had expressed her intention of giving a grand entertainment. There were to be duets on the piano-forte, to exhibit the proficiency of the young ladies in music; there were to be tableaux to display their beauty; and dancing to disclose their grace and perfect finish.

Theresa, of course, would take a prominent part, for she could chatter French volubly, and dance with Andalusian grace.

Maud also was to appear. She was to be in the tableaux. "Fair Rosamond" and the "Sleeping Beauty" were to be her parts.

"Now, Maud, I have a secret to tell you," said Theresa, one evening, when they were alone at night. "And you are never to betray me."

"Oh, never!" said Maud, with school-girl eagerness.

"Well, then, listen to me. To-morrow night,

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when Madame gives her splendid entertainment, Madame's pet pupil, Theresa St. George, will be absent—in fact she will be Miss St. George no longer."

"Oh, Theresa, are you really in earnest?"

"Yes, *mon enfant*, in earnest. Listen how romantic. There is to be a masquerade at the Academy of Music to-morrow night. *He* is to be there. I am going also." Maud started. "I shall know him by his dress and a ribbon I gave him to wear. After that, there is to be a wedding, and Theresa St. George is to be the bride. You'll see it in all the papers the next day. You must be my friend. Come with me to the mantua-maker's, for I want you to see if the dress is perfect."

"But Madame—"

"Oh, I'll manage. And remember, if you promise to keep faith with me, I'll get an invitation for your lover to come here to-morrow night. Besides that, you shall wear these pearls in the 'Sleeping Beauty.' See here, how lovely."

And Theresa, drawing forth chain upon chain of glimmering pearls, entwined them about Maud, until the latter looked like the princess in the fairy-tale she was to represent.

When Theresa went to seek Madame's permission to go out on business, Maud, clasping her hands, sat down on the bed, in her glimmering pearl array, and began to think what she was about. She was to be Theresa's friend, but then what an awful piece of deception was she called upon to assist in. Masquerades were Madame's horror; she reprobated them as "vulgar"; but worst of all, this clandestine wedding. Maud's brain whirled, as she thought of Miss St. George's reckless scheming. Where would it end?

Suddenly, these words of prayer came into her mind: "Deliver us from temptation." Plucking at the pearls, she said to herself: "Deliver us from temptation."

Just here, Theresa came back; and clapping her hands gleefully, said:

"Oh, I did it up splendidly. Told the neatest lie to Madame, about going to the dressmaker's to see that everything suited me for to-morrow night. And Madame complimented me, and felt sure I would do her credit. Oh, yes, I'll do her credit. I was none too good when I came here, perhaps, and Madame has taught me no better," went on Theresa, bitterly. "Yes, Madame's pet pupil shall do her credit to-morrow night."

Maud unwound the pearls, chain after chain, laid them down, and said with trembling voice: "Theresa, you must not depend upon me. I cannot do such a wicked thing. Not for your pearls, nor for all the jewels in Christendom; not even to see him whom I love so well."

But Theresa was not disheartened. She had a strong will and a persuasive tongue, and could fascinate like a serpent. In a moment her arms were about Maud, whose consent she took for granted. She put a bonnet and cloak on Maud, soothing her all the time, and brought her down, pale and shivering, to the hall below, where Mam'selle Napier was waiting, as usual, to accompany them.

Arrived at the mantua-maker's, Theresa tried on her dress, which was a wonderful fabric of floating clouds of tulle, silvered over with stars. There was a crown of stars for the hair, and a veil of lace and silver also.

How magnificent she looked, with her violet-black eyes flashing, her cheeks of carmine, and her whole air brilliant and triumphant at the thought of outwitting Madame and the rest.

Mam'selle well knew Miss St. George had no occasion for such a dress, and she suspected mischief at once. But would it be worth while to speak? Miss St. George was fabulously wealthy, and would pay well for silence.

"Now for some bon-bons and goodies," said the St. George.

Mam'selle, nothing loth, consented.

As for poor Maud, she had not a word to say; she was stunned, speechless. She began now to long for home. Her mother had told her to be "brave and true"; to perform no action she would be ashamed to have known; and yet was she not now secretly assisting in a plot of deception, if not worse? Maud began to hate herself.

Meantime, Mam'selle and Theresa chattered gayly. But Maud, scarcely knowing what she did, ate her ice, and wondered at Miss St. George, who could be so reckless and yet so brilliant.

When the repast was done, Theresa loaded Mam'selle with gifts in the shape of candied fruit, expensive confectionery, etc., all of which Mam'selle accepted eagerly.

Maud, shivering, declined to share these gifts, at which Mam'selle, in an undertone, called her a "little fool"; and then they came back to Madame's, Maud almost sick with contending emotions.

That night, while Miss St. George slept, Maud lay awake, and thought of the past few months. Memory held up her mirror, and showed how untrue she had been to her highest life, her noblest self. Was this modest, was it maidenly, this intriguing with strangers, these clandestine meetings? Would not her cheek crimson with shame were her father and mother to know all? And yet Miss St. George had besought her to be her friend. How should she dare betray her? She had only to keep silence, and all would be

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well. Besides that, Theresa had promised that Maud's admirer should be there to see her in all her beauty to-morrow night, and Theresa would be as good as her word; for she had influence with Madame, and always gained her point. If he came, then Maud would tell him that she and he had been wrong, and if he really cared for her, they must know of it at home. Perhaps, after all, Theresa would not carry her plan into effect; would give it up at the last moment. She would plead with her in the morning to do so And with this thought in her mind Maud fell asleep.

The morning came, and Miss St. George awoke with her reckless laugh, and declared, mockingly:

"Well, Maud, this is my last day. Make much of me; for to-night I shall cease to be Miss St. George."

Then Maud began pleading.

"Oh, Theresa," she said, "give up this wild project."

But the other turned off these expostulations with a laugh.

"You know it is one of my jests, the masquerade and all," she said.

But Maud knew better. She would do what was right, come what would. Theresa might hate her, but no matter.

There was one of the teachers to whom the girls went in all their troubles: a kindly, middle-aged one, English by birth.

"I will tell her all, and ask her advice," said Maud to herself.

But Miss Benson, for that was the teacher's name, was here, there, everywhere; it was near the close of the school before Maud found her. The clear, honest eyes opened in wonderment at the tale Maud brought. The child did not spare herself, but tried to make the best of Theresa. With deep blushes of shame, she related the story of her own admirer, and told of the notes that had found their way into her ermine muff, and how she had replied to them.

"But I see, now, it was wrong, and I will do so no more," finished Maud, with quivering lips.

There was a solemn look upon the face of Miss Benson, as, laying a tender hand upon the golden head of the young girl, she said, softly:

"Deliver us from temptation. Thank God, Miss Hathaway, that you have had courage to speak the truth."

After that, she lost not a moment in seeking Madame's room, where she revealed the whole scheme of deception and intrigue.

Madame was appalled. "The reputation of her school was at stake," she cried. For the moral obliquity she cared, if truth must be told, very little; it was only the fear of what would be said that affected her, and the consequent loss of pupils. "Send for Miss St. George," said Madame.

But Miss St. George was not to be found. Only this slip of a note to the mistress of the finishing school:

"Madame Trictrac's pupil acquits herself, with credit, of Madame's teachings. It is of no use to look for her. She has learned too long of Madame not to be able to deceive well. Miss St. George was afraid her room-mate was not equally skilled, and so she bids you good-by a trifle sooner than she intended."

Madame was shocked, terrified; but in vain. Miss St. George was neither seen nor heard of until the next day, when the city read a full account of the elopement, in the newspapers, and laughed at the same most heartily.

Madame's entertainment was postponed indefinitely; school and parents were in an uproar.

"Take me home," wrote Maud, beseechingly; and Mr. Hathaway, with a sorrowful yet tender face, brought his daughter back to his fireside.

Miss Benson accompanied Maud home; for it was arranged that in future she would have the charge of the young girl's education. It is not well to mention fashionable "finishing schools" in Mr. Hathaway's hearing.

"I would as soon send a daughter of mine to a charnel-house as to such a place," he declares, with honest indignation.

The story I have told is not an idle one. It is well to know how our children, that will be wives, and daughters, and sisters for this great nation, are being educated. If you think I am "old-fashioned" in my ideas, ask those who know. Ask even the school-girls themselves; for if not already made callous, they will tell you that I do not exaggerate in the least. Too many "fashionable" boarding-schools are, alas, mere hot-beds of deception and frivolity.

You may ask about Miss St. George, probably. Her husband, who had represented himself to be an Austrian officer, turned out to be an adventurer, a professional gambler, who soon spent all of her fortune he could get possession of, personally maltreated her, and then left her to starve. Her friends found her, deserted and penniless, in a miserable tenement-house, in the most squalid quarter of New York.

Yet Madame Trictrac still flourishes, still has plenty of pupils, is still talked of as the best person to "finish off" young ladies. Alas! alas! and it is to such places that we send our daughters, at least too many of us.

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EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

No. 1—Is a walking-costume, of Scotch cheviot, or any other plaid woolen goods. The skirt has two deep kilt-plaited flounces, twelve inches deep. The upper one overlaps the under one an inch and a half. The overskirt is gathered in the middle, in front, to form the paniers, and

No. 1.

the back is draped in irregular puffs. Long loops of moiré silk or ribbon trim the back. The bodice is pointed in front, and square behind. Tiny cuffs, of moiré, to match the sash, are the only trimming upon the sleeves. Small bullet buttons are used for the bodice, very close. One dozen and a half will be required. Some dressmakers use two dozen. Twelve yards of double-fold material will be required.

No. 2—Is a pretty and simple model for a light cashmere, in evening colors: such as baby-blue, pale-pink, pearl-gray, or heliotrope. The skirt has nine narrow knife-plaited ruffles, edged

No. 2.

with a narrow lace of Valenciennes or torchon. The overskirt opens in front, and is looped in a full drapery at the back. A broad hem, edged with lace, is the only finish to the edge, unless a knife-plaited ruffle, like the skirt, should be preferred. The bodice is pointed in front, and square at the back; where it is trimmed by a

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large bow of two loops and ends, of wide satin or Ottoman ribbon. Folds of the cashmere trim the waist and form the cuffs of the sleeves; but with this costume we would suggest that the

No. 3.

sleeves should be made demi-long, and trimmed with a plaited ruffle to match the skirt. Fourteen yards of cashmere will be required, and three dozen yards of lace edging.

No. 3—Is a costume for either the street or house. Our model is of Havana-brown cashmere, braided with soutache, which is a heavy silk or mohair braid. The foundation of the skirt may be of silk or alpaca. An old silk skirt makes a nice foundation on which to mount the deep-kilted flounces. The depth of the kilts must be determined by the height of the wearer. These flounces are embroidered in a simple arabesque design. The bodice is cut pointed in front, and the paniers are mounted upon the edge of the bodice. The back is all in one, like a polonaise, and the drapery is looped quite short and full. A band of the soutache embroidery trims the bodice, and is continued down the fronts of the paniers around to the back-breadth. Cuffs to correspond. Small bullet but-

No. 4.

tons fasten the bodice. Twelve to fourteen yards of cashmere will be required. Bands of moiré silk, or velvet, may be substituted instead of the embroidery, if preferred, and the costume will

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look well in lady's-cloth, simply stitched by machine.

No. 4—Is a house-costume, of moiré and satin. It may be either in black or colored silk. The skirt has two narrow plissé ruffles of satin, or satin de Lyon, on the edge. These are mounted on a foundation-skirt. The front and sides of overskirt, of moiré, are perfectly plain, and cut into squares at the bottom and bound with a fine piping of satin. These open over the

No. 5.

plissé ruffles. The bodice is pointed in front and polonaise in the back. The paniers are adjusted to the pointed fronts of the bodice by two or three rows of gathers. The back of the polonaise is elegantly draped over the tournure. Sleeves demi-long, or long, as may be preferred, and are trimmed with narrow plissé ruffles of the satin. One ruffle to fall over the arm, the

No. 6.

other to stand up, and the two separated by a band of the moiré. Ottoman silk over satin plissé, on the skirt, will also make a most desirable combination, either in black or any of the new dark shades of green, garnet, or terra-cotta. Four yards of satin, and fourteen to sixteen yards of moiré or Ottoman silk will be required. This model may also be carried out in black cashmere over velvet plissé ruffles.

No. 5.—Here we have something entirely novel in this model, for a costume of Ottoman silk combined with satin merveilleux or plain satin. The plissé flounces are of the satin, and mounted upon a foundation-skirt—three narrow ones, and then two wider ones above. Then the front and sides are finished up to the waist with the Ottoman silk. The polonaise is cut with the fronts long enough to fold back, and knot just below the waist at the back, and the scarf-like ends are tied with ribbon bows of satin, as seen in the design. This forms the drapery at the back. A deep box-plaited flounce extends from the sides

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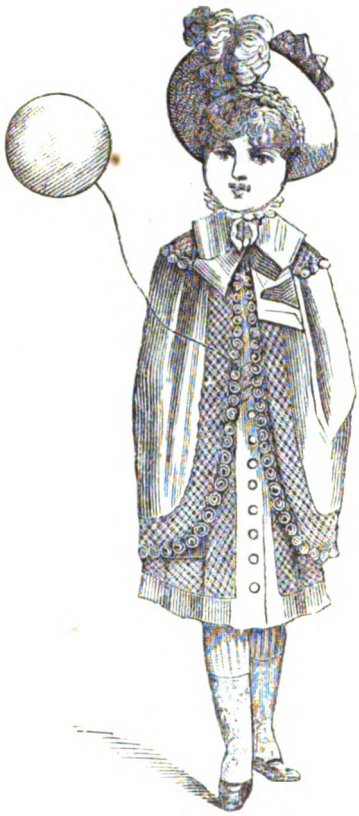
across the back, over the first wide plissé of the skirt. This helps form the back drapery, under the ends made by the looping of the fronts of the polonaise. This model is only suitable for a heavy material for the polonaise. The ends which turn back and form the drapery, must be lined with the same silk, or else with the satin. That is a matter of taste. Narrow cuffs, edged with a narrow plissé ruffle, trim the sleeves. Standing collar. Small round buttons of satin for the front of the bodice, five to six yards of



No. 7.

satin for the ruffles of the skirt, and eight to ten yards of Ottoman silk will be required.

No. 6.—For a little girl of five years, we have a stylish paletot of hussar-blue cloth, braided in soutache. The edge is cut out in tabs, as a battlement. Collar and sleeves are also braided. Cut out the garment, and mark off the tabs with a white basting-thread, before having the braiding design stamped, and braid the garment before it is put together. Any simple pattern looks better than a more elaborate one.

No. 7—Is a pretty little paletot, with a deep cape, for an infant of two to three years. It is of white cashmere or basket-flannel. The band above the hem, on the paletot, and the band which edges the cape, collar, and cuffs, are of

No. 8.

quilted satin. The cape and collar are edged with a ball-fringe of white silk. The cape is fitted to a yoke collar, and laid in box-plaits,

No. 9.

which form the fullness on the shoulders, back and front. The collar covers the yoke, and is of the same shape. The cape should be lined with

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white silk, or with white flannel, and the paletot should have a quilted lining to make it warm.

No. 8.—For a little girl of four years, we have a dress of pale-blue cashmere, gathered at the neck as a Mother Hubbard. The fullness thus given is gathered again, forming the waistband. The skirt is then draped, as seen in the illustration, over a plaited flounce, which edges the underskirt. Full leg-of-mutton sleeves; but we would suggest, as far prettier, the plain sleeve, with the Mother Hubbard puff on the shoulder. This, in scarlet cashmere or Turkey-red cottons, would make a very serviceable dress for a little girl, either for winter or summer, in the mountains or at the seaside.

No. 9.—For a boy of four to five years, we have here a box-plaited skirt mounted upon a petticoat body, and over that the coat, which has a vest of the material, plaited to the waist, where it is finished with a knotted waistband. The coat buttons, on the right side, to the vest; on the other side, the buttons are simply sewed to match. Some prefer to button on an under flap. Turn-over collar and turn-back cuffs complete the costume.

LADIES' PATTERNS.

Any style in this number will be sent by mail on receipt of full price for corresponding article in price list below. Patterns will be put together and plainly marked. Patterns designed to order.

Princess Dress: Plain,	.50
" " with drapery and trimming,	1.00
Polonaise,	.50
Combination Walking Suits,	1.00
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Watteau Wrapper,	.50
Plain or Gored Wrappers,	.35
Basques,	.35
Coats,	.35
" with vests or skirts cut off,	.50
Overskirts,	.35
Talmas and Dolmans,	.35
Waterproofs and Circulars,	.35
Ulsters,	.35

CHILDREN'S PATTERNS.

Dresses: Plain,	.25	Basques and Coats,	.25
Combination Suits,	.35	Coats & Vests or Cut Skirts	.35
Skirts and Overskirts,	.25	Wrappers,	.25
Polonaise: Plain,	.25	Waterproofs, Circulars and Ulsters,	.25
" Fancy,	.35		

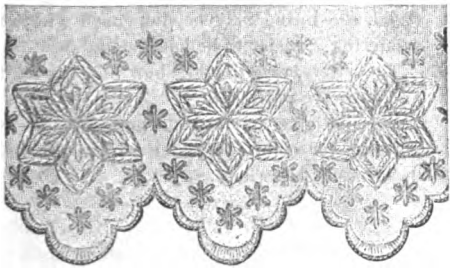
BOYS' PATTERNS.

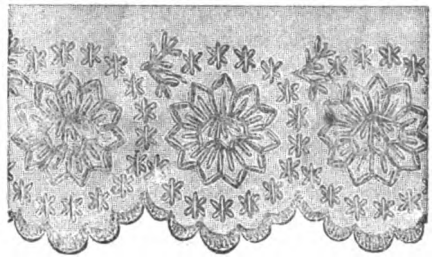
Jackets,	.25	Wrappers,	.25
Pants,	.20	Gents' Shirts,	.50
Vests,	.20	" Wrappers,	.30
Ulsters,	.30		

In sending orders for Patterns, please send the number and month of Magazine, also No. of page or figure or anything definite, and also whether for lady or child. Address, Mrs. M. A. Jones, 28 South Eighth Street, Philadelphia.

BORDERS FOR WASHING-DRESSES.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.





These borders, intended for trimming washing-dresses, are to be worked in colored cottons, either red, or blue, or white, on any light ground. They form very effective trimming, and any lady can make enough during the winter as pick-up work to trim a summer's costume. Done in silk, on pongee, a very elegant trimming is made.

EMBROIDERIES ON "SUPPLEMENT."

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In addition to the diagrams for a "Girl's Frock," (full-size paper pattern,) given on the SUPPLEMENT which is folded in with this number, we give five different designs in embroidery, etc. One is in open-work embroidery on muslin; another is in silk embroidery for a table-cover or child's blanket; a third is a corner in silk or crewels, or it may be worked as a handkerchief corner; a fourth is for embroidery on silk or flannel; and the fifth is for embroidery in satin-stitch. These are all so arranged as not to interfere with the lines of the dress-pattern.

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FROCK FOR GIRL OF EIGHT.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, for this month, the newest pattern for a young girl's frock: say a girl of about eight years old: though this will depend, of course, on the size, some girls being much larger at that age than others.

Folded in with the number, we give a SUPPLEMENT, with full-size patterns by which to cut out the frock. The patterns are five in number, viz:

No. 1.—HALF OF FRONT: UPPER.
No. 2.—HALF OF FRONT: UNDER.
No. 3.—HALF OF BACK: UPPER.
No. 4.—HALF OF BACK: UNDER.
No. 5.—HALF OF SLEEVE.

The under-front and under-back (the smaller pieces) represent the lining of the frock, and the over-front and over-back must be gathered to the same size as the linings. The illustration shows the position of the gatherings. The band or sash must be placed beneath the gathers, not above them. The sleeve is likewise gathered.

If this frock is made up in washing material, the lining may be dispensed with, as rendering it easier to be laundried.

The letters, we will add, show how the front and back are put together.

We also give, on the SUPPLEMENT, various patterns for embroidery, for which are full descriptions elsewhere.

ART NEEDLEWORK: WITH DESIGNS.

BY HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.

In the front of the number, we give several patterns in "Art Needlework," equally new and artistic with those given in our February number. There are, in all, six designs: an ivy pattern, a conventional daisy pattern, a pattern in chestnut leaves and burs, a peacock-feather pattern, a pattern in cobwebs and wild-roses, and a conventional pomegranate pattern: arranged, on the two pages, in the order in which we name them.

After chair-backs, or antimaccassars (as they were formerly called), borders of all kinds are, just now, the greatest favorites, as they can mostly be worked in the hand, though the broad ones, and those on rich material—such as plush, velvet, or satin—would all look better if worked in frames, as, indeed, the broad border of chestnut leaves (one of the patterns we give) ought to be. The scale on which it is drawn allows one inch to six: it is just two inches wide; therefore, this border, which is intended for a curtain, would be one foot in width. Place a

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strip of thin tissue or tracing paper over this design, and on it rule lines exactly one inch apart, along and across it; then on the paper to which you desire to transfer the enlarged copy rule lines six inches square, (the narrow borders at each side should be about one and a half inches wide,) and into each of these six-inch squares draw exactly as much of the pattern as there is in the corresponding one-inch square of the small design. By these means, you will get a perfectly correct copy of it on a large scale, which you can then transfer in the usual way to the material.

Curtain-borders can either be worked in bands, to be afterwards put on the curtain, or at once on the curtain itself; but this last plan is so cumbrous, we do not advise it if you are using a design which can as well be worked on a band.

Appliqué is an easy and effective method of working curtain-borders in this style. For this you must choose materials and colors that contrast well with each other, such as silk sheeting and plush or velveteen. In this way, you would use silk sheeting to make your border; then cut the pattern out in plush or velveteen, and lay it on the border; sew it on carefully, and either edge it with a thick line of silk or crewel, or with a fine cord. A few stitches will then work up the inside markings of the flowers and veins of the leaves, if your pattern is not too complicated; and in the design we give, the chestnuts and cobwebs would have also to be added. The border, when worked, can then be put on to a cloth or serge curtain, and would look very well.

Otherwise, two different serges make a very effective appliqué, and, of course, at much less cost. In this case, you might cut out your pattern, and apply it straight on to the curtain; this would be a very good plan to adopt with any old curtains to make them look fresh again, and would not take long to do, though the serge pattern thus treated would probably want a little more working up than a richer material would do to make it look handsomer.

The conventional pomegranate pattern, which should be enlarged in the same way as the chestnut pattern, is also a broad curtain-border, but more conventional in design. It would be most effectively worked on the curtain itself, and dark-blue or green diagonal cloth or serge would be most suitable; it does not give so much scope for diversity of taste in style as the other. It is intended to be solidly worked in simple crewel-stitch, with different shades of green and red-brown, the stems and veins of the leaves being from brown to red, and the flowers and insides of the pomegranates showing the seeds would be of a brighter red. If you like, you can put in the brightest shade in silk; this always has a good effect, like the high light in a painting. If done in the hand, great care must be taken not to draw the threads so tight as to pucker the material in too great a degree to be set right in stretching. If this should be worked in bands, and placed on the curtain afterwards, the lines on each side must be put in; but if worked on the curtain itself, they may be better left out.

The peacock-feather pattern is intended to be enlarged to six inches wide, as a band for a small work or occasional table. For this it can be worked on almost any material, as long as it is not too thick to allow the fine lines of the feathers to show well. We have seen some most charmingly done on old-gold-colored Roman satin for such a table. To get the colors right for working, and also to make a life-like drawing of the feathers, you must first copy its gracefully-curled lines carefully, and then match its colors as nearly as possible in silk or crewel, and keep it by you whilst you work. Enlarged still more, it would make a border all around an afternoon tea-cloth on crash, and if the self-made fringe of this were enriched by having needlefuls of the various colored silks you have used in working the feathers rather freely put into it, the effect would be very pretty and harmonious.

This method of finish may also be used when bought fringe of plain crewel is put on to a cloth or border; but it need not then be so freely introduced, a few threads of filoselle here and there having the same effect in the fringe that putting in the lights with silk has in the work. This border can also be adapted to the dress or a child's frock, any size you like, and for the latter especially it would be very pretty.

The daisy pattern is a simple border, which can be made any size required, and worked either on crash or cloth, or any not very thick material, either in outline, if small, or solid, if worked larger, and, in the latter case, should be done in natural colors. As it stands now, it would only be sufficiently important for a child's frock, (in which case the frock might also have powderings of daisies scattered over it, two or three inches apart,) or some small article, such as a work-case or smoking-cap.

The pattern of conventionally-arranged ivy and berries may be treated in the same way as this last. It would look best with the berries worked solidly, whether the leaves be so or not; the upper division of the berries being dark-brown or black, and the lower blue or olive-green, while the stalks and veins of the leaves can be reddish-brown.

The pattern of cobwebs with wild-roses is

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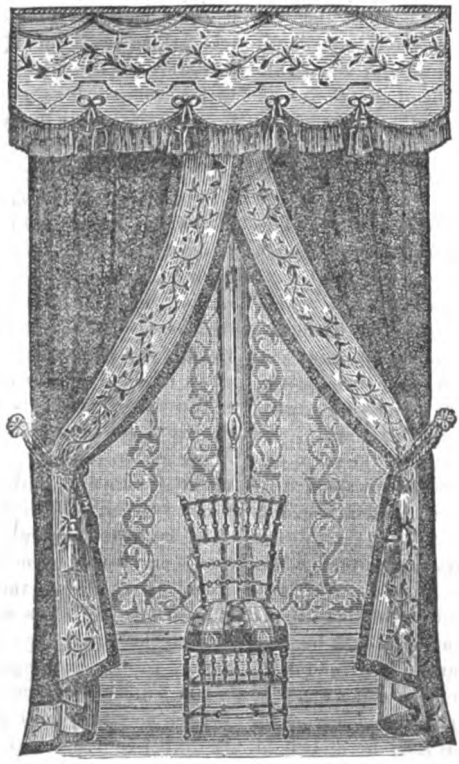
intended for an afternoon tea-cloth on crash, and, as such, should be enlarged to about half the size again, or even twice as large, and may be worked with two or three shades of the same color, with the flowers only in outline; or you may work the flowers solidly in natural colors, with the border line at each side in dark-green.

This we have given as an easy border for girls to make for themselves; other flowers, or even small sprays would do, if clear and decided in shape. Arrange your flowers or sprays at equal distances within the border lines in any way you prefer, and then draw in the cobwebs afterwards; the groundwork of cobwebs is designedly irregular, or it would not have so pleasant an effect. You must manage to have a centre for a web here and there, to bring all your lines to.

This border would also look well for other things, worked on dark satin; then the flowers could be solidly done in natural-colored silk, with the cobwebs in light-gray silk. Or, again, the border-lines and flowers might be worked in gold, and the webs in silver threads. Either would be very stylish.

WINDOW CURTAIN: WITH EMBROIDERED BORDER.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This engraving shows how bands of embroidery can be tastefully utilized for a window to a young lady's sitting-room. The border and valance are appliqués of cretonne on pale-blue felt or cloth, various colors of silks being used to edge the flowers and leaves. The valance is scalloped and bordered with fringe, and a tassel is added between every scallop. The curtains are of reps of a darker shade of blue.

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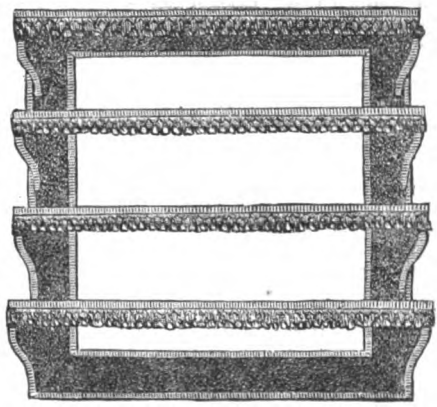
ETAGÈRE IN PLUSH.

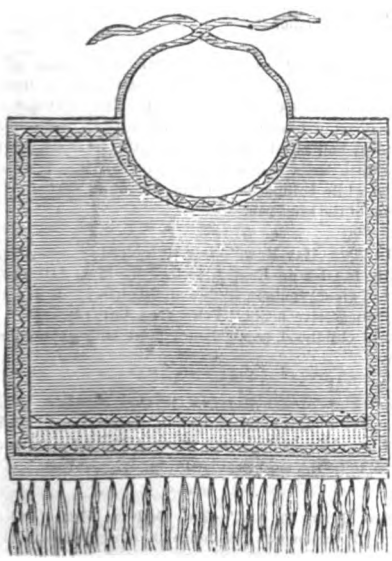
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Some shelves made after this design, and of any required size, not too large, and covered with plush, edged with fringe of chenille, of colors to correspond with the covering, will make a pretty etagère for holding bits of china. Little things of this kind ornament a room at a trifling expense.

BABY'S FEEDING-BIB.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This model for a baby's feeding-bib is to be made of white flannel, bordered with herringbone-stitch in white, red, or blue French working cotton. The fringe is also of the same cotton. Bibs should always be made of flannel, particularly when babes are cutting teeth; if made of cotton, the saliva constantly pouring from a baby's mouth saturates the bib, and chills the child—this is not the case with flannel bibs. If made of damask, for an older child, simply as an eating-bib, it might be made nearly to reach the termination of the dress.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

No "Middle Class" Here.—It is told by Mrs. Grundy that the President of one of the "Art Embroidery Schools," in a certain city which shall be nameless, said of the persons employed: "Oh, you know they are not ladies; they are only middle class."

What this self-opinionated woman meant by "middle class," she may probably know, but certainly nobody else does; for in this country there is no such thing recognized as "middle class," or any other "class." We have no hereditary rank to make invidious distinctions. There is no nobility to look down on less favored individuals. Everybody is the same in the eyes of the law. Neither "upper class," nor "middle class," nor "lower class," is recognized. The poorest man is the peer of the richest, and is often very much better: sometimes intellectually, sometimes morally, sometimes both. To obey the laws, to fulfil one's duties, never to wrong others: that is the proof, in this favored land, of belonging to the really highest rank. "Do unto others as you would be done unto," is the golden rule here; not, as in some other countries, "cringe before rank and oppress your inferiors." The honest day-laborer, who pays his debts, is infinitely "better class" than the millionaire who gets rich by watering railroad stock, "making corners," or engineering worthless bonds on a deluded public.

But to come back to the case in point. Even if judged by her own standard, most of the employees, whom this "fine lady" stigmatized as "middle class," were probably better than herself. We know for a fact that the workers in these "Art Schools" are generally persons in "reduced circumstances," as it is called. That is to say, they have once been comparatively well-off; have been used, more or less, to the luxuries of life; have gone to good schools; have lived in homes and mixed with people that were socially cultivated, yes, even elegant. A change in fortune has reduced them to the condition of "bread-winners." But would that make them "middle class," even supposing there was such a one in America? It certainly would not in England, where these distinctions maintain, as they maintain in all worn-out communities which still remain partly semi-feudal. In those lands, "once a lady always a lady," is the rule. Alas! if such a rule, which, of course, carries its converse, were enforced here, many a plutocrat of a woman, who now calls others "middle class," might find she was "middle class" herself.

But all these distinctions in this free republic are, as we said before, absurd: nay, offensive, even insolent. There are no "classes" in the United States. Nobody is, by birth or fortune, *per se*, better than another. There are distinctions, of course. But they depend not on whether one is rich and another poor; not whether one follows this avocation for a livelihood, or follows another; but whether one is honest or the reverse, cultivated or not, learned or ignorant, self-seeking or the reverse, courteous or boorish. These are the real distinctions. As you belong to one or the other, you belong to the "upper" or the "middle" class, if there are any such classes.

How To Transfer Patterns.—The directions given in the February number, for transferring the "D'Oyley Patterns," will answer for transferring any other pattern, or for transferring dress-patterns on the Supplement.

Steel And Wood Engravings.—An "old subscriber" asks us why no process of engraving has ever been invented, to rival the force, yet delicacy, of an engraving on steel. We answer, that a steel-engraving owes its superiority partly to the hardness of the steel, and partly to the manner in which it is printed. The hardness of steel allows of exquisitely fine lines, such as can never be produced in the coarser fibre of wood. The lines are cut into the metal, while in wood the lines are raised, as in the case of type. Of course, it is quite impossible, from such lines, to produce the fineness and delicacy that distinguish a steel-engraving.

The printing, too, is different. In printing from a steel-engraving, the plate is first covered all over with ink; then the surface is polished clean; the result being, that ink is left only in the lines that have been cut into the steel. A piece of paper is then laid on the plate, and both are then passed under the roller of a printing-press, especially adapted for this purpose. The result is an engraving such as is seen in this number: "In the Hay-Mow."

A wood-engraving, on the contrary, is printed on an ordinary printing-press. The latter will frequently throw off thousands of impressions in an hour. But it is a quick workman who can print three hundred impressions from a steel-plate in an hour. Sometimes, steel-engravings are transferred to a lithographic stone. In this way, thousands can be printed in an hour, at comparatively small expense. But the delicacy of the engraving is entirely lost in this process.

"Thanks Of The Nation."—A subscriber writes: "I consider 'Peterson' worth twice the price you ask. Living in the country, as we do, the Supplement patterns are invaluable. They are worth the price of the magazine. I think the builder up of such a book as 'Peterson' is a public benefactor. Your influence can never die. It has done much to refine the present generation. You deserve the thanks of the nation."

A Drink For Consumptives.—Take one ounce of Irish moss, wash it well twice in boiling water, pour a little cold water on it, and let it stand all night. The next day add to it one quart of fresh milk, some lemon-peel, and two blades of mace; boil all slowly until the milk is thick; put loaf-sugar in a basin, and strain the milk on it. It should be stirred while boiling, to prevent the moss settling on the bottom of the saucepan.

"In The Hay-Mow."—Our principal engraving, this month, is after an English picture by Mrs. Allingham, an artist of great repute in studies of this kind. It is a charmingly suggestive affair. Few of us but remember, away back in childhood, happy hours spent in just such a hay-mow.

For Our Colored Pattern, in this number, we give a design for a Tidy, to be worked on Java canvas. This is in reply to numerous requests. These designs for Java canvas appear to be the most popular things we publish.

"The Queen Of All."—The Bellows Falls (Vt.) Times says: "Peterson for 1883 holds its own as the queen of all the lady's magazines."

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OUR UNRIVALED PREMIUMS FOR 1883.—Our premiums for getting up clubs for this year are unusually fine. One is the steel-engraving, (27 inches by 20,) "Christ Before Pilate," *the most wonderful picture of the century*, as is everywhere admitted. The enterprise of "Peterson," in engraving this magnificent work of art, at a cost that would stagger ordinary publishers, is conceded, on all hands, to be beyond precedent, *Every family in the land ought to have a copy of this superb engraving.*

But as there are some persons who already have their walls covered with engravings, or may prefer something else, we offer, *in place* of the "Christ Before Pilate," either our Illustrated Quarto Album, a very beautiful ornament for the centre-table, or a handsome Photograph Album. In all such cases, however, say which Album is preferred.

For many clubs, an extra copy of the magazine will be sent. For others, and larger ones, a copy of the engraving or either of the Albums. The inducements to get up clubs were never before so great, and probably will never be so great again. But see the offers on second page of cover.

Now is the time to get up clubs for 1883. If you defer too long, others may get ahead of you. Every year we receive letters saying: "If I had commenced sooner, I could have done much better, for everybody likes Peterson." Specimens are sent, gratis, if written for, to get up clubs with.

WE INSERT ADVERTISEMENTS, in a few extra pages at the end of each number, because it is a great convenience, especially to persons living in remote rural districts, to know where to buy articles they want, and get them by mail. *But we assume no further responsibility.* We give the advertiser a chance to speak of his wares, but the public must determine for itself whether he over-states his case, or not. We do not guarantee advertisements. No magazine, or newspaper does, or can.

BACK NUMBERS of this magazine can always be had by addressing the publisher. Sometimes, when local agents run out of their supply, they say that even the current number is not in print. But by remitting eighteen cents to us, you can always be supplied with it, or any other.

"THE HOUSEHOLD FAVORITE."—The Lisle (N. Y.) Gleaner says of this magazine: "It has been the household favorite for years in the United States; and the post-office that does not receive a copy must be indeed in the very wilds of America."

MILK AS A CLEANSER.—Try the effect of a teacupful of milk in your pan of hot water, when you are washing up the dishes. It will soften hard water, and prevent the hands from chapping, besides giving to the dishes a brilliant polish after wiping.

IT IS IMPOSSIBLE, as we have often said before, to comply with all the requests we receive for patterns, etc., etc. We give, however, as many as we have room for, selecting those for which there seems the greatest demand.

CURE YOUR COUGH.—Warm two lemons in the oven, put the juice with four ounces of the best honey, two spoonfuls of Florence oil. Mix; take a spoonful when the cough threatens. Excellent in asthma and bronchitis.

CONTRIBUTORS MUST KEEP copies of their articles, if they wish them preserved. We do not undertake to return MSS. that we cannot use.

ANY OTHER ONE OF OUR PREMIUM ENGRAVINGS will be sent, in place of "Christ Before Pilate," if preferred.

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS may be made, at the price paid by the rest of the club, *at any time during the year.* And when enough additional subscribers have been sent, you will be entitled to another premium, or premiums, precisely as if it were a new club. Go on, therefore, adding to your clubs and earning premiums.

"A MARVEL OF BEAUTY."—This is what the Brookville (Pa.) Democrat calls this magazine, adding: "We can scarcely see how any lady can keep house without it; its fashion-plates and household receipts render it indispensable."

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

The Colonel's Daughter: Or, Winning His Spurs. By Capt. Charles King, U. S. A. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.*—It is pleasant, amid the deluge of English novels reprinted in the United States, to come upon a story that is not only written by an American, but also has its action entirely in this country. "The Colonel's Daughter," in other respects also, is a noteworthy fiction. It is full of incident, and the incidents all happen naturally. The characters are drawn from real life, and not "evolved from the inner consciousness" of the author, as is so much the fashion just now. Most of the scenes transpire at an army post in Arizona. The love passages are told with delicacy, often with pathos. The character of the hero, Lieutenant Truscott, is a very noble one: chivalrous, high-minded, brave, self-sacrificing, the type of the real gentleman. The author has dedicated his very brilliant novel to Mrs. J. B. Ricketts, the wife, we believe, of General Ricketts.

Mr. Isaacs. By F. Marion Crawford. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. New York: Macmillan & Co.*—This is a remarkable book, though it can hardly be called a remarkable novel, for the story is the weakest part of it, and a novel without a story is only a make-believe. In "Mr. Isaacs" there is hardly any story at all. The scene is laid in the East Indies, principally at Simla, in the Himalayas, and the hero of the tale is a Persian of the purest Iran blood. There are some good descriptive passages in the book, especially that of a tiger-hunt; but the best parts are quite of another kind, and on a higher level. There may seem to be, to some readers, a little too much of transcendentalism in the conclusion. Nevertheless it is a noble one; and even those who might have wished it otherwise will realize this, after all.

Portia. By the Author of "Molly Bawn," etc., etc. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.* It would be impossible for the author of "Molly Bawn" to write a dull story. But we think she succeeds best in gay and sparkling tales like that, than in one like this, over which the shadow of doom hangs from the first. Still, even in "Portia," there are some of the characters that brighten it up, especially that of Dulce, and in another way that of Dicky Browne. Nevertheless, in all second-rate novels, the troubles of the actors are out of all proportion to the circumstances. The lovers go into agonies of grief, they break off engagements, when a word or two, that any persons of sense would speak, would set all right. It was not in this way that Thackeray, or George Eliot, or even Trollope, made a reputation.

The Duchesse Undine. By Hanson Penn Dilts. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—Though a vein of tragedy runs through this book, yet the ending, at least for the principal characters, is a happy one. Perhaps this is, on the whole, the best for a novel; for while the readers seek in it for incident, even for passion sometimes, no one cares to have the conclusion sorrowful. The scene in this story opens on the coast of Florida; afterwards is transferred to Europe; and finally comes back to America again. The tale is full of romance, and is just such a story as the young, especially if imaginative, will like to read.

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OUR ARM-CHAIR.

"GREATEST VARIETY FOR LEAST MONEY."—A lady, sending a club for 1883, says: "These ladies took, last year, a different magazine; but when they compared yours with it, they saw the difference, and so would not take it this year. 'We like Peterson's the best,' they said. For myself, I could not do without it. There is a party here that tried to tempt me away by illusive promises I told them I could not listen to them, for Peterson gave the greatest variety, and of the best kind, for less money; and I have convinced them, by showing my book, that this was so. They said they thought they were taking a magazine that could not be beat; but when I showed them 'Peterson,' they said they had been mistaken. I have the promise of a great many more. You will soon hear from me, therefore, again." And hundreds write in the same strain.

THE SHAM AND THE REAL.—Every good thing has its host of imitators; every genuine article its counterfeits. Bad manners and wicked habits have theirs also; but he who shams the bad never boasts of it, while they who ape the virtues of the good or simulate the genuine never hesitate to place the counterfeit before the public in their most alluring tones. When these people imitate, they always choose a pronounced type or popular subject to copy from; and when they claim to be as good as "So-and-So," or to sell an article equal to "So-and-So," the public may depend upon it that Mr. "So-and-So" and his article are always the best of the kind. Thus the sham is always proving the genuine merit of the thing it copies

A firm of enterprising gentlemen produce and popularize an article of household use, such as the Royal Baking Powder, whose convenience, usefulness, and real merit make for itself an immense and universal sale. A hundred imitators arise on every hand, and as they hold out their sham articles to the public, yelp in chorus: "Buy this; it's just as good as Royal, and much cheaper!" The Royal Baking Powder is the standard the world over, and its imitators in their cry that theirs is "as good as Royal," are all the time emphasizing this fact. In their laborious attempts to show by analysis and otherwise that the "Snowball" brand has as much raising power "as the Royal," or that the "Resurrection" powder is as wholesome "as Royal," or that the "Earthquake" brand is "as pure as the Royal," as well as by their contortive twistings of chemical certificates and labored efforts to obtain recognition from the Government chemists and prominent scientists who have certified the superiority of Royal over all others, they all admit the "Royal" to be the acme of perfection, which it is their highest ambition to imitate. But the difference between the real and these imitations, which copy only its general appearance, is as wide as that between the paste and the true diamond. The shams all pay homage to the "Royal!"

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE in inebriety. Doctor C. S. Ellis, Wabash, Ind., says: "I prescribed it for a man who had used intoxicants to excess for fifteen years. He thinks it of much benefit to him."

SUDDEN CHANGES of the weather often cause pulmonary, bronchial, and asthmatic troubles. Brown's Bronchial Troches will allay the irritation which induces coughing. Sold only in boxes. Price twenty-five cents.

JAMES PYLE'S PEARLINE is admitted to be the best preparation of the day for laundry purposes. It does away with the old laborious scrubbing, and cleanses fabrics without injury. Sold by all grocers.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

[MEDICAL BOTANY—OF THE GARDEN, FIELD, AND FOREST.]

BY ABRAM LIVEREY, A. M., M. D.

No. III.—HOLLY—HORSE-TAIL—HYDRANGEA, ETC.

THE HOLLY—*Ilex opaca*—is a beautiful evergreen tree, found in woods from Massachusetts to Louisiana. Leaves alternate, thick, smooth, oval, spinescent at the apex, and with remote repand spinescent teeth; calyx four-toothed, persistent; flowers small, white, lateral, single or clustered; petals four; drupe red, ovoid, with four bony nutlets, five-ribbed on the convex back.

The leaves of the holly have long enjoyed a high reputation as a substitute for the Peruvian bark and quinine. In intermittent fevers it has been much lauded, given in drachm doses of the powdered leaves, half hour before the expected chill; or half an ounce of the leaves boiled in eight ounces of water to half the quantity, constitutes one dose, to be taken daily two hours before the expected paroxysm, till the disease yields.

The juice of the leaves, long ago, was esteemed a remedy for jaundice. The settlers in the pines, and other remote places from drug stores or physicians, should make a note of this, as the tree is found in all parts of the country, through the use of which they might often relieve themselves. The active principle, ilecine, gives better results.

HOLLYHOCK—*Althea rosea*. To name this old garden flowering plant is sufficient. It is of the malvaceous (mallow) family, and its roots, like those of the whole sisterhood, are mucilaginous, and can be used to soothe irritations or inflammations.

HORSE-TAIL—*Equisetum hyemale*—Scouring-rush. Plants leafless; stems simple, hollow, erect, about two feet, sulcate, jointed, fistular between, separable at the joints. Sheaths slightly dentate, crowning each internode. The sheaths are short, one-quarter of an inch, ashy-white, but black at base and summit. A very marked, peculiar, and conspicuous stem-plant in wet places, along river-shores, etc. The name, scouring-rush, is derived from its use by families, where it grows, in scouring, for which it is well adapted by the silicious character of its stems. In medicine, it is reputed diuretic, and used in dropsical diseases and those of the urinary organs. The homeopaths also use it in infinitesimal doses in the latter troubles. It certainly possesses the merit of being perfectly safe when so used.

HYDRANGEA—*Hydrangea arborescens*—Seven-barks. An indigenous shrub, with opposite simple leaves; corolla valvate in the bud, flowers white-red, cymous, radiate. Growing four to six feet high in woods, shady places, and along streams, southward. The root is used to some extent in medicine. Doctor Butler, a missionary among the Cherokee Indians, employed the roots with great advantage, apparently, in calculous affections, in gravelly deposits in the urine, and it still retains considerable reputation in such complaints. Our leading druggists and chemists make a fluid extract, which is now generally used, and is most convenient also for those who are afflicted to try.

HONEYSUCKLE—*Lonicera Japonica* and *L. Caprifolium*. Ornaments of our gardens, lawns, and piazzas. A syrup prepared from the sweet-scented flowers has been used with benefit in some cases of asthma. The expressed juice of the leaves is used to relieve the pain and inflammation of bee-stings.

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

☞Everything relating to this department should be addressed "Puzzle Editor," PETERSON'S MAGAZINE, Lock Box 437, Marblehead, Mass.

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No. 188.—Word-Square.

1. Spirits. 2. One who prays. 3. To annul. 4. A body of floating ice. 5. A native of Tarsus. 6. To put in slavery. 7. Lined with brick.

Philadelphia, Pa. Alec Sander.

No. 189.—Enigma.

The first is in bird, but not in blossom.
The second is in blossom, but not in bird.
The third is in blurred, but not in stained.
The fourth is in stained, but not in blurred.
The fifth is in seen, but not in heard.
The whole will name a singing bird.

Eastport, Me. Burdock.

No. 190.—Rhomboid.

Across.—1. A savory jelly. 2. A small dish. 3. Narration. 4. A seal. 5. Plain Indian muslins. 6. A lord.

Down.—1. A consonant. 2. A pronoun. 3. A stripling. 4. Pestilence. 5. Sudden. 6. A marine deity. 7. To wash. 8. The younger. 9. To touch gently. 10. In like manner. 11. A consonant.

St. Joseph, Mo. Wild Rose.

Answers Next Month.

Answers to Puzzles in the February Number.

No. 185.

Walter Scott.

No. 186.

Bookworm.

No. 187.

1. Ash. 3. Pear.
2. Elm. 4. Oak.
5. Pine.

HINTS FOR FLOWER GARDENING.

March may be termed planting and sowing month. Evergreens cannot be moved at a better period. Deciduous flowering shrubs, such as lose their leaves in winter, may be removed or planted—syringas, roses, honeysuckles, mezereons, laburnums, lilacs, jasmines (yellow and white), Guelder roses, double cherry, double almond, kalmias, rhododendrons, and azaleas.

Hardy Annuals should be sown—candy-tuft, white and purple larkspurs and delphiniums, lupins of various colors, sunflowers of the large kind, poppies of all descriptions, tropæolums and nasturtiums, the scabious, sweet peas, dwarf lychnis, lunaria or moonwort, termed in country places "Honesty" and "Venus's Looking-Glass," the prettiest of all hardy flowers, as its seeds, enclosed in a white, shining oval case, and firmly fixed on its stem, is a pretty decoration for winter bouquets; the sweet-scented rocket, heart's-ease or pansies (the *pensees* of the French), winter cherry, Virginian stock borders, the annual antirrhinum or snap-dragon, marigolds, and French marigolds, and the common or wild marigold, mignonette, ten-week stocks of all colors, the tobacco plant, the eschscholtzia or Californian marigold, nemophillas and lobelia, the campanula or "Blue Bells of Scotland" (blue and white), the crimson and pink dianthus, the canariensis, the tall, lovely œnothera, which opens its yellow flowers as the sun goes down, and many others.

Hardy annuals which have sown their own seeds bloom earlier than seed sown in March or April. Self-sown seeds are independent, sturdy, and self-sustaining, but will not bear transplanting any more than those which are not self-sown. Thin the young plants, but do not transplant them. All hardy annuals should be sown the middle or latter end of March, or at the latest in April—this according to the mildness or severity of the season. Each kind to be sown in a different patch, in properly prepared earth, light and friable—that is, well dug, and with liberal allowance of leaf-mold and a third part of sand.

For the Manner of Sowing Fine Seed.—Scratch a little of the earth off the top to one side, then sprinkle in the seed, not too thickly—half an inch is sufficiently deep for small seed—now cover it lightly with the earth that was taken from the top, but avoid covering it too deeply. The larger kinds, as mallows, lupins, and sunflowers, and other flowers of a similar nature, should have only three seeds sown in a patch, and be not more than one inch in depth in the earth.

When the plants are two inches high, thin out the weakest, but do *not* transplant them.

Sweet peas should be sown early in March, and round and upon them strewed a circle of sharp sand, to keep off worms and insects. If peas, beans, and seeds are plunged for half an hour in cold water, the imperfect will float and the good sink.

In the early part of March, transplant biennials (two-year-old plants)—sweet-williams, wall-flowers, columbines, rose campions, everlasting sunflowers, fox-gloves.

Plant out layered carnations of last year into places where they are to remain.

Pansy Beds or Borders of Pansies.—Select plants with five or six branches to each, and peg them into the ground at equal distances, leaving about two inches of the top part of the branch above the ground. Sow pansy seed for next year, polyanthus seed also.

Roses.—Cut back the shoots of moss and Provence roses to three or four buds. Hybrid perpetuals—but not China roses—and other hybrids, that is, roses budded on other roses, raised from two different kinds, the strong shoots of these to be cut within six or eight buds from the bottom, removing all the small sprays and cross branches and spurs which last season produced blossom, leaving the shoots at regular distances, and cut close to a bud.

Hybrid China roses will not bear the knife, for if pruned as other hybrids, they will scarcely put forth a flower. The shoots should be left nearly their full length, merely cutting the tips and thinning other shoots. In pruning, cut close to the bud.

Sweet-briars and Austrian-briars to be pruned in a similar manner. The sweet-briar blossom is a lovely pink color; the Austrian is red or yellow inside the petals, and the reverse on the outside.

To have a succession of flowers on the briars and roses, it is only necessary to leave some of the trees and bushes unpruned till April.

Commence pruning and nailing roses and climbers against walls.

Any hardy roses may be transplanted, and these will bloom late in the year.

Plant out biennials sown last year.

Prepare ground in a warm corner for sowing ten-week stocks; if the weather be mild, these may be sown now.

Roll lawn and grass walks. Now is a good time, not later, to plant box and cerastium edgings.

The borders in shrubberies and flower-beds must be thoroughly forked, and in shrubberies, manure placed deep, without touching the roots. The flower-beds to have only leaf-manure, and very careful forking.

Rockeries should now be made or repaired with saxifrage, sedums (formerly known as house-leek, or rather house-lichens)—a great variety of these are to be had cheap; the

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alyssum, white, yellow, and purple, Iberis sempivirens, or perpetual candy-tuft, and many creeping plants.

Violets of all kinds, including the Neapolitan, the sweetest of all, should be planted in the same way as pansies; but if frosty weather, shelter with evergreen boughs placed over them, and by the end of September splendid plants will be made, which will blossom early. Double violets, blue and white, are the hardiest.

Violets should be planted facing the west; the soil should be leaf-mold, sand, and light loamy soil. The runners to be raised with a fork, the most compact and youngest selected, and planted eight inches apart every way.

SUMMER ROSES.

Roses to Bloom in June.—What we have said in another place about lawns, we repeat here about summer roses. It is better to know too early than too late, and therefore we anticipate the season. What we have to say here is about summer roses, especially those that bloom in June.

Now, as every lady knows, there is a large family of plants that belong especially to the month of June, that bloom only in that month, and are essentially called annuals. This class includes a great variety of beautiful roses, many of which have become almost extinct since the general introduction of hybrids, perpetuals, teas, and standards, so largely propagated by the florists, and so generously planted year after year by the owners of handsome gardens. The China, the cabbage, the damask, the noisettes, the sweetbrier, whose delicious perfume after a summer shower is something to be long remembered, the delicate eglantine, the dark-crimson velvet, the variegated or calico rose, the hundred-leaf or Burgundy, the single yellow roses, the Baltimore belle, the Queen of the Prairies, Madame Plantier, the gravilla or seven sisters, the crown, the maiden's blush, and many other exquisite varieties might be enumerated. That these are only June bloomers has served to decrease their popularity to some extent: indeed, they are now seldom seen in the old, and scarcely ever in the new gardens, and yet the wonderful luxuriance of the June bloom by them produced, renders them highly desirable where room enough is afforded for their growth and culture.

The spiræa, the shrubs, the wigelia-rosa, the golden-elder, the peonies, the snow-balls, syringa, mock-orange, Philadelphus, the white fringe, the horse-chestnut, the honeysuckles, the mist-tree, many of the finest varieties of the clematis, the iris or flag, with royal purple, white, bronzed, and variegated flowers of the most delicate hues, and the bright yellow harvest, and the pure white candidum, sometimes called the annunciation lily, all come with the myriads of flowers that welcome June in cultivated inclosures.

It would be well to keep this catalogue on hand, and have it ready, when you want your early summer roses to plant out, which, after all, will be very soon. In our February number, there were advertisements from a large number of florists, any one of whom would supply you, at a fair price. To them we refer.

LAWN GARDENING.

A Well-Kept Lawn.—It is of course too early in the year for your lawn to be green with grass. In many parts of the United States, indeed, the snow is still on the ground. But it is always best to know too soon, rather than too late, what to do to have a handsome lawn. No matter whether your bit of grass is only a few feet square, or covers whole acres, it ought to be kept in good condition. Nothing, not even flowers, adds so much to a dwelling as a well-kept lawn.

In the first place, then, unless your grass-plot is exceedingly small, you will find it economical to have a lawn-mower. But its use should not be governed by any rule such as "mow once a week," but by the condition of the grass. In midsummer more injury may result from mowing too frequently than from cutting too seldom. Last summer, for example, was an especially dry one, in most parts of the United States, and many lawns were injured by having the grass cut too frequently.

The next point is the weeds in the lawn. Weeds here, as elsewhere, are annual and perennial, and they may be undesirable grasses or other kinds of plants. Take the perennial weeds, for example; these come from seeds brought on in manure, or taken there otherwise. These are cut back each time the mower is used, and hardly, if at all, noticed in the spring months. In midsummer, when we mow less frequently, to give the grass a chance, these weeds, which we have been unintentionally pruning in the early months, are quite ready to assert themselves. Plantains, docks, thistles, and others not before noticed, will, in the short rest we give to the grass, make themselves conspicuous. The best treatment for such perennial weeds, even on a large lawn, is hand weeding. A long knife or a chisel-shaped "spud," thrust well down to cut the root, will allow the plant to be pulled up without disturbing the grass. In England, they have a contrivance for killing such plants, which places a few drops of oil of vitriol (sulphuric acid) on the centre of each. We have not had occasion to try this; but those who make the experiment should keep in mind the destructive effect of the acid upon the clothing, and the fact that it should not come in contact with the fingers, etc. Annual weeds, as a general thing, are of but little consequence after the first year, as the frequent mowing subdues them. One of the worst of these is a grass, the "crab-grass" (*Panicum sanguinale.*) It appears late, and its prostrate stems lie close to the ground, taking root at every joint. This is also known as "finger-grass," and bears its flowers and seeds in a panicle that looks like the frame of an umbrella. Whenever the flowers of this appear, the lawn should be mowed, to prevent the ripening of seeds, and it will be safe to rake off the mowings, lest the immature seed ripens after the grass is cut.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

MEATS.

Stewed Mutton-Chops.—Trim away nearly all the fat from a thick chop, taken from the middle of the loin; place it in a small brown earthenware stewing-pot; add a large pinch of salt, a small one of pepper, and a finely-minced onion. If this last be objected to, it can be omitted. Cover the chop with water, put on the lid of the pot, set it in a saucepan of water, and let it boil gently for an hour and a half, until perfectly tender. When done, drain away the gravy from the chop, put it in a basin, which set in another containing cold-water, in order that the fat may rise quickly. Having carefully removed every particle of grease from the gravy, boil it in a stewpan, and thicken it with a teaspoonful of flour mixed in cold water until smooth. Put the gravy into the stewing-pot with the chop; let them simmer gently for ten minutes, and serve.

"*Toad in the Hole*" *from Cold Meat.*—Take some rather thick slices of cold underdone beef, seasoning with salt and pepper. Make a batter by beating the whites and yolks separately of four eggs. To a pint of milk add the yolks of the eggs, and enough flour to make a batter. Lastly put in

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a little salt, and stir in gradually the whites of the eggs. Pour the batter into a deep baking-dish, and lay the meat on the top. Set it in the oven, and bake it a nice brown.

Nice Patties from Underdone Beef.—Cut the beef into small pieces; season with pepper, salt, and a little chopped onion; make a plain paste, and roll it out thin; fill it with meat, and bake it a light-brown.

VEGETABLES.

Buttered Parsnips.—Boil tender and scrape; slice a quarter of an inch thick lengthwise; put into a saucepan with three tablespoonfuls of melted butter, pepper and salt, and a little chopped parsley; shake over the fire until the mixture boils; lay the parsnips in order upon a dish; pour the same over them, and garnish with parsley. It is a pleasant addition to this dish to stir a few spoonfuls of cream into the same after the parsnips are taken out. Boil up and pour it upon them.

Hominy.—Put some water on the fire, and when it boils add a little salt; drop in gradually the hominy, and boil fifteen to twenty minutes, stirring well all the time with a wooden spoon; serve with milk or cream. If preferred, it may be boiled in milk in the same way. It also makes excellent puddings cooked in the same way as rice or tapioca; but it should be well soaked before cooking; it may also be made into shapes, and served with jam or custard.

Fried Potatoes.—Peel a raw potato as apples are peeled; let the parings be as near as possible the same thickness, and let them be as long as possible. Dry them thoroughly in a cloth, put them in the frying-basket, and plunge it in boiling hot lard. When the chips are a golden color, drain them well in front of the fire, sprinkle fine salt over them, and serve.

How to Prepare Vegetables.—These should never be washed until immediately before being prepared for the table. Lettuce is made almost-worthless in flavor by dipping it in water some hours before it is served. Potatoes suffer greatly through the washing process. They should not be put in water till just ready for boiling.

DESSERTS.

Velvet Pudding.—Five eggs beaten separately, one teacupful of white sugar, four tablespoonfuls of corn-flour, dissolved in a little cold milk, and added to the yolks and sugar. Boil three pints of sweet milk, and pour into it the yolks and sugar while boiling. Remove from the fire when it has become quite thick. Flavor with vanilla, and pour into a baking-dish. Beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, with half a teacupful of white sugar; then pour it over the top of the pudding, and return it to the stove until it is slightly browned. Eat with sweet sauce. It is delicious.

Arrowroot Pudding.—From a quart of new milk take a small teacupful, and mix it with two large spoonfuls of arrowroot. Boil the remainder of the milk, and stir it amongst the arrowroot; add, when nearly cold, four well-beaten eggs, with two ounces of pounded loaf-sugar, and the same of fresh butter broken into small pieces; season with grated nutmeg. Mix it well together, and bake in a buttered dish fifteen or twenty minutes.

Tapioca Pudding.—Cover a cup of tapioca with water for several hours; add the yolks of three eggs, a cup of sugar, half a teaspoonful of salt, and a quart of milk; mix well together, and bake in a quick oven half an hour; then lay the whites of the eggs, beaten to a froth, on the top; to be eaten cold, with flavored cream.

Spanish Cream.—One ounce of gelatine, three pints of milk, six eggs, eight tablespoonfuls of sugar; cook the gelatine one hour in the milk; then, when it comes to a boil, beat the yolks of the eggs with the sugar, and stir in; let it simmer; then take off the fire, and pour over it the whites of the eggs beaten to a froth; flavor with lemon or vanilla.

CAKES.

Seed Loaf.—Mix together four ounces of ground rice, six ounces of flour, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, one teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, and two tablespoonfuls of caraway seeds. Beat four ounces of butter to a cream; add six ounces of loaf-sugar crushed, three eggs well beaten, and half a gill of cream or milk. Beat the butter, sugar, eggs, and cream for fifteen minutes; stir in the flour, seeds, etc., as quickly as possible, and pour into a cake-tin. Bake an hour in a moderate oven.

Breakfast Cakes.—Take three pounds of flour; mix with it as much warm water as will form a very thick batter, and yeast enough to make it rise. This should be done over night. In the morning, stir into the batter an ounce of melted butter, and add a little flour so as to form a very soft dough; make it out into small rolls, taking care to handle it as little as possible. Let it stand till light, and bake in a rather quick oven.

Tea Biscuit.—Into three pounds of flour, rub a quarter of a pound of butter, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, and a little salt; dissolve one spoonful of bicarbonate of soda in a little milk. Stir this into the flour and butter, add the soda, then a little milk, so as to form a rather soft dough. Roll it out in sheets about half an inch thick; cut into cakes, and bake in a quick oven.

Soft Gingerbread.—Mix one pound of flour and a tablespoonful of ground ginger; rub in four ounces of butter; beat up two eggs in half a pound of golden syrup, and stir into the flour. Make into a soft paste, and bake in a square shallow tin, in a moderate oven, being careful not to scorch it.

FASHIONS FOR MARCH.

FIG. I.—WALKING-DRESS, OF SOFT WOOLEN PLAID. The bottom of the skirt is trimmed with two deep side-plaited flounces. The skirt is caught at the bottom, and falls loosely above the upper flounce. The drapery at the back comes from the opening in the jacket, and is caught at the bottom, to correspond with the skirt. The jacket, of the same material as the dress, has a deep rolling collar, is double-breasted, and is cut away at the bottom, in front. Straw bonnet, trimmed with pink poppies and poppy-colored surah. The cravat, bow at the back of the dress, and parasol, are all of poppy-colored surah.

FIG. II.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF MIGNONETTE-GREEN CAMEL'S-HAIR. The skirt is trimmed with two side-plaited flounces, the lower one being the narrower. The tunic, which falls over the upper flounce, is cut in deep points, which are trimmed with very narrow fringe. The rounded paniers are trimmed with the same kind of fringe, but a little wider. The drapery at the back is much puffed, and forms a large tournure. The high cuirass-shaped basque has a collar of velvet, and the cuffs are of velvet.

FIG. III.—VISITING-DRESS, OF BLUE SURAH. The skirt is laid in lengthwise plaits, with a narrow plaited ruffle at the bottom. A straight breadth of the surah is much puffed, and forms the drapery at the back. The long jacket opens at the back, to admit of the drapery of the skirt, is cut away at the sides, and has a very deep vest of old-gold-colored satin. The collar, trimmings on the sleeves, and parasol, are of old-gold color. Bonnet of Tuscan straw, trimmed with blue corn-flowers and daisies.

FIG. IV.—WALKING-DRESS, OF DARK-GREEN CASHMERE, SPOTTED WITH RED. The bottom of the skirt has a narrow knife-plaiting of cardinal-red surah, the color of the spots on the dress. The skirt has a fan-shaped plaiting down the front of the dress, and a narrow plaiting of the cashmere around the bottom. The sides of the dress are quite plain,

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and are trimmed with a narrow bias band of the red surah. The drapery at the back is very simple. The very deep jacket buttons down to below the waist, where it slants off, showing the whole of the front of the skirt. It has a deep square collar and large pockets, and is trimmed with the cardinal-red surah. Felt bonnet, of grayish-green, trimmed with cardinal-red surah.

FIG. V.—WALKING-DRESS, OF LIGHT FAWN-COLORED PLAID DE BÈGE. The bottom is trimmed with three narrow ruffles, the middle one of which is of dark-brown silk. The skirt is plain, with drapery at the back, formed by a long piece of the material, looped. The Princess overdress is turned back at the front, faced with brown silk, and fastened with small steel buckles, passed through tongues of the silk. The body of the dress and sleeves are ornamented in the same way. Bonnet of gray felt, faced with brown, and trimmed with brown velvet and feathers.

FIGS. VI AND VII.—FRONT AND BACK OF OUT-OF-DOOR DRESS, OF FINE WOOLEN STRIPED MATERIAL, IN SHADES OF BROWN. The skirt is bordered with a plaiting of the material, over which falls a vandyked band of plain brown woolen stuff. The tunic is slightly gathered across the front, draped at the back, and faced with brown satin. The cloth bodice has a vandyked basque in front, and plaits at the back, and is ornamented with a brown satin piping. Brown straw bonnet, trimmed with red roses.

FIGS. VIII AND IX.—BACK AND FRONT OF IN-DOOR DRESS, OF CHECKED FOULARD SILK. The skirt is laid in flat box-plaits (these are, of course, mounted on muslin, or some other inexpensive material). The tunic is cut on the cross in front, and folded as a scarf. It is draped high in the centre, and forms points at the side. The cashmere bodice is cut out in battlements, and trimmed with fancy braid and two rows of buttons.

FIG. X.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF CREAM-COLORED NUN'S-VEILING. The skirt is ornamented with maroon-colored velvet bands. The tunic, crossing in front, is draped at the side. The bodice, which is cut with a short basque, has a simulated waistcoat, an officer's collar in Spanish lace, and epaulettes of ribbon loops.

FIG. XI.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF ELECTRIC-BLUE CLOTH AND VELVET. The skirt is bordered with two satin kiltings, of electric-blue color. The cloth tunic is embroidered and scalloped, and trimmed with fleecy woolen pompons. The basque is of electric-blue velvet, with an embroidered collar.

FIGS. XII AND XIII.—ULSTER, BACK AND FRONT. If needed for cool weather, it can be made of any heavy cloth; if for warmer weather or traveling, it may be of alpaca, tussore, or cashmere, and lined with a plaid silk, or with any bright-colored one. The ulster is gathered at the shoulders, and falls straight almost to the edge of the skirt. It is open part way up the back, and buttoned down the front to the waist, where a belt draws it in to the figure. The wide sleeves are lined with colored silk, and turned back at the cuffs. The ribbons at the back, as well as those in front, are of the same color as the lining. The belt may be of the material of the ulster, or of leather. The dress is of black silk, trimmed with plaitings and gatherings.

FIG. XIV.—BONNET, OF SEAL-BROWN STRAW, trimmed with twine-colored lace, and large roses outside and below the brim. Brown satin strings.

FIG. XV.—HAT, OF GRAY STRAW, with brim turned up on the left side, and trimmed with black velvet and two black feathers.

FIG. XVI.—BONNET, OF BLACK STRAW, trimmed with black velvet, and bird of Paradise, with long yellow feathers.

FIG. XVII.—JABOT COLLAR, made of Saxony lace, fastened beneath a velvet ribbon, and ornamented with a steel buckle.

FIG. XVIII.—OFFICER COLLAR, made of Mechlin lace and a band of dark-blue plush.

GENERAL REMARKS.—The new spring goods, which have already appeared in the shops, come in the most delicate colors, but of a less faded hue than was so fashionable but a short time since.

It is quite impossible to name all the pretty woolen materials that come, but they are so soft, and adapt themselves so well to the drapery that is now used, that they are more popular than silks, and much less expensive. They are of all colors—some plain, some in soft indefinite plaids and stripes, and some spotted and figured. These last are exceedingly pretty, but should only be purchased when one has a number of gowns, as they are too pronounced to be put on and worn day after day; black, and unobtrusive colors, are much better, with a limited wardrobe. The same may be said of the make of a dress. If the purse is long and the gowns numerous, the colors and make may be more pronounced, but otherwise let both be quiet, and a variety made up with pretty fichus, knots of ribbon, little bunches of flowers, etc.

An old color has been revived; we mean the *reseda* or mignonette-color, which was so popular six or eight years ago. It is quiet and pretty.

A combination of colors, which some years ago would have made most women exclaim "how ugly," is very much worn, is carefully combined, and is very beautiful—we mean dark-red and pink. But not all reds and pinks go well together, therefore care must be taken in their use.

There is some alteration in the cut of skirts, which several of the leading dressmakers are adopting. The gored side-breadths are no longer used. The skirt, whether long or short, is cut with one middle-breadth, slightly sloped or curved towards the top at each side; the side-breadths are the same width at each end, made to fit the figure by two plaits at the waist, in each breadth; the back-breadths are quite straight, with the usual drawstrings to keep the fullness in place, but not to strain the front of the skirt. This is supposed to make the skirt set straight, instead of either clinging or going into a point, when the wearer moves. Skirts are much the same width, but there is a slight tendency to increased fullness. Dresses for elderly ladies are made a trifle longer, and drapery in graceful folds and fullness is taking the place of paniers. To make the drapery set well, small plaits are put in around the waist and on the hips, hidden by the basque of the bodice.

Bodices, when of cloth, and of a different material or color from the dress, are usually made tabbed, or cut in square ends or battlements. Coat-tail and postillion basques are also popular, as well as those with points front and back, for more dressy occasions. Sometimes the back has two points, from between which the drapery is passed, as in the second figure of our colored plate.

Long slender-looking waists are just now the fashion, so the shoulder-seams are short, the sleeves set in high up, the body-darts made quite low, and all trimmings on a bodice set straight and close down the front.

Traveling-dresses are now made jaunty and pretty: the old idea that "anything is good enough to travel in," being quite exploded. The dress should always be neat, well-fitting, and not conspicuous. Some soft woolen material, that will shed the dust easily, is the best—such as bunting and serge, and an admirable thing is a good India foulard or pongee, though these are more expensive.

Jackets, which are tight-fitting, as well as mantles, that are made with dolman sleeves or with no sleeves at all, but cut so that only the sides fall over the arm, are all equally worn. All depends on the fancy of the wearer.

Bonnets are small rather than large, even the pokes being smaller than were worn a year ago.

The new hats are high in the crown, with narrow brims;

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but these are not becoming to all persons, and anything is worn that suits the individual taste.

OUR PARIS LETTER.

RUE DES PETITS CHAMPS.

The glossy taffetas silks that have been out of fashion for so long are being largely revived for dresses for young girls, but for evening and reception toilettes mostly. In pale-blue, pink, and mauve, they are very tasteful. They are made usually without any extraneous trimming, the short skirt being covered with four or five wide flounces, pinked at the edge, while the high corsage is made with slight paniers, continued into a drapery at the back of the skirt. The corsage is sometimes made with folds of the silk, shirred at the waist; these folds forming a fichu. For receptions or visiting, a toque or turban hat, in pale-colored plush and bead passementerie, matching the dress precisely in hue, is sometimes worn. Skirt fronts are now often trimmed with a series of flounces of the material, put on in deep curves, or else in slanting lines. The practice of making one side of the dress different from the other, is becoming more general, but requires careful management to give a good effect.

The pretty fashion of velvet corsages, worn with trained skirts of tulle, has been revived with great success for ball-room wear. But the skirt must no longer be of a paler shade than the corsage, but must match it precisely in tint, or else be entirely white. The very darkest shades of blue, crimson, and olive are employed, the long-trained tulle skirt being covered with full draperies, looped with flowers in contrasting hues. Thus, with a corsage of sapphire-blue velvet and a tulle skirt of the same dark tint, large red poppies are used for trimming, and pale-pink roses with a deep ruby dress. Worth has just finished a toilette of this style, in olive velvet and tulle, the flowers being long trailing garlands of exquisite tea-roses.

Ribbons are being largely employed in trimming, in the shape of loops and bows with floating ends, or else large set rosettes. The fashionable width is from an inch to an inch and a half, wide ribbon being rarely used. A very pretty trimming for a dress front, covered with lace draperies, is formed of long loops of ribbon, with long ends, arranged with three loops placed longitudinally, and finished with two ends, set around the hem and under the lowest lace flounce. This ribbon is of satin, in a pale tint, corresponding with that of the train of the dress. Similar rosettes, made very full, are placed upon the instep of the slippers to be worn with the toilette.

The latest style of opera-cloak is a loose long sacque, of pongee, foulard, or some other soft silk, plaited from the throat to the feet, and lined throughout with plush, in some brilliant color. This garment is fastened at the neck with a wide satin ribbon, of the same hue as the lining, and is drawn around the waist by another ribbon, placed inside. An ecru pongee, lined with brilliant red plush, and fastened with red satin ribbons, looks well; so, too, does a white foulard, with a very large chêne pattern of foliage, in pale-blue, made with a blue plush lining and blue ribbons. If figured silks or foulards are used, the pattern is always very large and scattered, and in chêne, *not* brocade. The plain materials are the most elegant for this purpose, and also the most fashionable. They must be of the very softest and most pliable nature, pongee being so far the most popular.

For a slender young girl, no prettier evening-dress can be devised than a short dress in cream, blue, or pale-pink satin, trimmed with swansdown. If the young lady is thin, and has a long slender throat, a Louis XV collar, of swansdown, forms an elegant and becoming finish to the open corsage. Sable fur, in narrow bands, is used for trimming dresses, in white or pale-pink satin, for young married ladies. It is extremely becoming to a fair complexion.

Several changes in style are to be noted in the coiffure. The hair is a good deal worn in a long narrow twist at the back, very much in the style of the old French twist, but less voluminous. Some attempt has been made to introduce the plainly parted hair and flat bandeaux affected by English ladies, but not even the prettiest of faces can stand this peculiarly unbecoming arrangement, and so frizzed and curled hair over the forehead remains in vogue. The very heavy masses of hair on the brow have been replaced by a light fluffiness, that is much prettier and more becoming. Shaded ostrich plumes are much worn in the hair by elderly ladies. They must match the dress in tint, unless black is worn, when the plume may be in shades of red or of lilac. A single very large flower, placed low at one side of the back of the head, is also popular.

Bonnet-strings, made of hemmed bias bands of velvet, are worn tied in a large bow under the chin, and having a small lace or scarf pin, in precious stones, to fasten the bow at one side. This pin should be small in size, and of an unobtrusive pattern—a diamond fly or horse-shoe being the most appropriate.

Monograms are no longer fashionable on note or letter paper. The most elegant of the Parisian *elegantes* now close their notes with a seal in red wax, stamped with a monogram or with a crest.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—GIRL'S DRESS, OF CHECKERED BÈGE, OF TWO SHADES OF GRAY. The bottom flounce is laid in alternate box and side plaits, and the upper one is only laid in side-plaits. The tunic is in shawl-points at the sides. The very deep cape crosses in front, with two long rounded ends, which pass around the waist and fasten at the back, beneath the cape, which is gathered up with a bunch of gray satin ribbon. The trimming of the cape is bias gray satin. Hat of gray felt, trimmed with soft gray satin and gray plume.

FIG. II.—BOY'S COSTUME, OF BROWN CLOTH. The knickerbockers are of medium width. The coat has a kilt-plaiting around the bottom, beneath a belt. The coat is double-breasted, and has a wide collar.

FIG III.—GIRL'S DRESS, OF MYRTLE-GREEN CAMEL'S-HAIR. The flounce is laid in small side-plaits. The coat is of white cashmere, braided in white, and has a cape also braided. Bonnet of white felt, trimmed with myrtle-green satin ribbon.

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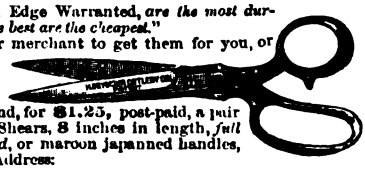

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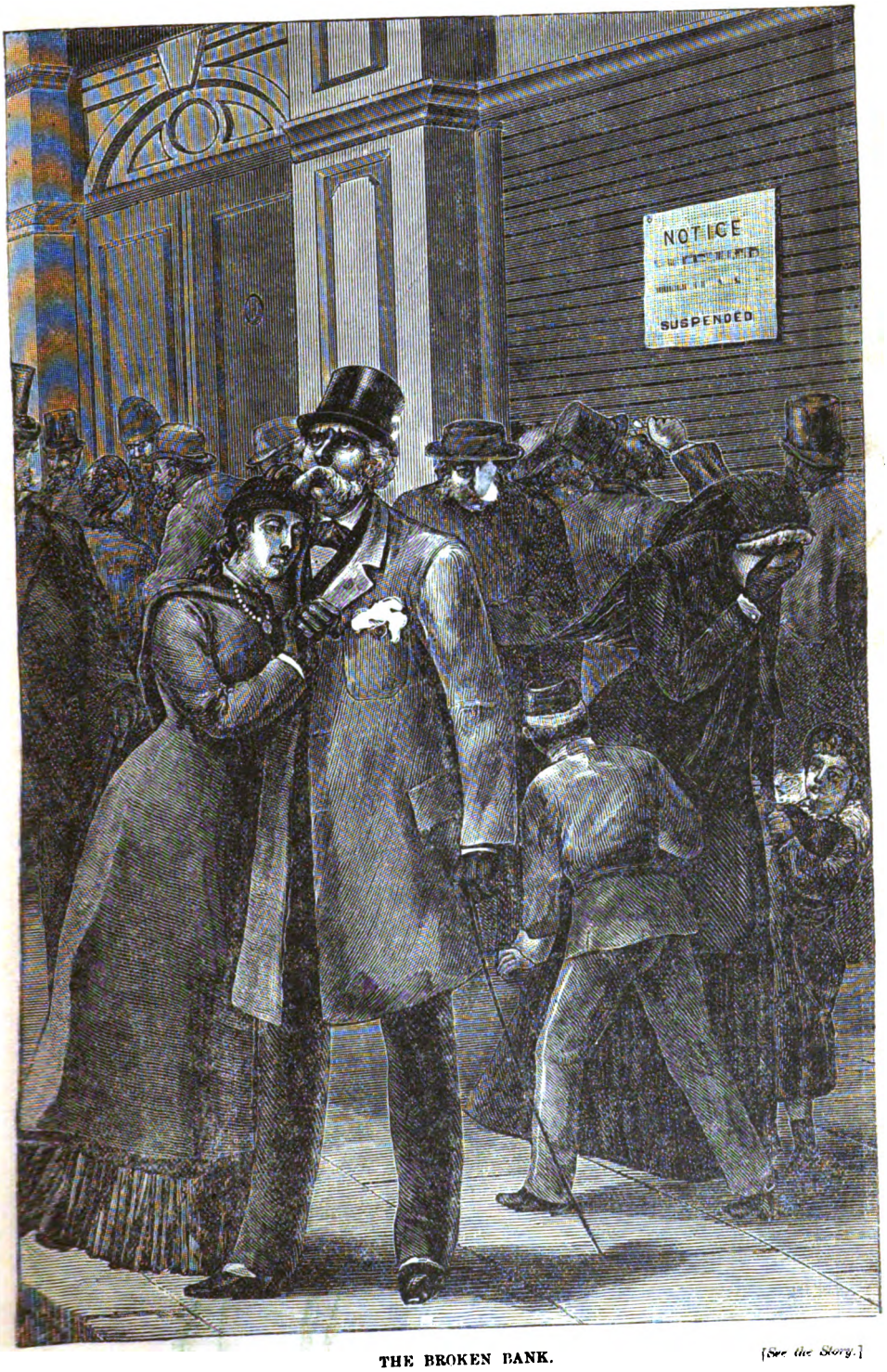

THE BROKEN BANK. [See the Story.]

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CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR APRIL. CHILD'S STRAW HAT.

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SPRING STYLES FOR WALKING-DRESSES.

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HOUSE-DRESS. WALKING-DRESS.

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WAIST FOR HOUSE-DRESS. BACK OF MANTELET. STRAW BONNET.

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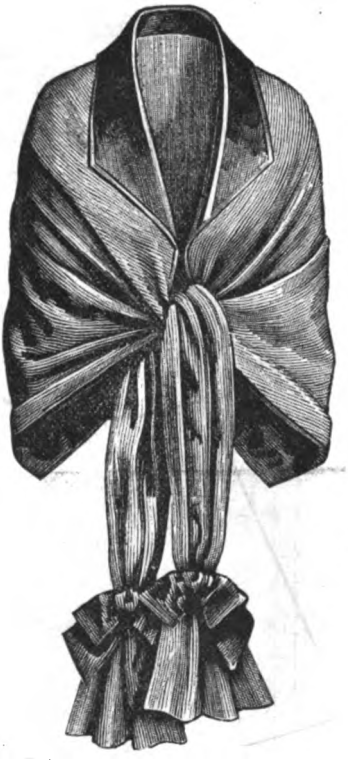

LACE FICHU. FRONT OF MANTELET. STRAW BONNET.

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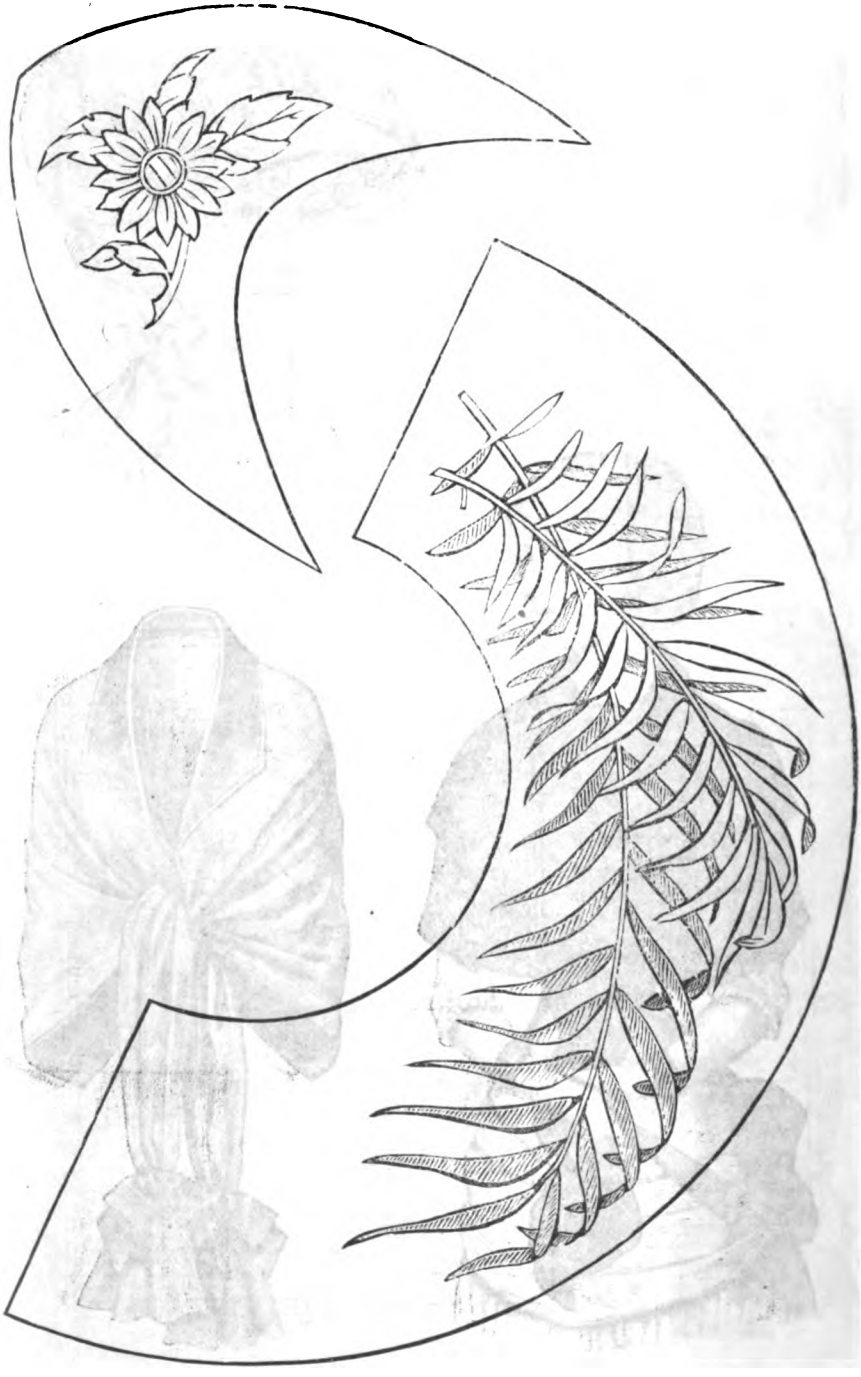

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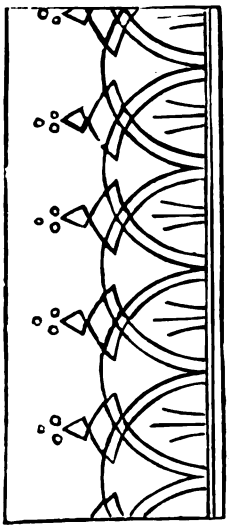

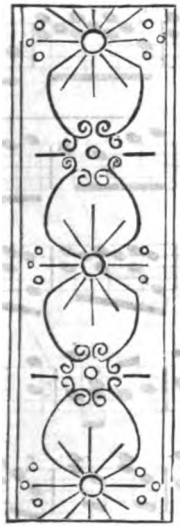

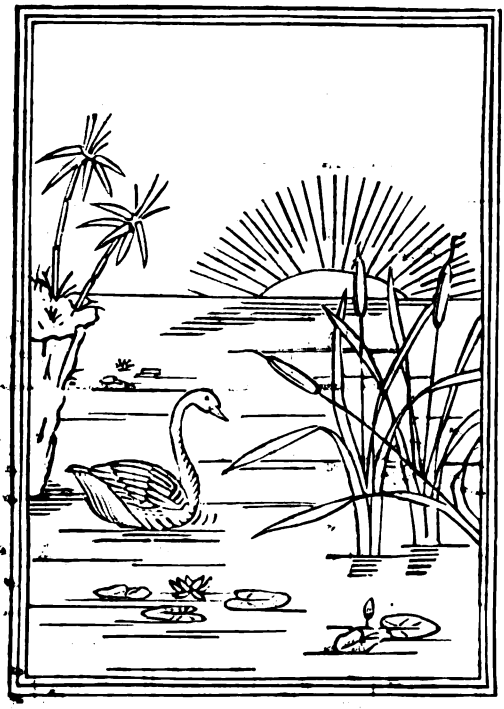

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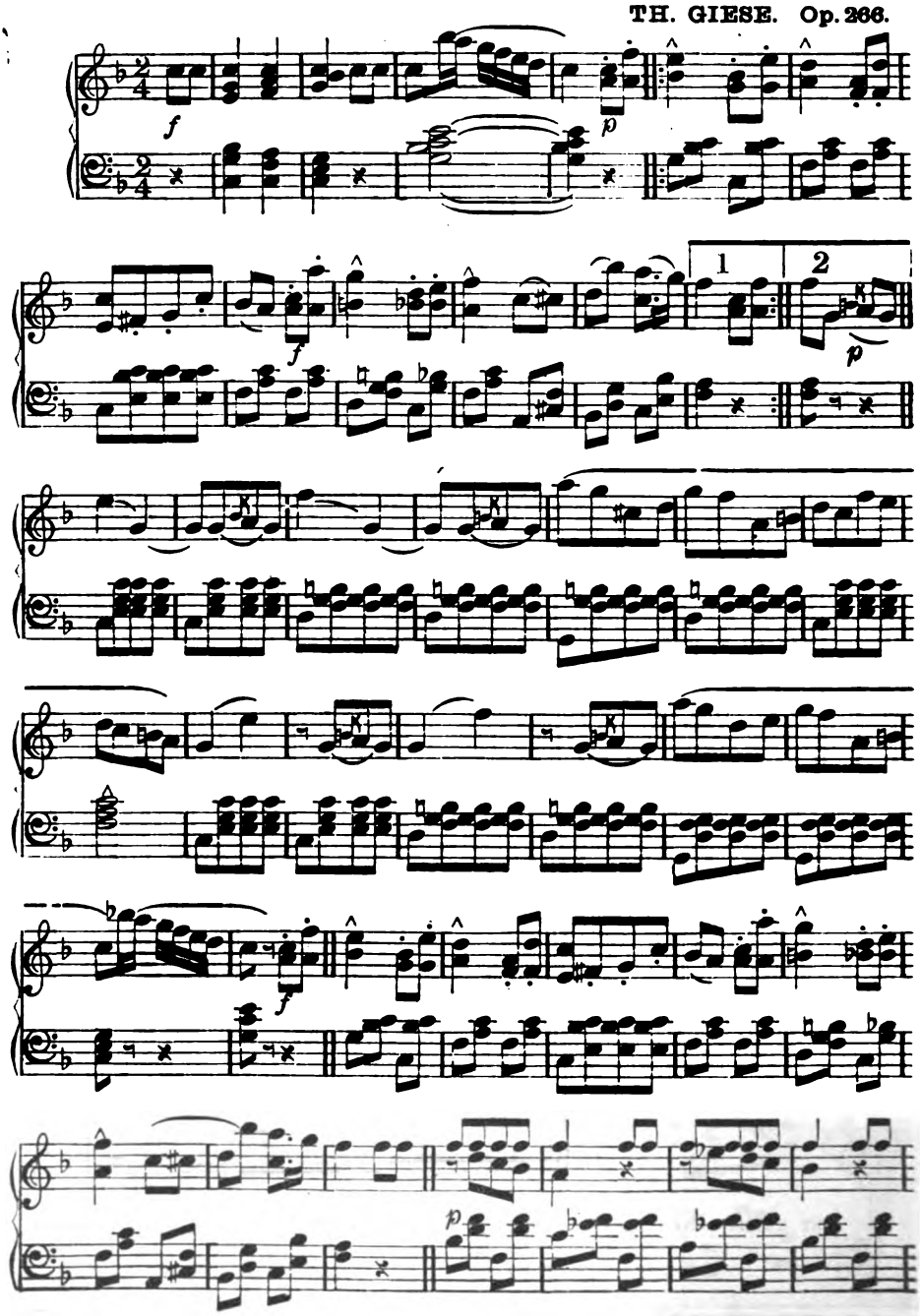

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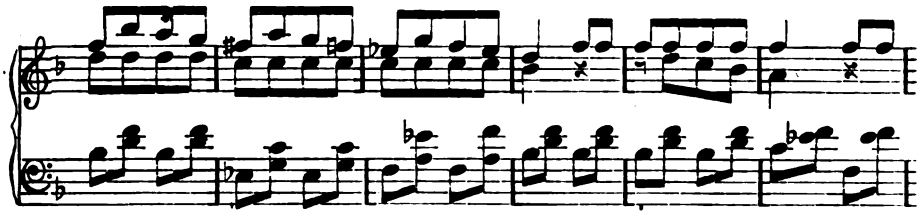

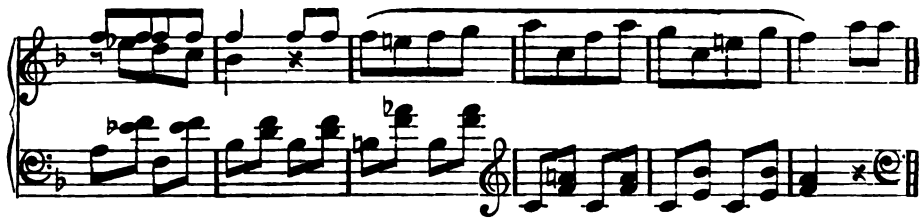

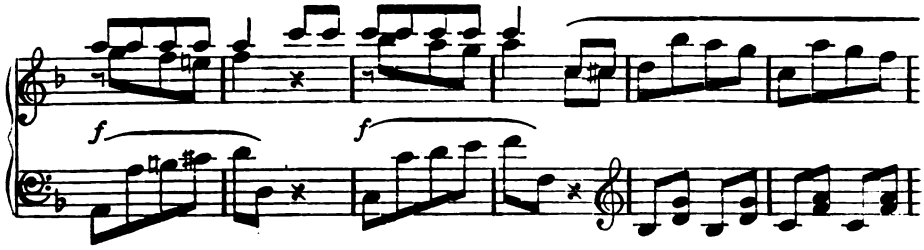

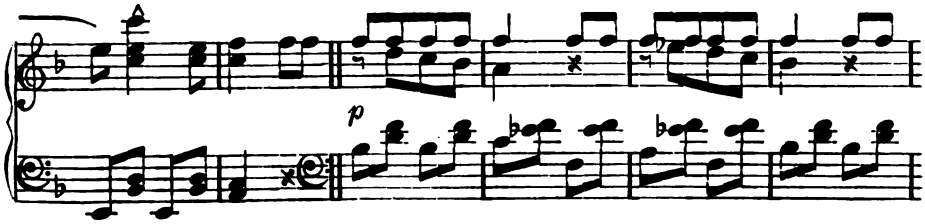

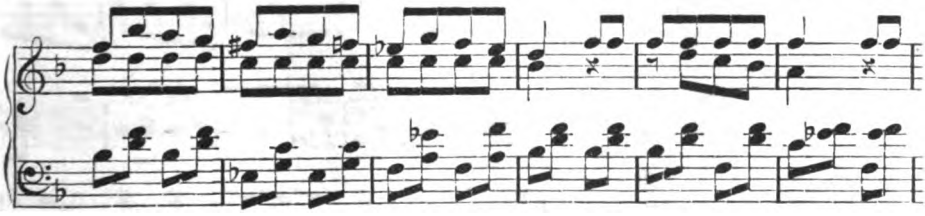

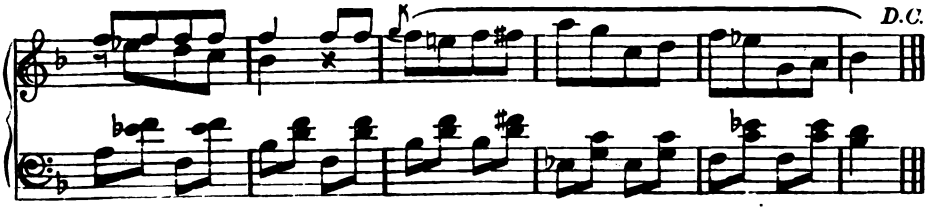

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TUSCAN STRAW BONNET.

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXXXIII. PHILADELPHIA, APRIL, 1883. No. 4.

MY FIRST BALL-DRESS.

BY EMMA GARRISON JONES.

GRANDMA raised her hand, as if to emphasize her words, in a fashion she had, and said:

"You can do as you please about it, Gladys, but I want you to understand that this is all I can spare you. I shall be cramped as it is for the rest of the month; so expect nothing more from me."

"Of course not, Grandma," I answered, clasping my hands, and not daring to look her in the face, considering what I was saying. "But, indeed, I would rather not take this—"

"Well, child," she replied, "you wouldn't get the money if I didn't want you to have it, be sure of that. Here it is; you can send it to Ned if you like; but if you do, you'll have to go without your ball-dress, that's all."

Sitting in her great chair, with her daintily-slippered feet on a tarnished velvet hassock, Grandma produced her purse, and taking therefrom a fifty-dollar bill, she put it in my hand.

My heart fluttered in my very throat; and when I tried to thank her, words failed me. In my whole life I had never before had so much money.

"You can take Ricketts, and drive over to Brentsville tomorrow," suggested Grandma, returning her purse to the pocket of her quilted silk petticoat, "and get what you'll need."

I fell into silence and deep thought.

I was making my first visit, since early childhood, at Balfour Grange, as Grandma's old-fashioned home was called. She was the dearest and stateliest of old-fashioned ladies; and the gray antique mansion, with its peaked gables, oriel windows, and antique chimneys, where the Balfours had lived and died for nearly two centuries, was the pleasantest of homes.

I had been perfectly happy until this question of the ball came up. It was to be given by Mrs. Cheswick, at Bloomington, a fine old country-seat adjoining the Grange, in honor of her only son, recently returned home, after years of foreign travel.

Grandma and Mrs. Cheswick were excellent

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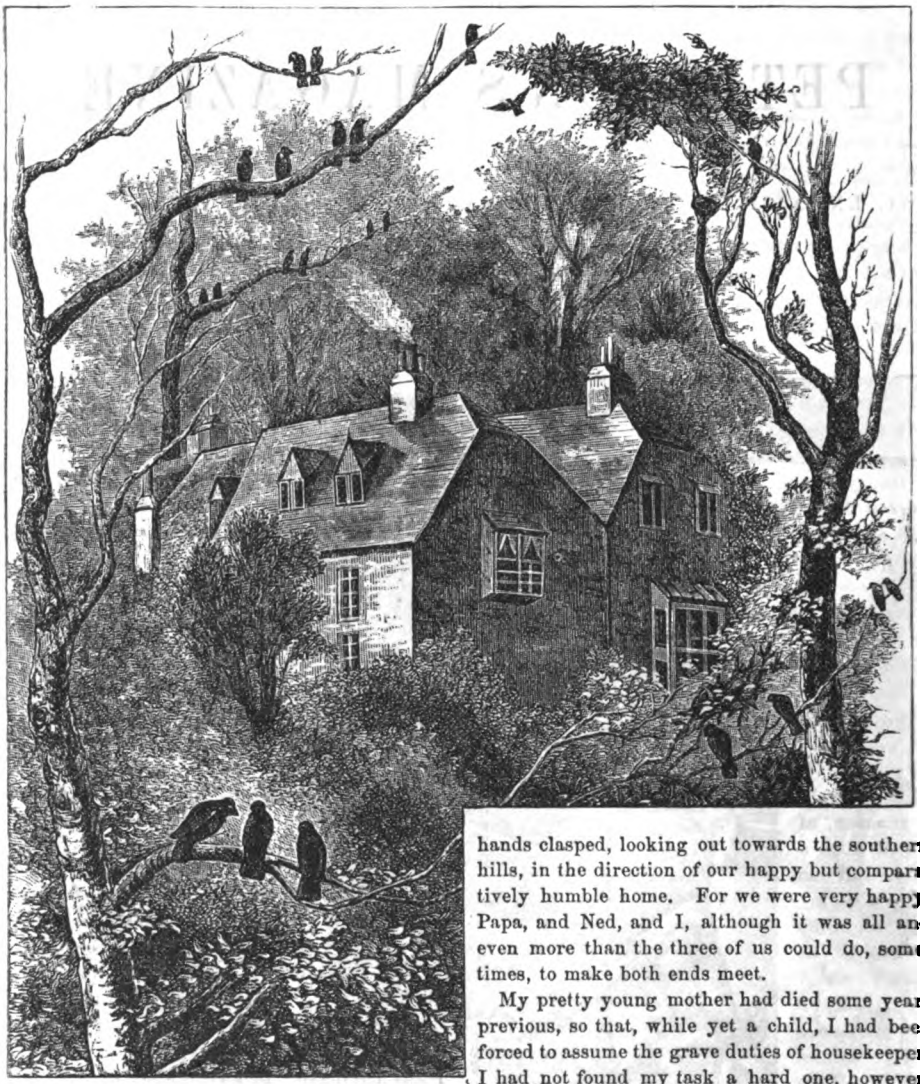

friends: hence I had received my invitation at an early day.

"You must go, by all means, Gladys. I wouldn't have you miss it for the world," said Grandma. "Mrs. Cheswick's balls are always delightful, and the best people in the county will be there. I'll get Mrs. Cheswick to be your chaperone for the night; you'll find her charming. Child, can you dance?"

"Oh, yes, indeed, Grandma."

"That's good. My dear, you must have a ball-dress."

And to that end, the fifty-dollar bill had been put into my hands.

I sat, as I have said, in deep thought, my hands clasped, looking out towards the southern hills, in the direction of our happy but comparatively humble home. For we were very happy, Papa, and Ned, and I, although it was all and even more than the three of us could do, sometimes, to make both ends meet.

My pretty young mother had died some years previous, so that, while yet a child, I had been forced to assume the grave duties of housekeeper. I had not found my task a hard one, however, but a labor of love. Papa was so tender, and patient, and helpful, in his great trouble; and Ned—well, I don't suppose any other girl ever had such a brother.

He was as brave as a lion, and as deft as a woman, and as handsome as a prince. He helped me with every task I had to perform, and comforted me in every sorrow; and all the while he had his own work to do, and hard work it was. He had been to college one term, and was struggling for means to pay his way through for another. He tilled our little farm, and cut cord-wood, and gathered sumac for the market, and taught night-school; and then studied his own books until the dawn was almost breaking.

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Yet, after all this noble effort, he had not succeeded in raising the requisite amount.

"I shall not be able to go, for this term, Gladys," he had said to me, a few days before I left home; "but I'll come in for the next; and since I must remain at home, dear, I'll take my turn at housekeeping, and you shall run up to Balfour Grange, and make Grandma a visit."

I thought of all this now, and it did not take me long to settle the matter.

"Grandma," I said, rising, "pray excuse me, but since you are kind enough to allow me to do as I please with this money, I'll send it home to Ned."

"And what do you purpose wearing to the ball?" demanded Grandma.

"I shan't go to the ball," I answered, choking down a sob.

"Oh, yes, you will," she replied. "I've accepted Mrs. Cheswick's invitation, and you shall not offend her by staying at home. You must go."

"Very well," I answered, "I shall be obliged to wear my polka-dot muslin. I've nothing else."

Then Grandma laughed.

"But really that won't do," she said. "It will be entirely too common, at least for such a grand ball as this. Why, my dear, 'all of the real quality,' as Ricketts would say," (Ricketts was Grandma's maid,) "will be there from three counties. Don't be foolish now."

I made no answer, but rushed out of the room, to hide the struggle I could not subdue. That same evening, however, saw the fifty-dollar bill on its way home to Ned.

"You must accept it, Ned, dear," I wrote, "as a gift from me. It is my very own. Grandma gave it to me to buy a ball-dress; but I prefer to send it to you. You can go to college this term after all, Ned; so make your arrangements, and I'll be home in time to see you off."

It was very pleasant to fancy what Ned would say, and how he would look, on receiving my letter; but my heart failed me, nevertheless, as the night of the ball drew near.

"Grandma, don't you think I had better send an excuse to Mrs. Cheswick?" I ventured to suggest, at last. "I really don't care to go to the ball."

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Grandma only laughed, and shrugged her shoulders in her own peculiar way.

"That's odd," she said. "When I was a girl nothing pleased me better than a ball. I'm sorry you don't care to go; but it will never do to back out now. Mrs. Cheswick expects you; and, moreover, I've engaged your hand to Major Cheswick for the first dance. I'll tell you what I'll do; I'll make another concession. Upstairs, in some old chests, are some ball-dresses I wore when I was young—and—and went to balls."

And dear Grandma gave a sigh, as she added:

"But that's all past. I've never been to a ball since your grandpa died. To-morrow, you shall rummage them over, and perhaps you can find something that Ricketts can alter for you. I was quite as slim as you," eyeing me critically, "when I was a woman of fashion, forty years ago; and I think they'll nearly fit you."

"Oh, thank you, thank you, Grandma," I cried, jumping up and kissing her. "Was there ever so kind a grandma before?"

"I believe you are right," said Grandma, after reflecting awhile. "I had forgotten that what was suitable for a matron would be too pronounced for a young girl. It will have to be the polka-dot after all, I fear, child," with a sigh.

And the polka-dot it was.

So, the next day, I opened the chests, one after another, for there were several. But I found nothing suitable. Not that they were not handsome enough: they were only too handsome. But they were all rich brocades—brocades that stood alone. Such as ladies of wealth wore forty years ago; quite unsuitable for poor me, and so I told Grandma.

"I should look like a stupid peacock," I said. "People would think I was a vulgar pretentious snob."

After that I never again alluded to the subject. But when the dreaded night came, I made my simple toilet with a fluttering heart.

"Oh, Ricketts, pray, pray tell me the truth," I implored. "Do you think I'll do?"

"I think you will, Miss," answered the woman, looking me over from head to foot, with critical eyes. "'Twill be a grand occasion, to be sure; Mrs. Cheswick's balls always are. Laws, Miss, 'twill turn your head, if you've never seen the like afore."

I went down with a sinking heart, and stood

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before Grandma, who was sitting like a queen in her great arm-chair by the fire, as usual.

She looked me over sharply, and then shook her head.

"Polka-dot muslin," she said, tersely, "is not quite the thing for a grand ball."

I turned away and went down to the carriage, with a mist of tears before my eyes, heartily wishing myself at home with Papa and Ned.

But the glitter of the ball-room, and the sound of the music, and the sweet gentleness of Mrs. Cheswick's manner, soon reassured me, and quite put to flight my misgivings. Before I had been at Bloomington two hours, I had danced not only the first set with Major Cheswick, but half a dozen others. He took me out to supper, too, and when he bade me good-night, at the carriage door, he picked up a withered corn-flower, that fell from my hair, and fastened it in his buttonhole.

"Well," questioned Grandma, when we met at breakfast the next morning, "what about the ball? How did you like it?"

"Oh, Grandma," I cried, "it was the happiest night of my whole life."

"In spite of the polka-dot muslin?"

"Oh, I didn't think of it, Grandma, not once. I was so delighted with the ball that I forgot all about myself."

All this happened in October, and that very day I had to leave for home, where I found that Ned had already gone to college, having had to start earlier than he had expected.

"We would not let you know," said Papa, "lest you should miss the ball."

We found it a little lonely, only we two, as winter drew near. But we were always busy, and that helped us wonderfully. Papa did the farm-work and I the housekeeping, and both of us had our hands full, and no time for idle regrets.

"Papa, dear, I feel just like having a sharp gallop," I said, one frosty day, at our midday meal. "So if you'll watch the muffins we are to have for supper, and see that they don't burn, I'll saddle Beauty and ride over to the post-office for the mail. I'm sure there's a letter from Ned."

"All right," said Papa, and in ten minutes I was off.

The air was keen, and clear, and invigorating. I gave Beauty the rein, and she went down the road like a swallow. About half a mile before reaching the village, I passed a man on foot, with a small satchel in his hand. I was cantering along a grassy sort of down, and he was in the high-road below. He started, I thought, to climb the slight acclivity, and I drew in my rein, supposing he knew me. But on a second glance, I saw he was a stranger, and half fearing he might mean harm, I gave Beauty her head, and dashed on. The stranger stopped, as if in surprise. He turned and looked after me, as I flew by, and, I thought, touched his hat; but I went on, taking no heed.

It was growing dusk when I returned home, and a cheerful light gleamed from the sitting-room windows.

Papa did not, however, come out to meet me as usual, so I cantered around to the stable, put up Beauty, and then went in by the back way, and hurried upstairs to change my dress.

"I suppose the dear old love," I said to myself, "is busy with the toast, and does not hear me."

When I had finished my simple toilet, I hurried downstairs, and burst into the room, saying:

"Here I am, safe and sound, Papa, and I've had such a grand gallop. And there's a letter from Ned, and I hope you haven't let the muffins burn?"

"I'm afraid I have, my dear," he answered, "for I have company. Major Cheswick is here. I believe you are already acquainted with him."

I looked around, and now, for the first time, saw that another person was in the room. I drew back in utter amazement as the gentleman advanced, for I recognized him by his dress as the stranger I had met on the road.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Gladys; I trust you haven't quite forgotten me? But I fear you have. At least you didn't seem to know me this afternoon, when you passed me on the road. But I am, I assure you, the real Major Cheswick," with a gay laugh. "And I come armed with a letter of introduction from Madame Balfour, to clear up all doubts, if any."

"Oh, I haven't forgotten you, Major Cheswick," I cried, blushing. "But I didn't really see your face this afternoon. And then—and then—" more and more confused, "a gentleman looks so different in evening-dress. That is, I mean—"

"You mean you have only seen me once before," he said, coming to my aid with exquisite tact. And his handsome eyes glowed like stars.

We entered the sitting-room, and he said, softly, as he relinquished my hand:

"It is a great pleasure to see you again; you don't know how great."

The muffins were burned black; but I soon made light biscuit, and we had a delightful tea, which our guest seemed greatly to enjoy.

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"If there is one accomplishment I value, above all others, in a lady," he remarked to Papa, "it is the art of making one's home pleasant."

"Gladys is an incomparable housekeeper," responded Papa, bluntly.

Major Cheswick spent a week in the neighborhood, and every evening found him our guest.

"Such a pleasant time as I've had," he said, one afternoon, standing beside me, while I arranged the autumn leaves he had gathered. "But it is over. I must go home, to-morrow."

"To-morrow?"

"Yes, to-morrow. Shall you miss me—just a little? Don't say no. Don't take back the sweet confession your dear eyes have this minute made. I love you, Gladys. That is why I came. I fell in love with you the night we met at my mother's ball."

"Oh, Major Cheswick! The night I wore my polka-dot muslin?"

His brown eyes fairly danced with suppressed laughter as I spoke.

"Yes, your polka-dot muslin. I've heard all about your first ball-dress, Gladys," he said, taking my hand, "and I regard it as a robe of honor. I thought it the prettiest dress I had ever seen, and its wearer the one woman in the world for me—the only one I have ever cared to make my wife. Don't turn away," for I was averting my head to hide the happy blushes. "Don't leave me in suspense. Give me my answer now, Gladys."

But I broke from him, and ran away, scattering the autumn leaves at his feet.

We met in the village that night, at a little party, given by one of Papa's old friends, and I wore my polka-dot muslin.

His eyes glowed with pleasure, as he hastened to my side.

"This is my answer?" he said, touching the sleeve of my dress. "You wore this for my sake, Gladys?"

I did not say yes, but I suppose my eyes answered him. At any rate, when we parted, on the following day, I was his betrothed bride, and to-day, I am his happy wife.

LONG AGO.

BY SAMUEL PASCOE.

'Twas spring-time, and all nature stirred,
The season's pulse was young;
On bursting boughs full many a bird
His careless carol sung.
Beneath the interlacing shade,
All wind-swayed to and fro,
A gracious youth and gentle maid
Swore fealty long ago.

The years had passed, the years had flown,
Sweet summer filled the air:
There walked within the covert lone
Brave man and matron fair;
And round them, with a jocund glee,
There danced, in life's full glow,
A troop of children fair to see
In days now long ago.

'Twas autumn next, the year grew pale,
The farmer reaped his grain;
Now walking slowly down the dale,
Behold the pair again.
Their forms are bent. See, in the hair
Some silver touches show;
Childless and sad they wander there,
And dream of long ago.

'Tis winter. In the church-yard lone
The snow lies white and fair
Upon the simple mossy stone,
That hides the aged pair.
They have their rest. 'Tis spring again,
And in God's land they know
A love not dimmed by age and pain,
Like that of long ago.

THE TUBEROSE.

BY MARIE S. LADD.

Someone had placed, that summer hour,
In the small hand we loved so well,
A tuberose's waxen bell—
The hand looked waxen as the flower.
Though then a child, yet as each year
Its summer hues and scents resume,
To me returns that moment drear,
With this pale flower's rich perfume.
The awful picture scarce is dimmed;
I almost hear the rustling wings
Of hovering angels, and it brings
The lisping words our hearts have hymned
To mind, and swift the eye o'erflows
At odor of the tuberose.

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THE PROFESSIONAL BEAUTY.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

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CHAPTER X.

As the train started, Mrs. Treherne sank forward with a groan, and fainted in Constance Denby's arms.

Old Hester opened the window, held strong smelling-salts to her nostrils, employed every means that circumstances permitted; but they were more than half way to Wamsley before Florence recovered her senses. She opened her eyes, gazed wildly about for an instant, and Constance, fearing that she was still so bewildered she did not realize her safety, said in a quiet tone:

"We shall soon be at Wamsley, Mrs. Treherne. The little explanation necessary for our friends is easily given: you were ill, we brought you away from the ball, and in our fright we took the wrong train."

Florence grasped the arm of her seat with both hands, and drew herself upright; stared at Miss Denby with eyes which blazed like those of a person in delirium, and said in a choked voice:

"You followed—you knew that—"

She broke off suddenly; struggled for breath an instant, then cried out:

"Oh, my God, you don't think I meant to go away with him?"

"No, no," Constance exclaimed. "Don't wrong me—don't wrong our common womanhood. by believing I could be so base."

The words went like a sharp knife to the very depths of the wretched creature's fully-awakened conscience.

"Wrong you?" she repeated, in a hoarse shriek. "Oh, don't touch me—don't look at me. Constance Denby, I am the wickedest woman alive."

"Be still," said Constance, sternly. "You don't know what you are saying—you are out of your senses—not another word."

Florence cowered down among the cushions, and covered her face with her hands, groaning:

"It's true—it's true—and I'm a coward, too, else I should tell you the whole. I tried to once to-night, but you would not let me—"

"And I will not now," interrupted Constance, though, as she spoke, a conviction which had already crossed her mind recurred with new force. Mrs. Treherne referred to some matters connected with Jack Erlescourt. But she was incapable of taking advantage of the sufferer's excited state to wring from her any confession of treachery, if she had really been guilty of such. "You could have told me nothing," she went on quickly. "I knew what caused your agitation; I knew that your husband was ill; that Colonel Stretton persuaded you to remain. Sometime, I will tell you how it all came to my knowledge, but not now."

"The thing for madame is to get quiet," interposed old Hester, in her slow methodical voice. "We shall soon be at Wamsley, and some of the people may get into this carriage."

"I shall never be quiet again till I am in my grave. Oh, if I could only die," Mrs. Treherne gasped, snatching at the longing which is sure to be the first prayer of a weak nature, when menaced with the consequences of wrong-doing. "Die—die—and I think I shall. Oh, my throat. I feel as if I were suffocating—I have all day."

She leaned back and closed her eyes, breathing in a rapid difficult way. She was deathly pale, save for two scarlet spots that began to burn in her cheeks, though when old Hester touched her hands she found them like ice, and her pulse would beat rapidly for a few seconds, then almost stop.

"It's not hysterics," the quadroon whispered in Miss Denby's ear; "she is ill—very ill, I'm afraid—quinsy, I shouldn't wonder."

They drew her wraps more closely about her, closed the window, and she neither stirred nor spoke again till they reached Wamsley, though it seemed to the pair who bent over her, listening with strained attention, that her breathing grew each instant more difficult and irregular.

When the train halted, there was an eager rush out of the waiting-room, and as the guards flung open the carriage-doors, Constance heard Lady Bolton say, while hurrying along on some gentleman's arm:

"I'm afraid half the people are left behind. Where on earth are Mrs. Treherne and Miss Denby?"

"Here," called Constance. "Quite safe. We took the wrong train, and had to go on to Man-

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ning. Mrs. Treherne was ill; so we escaped before anybody could know—"

"Ill?" broke in her ladyship. "Well, we shall all be, I dare say. Such a stupid blunder. Whoever it was gave the alarm that the train was coming ought to be hanged."

Constance was so confused by her ladyship's speech that she began to feel as if she must be a lunatic, and everybody else of her acquaintance in the same condition.

"If Florence is ill, you'd better have the carriage to yourselves," Lady Bolton continued. "Here, Captain De Vaux, stand by the door and keep everybody out. General Mansfield, unless you have sworn this night shall prove my death, I wish you'd be good enough to find me a seat somewhere."

In the moments which remained before their departure, Constance received from the youthful captain an explanation of Lady Bolton's odd speech. It appeared that shortly after Miss Denby had followed Mrs. Treherne and Stretton, some person startled the crowd pouring out of the supper-room by a warning that the time-table had been changed, and that the train would be at the station in a few moments. Naturally, there was a great hurry and excitement, but presently the report was officially contradicted, though not before at least half the people who wished to return to Bolton had driven off in hot haste. Of course those left at the ball supposed that Mrs. Treherne had gone to the station, and the party shivering and fretting in the draughty waiting-room believed her one of the fortunates left behind.

Before Bolton was reached, Miss Denby and the quadroon knew that Florence Treherne was a very sick woman. Doubtless, mental excitement had a good deal to do with her condition; but it was plain that only the commencement of severe illness could account wholly for it.

Constance perceived that she was fighting hard to appear more composed; for if she spoke, in her hoarse choked voice, it was only upon some indifferent subject; but the low groan, which every now and then interrupted her, proved how great the effort must be.

"Don't try to talk," Miss Denby said, kindly. "It will only make your throat worse. Lean your head on Hester's shoulder, and lie still."

Again, Florence started up, and stared at her with those beautiful eyes, that had lost all the softness over which poets had raved, and gleamed hard and bright as diamonds. She opened her lips as if about to speak, while her drawn features worked like those of a person going into a spasm; then she sank back against Hester, with her face turned towards the back of the seat, and remained in that position till the little journey ended.

Lady Bolton, although nearly out of her senses from the effects of some startling news she had received while in the train, behaved with great good sense. She reserved a carriage for Mrs. Treherne; declared that only Constance and her maid should go in it besides; kept the people away, saying that Mrs. Treherne was ill, and when she did not catch sight of Colonel Stretton, ordered her old General to assist Florence to the vehicle.

She saw the rest of the ladies comfortably disposed of; informed the gentlemen that such as could not manage to find seats could wait till conveyances came back, or walk up to the Castle, just as they saw fit, and then drove off, eager to impart her dismal tidings to the ladies who accompanied her.

So it came about that Colonel Stretton reached the house and got up to his room almost unnoticed, and when people met again in the morning, everybody had too much that was personal to think of to notice how the dreariest night-vigil he had ever spent had aged his cold haughty face—a vigil during which he had still further debased his nature by the earnest thought given to the cowardly vengeance so close at hand.

A noted London physician chanced to have been called down into the neighborhood that day for a consultation, so Lady Bolton sent in search of him. He could arrive in the course of an hour.

Mrs. Treherne was helped upstairs and put in bed, Lady Bolton and Constance themselves assisting old Hester to employ such remedies as her long experience in sick-rooms suggested.

When the sufferer's breathing grew easier, and she lay quiet with closed eyes, Lady Bolton beckoned Constance out into the boudoir, and closed the door behind them.

"Such awful news," she moaned. "Mr. Treherne is dead."

"Good heavens!" cried Constance. "It can't be true."

"My dear, in the very railway-carriage I got into sat old Mr. Faucett; he was coming to tell her himself; started half an hour after Treherne died."

"Hush!" moaned Constance; for in her suddenly-returned excitement, Lady Bolton had forgotten her caution, and uttered the last words aloud.

In a second, an awful cry issued from the adjoining room. The two rushed in. Florence

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had risen, was struggling madly with old Hester, and as she caught sight of Lady Bolton, called in a strangled shriek:

"I heard—my husband is dead—I murdered him."

She reeled against Hester. There was a dreadful sound in her throat, which no words could describe, as if the very muscles and ligaments were rending asunder. Then a stream of black clotted blood burst from her lips, and, for a time, the three women who laid her back on the bed believed that it was a corpse they were watching.

CHAPTER XI.

The breakfast-hour, the next morning, found the guests assembled with unexampled punctuality—at least, such of those who were not closely barricaded in their rooms, and I am pleased to add that among the latter number the men exceeded the ladies.

Valets and maids had carried the news that Mrs. Treherne was ill, perhaps already dying, of diphtheria, and were busy packing trunks and portmanteaus for flight, as soon as their masters and mistresses could catch a train to bear them away from the dangerous locality.

Colonel Stretton never employed a valet; only another name, he always vowed, for a spy; so he had not heard of Mrs. Treherne's illness when he left his apartment. In the corridor, he encountered Lady Bolton, who had just come out of her dressing-room.

"Good-morning," he said. "I hope your ladyship is not quite dead from fatigue. "I find that I must go up to town at once—"

"Everybody else has found that he or she must fly off somewhere—no matter in what direction—escape is the only thing to be thought of," interrupted her ladyship, in a tone of grim enjoyment. "To be sure, you were her firmest friend; but, after all, that might be a reason for going first. You see, I have read the Decameron."

"In the name of all that is mysterious, what do you mean?" demanded the Colonel, in a tone which convinced the shrewd lady watching him that his astonishment was real.

"I mean," she said, "that Mrs. Treherne is very ill, and the report has spread that it's diphtheria. It's not, though it is serious enough."

"Good God!" exclaimed the Colonel. "You don't mean it; it's not possible; she won't die?"

The man's face was so white and shaken, that Lady Bolton marveled. She could not have believed him capable of so much feeling, and she answered, in a softened voice:

"I hope not—I think not. She is so young and so strong."

"She must not—she shall not," muttered Stretton, between his clenched teeth, as he turned and walked away a few steps, afraid that the feeling which Lady Bolton so generously misinterpreted might be visible in his countenance.

Die, and deprive him of his vengeance? The bare idea drove him nearly insane.

He recollected himself quickly, and moved back, saying:

"What doctor has she? You knew Fordham was at—"

"He was with her all night," Lady Bolton broke in. "The truth is, I was so crazy I don't rightly know what he called it. Anyway, a blood-vessel she burst in her throat saved her life. She heard that Treherne was dead."

"Treherne dead!"

"Yes; been ill for a week, it seems. The other evening he dragged himself out of bed, and went to some wretched railway meeting. It killed him. Oh, and he was ruined, too; lost everything, almost," answered her ladyship, struggling back to her ordinary manner with an effort.

The Colonel stood speechless for a few seconds, then he said:

"I can do no good here; I must be off to London. I may be of assistance about Treherne's affairs."

"Upon my word, you are a good fellow," exclaimed Lady Bolton, extending her hand with more cordiality than she had ever shown him. "Come, let us go down to breakfast. Shouldn't wonder if those fools went into spasms for fear I might bring infection. You must swear that I've been fumigated."

By noon the house was empty of guests, with one exception. Constance Denby still remained. She had told Lady Bolton, on the previous night, that she should not go while she could be of the slightest service, and before this day ended, it became clear enough that her presence was all-important.

Most of the time, Mrs. Treherne lay silent and still. When for brief intervals she roused out of this species of stupor, it was only to become the prey of delirious fancies, whose trouble Constance's voice alone could soothe.

A professional nurse arrived during the afternoon, and the same train brought a doctor, for whom the great physician, forced to return to town, had telegraphed, assuring Lady Bolton that the patient could not be in better hands.

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There followed a week of incessant watching and anxiety; but at the expiration of that period, it became evident that youth and strength would triumph. Mrs. Treherne's recovery was only a matter of time.

And on that very day Lady Bolton, too worn out and shaken for any attempt at the cynicism beneath which she habitually tried to hide the impulsive warmth of her heart, came weeping to Constance, to show her paragraphs in certain journals, which she had just received.

Hints were thrown out that the public were not yet acquainted with the real facts concerning the sudden illness of the famous beauty, which had followed so close upon her husband's failure and death. These matters were likely soon to become the property of the world at large, and a new interest would thereby be excited in the renowned lady, though, perhaps, of a nature less agreeable to the object thereof, than that which had surrounded her during her brief career of dominion.

Of course no name was mentioned, but the inference could not be mistaken, and as Constance flung down the papers with indignant scorn, Lady Bolton exclaimed:

"Did you ever read anything so infamous? It's some woman's work, you may be sure."

"Spare our sex, for once," Constance interrupted. "This is a man's doing. No, don't ask me any questions; I can't answer you now."

"And is there nothing we can do?"

"Nothing at present; we must wait till she is better."

"It is all a base fabrication," cried Lady Bolton. "Nobody has blamed Florence Treherne more severely than I; but at least I have done it to her face. She was mad with vanity—drunk with success."

"Who would not have been, under similar circumstances?" asked Constance, as Lady Bolton paused, choked by a sob.

"You—I—any woman living," cried her ladyship. "But except those faults, which have been as much her misfortune, she is beyond suspicion. Oh, that these scandals could be stopped!"

"I think they can be; but we must have patience," Constance said. "I wish — don't think me the wickedest creature alive—I wish almost that she could have died. Think of the change—alone, cramped in means, perhaps injured in reputation, neglected by the world that has been at her feet. Oh, how is she to bear it?"

"She will have one friend," cried Lady Bolton. "I'll take her away from England as soon as she is well enough. I'll—by Jupiter—I'll marry her to a duke, or at least a Yankee millionaire!"

"For shame," returned Constance, though her voice was sad rather than reproving. "Dear, dear Lady Bolton, if you want really to be her friend, try to help her to overcome her faults, to develop what is good and noble in her character—and there are such elements there—show her there is something higher to live for than notoriety and adulation. Oh, I beg your pardon; I ought not to speak like this."

"Yes, you ought," cried her ladyship, giving her a hearty embrace, while the tears ran afresh down her cheeks. "You ought, and I thank you for it; I won't forget, either. God bless you for a good woman, my dear, and the species is rare."

"I deny it," said Constance, and then tried to talk playfully, to enable the old lady to grow more cheerful.

Constance went back to the sick-room, in which her watch had been almost incessant. When the attacks of delirium came on, she had not permitted either Lady Bolton or the nurse to remain in the chamber. No ear save hers, which had already heard so much, must listen to the babblings that forced upon her a clear understanding of the events of the past weeks.

There was no anger in Constance's mind. Under other circumstances she might have felt profound contempt; but the poor creature's terrible illness, the recollection of the troubles which lay beyond, would serve for all time to come to keep her memories of Florence Treherne soft with pity and regret.

The hours wore on; the patient still slept. Old Hester stole in to bring her beloved mistress a cup of tea, and coaxed her to lie down on a sofa in the boudoir, while she herself watched by the sick-bed.

Constance slept for awhile, but roused up quickly at the sound of Florence's voice, saying:

"Where is she? I know she was here. Oh, she hasn't gone—beg her to come back."

In an instant, Constance was leaning over the couch, whispering:

"Here I am, close by you."

Florence gazed at her with those beautiful eyes, rendered unnaturally large by the wasted contours of the face, and a faint mist gathered over them as she sighed:

"I'm afraid to look at you—yet it quiets me. I want to tell you—"

"And I want you first of all to take some delicious broth that Hester is going to bring.

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She made it herself, and nobody can make broth like my Hester," Constance said, lightly.

Mrs. Treherne shut her eyes, and a tear stole slowly under the lids. She did not speak again until she had drunk the broth which the quadroon brought, then she whispered to Constance:

"I wish you would send her away. I want you here alone, please."

But this was exactly what Miss Denby desired to avoid; and fortunately, at the moment, Lady Bolton and the Doctor entered the boudoir.

"I must write some letters," Constance said, "and I will do it now."

"But you will come back soon?" Florence asked, beseechingly.

"Very soon."

She went away to her own room, and did not return until Hester informed her that Mrs. Treherne had fallen asleep.

Constance knew that an explanation must come; but she was anxious to defer it until the sufferer had gained more strength, and between her skillful precautions and Florence's own shrinking and fears, three days elapsed before any matter of importance was discussed between them.

In the meantime, Lady Bolton was freshly exasperated and pained by receiving another newspaper, containing vague hints and injurious insinuations pointing towards Mrs. Treherne, besides numerous letters from friends, who had read the earlier paragraphs, and were wild with curiosity to learn if her ladyship knew what they meant.

On the third day, Florence was left to the charge of her own maid for awhile, and something the voluble French woman said reminded her to ask for any letters that might have arrived during her illness.

Felicie knew that quite a package lay in a drawer of the writing-table in the boudoir, and went in search of them.

"This came only a little while ago. I brought it up myself," she said, holding one envelope so that Mrs. Treherne, propped up among her pillows, could read the superscription.

Florence seized the letter, tore it open, read a few lines, and burst into a hysterical spasm so strong, that the woman ran to call Miss Denby, frightened on her own account, as she had been forbidden to give her mistress letters until she received the doctor's permission.

Constance hurried to the sick-room, locking the door behind her as she entered. For some moments, Mrs. Treherne could only sob and gasp for breath; but the stimulants which Miss Denby administered acted quickly on her enfeebled frame, and she was able to control herself to a certain extent.

"You must be quiet; you will be ill again," Constance said.

"I can't. I shall never know peace or rest until—until—oh, I meant to speak before; but you'll go away; you will despise and hate me forever," moaned the wretched woman.

Constance took the struggling hands, and held them firmly in hers, saying:

"I shall not go while you need me, and I shall never have any but the kindest feelings towards you; be sure of that."

"Don't—don't—I can't bear your goodness," groaned Mrs. Treherne. "If I wait, I shall be such a coward that I can't. Oh, turn your head away. I must tell—I must."

Constance bent over her; laid one hand softly on her forehead, and whispered:

"There is nothing to tell; you told me everything one night when you were partially delirious."

Mrs. Treherne shrank away from her touch, and buried her head in the pillows. Presently, without looking up, she said, brokenly:

"About—about the day Jack went—all I did—"

"There is nothing to tell," Constance repeated.

"And yet you stayed by me. Oh, my God, you almost make me hope that sometime you might forgive me," moaned Florence.

"I have already, Mrs. Treherne."

There was a brief silence. Florence lay weeping quietly; then she turned her face upwards, with a glance of such earnest supplication, that Constance's womanly intuitions understood what favor she longed for and dared not ask. She stooped again, and kissed the quivering lips, saying:

"It is all blotted out and forgotten. Now tell me; you read a letter that has troubled you—"

"Where is it?" cried Florence. "Here—here—oh, he threatens me. Did I tell you about him, too?"

"Enough so that I understand. Do you want me to read it?" Constance asked, as Florence pointed to the open letter on the counterpane.

"Yes—yes. Oh, why did you let me live—I can't—I can't."

"You can, and you shall do it free from his control," Constance said, and though even while uttering the words, she felt as if, holding out a hope which she had no power to fulfil, she could not keep them back. She said them over and over, too; for they brought such composure and strength to her charge, that she could not resist Florence's passionate appeals to hear them anew.

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Miss Denby read the base cowardly epistle, written in such cautious terms that to one ignorant of all the circumstances it might almost have seemed a letter of condolence and sympathy, yet every line and phrase warned Constance as plainly as they had done Mrs. Treherne, that Colonel Stretton meant to have his revenge; that he had already begun his work.

"Courage," she said, flinging the letter down. "The snake shall sting nobody but himself—courage."

There was no time to be lost, and even if dispatch had not been necessary, Constance knew that in order to give Mrs. Treherne any repose she must be allowed to talk; to tell the whole story out.

And Florence kept nothing back. She told of the money obligations; as well as she could remember what was in the letters with which Stretton threatened her; and when she had finished, she said, with a humility that was touching:

"I can rest now. You have heard, and you don't hate me. I can rest."

CHAPTER XII.

The next day, before noon, Miss Denby and old Hester reached London, and drove to Lady Bolton's house, the movements of its eccentric owner being habitually so erratic that her town establishment was always kept sufficiently in order to receive her at the briefest and most unexpected notice.

An hour later, Jack Erlescourt, as his friends still called him, with a disregard of his stately title, knocked at the door.

A telegram, which he had early that morning received from Lady Bolton, had requested him to call, and he came supposing that some business had brought her to town. He was shown into a reception-room on the ground-floor, and as he moved forward in the softly-obscured light, he saw Constance Denby standing near the hearth.

He stopped, fairly rooted to the ground, exclaiming:

"Miss Denby."

She advanced a few steps. He saw her cheeks grow scarlet, then white; he saw her hand extended; then he heard her say:

"Jack! Won't you speak to me, Jack?"

"Constance—Constance," he cried.

"Yes," she said, with another vivid blush, which brightened her face into absolute beauty. "Constance—come to ask if you can forgive her."

Jack Erlescourt always vows that he was once an utter lunatic for a brief season, and had there been any third person to watch him during the first half-hour after his entrance into the room, the unbiased verdict of said watcher would undoubtedly have given unqualified support to Jack's statement.

When it became possible to make him listen to anything beyond assurances that he possessed the heart of the woman he loved, to make him comprehend that there even existed a world outside the Paradise into which he had been so suddenly raised, Constance told him her errand, and asked for his counsel and assistance.

But Jack was quite able to take the whole burden on his own shoulders; for it so happened that certain secrets of Colonel Stretton's carefully-guarded life had fallen into his hands, and his task was thereby rendered easy.

"Wait for me," he said, "I will be back in an hour. The beast is sure to be at his lodgings at this time."

"You must take this," Constance said, holding out a folded paper. "I have drawn my check for the whole sum she owes him. No—no—don't hesitate; she must not have the mortification of feeling that you settled it; and paid it must be."

"Of course I should have blundered without you," cried Jack, with a humility unparalleled in the history of masculine confessions. "Heaven be praised, I shall always have you at hand to keep me from blundering any more. Oh, my love, my darling, tell me it is all real. I'm so afraid yet of waking to find it's only a dream. Constance—Constance."

And Jack came near going madder than before; but Constance's anxiety brought his reason back, and he managed at length to get out of the room, though the feat was only accomplished by Miss Denby's accompanying him as far as the hall.

What passed in the interview, which took place between the young man and Colonel Stretton, the world has never known; but certain it is that on the following day Stretton left abruptly for the Continent, and was not seen in his accustomed haunts during the next twelvemonth.

The following afternoon, Florence Treherne was seated in her boudoir, having been assisted to rise for the first time. A telegram, received on the previous evening, had assured her that Miss Denby's mission was satisfactorily fulfilled.

Lady Bolton had just left her. The pair had held a long conversation, and Florence knew that at least one friend meant to stand firm beside her, and that one so powerful that she must prove a host in herself.

The French woman stole quietly in with a package of letters, placed them on the table by her mistress, and went out as noiselessly as she had appeared.

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Florence tore open a large envelope, directed in Constance Denby's hand; her own letters to Colonel Stretton fell out, and with them the Colonel's acknowledgment of the settlement of her debt.

There was, too, a long, tender, encouraging epistle from Constance herself, and as Mrs. Treherne read the beautiful pages she was shaken by an emotion which lay too deep for tears. Constance did not mean to return to the Towers. She knew that for Mrs. Treherne's sake it was better they should not meet at present, and humiliating as the idea was to Florence, she recognized its justice.

But a deeper humiliation than this awaited the poor beauty's vanity and pride. When she roused herself from a half-hour's meditation, that was so full of conflicting emotions she could not have told which was uppermost, she noticed a newspaper lying on the table by her letters. She unfolded it; her eye fell on a paragraph marked with red ink.

She read it through—read it twice, and it was written with the ingenuity of a woman and the malice of a man.

The renowned professional beauty was recovering from her terrible illness—a matter for congratulation to all. She was greatly to be pitied; harsh censors would assert that her extravagance had ruined her husband and hastened his death; vile calumnies no doubt, but the world loved scandal. Sad, too, to contemplate the fate before her. She was almost twenty-eight now; two years of seclusion would see her beauty, already impaired by illness and suffering, injured past remedy. She must share the fate of dethroned monarchs—forgetfulness. Indeed, in any case she would have found it difficult to retain her supremacy: a fresh star had risen who would have proved a dangerous rival; but now, the rival's triumph was secure. Florence Treherne's brief reign would, when the season opened, be speedily eclipsed by the triumphs which awaited the already chosen new Professional Beauty.

This paragraph had been Colonel Stretton's last work before leaving England. It was all the revenge he dared to take; but had he been able to carry out his wishes to their full, his vengeance could hardly have been more bitter.

[THE END.]

OVER THE HILLS.

BY FANNY DRISCOLL.

Over the hills where the sunset dies,
Dear, my heart, what mystery lies
Folded away from my longing eyes?

When the purple and gold and the crimson pales,
Dim and solemn, as fading sails
That slip o'er the edge of a world that fails?

When wan blue smoke drifts in a haze,
Lingering after the scarlet blaze.
Ah, who hath trodden those mystic ways?

Over the hills where the white doves flit,
Where the evening star in the dusk is lit.
Oh, the tender light and the peace of it.

What glories lie? What beauties sweet?
What bloom-strewn paths for weary feet?
What odorous breezes, calm and fleet?

What shimmering streams, and meadows green,
What turquoise lakes, and fields serene,
And summer skies that smile and lean?

Over the hills what hearts await
Our tardy coming, and mourn us late?
Why do you stand there so still, oh fate?

Let me look for a moment beyond the hills,
With an eager heart that throbs and thrills.
Ah, fate, you are cruel; my warm blood chills.

Over the hills I never may go;
Not for me is the splendor and glow,
Nor the unknown bliss, nor the unknown woe.

LOVE, COME.

BY MAUD MEREDITH.

Come to me when the soft dew lies;
Come to me when the white mist flies
Before the wings of the wind.

Come when the early spring birds sing;
Come when the gold of the roses fling
Their perfumed breath behind.

Come, my love, wilt thou come to me,
From over the land, from over the sea,
Only, my love, that thou come.

I have sought thee far, I have sought thee near,
Oh, dream of my passionate soul, so dear,
Where do your footsteps roam?

I will scale the dreariest heights untold,
I will ride the seas like a mariner bold,
For the breath of one loving sigh.

I will barter the world, nor count the cost,
For a love well won, were the world well lost,
Then fall at your feet and die.

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A MODERN CINDERELLA.

BY ELLA RODMAN CHURCH.

THE Lethwarte mansion was well known in the suburban town of ——. It was one of those stately, double stone houses, which wealthy families built for themselves, eighty or a hundred years ago, and which, even in this day, have a certain aristocratic air, that is denied somehow to most modern ones, however costly or pretentious. But for three generations, the owners had been getting poorer and poorer, and when our story opens, they really had no visible means of support. Mrs. Lethwarte, however—for the occupant was a widow—was an excellent manager, and did so well, that no one suspected the daily struggle for a living, that went on behind those thick walls.

The mansion stood by itself, occupying a whole square of ground. However imposing the front was, with its pediment in the centre, its elaborate front-door, and its stately quoins at the corners, the back was not so aristocratic. Here a two-story kitchen ran out at right angles to the main building, and, at the extreme end, a one-story summer-kitchen. Through the wide-open door of this latter and ruder kitchen, a passer-by in the back lane could not unfrequently, in hot weather, see a young girl, in the cheapest of dresses, and often shoeless and stockingless, at work. She was so unusually pretty, however, and had such a high-bred face, that the wonder was how she came to fill this menial position. Occasionally, she was to be observed feeding pigeons; for there was an ancient dove-cote on the place, and the birds flocked about her as if she was an old friend; and at these times she often sang to herself, as if unconsciously, but in a voice to "witch an angel from the skies."

One hot day, in early summer, a handsome man of about thirty-five years was loitering along this back street, attracted by the cool quiet of its overhanging lindens, when his attention was aroused by this voice. Glancing across the low fence, he saw a young girl, attired in a simple white bodice and dark stuff skirt, with her yellow hair hanging down her shoulders, and her round white arms bare to the elbows. She was sitting on a sort of raised hearth, where a small fire was burning under an iron pot, and was feeding and watching a flock of pigeons that clustered about her feet.

Mr. Ralph Morrison, for that was the name of the stranger, had just returned from Europe. He was rich, gentlemanly, thoroughly cultivated; and had no occupation, except that he dabbled in literature a little, and was an accomplished musical and art critic.

"A veritable Cinderella," he exclaimed, as he paused, for a moment, to take in the pretty picture. "I am sure she must have a story. Such a face does not go with the coarse blood of a churl, nor such a voice, for the matter of that."

He was not mistaken. Mr. Lethwarte had died about two years previously, leaving his only sister's only child as a legacy to his wife. Bessie had already been an inmate of the family for a few years, the death of her mother having left her an orphan. At first, her aunt and cousins had made much of her; for she was a pretty, engaging child, and had, they were led to believe, a comfortable little income, that would naturally go to them, in return for their giving her a home. But when, after some few years, Mr. Lethwarte died, this effusive affection suddenly ceased. For it was then found that he had not only left little or nothing of his own, having muddled his means away in foolish speculations, but that he had lost Bessie's small fortune also in similar ventures. The poor child was taken from school at once, and reduced to the condition of a menial servant. Nothing was said to her of the real truth. On the contrary, she was told that her mother had died poor, and that her uncle had taken her out of charity. So she became a sort of maid-of-all-work, forever at the call of her three cousins. She scoured the knives; she carried up coal; her dresses were shortened; she was even told it was a "waste of money" for her to wear shoes and stockings in summer, when at work in the kitchen. For, in addition to her other labors, she acted as a kind of assistant to old Nancy, a family servant, the only one retained after the funeral, and who was cook and general factotum. Bessie also waited at table, and if unexpectedly encountered by visitors, she presented the awkward appearance of an overgrown girl, trying to cover, with inadequate skirts, her too liberally displayed ankles.

"Poor child," her aunt would say, on such occasions, "she has shot up like Jack's beanstalk. Did you ever see such a grenadier for a girl of twelve?"

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The truth was, Bessie was seventeen, and already a woman.

People wondered, meantime, how the family were able to keep on in that expensive house.

"It is natural," they said, "that Mrs. Lethwarte should wish to retain the old mansion; it is a sort of patent of nobility; but how in the world does she manage it?"

They did not know that the deft fingers, so busy with crocheting, and knitting, and fancy work of all kinds, were paid regularly for what they did by two or three large stores in New York. Nor that Adelaide, the musical daughter, went down to the city, three times a week, to give lessons to pupils there. In addition to this, Mrs. Lethwarte, on the strength of deep mourning, addressed, at intervals, moving letters to distant relatives and wealthy friends, asking for temporary loans, which were always sent as gifts, and which, in the aggregate, amounted to a snug little income.

Yet, after all, these various resources proved inadequate, and the widow saw nothing else to do but to rent the second floor, if appearances were to be kept up. There was only this alternative, or that of moving to a smaller house; and the latter involved the abdication of what little was left of their old social position.

But the proposition was received with shrieks of horror from her daughters.

"Live in part of a house?" screamed Miss Adelaide.

"Take in some horrid people?" groaned Miss Louisa.

"Have we really come to keeping boarders?" whimpered Miss Josephine.

"Do hold your silly tongues," exclaimed their perplexed mother. "You don't know what you are talking about. I do not propose living in part of a house, nor taking in horrid people, nor keeping boarders; but as a family of ladies living by ourselves without a man among us, if some wealthy, well-recommended gentleman should want two large second-story rooms at a liberal price, taking his meals elsewhere, it would be wise in us to let him have them."

This was a more acceptable way of putting the matter, and Miss Adelaide gracefully yielded, only stipulating that the rooms should not be openly advertised.

"I have no such idea," was the reply. "I shall insert an advertisement, with no address but to the post-office, say to H. K., and ask for a private interview." And so it was finally arranged.

"Of course we shall have to crowd," said the eldest sister, "and that is not a pleasant idea; but we can dress a great deal better, and we shall have the parlors quite to ourselves."

"And if a nice middle-aged man, with plenty of money, comes," remarked Miss Lou, saucily, "you must play and sing your very prettiest, Ad; for who knows what might happen?"

"Thank you, Miss," was the reply, "but I am no more fond of middle-aged men than you are. Suppose you set your own cap for him?"

"Well," said Miss Jo, laughing heartily at this passage-of-arms, "it is altogether too funny to hear you quarreling as to who shall not have him; but I give you both fair warning that if he is anything under seventy, and diffuses an atmosphere of wealth about him, I shall lay violent siege to him without loss of time. I am tired and sick of this everlasting pinching and screwing."

In a few days, an answer came to the advertisement. The answer asked for an interview. The applicant was no less a person than Mr. Morrison himself. By one of those strange chances, which sometimes happen, he had resolved to leave the hotel and seek lodgings for the summer; for he had decided to remain at ——. Perhaps, unconsciously to himself, he was influenced by the thought of his vision of Cinderella. He was curious, at least, to know who she was. Often and often, he had strolled through the back street since that first day; but he had never again seen the fair young singer.

"But I will, some day yet," he kept saying to himself.

Mrs. Lethwarte answered the note immediately, and appointed an interview at his convenience. But as she did not write until noon, she thought he would not come before the next day. That very afternoon, however, a tall fine-looking gentleman sent up his card to Mrs. Lethwarte, and on the card was engraved the name of "Ralph Morrison," with the words, "to look at the rooms."

Four feminine hearts began to flutter forthwith. But it was proper only for Mrs. Lethwarte to go down, and calling up an expression of dignified affability, she descended, leaving her three daughters behind.

But what was her horror, on entering the parlor, to find the distinguished visitor actually conversing with Bessie. Bessie, who had been employed, at the moment of his arrival, in dusting the chandelier, to which she had climbed with the aid of a small chair placed on a larger one, and, in her surprise at the unexpected apparition, had lost her balance, and would have fallen but for his timely aid.

She had not heard the bell ring; but Nancy,

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who was just returning from an errand, saw the good-looking stranger, and hurried, after letting herself in at the lower regions, to admit him by the upper door. In he came upon poor Bessie, who, between the suddenness of his appearance and dread of her aunt's wrath in being caught thus, lost her head and her balance together, and was fairly in the gentleman's arms before she could recover herself. She blushed in a painful manner over her awkwardness. But Mr. Morrison recognized his Cinderella at once, and thought that, in spite of her short dress, she was more beautiful than ever.

Mrs. Lethwarte's glance was something terrible. But it was directed entirely to Bessie, who retired forthwith, and had a good cry by herself in her little attic-room, while the gentleman hastened to say:

"Your daughter, Madame, came very near meeting with an accident in her ambitious attempt to reach the chandelier; but I was fortunate enough to break the young lady's fall."

"She is not my daughter," was the prompt reply, "but my husband's niece, and an unfortunate wayward child, who has grown so unreasonably that strangers always suppose her to be several years older than she really is, and can scarcely be convinced that she is only fourteen. I have told her, time and again, not to climb up in that uncertain way; but she seems resolved to disobey me."

In this, Mrs. Lethwarte violated truth in more than Bessie's age. What she had really told Bessie was:

"Such nonsense to talk about a dizzy head at your age, when that chandelier is just a disgrace to behold. No, Miss—Nancy shall not do it: a clumsy ox, who would be sure to fall and break everything around. No, go to work at once, and let me hear no more about it."

Mr. Morrison politely dismissed the subject, and proceeded to business. That flushed, tearful face haunted him, and he was resolved to have the rooms, whatever their price. The terms, accordingly, were quickly settled. Mrs. Lethwarte's heart beat high with elation at the ready acceptance of her rather exorbitant demands.

"So that is fixed," said the gentleman, "and I will send in my own furniture, and take possession at once, if you please."

All this was especially pleasing, as the household properties were scant, and Mrs. Lethwarte had even meditated putting something more into the rooms in the event of a lodger. Poor little Bessie, however, had to work harder than ever to get the apartments in readiness, and became a veritable Cinderella in the ashes.

She had her reward, though, in handling and admiring the lovely things that arrived for the adornment of the rooms. Pictures, wall-cabinets, quaint brackets, beautifully-carved chairs, rare vases and bronzes, gathered from the various quarters of the globe whither the owner's fancy had taken him, filled the young girl with delight, although her only part or share in them was just to dust and put them in their places. This was done with the easy grace of a natural artist, leaving very little for Mr. Morrison to change on his arrival.

Of course, the demoiselles Adelaide, Louisa, and Josephine had also made themselves thoroughly acquainted with the lodger's possessions, although not at all in the way of help; and covetous glances were cast on various small articles, which they fingered so often that Bessie was really afraid they would end with purloining them.

"Oh, please be careful," she exclaimed, involuntarily, as Adelaide seized a malachite vase of exquisite hue. "You will certainly drop it."

"And pray who gave you the charge of Mr. Morrison's things?" asked her cousin, with great scorn, while Lou added, significantly:

"Take care, my child, how you fly in the face of your elders. Adelaide expects to have the care of these articles herself, some day."

Bessie's sudden face of horror caused the young ladies to glance toward the door, and there, with a somewhat surprised aspect, stood Mr. Morrison. He had not expected to find his goods and chattels arranged in detail, preferring to perform that office himself; and the ladies had not expected to see him before night. Down went the vase in fragments on the floor, while the dreadful thought arose: "How much had he heard of their conversation?"

"It is all that careless child's fault," murmured Adelaide, as she went to call her mother, while her sisters gladly followed.

"Child" was the general name by which Bessie was known in the household; it seemed an effectual protest against the hallucination of regarding her as a young lady.

"It really was not my fault, sir," said a very tearful voice, as the speaker stooped over the broken fragments, "I tried to save it, but—"

"I know you did, my child," was the smiling reply, "and I cannot allow you to trouble yourself about these pieces. Fortunately, it was not the only piece of malachite in the world."

"Child!" How it rang in her ears. If she could only tell him that she was not a child—that she was seventeen; if she could only change this hateful dress. Ah, she little knew what he really thought.

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But her aunt's displeased tones soon changed the current of her reflections.

"Bessie! I am ashamed of your carelessness," cried Mrs. Lethwarte. "What are you doing here? Go to your lessons at once."

It sounded well to say that her niece was studying at home; therefore Mrs. Lethwarte said it; but the lessons were decidedly a figure of speech.

Meanwhile, Mr. Morrison devoted himself to the task of mollifying his hostess, assuring her that Bessie had nothing to do with the breaking of the vase, which was purely an accident. He wisely refrained from saying whose fault it was, and the poor child was spared a scolding, while the young ladies concluded that, in the confusion, the gentleman did not notice but that the vase was accidentally knocked from the shelf.

Miss Adelaide soon discovered that a handsome upright piano, in the second-story front-room, had an unusually sweet tone, and she did not hesitate to avail herself of it when the owner was "out of the way." That young lady's practicing was more vigorous than ever, and Mrs. Lethwarte informed their lodger that "dear Adelaide" would shine in opera were not family feeling so strongly against it, and that, had she foreseen her child's remarkable gift, she would certainly have named her Cecilia.

"I have heard some very sweet snatches of song at intervals," said Mr. Morrison, in an interested tone; "its only fault consisted in the fact that there was so little of it."

Mrs. Lethwarte smiled in reply, and said:

"You are too complimentary." But she had her own reasons for not pursuing the subject.

Mr. Morrison opened his door, one afternoon, to find himself facing a rosy vision of beauty on the landing, that yet had a familiar look—a look of Bessie Richmond.

The dress of pink tarletan and spangles, the crown of roses, the pink stockings and slippers, the chestnut hair, crimped and floating, were a little theatrical, perhaps, but infinitely becoming. Poor child! Why need she look so dreadfully ashamed about it, and stand transfixed there like a guilty thing?

"Are you going to a masquerade?" asked the lodger, smilingly. "And what character are you supposed to be?"

"You silly child," exclaimed Mrs. Lethwarte, rushing wildly to the rescue, at the sound of the gentleman's voice. "Why will you go about the house in that absurd dress? I don't wonder that Mr. Morrison should ask what it means. She and some young companions," turning blandly to him, "have got up a sort of Fairy Drama; and as Bessie's dress has just come home, nothing would satisfy her but to put it on and show herself to her cousins in it. Don't stand there looking foolish, child. Go and get on your proper clothes at once."

"Miss Bessie has some singing to do in this entertainment, has she not?" asked the gentleman, when the pretty vision had vanished.

"A little, I believe," was the guarded reply. "I dare say you have been disturbed by her screaming at all hours. She will never be a Jenny Lind."

"I would gladly listen to any amount of such screaming," was the reply. "Your niece has a charming voice."

It was Bessie, then, to whom he owed these snatches of song.

"Was there ever anything so provoking?" thought the irate lady. "Bessie does seem to have the luck of stumbling upon Mr. Morrison at the most mal-apropos moments. And I have taken such pains to keep all this as quiet as possible. What should I do if he found it out?"

What, indeed, if he should find out that she was anticipating a comfortable weekly income from her young niece's beauty and vocal gifts? That she was to appear in public, not in private, in the Fairy Drama? And that the "young companions" alluded to belonged to the lower theatre corps?

For Bessie had been caught as she was going upstairs from a rehearsal in the parlor, given at her aunt's command; and her feelings of shame and humiliation were wrought to the highest pitch.

What if they did assure her that no one would ever recognize her among such a crowd of girls on the stage? She dreaded it beyond everything, and wished that her aunt had never seen the advertisement which brought such a dreadful fate upon her. She had no resource, however, but to yield.

"If you do not do as I wish," her aunt had said, "this shall no longer be a home for you."

Bessie went to the theatre, on that eventful evening, under the protection of old Nancy. They took the afternoon train for New York, and were to return by the midnight one. As she could not go alone, old Nancy had been detailed from the kitchen to accompany her.

When the curtain first rose, some wicked gnomes had it all to themselves, and they carried off a mortal princess and hid her in the cave: the "Haunted Cave" being the name of the drama. But the next act brought on the fairy queen, the good genius of the play, slowly rising to view from the heart of a mammoth

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rose, the hollow centre of which communicated with the regions below. She was quickly surrounded by attendant elves and fairies.

But little attention was vouchsafed to them, however, after a sight of that lovely girlish figure, with its rose-crowned golden hair, its starry eyes, and its crimsoned cheeks, poised with the air of a startled fawn, and apparently pondering her chances for flight.

She opened her lips to sing, but no sound came from them; for raising, for the first time, her downcast eyes, Bessie had encountered a pair of other eyes, directly opposite, and they were set in a pale indignant face, that thrilled her very soul.

The place grew suddenly dark. What happened afterward, Bessie neither knew nor cared. When she opened her eyes again, it was to see the same familiar face; but now it was bending over the couch on which she lay. All this was behind the scenes, and Nancy, in a state of abject terror, was crouching near.

"You did not do this thing, then, of yourself, Bessie?" whispered a voice, that seemed to assure her of love, protection, everything she needed.

"Oh, no indeed," was the earnest reply. "They made me do it."

"And would you sooner be my wife than to return to be their slave again?"

"Oh, a thousand times!"

And then, ashamed of the readiness with which she had accepted this sudden offer, Bessie covered her face with her hands and burst into tears.

"Poor child, you have been so desolate," said Ralph Morrison, as he drew her hands aside and kissed her blushing face. "Poor little Cinderella."

But the prince had come, and she was to be Cinderella no longer. Mrs. Lethwarte lost both her niece and her lodger, for in less than a fortnight Bessie was married, and went with her husband for a long visit to Europe.

IN THE FOREST.

BY S. REID.

The wind had gone with the day,
And the moon was in the sky,
As I walked last night, by a lonely way,
To a lonely path in the forest gray,
That we loved, my love and I.

They said: "She had gone to her home
In a land that I did not know."
And the winds were still, and the woods were dumb,
But I knew that she could not choose but come
To a soul that loved her so.

I had longed for her return,
And she came and met me there,
And I felt once more the swift blood burn
Through my heart, as a foot-fall rustled the fern
And a whisper stirr'd the air.

And through where the moonlight streamed
She passed, and never a trace,
Yet sweet in the shadow the glad eyes gleamed,
And the shade more bright than the moonshine seemed
For the brightness of her face.

And I stretched my empty hands,
And I cried in my weary pain,
"Is there—away in the unknown lands,
A heaven, where Time reverts his sands
And the past returns again?"

COMFORT.

BY AGNES FINLEY.

They say: "It matters not how dark the cloud
That veils the sunlight from your longing eyes,
It has a silver lining just beyond
That even with Heaven in glorious beauty vies."
But what care I how bright the lining be,
When all its gloomy darkness falls on me?

They say: "The darkest hour precedes the dawn.
Be patient, then, and wait the coming day;
What wilt thou care how dark has been the night,
When all these shadows shall have passed away?"
Ah, what care I when comes the tardy light,
If I should perish while it yet is night?

They say: "The longest winter ends at last;
The spring-time comes, with bird-songs, fragrant flowers,
And balmy breezes. Soon thou wilt forget
The cruel suffering of these long cold hours."
Ah yes, it comes; but will it come to save?
E'en spring-time cannot warm the chilling grave.

Then tempt me not to hope for happier days.
'Tis best hope die, since it has proved in vain.
The future may be full of joy, but then
It cannot soothe the present bitter pain.
But this I know: That, when this life is o'er
There is a life beyond. I ask no more.

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OUR JONESVILLE FOLKS.

No. II.—EBENEZER LANDERS'ES BOY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE."

I HAVE already writ to you, Mr. Editor, about Ebenezer Landers'es cider-mill, an' the visit he made to me one day, when he'd been drinkin' too much of his own cider. Since that, an awful thing has happened, an' all along o' that cider-mill. Awful!

Wal, that wuz last fall, late in the fall, that I had the talk with him. An' I hain't said a word to him since, nor don't need to; for a preacher whose eloquence will melt the hardest heart has took up the subject.

It was three weeks ago last Friday night, that this awful thing happened. William Henry Landers, or Tip, as they allus call him, is as bright a boy as wuz ever rared up in Jonesville. He is Eben Landers'es only child. An' if ever a child wuz worshiped by its parents, Tip Landers is worshiped by Eben an' Amanda Jane Landers —an' proud! Why, they have allus been proud of him to that extent that I have warned Amanda Jane, time an' agin, that I didn't know but it wuz wicked to be so wrapped up in a human bein', an' set.

"Wal," she says, in proud axents, "ain't he worth bein' proud of? Did you ever see a brighter handsomer boy, or a smarter one?"

"No," says I, honestly. For I am one that tells the truth in all places. "No, I never did. He is as smart an' good-natured as my Thomas Jefferson wuz at his age, an' that is as high praise as I would wish to give to anyone; it is as much as they need. But," says I, solemnly, "I only speak as warnin' you against bein' too set on him; for it is a world of sufferin' an' change, and folks don't know what is ahead of 'em—"

Says she, right out:

"It would kill me, Josiah Allen's wife, it would kill me if anything should happen to Tip. I couldn't live; an' his father feels jest so."

"Wal," says I, in reasonable tones, "love never killed as many children as the want of it, an' we'll hope for the best. But agin I warn you, as a sister in the meetin'-house," (she is a strong Methodist.) "don't get too set on him."

But Tip has allus been a great favorite with everybody. He has allus been to school to Jonesville, an' in the spring he wuz goin' to college. His teachers thought everything of him, an' have said that they never had a brighter, more promisin' lad under 'em than Tip wuz. An' his mates thought the world of him. For he wuz allus good-natured as he could be, an' full to the brim of fun an' frolic. Generous, too; he allus wuz liberal-hearted to a fault; an' entirely unbeknown to his father, an' bein' led on by them older than he wuz, Tip has been in the habit o' goin' down suller, an' drawin' off bottles full o' cider, and passin' it round amongst his school-mates. An' drinkin' it so much to home in public—for they used it there as free as water—an' drinkin' it so much on the sly with his mates, why, before he knew it, as it were, Tip got to lovin' it so, that he thought he couldn't do without it, an' he drank more than anybody had any idea of, I s'pose.

Wal, last Friday come in cold an' blusterin'. An' in the evenin' a change took place; it grew colder agin as it had been. An' the wind wuz that searchin' that it would seem to blow right through a man, an' round him, an' under him, an' on top of him, jest like ice, an' keen as sharp daggers.

Wal, Tip come home from school at night, with one o' the scholars, a wild sort of a chap, but rich, an' middlin' well behaved, an' they told Amanda Jane that they wanted to take the horse an' cutter an' go to a evenin' meetin' to a village four miles away. An' she told 'em she hated to have 'em go out when it wuz so cold. But they laughed at her, an' said they wuzn't a couple o' old women or girls to be afraid of a puff o' cold air.

Tip always had his way, an' so he prevailed on her—his father bein' away from home. An' they set off with a bay horse an' a single cutter.

But before they went, entirely unbeknown to Amanda Jane, Tip went down suller, an' filled a gallon jug with cider. An' as it happened, he tackled the very hardest barrel there wuz in the suller, one that hadn't never been tackled, an' wuz seven years old if it wuz a minute.

Wal, they said they would be to home by nine, an' when it got ten Amanda Jane got worried. But Eben, who had got jest enough cider down him to make him feel rich an' comfortable—as

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cider will make anyone feel when you get jest enough down—he told her not to worry, for the boys wuz all right, an' wuz probably havin' a splendid time. An' finally they went to bed. His mother not goin', mind you, without leavin' a good warm fire for her boy, an' the door onlocked, an' a pie, an' some nut-cakes, an' things, on a stand by the stove.

Wal, the clock struck eleven, an' Amanda Jane a-growin' worrieder an' worrieder, an' not sleepin' a wink, when all of a sudden she heard the horse an' cutter drive into the yard, an' stop to the horse-barn; an' she turned over an' felt easy. She had been a-settin' up on end in the bed, with her night-cap pushed back, a-listenin'. But time went on, an' no boys come in, an' she set up on end agin an' listened. An' finally she hunched Eben, an' told him that the horse had come, but the boys hadn't. An' he snapped her up, as men will when they are rousted up from a sleep:

"Wal, wal, what if they hain't? They are onharnessin'."

An' he dropped off to sleep agin. But mothers' eyes are wakeful, an' mothers' hearts beats warm an' faithful, an' pretty soon she rousted him up agin, an' told him that "he must get up, for sumthin' had happened to them boys, an' she knew it."

An' he, beginnin' to feel kinder skairt, got up an' dressed him, an' lit the lantern, an' went out; an' there stood the horse all covered with white frost, an' sumthin' a-lyin' in the bottom of the cutter. He lifted up the robe, an' there lay Jake Rumsey, dead stupid drunk—with the cider-jug by the side o' him, empty.

Eben Landers'es heart beat like a sledge-hammer, an' his voice wuz hoarse an' awful screechin' as he hollered out to him:

"Where is Tip? Where is Tip?"

But he might jest as well have asked the horse, an' better, for that could whinner, an' had all the sense it was born with.

An' by that time Amanda Jane wuz out there, a-wringin' her hands an' a-cryin', more'n half crazy. An' they rousted up the neighbers, an' carried Jake in, an' I s'pose no mortal man will ever know jest what Eben Landers'es feelin's wuz, as they carried in the empty cider-jug, an' set it down.

An' then Eben an' one of the neighbers got into the cutter an' drove that horse back on a hard run, an' about three miles back they found him. They found Tip a-lyin' on the road, jest as he had fell out o' the cutter, with his two hands froze stiff, an' both of his feet.

They thought he wuz dead, an' the doctor said that half an hour more would have killed him. If the horse hadn't happened to come home—if Amanda Jane hadn't happened to have been awake an' heard it—that young life would have ended there. But no, there wuz no happen in the matter.

Things don't happen. The Mighty One who watches the fall of a snow-flake, an' the flight of a wild bird, wuz not unmindful of the fate of that bright young life. But poor boy—poor Tip! His hands an' feet had to be cut off, an' he jest lived through the operation, that is all. He looks like a shadow; but not more like one than his mother.

An' now I am tellin' the plain livin' truth: Amanda Jane's hair, which that Friday wuz black as a coal, is full of white threads. Sorrow's hand, that has lain so heavy on that poor head, has left 'em there.

An' that woman wuz as innercent as an infant babe; an' that is one of the awfulest things connected with the hull subject of intemperance—how the innercent suffer with the guilty.

As I said to Josiah, says I:

"You have said to me, Josiah Allen, time an' agin, that it wuz all right to sell cider an' drink it. If anybody wuz fool enough to get drunk, it wuz their own business—it didn't hurt anybody only themselves."

And says I: "Josiah Allen, if you wuz ever goin' to say that to me agin, I want you to go an' look at Amanda Jane Landers'es hair."

"Lay Jane Landers'es head onto me, if you want to," says Josiah, in a surly tone.

Says I, in reasonable axents: "I hain't laid her head onto you. I lay it to you a-upholdin' of it."

"Wal, wal, you are allus a-layin' things to me, an' I s'pose you allus will be."

Says I: "Josiah, I am allus a-callin' things by their right names, an' a findin' out things."

"Wal, wal, I can't help it if you be."

Josiah feels awful on the subject. It has cut him down awfully, he thought so much of Tip. He has acted first-rate, Josiah Allen has. It wuz only yesterday that I heard a awful katouse an' knockin' round up the back-stairs, an' I took my hands right out o' the dish-water an' run out into the wood-house to see what the matter wuz. An' there Josiah Allen wuz, a-luggin' the cider-barrel upstairs to pour into the viniger. His conscience had smoted him, till he had come right out an' acted like a hero an' a warrior in the path of right. I wuz proud of that man. My emotions wuz beautiful, as I stood there an' see him a-denyin' self, an' makin' a martyr of himself, an' strainin' his back, for true an' noble

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principle. But he, though his actions wuz so noble an' beautiful, wouldn't come right out an' tell me how he felt. He concealed his grand an' heroic emotions, as men will, by puttin' on a mask of indifference an' even crossness. An' as he see me stand there a-watchin' him, he muttered sumthin' about:

"Its bein' all dumb nonsense, a-makin' so much dumb viniger."

An' there I hadn't mentioned viniger to him. But I didn't say nothin' back. Truly, there is a time to let men scold, an' a time to curb 'em in. When they are a-climbin' up the steep path o' right, luggin' an' tuggin' a barrel with 'em, if a little scoldin' an' mutterin' is a-goin' to relieve 'em, I let 'em scold an' mutter.

I didn't say nothin' at the time to praise him, knowin' that, tuckered out an' feelin' as he did, praise wouldn't be took as I would wish praise to be took. But I went to work and got a extra-good dinner a-purpose to reward him. I knew well it would be the sweetest reward I could give him. He knew well how pleased, how highly tickled, I wuz by his actions. Why, I jest piled the raisins into the plum-puddin'. An' I didn't scrimp any in the short'nin' of the chicken-pie crust; an' as to jelly an' canned fruit, I wuz lavish an' profuse. He realized my feelin's—an' oh, what a dinner that man did eat. He eat like a man a-mowin'.

Eben Landers is a changed man. Not a drop o' cider will that man ever make agin as long as he lives. As I said, he don't need any more arguments from Samanthy. For that greatest preacher, whose mighty eloquence melts the hardest hearts, has took up the subject.

Truly, when the divine pleadin' of sorrow an' the hauntin' voice of repentance are speakin' to a man's soul, Samanthy's is not needed. But poor Tip—poor boy!

MEMORY'S SPELL.

BY CARRIE F. L. WHEELER.

The simplest things, some subtle spell
  Entwines in all life's phases:
As childhood's happy hours come back
  At sight of meadow daisies;
As looking on the sea, the past
  Upon the present rushes;
As in the wood, a long-hushed voice
  Breaks through the song of thrushes.

And deeps of half-forgotten tears
  Are troubled by the measure
Of some old song, heard long ago,
  When life o'er-brimmed with pleasure;
When "evil days had not come nigh."
  Ah, how the heart remembers
The fires of youth, and fans in vain
  Their gray and lifeless embers.

A rushy brook, its shallows green
  With peppermint and cresses;
A woody bank, with shadows dim,
  A magic power possesses
To stir my spirit to its depths,
  Bring back a joy long over,
When Sister Millie played with me,
  By brook and wild-wood cover.

A breath of woodland ferns, and lo!
  The mists of years are parted:
I seem a care-free girl again,
  Bright-haired and happy-hearted;
I see the road beside the wood,
  'Tis balmy summer weather,
Tom Brown and I from singing-school
  Go loitering home together.

The ferns grew thick along the way,
  The air with incense filling,
That blended with first love's sweet spell,
  Which our soft hearts was thrilling;
And scent of ferns has power for aye
  To set my pulses glowing,
Though years have passed, and o'er Tom's rest
  The daisied grass is blowing.

When fall the misty autumn eves,
  And it is softly raining:
When through the gloaming, far and near,
  The crickets are complaining:
A thought belonging to my past
  With sudden strength arises,
And with sweet airs, from youth's far shore,
  My weary soul surprises.

But night and day, in storm and sun,
  One memory up-springing
Uplifts me, till I almost think
  I hear the angels singing.
Two hazel eyes, two eyes of blue,
  Seem smiling on me ever;
Two voices whisper, through my dreams,
  "We'll meet beyond the river."

Thus tenderly does memory
  Restore life's morning glory,
Ere bitter loss was traced across
  The sweet unfinished story.
Beyond all time is perfect peace,
  In which my heart reposes,
Faith's hand has touched grief's thorny crown,
  And turned the thorns to roses.

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AT KITTERY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SECOND LIFE," ETC., ETC.

So great a change have the last thirty years produced in the social condition of this country, that before I relate an incident which occurred in 1852, I feel as if I should apologize for its incredibility. In some respects, the United States of that date was as different from the country known to the present generation as is Russia now. To that change, I must refer my readers for explanation of whatever may seem strange or unnatural in my story.

The village of Kittery lies among the Pennsylvania hills, closely bordering on Maryland. No railway in 1852 came near it: even the National Road left it contemptuously on one side. A "turnpike," badly kept by the farmers, crept lazily from the county town through the hills up to it, dwindling down at the end of its journey into the long crooked village street, with its occasional houses on either side, each imbedded in its garden of corn, tomatoes, hollyhocks, and dahlias.

Colonel Kildare lived in the big brick house, at the top of the hill; and Doctor Goff in the little stone house, at the bottom. In these two dwellings was all the Brahmin blood of the village: that, everybody knew and felt. Kittery was as proud of its aristocracy as of its mysterious Oriental tree, which was the only one in the State. But there was no outward distinction between ranks. When the sewing society met at Mrs. Kildare's, Mrs. Baltzer, the milliner, and pretty little Jane Edson, the blacksmith's daughter, were among the most active and prominent members; and Jane used to run in every day to talk to poor old Mrs. Goff, who had been bedridden for ten years, and to listen for the hundredth time to her account of how, once, when she was picking coffee before browning it, she found a queer-looking seed and planted it, and out of that came the Oriental tree, which was the wonder of all travelers that had ever visited Kittery.

At the back of the town, behind the shady Commons, was St. Domingo, a huddle of shanties filled with negroes: the descendants, it was supposed, of runaway slaves; for Kittery was conveniently near the Maryland line.

The town was so completely shut off from the outside world, that the people fell back on each other for interest and occupation. When Mrs. Goff had "an attack" in the night, it was known before breakfast in the farthest cabin of St. Domingo; and when the time came for Mrs. Kildare's cousin, in Philadelphia, to send her a spring hat, the town was on the watch for the box, which Deipps, the carrier, always brought up in the buggy, when he came as usual with the mail, on Tuesday evenings.

"Ha, Deipps, what's this?" the Colonel would say, affecting surprise, as he put on his spectacles. "Philadelphia, eh? Pomps and vanities, I suppose. Ah, these women, these women. Handle it gently, Deipps. Aha! here comes Mrs. Baltzer to get the pattern."

"Yes, the ladies everywhere like to keep up with the *ton*," said Deipps. "But I don't know any town in my rounds where they get the style straight from the East as they do in Kittery, thanks to your good lady."

A compliment, as he knew, sure to bring him a glass of the Colonel's famous old, bottled, apple-toddy.

By the time that the box was opened, and Mrs. Kildare, with slightly flushed face, prepared to take this new marvel from its tissue-paper folds, Mrs. Baltzer, and Jennie Edson, and all the ladies in town, were standing breathlessly about her. She lifts it out, shakes loose the purple ribbons and dangling bugles from its peaked crown, and with deliberation places it on her head. There is a pause of suspense—silence. Then Mrs. Baltzer draws a long breath.

"Of all the beautiful hats you've had from the East, ma'am," she cries, "that is the most tasty."

"Tasty? It's lovely," echoes Jennie Edson, who, in imagination, has already built a peaked crown and drooping lace over her own curly hair and soft eyes.

"Yes, I must say it's very becoming," says Mrs. Kildare, and turns from side to side, and peeks and nods at herself in the glass. "Well, I'll take it off, so you can have a good look at it, Mrs. Baltzer." For she knows perfectly well that there will be a long procession of peaked crowns and purple ribbons up the aisle next Sunday.

With all this neighborly feeling, the town, as may be supposed, took a keen interest in the fact that Jennie Edson and young Habersham,

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the carpenter, were engaged at last, and were to be married in a month. Jennie, with her driving energy, red lips, and beaming eyes, and her innocent coquetry, was everybody's friend, and seemed to belong to the community. What would the church fairs or sewing-bees do without her? For that slow, quiet Matt Habersham to take her all to himself was a ridiculous monopoly.

"Besides," said Donner, the innkeeper, when the matter was being discussed for the twentieth time on his long porch, "to go to the root of the matter, Jennie's marryin' below her. The Habershams are strangers, an' the Edsons is among our first settlers. Lemme see, Matthoo's mother on'y come to Kittery in '84—eighteen year ago. Matthoo was about three, just in shorts."

"I mind her," said old Jonas, the hostler, who was balancing himself on the edge of the horse-trough. "Mrs. Habersham was a peaked, delikkit little woman; couldn't wash, nor cook a meal's vittles, nor nothin', without gettin' faint. My wife, that's Nancy, my first, took her an' the chile to job around for their feed. But Nancy soon said she warn't worth her salt."

"Who were the Habershams, anyhow?" said a thin, light-eyed young man in the corner, speaking in a mild womanish voice.

There was a sudden silence, and a quick exchange of significant glances. Shep Wolfe had been in love with Jennie for years, as everybody knew; but nobody knew how he was bearing his disappointment. How could anyone tell what was going on under that perpetually smiling face? This was the first time he had mentioned the affair, and Donner felt that he deserved a full answer.

"Well, 'tain't known exactly. Mrs. Habersham was clost-mouthed. She was a widder from Virginny, in redooced circumstances. More'n that, she never evened to nobody. She warn't used to work, as Jonas says; her hands was as white as a baby's. But she had lots of sperrit. She tuk up tailorin', an' dyein', an' knittin', an' so paid her way, till she died. Matt's got the same push in him, for all he's quiet. He'll get on."

"He's got on," said Lomax, the storekeeper, who was a hot irascible fellow, and a friend of Habersham's. "That lot he's bought is the best small patch in Kittery; an' look at the house he's built on it. He deserves the gal, Matthoo does."

This was said with a triumphant nod at Shep, who met it with his smiling lack-lustre eyes, pulling thoughtfully, meanwhile, at his yellow beard. Nobody spoke for awhile, until Wolfe rose, with a stretch and yawn.

"Well, I must be gettin' to bed, gentlemen," he said. "I've business down to Cross-Roads, to-morrow, an' I must be up early."

Donner remarked, civilly, that it was a long pull to Cross-Roads, and asked "what horse did he allow to take?" Then he was permitted to depart. Nobody ever pressed Sheppard to stay in any company, though he was the gentlest, mildest-mannered man in town.

Passing with his airy noiseless step down the street, he turned into a shady lane, at the foot of which a new cottage was set, in the midst of an enclosure of four or five acres, already laid out in garden and orchard. Shep's eye passed over the pretty little house; the trim fences; the flower-beds, which the carpenter had dug and planted after his day's work was done. But there was no apparent jealousy in his calm survey. He drew behind the lilac hedge, as Habersham and Jennie came up from the garden, and went into the house. They lighted a lamp, and he could see Jennie's face, as she flew from one room to the other, peering into pans and tins in the kitchen, examining the centre-table in the parlor, or the two precious red alum vases, finally forcing Matthew into one rocking-chair, and perching herself daintily in another.

"I declare, this parlor is as pretty as Mrs. Kildare's," she exclaimed. "When we get father's and mother's photographs hung up with red strings, and my potichomanie basket on the table—you've never told me yet, Matt, where you got these chairs and the table?"

She was leaning back in the rocking-chair, her face turned up smiling, expectant. Habersham, his back to the wall, was looking down at her, a passionate heat on his swarthy, finely-cut face. He had forgotten to answer.

"The chairs? Oh, I made them," he said, at last.

"They were not in the shop—"

"No. I worked at them in the loft, after night. I have been at work at them since May."

"We were not engaged in May. Suppose," with a mischievous shrug and smile, "I had accepted Sheppard, after all?"

Wolfe could not see his rival's face. Habersham did not speak for a moment. Then he said, in his peculiar quiet voice:

"I should have sent you the poor things all the same, Jennie. I made them for you."

"But you? What would you have done?" she persisted, curiously watching him.

Habersham was totally different from the other men in Kittery. He did not love nor hate like them. Jennie could not understand any such unsounded hidden depths of passion; it made

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her uncomfortable, fond as she was of him. She was perpetually trying to tear his heart open, to see to the bottom of it.

"Would you have stayed in Kittery, if I had been Sheppard's wife?" she insisted.

"We will not talk of it any longer," he replied, gently. "You are not Sheppard's wife. I remember," he began, with a sudden change of tone, "when I made these things, how slowly I worked. I was afraid to finish them. When I chipped and polished the chairs and tables for you to use, I fancied that in some way I touched you—I came near to you."

"What an absurd boy you are," Jennie laughed. But the tears came to her eyes. Habersham stooped and kissed them. Wolfe drew back quickly, and left the window. When Jennie and Matt came out, a moment later, they saw him strolling down the path, swinging a stick lightly and whistling softly to himself.

The lovers came every evening to inspect the progress in their little home; and every evening Sheppard played the spy, hiding in the thick shrubbery. But if their happiness disturbed him he did not show it: the smiling face, peering at them from the lilacs, was that of an amused benignant friend.

One night, after he had thus watched them, he strolled down the street to his own house, as usual, and went, as usual, as if aimlessly, to his own room. But when the church-clock had struck eleven, and all the village was asleep, he crept out of the back-door to the stable, saddled a horse, and rode at a breakneck pace across the hills. Early next morning, he dismounted at the inn in the county town, sixteen miles distant. His horse was wet and panting; but Sheppard was cool, and as neat and natty, from his spotted blue neck-tie to his shining boots, as though he had that instant stepped out of his chamber. He entered, and lazily surveyed the group of loungers in the bar-room. Then sauntering up to a powerfully-built bearded man, he bowed.

"Major Starr, I presume?"

"Yes!" with a scowl. The Major always scowled suspiciously at strangers.

"I am Sheppard P. Wolfe, Attorney-at-Law in Kittery. I received a letter from you, on Friday, inquiring—"

"Yes, yes," lowering his voice, with a warning gesture. "Well, Mr. Wolfe, any discoveries?"

"I have found the man you are looking for. He is a carpenter in Kittery, by the name of Habersham."

The Major made a clucking sound, expressive of keen delight.

"A—a likely fellow—stout—healthy?"

"Oh, very likely." Mr. Wolfe's smile broadened a little. "Skillful at his trade, too. I should say such a slave ought to be worth a cool four thousand."

"Mother alive?"

"No. Unfortunately, she has been dead for sixteen years."

"It is just eighteen years since she ran away."

"Yes; that is the time. But," with a slight anxiety in his tone, "they describe her as a delicate soft-handed woman, unfit for hard work of any kind."

"Well, Lydia was as white as any woman I ever saw. Brought up in the house as my wife's maid, you know. Keen little devil! To think she's cheated me these eighteen years. The boy's got a stretch of work before him to pay up for it. Well, well. When shall we set out?" he broke off, impatiently.

"At once, if you wish."

"But you haven't had your breakfast?"

"I do not need any. Let me have a fresh horse, Barber; and take care of my mare until I send for her."

Major Starr, who knew his business, was accompanied by the Sheriff, one or two constables, and a few of the new friends whom he had made in the town. They expected to see some fun, they called it, as the runaway slave passed himself off as a white man, and had acquired social standing in Kittery; and there would probably be resistance. They might be needed to maintain, as they phrased it, the dignity of the law.

When the cortege approached the town, Wolfe rode up to the Major.

"I prefer not to appear in this matter," he said, with a sudden air of candor. "I like this poor devil. I have been kind to him, indeed, and—"

"I understand you, Mr. Wolfe. Your feelings do you honor. I shall not need your assistance any longer. It's a clear case, no doubt. But—"

He broke off abruptly, pulling out his purse.

"No, no. I am already paid," said Wolfe, quickly. But the next moment he rode up alongside of the Major, and held out his hand, with the remark: "It's foolish, after all, to refuse a fair fee, eh?"

"I should say so."

Wolfe's palm closed on the bills, as he turned his horse down a side lane, entering the town by another road.

The sun shone warmly into Habersham's shop, that afternoon, its yellow beams lighting up the dusty air and the heaps of curled shavings on

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the floor. The carpenter had thrown off his jacket, and in his shirt-sleeves and with bare head was whistling to keep time to the steady s-z-z-z of his plane.

Colonel Kildare and Donner came up the street hastily, stopped at the wide door, then stepped inside. Matt nodded, but did not pause in his work for a moment; for the shop was one of the village gossiping places, and the two often stopped there for awhile. Now, however, they did not indulge in their usual lazy dribble of talk; but stood silent, furtively but curiously inspecting him, as if they saw the familiar features by a new light.

Matt stopped at last, passed his arm over his wet forehead, and then tried the edge of his plane with his thumb.

"What's the word to-day, Colonel? I thought I heard the tramp of horses' feet awhile ago. Anything up?"

"Well, yes," said Donner.

He gave a quick questioning glance at the Colonel, who answered by a nod. Kildare was a little weazened old man, nervous and fidgety in his movements. He was singularly quiet to-day, and stood with his back to Matt, so that the latter could not see him. The pompous landlord puffed a little before he began.

"Strykes is up. Sheriff Strykes, you know, and three constables from Somerset, and with them a lot of other folks—"

"A *posse comitatus?* Why, what's the matter?"

Matt spoke in quick hurried tones, and reached for his cap.

"No, don't go, Habersham. There's a fellow there from Georgia—a Major—"

He stopped, eyeing Matt keenly. But the young man did not blench. He stood waiting, eager and amused, as any lad in Kittery would be, at the rare chance of an incident in that sleepy town.

"Major—Major Starr. That's the name."

Matt took up his cap, and pulled out the fur rim.

"He has come here," went on the landlord, "to find a runaway slave."

The Colonel gathered his courage, and looked at Habersham; even made a step towards him. Matt was still turning his cap about in his hand.

"Runaway slave? In St. Domingo?" he said, at last.

"No. Lord knows I wish it was Tom Crawford he'd laid claim to," burst out Donner. "That would be a good riddance."

"Yes, Crawford could well be spared," said Matt, coolly. "Who is it he does claim?"

"He says—"

Donner lowered his voice. Then he pushed the big door to, which act left them in partial darkness, except for a beam of light which struck through the window, and fell full on Habersham's head.

"He says that a house-servant of his, named Lydia, ran away, eighteen years ago, and came North; that he has lately found, through the other niggers, that she came to Kittery; and he's followed her."

"I know no woman of that name among our darkeys," said Matt.

He took up his jacket and drew it on, buttoning it closely. Both men were scanning him, as though they had never seen him before. He had a light compactly-built figure, the figure of a well-born white: but how dark he was. Why had they never noticed his color before?

"The woman—Lydia—is dead," said Donner.

"Who does he want, then?"

The innkeeper hesitated.

"She had a son, he says; a boy of about three years old."

The Colonel, as Donner spoke, went up to Matt. He liked the boy. They had often gone hunting together; together they had fought the last township election, and won it.

"When Donner was goin' to tell him," he said, afterwards, "it cut me as if it had been my own son. I didn't know as I keered for any man that a' way."

"Who is the boy? He must be a man now," said Matt, looking the landlord directly in the eye.

"He is a man," stammered Donner.

"Matt, Matt!" cried the Colonel, catching him by the shoulder, "I don't believe it. That is—I don't know—God help us."

"What do you mean?" The carpenter turned from one to the other. "Who is this boy?"

"You—you! Starr has identified your mother as his slave."

Matt flung off the hold of the Colonel, and glared at them both.

"Is this meant as a joke, gentlemen? Because if it is, it's a poor one."

"It's no joke, boy. Starr is at Squire Hutts' office now, swearin' to the facts. The constables are outside here, guardin' the shop. They let the Cunnel an' me pass, to break the matter to you."

"A slave? Mother a slave?" Habersham broke into a yell of wild laughter. "This is simply ridiculous."

"Then," cried Kildare, anxiously, "you know who your mother was? She left some papers—

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proof? She never, you see, said a word about her past life to any of us. Collect yourself, Matt. Try and think. Your freedom depends on it."

"Freedom? Do you think I—"

He stopped, and wiped the drops of sweat from his face.

"No," he went on, "mother never told me anything, except that my father was dead, and that we had belonged to a very different station from that we held here."

"I'm afraid that's true enough," muttered Kildare.

A volley of terrific blows resounded on the door at that moment. The door flew open. The crowd, headed by the constables, rushed in. Starr stood apart.

The officers seized Matt.

"Here's your man, sir," they shouted.

They were powerful men; but Matt hurled them to the ground.

"Stand back," he shouted. "I am as white a man as any here. You, Strykes—you hound? You came whining to me to help elect you, and I would not do it because you are a thief, and now you head this plot. Call off your dogs."

"I didn't know what I know now, when I asked your vote, Habersham," said Strykes, with a chuckle. "You've tricked us all."

"You must bring sufficient proof that this man is your slave, or you cannot seize him," said the Colonel, interposing, and addressing Starr. "You know that much law, don't you?"

The crowd instantly surged up to back him. Matt was their friend, and they would have done it before, but they had too wholesome a dread of the law, to interfere without a leader.

"The proof is complete," said the Major.

There was a breathless pause, waiting for the next sentence. Every face was turned to Habersham, who stood alone in the midst, his eyes fixed on Starr's. In this last moment, a frightful doubt had crept over him. Could it be true? There had always been a strange mystery about his mother. He knew nothing of her—of himself.

"I am white," he said, facing Starr. "Every man in Kittery knows me."

Starr turned his back on him. He was at bottom a kind-hearted man. Something in Matt's manly bearing touched him. But he felt that he had been cheated, somehow, out of the work of half a lifetime.

"The proof is complete," he said to Kildare. "I have traced my slave to Somerset, and there I found the man who hauled her and her child to Kittery on a wagon. I have described her to your leading citizens, and they recognize her as a woman known by the name of Habersham. This young man is her son, and my property. I don't want to make any disturbance. But the law is on my side, and I can't afford to lose my money. Sheriff, do your duty."

"Stop! I have something to say," said the Colonel. He was shaking nervously.

He drew Starr apart.

"Matt Habersham may be your slave," he said. "I don't know. It has to be proved yet. But he has been my equal, sir, and my friend. That boy—well, no matter. But if it's proved that he belongs to you, set your price on him. He has a house, and will make up the sum in Kittery. I'll head the paper."

"Give us time, Major," added Donner. "We can't give in to see Matt turned into a nigger and a slave, and swept off like that. It's late in the day. Wait till to-morrow, and we'll talk the matter coolly over to-night."

"Well, gentlemen—" The Major hesitated. "I don't want to be hard on the fellow. He looks like a decent lad—"

"One of the best mechanics in Kittery," interrupted Donner, "and engaged to a pretty, good girl."

"Umph! Have you a jail? I must make sure of my man, if I stay over night."

"No. But he can be locked up in my office, as safely as in any jail."

"I have waited for eighteen years. I suppose one night more can make little difference," said the Major, wishing to be as kind as possible.

While this colloquy was going on, Shep Wolfe pressed through the crowd up to Matt.

"They're raising money to buy you off," he whispered, smiling.

"Buy me off? It is proved, then?"

"Oh, yes. But there'll be a compromise."

Matt staggered back. The constable caught and upheld him. At that moment, Edson, Jennie's father, grimy from the forge, hurried up, and held out both his black hands to Matt.

"Sad business, Mr. Edson," interposed Wolfe. "But they'll buy him off."

"What difference does that make?" said Matt, fiercely. "If it is true, let me go. It's all at an end here."

"Yes," quickly added Wolfe. "Of course, Mr. Edson. It's all at an end for him here."

But the blacksmith held on to Matt tightly.

"Danged if I believe one word of it," he swore. "Nor will Jennie, neither, if I know my gal. Here she comes. Stand back, gentlemen, if you please. Seems to me she's got more right here than any of us."

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Jennie passed through the crowd. She saw none of them. When she reached Matt, she put her white face up to be kissed as usual, as if no one was near.

"What are you trembling for?" she said, seizing his arms, in a kind of breathless anger. "Why do you look so wretched? One would think you—you believe it. I would fight to the death before I would give in."

"But," said Shep, softly, "if it is true, what is there for you to fight?"

For her answer, Jennie only looked brightly up in Matt's face, and smiled.

Major Starr came up.

"Sheriff, you will hold this man until to-morrow morning. You are responsible for him. Mr. Donner will furnish a secure room in which to confine him."

"We will not give Mr. Donner that trouble," said a loud commanding voice; and Doctor Goff sprang off his horse, and pushed aside the crowd. "Take your hand, Sheriff, off of that man. I can satisfy you," turning to Starr. "Mr. Habersham is the son of a small planter, in Virginia: a drunken fellow, whose brutalities drove his wife to fly, with her son. I had a correspondence with him all about it before his death, and have the letters to prove all that I say."

"And where is my Lydia, then?"

"Your Lydia, I suspect, was a woman known here as White Lize, who came to Kittery about the same time as Mrs. Habersham. She and her boy are both dead. You can hear all about them in the negro quarter. Come, Habersham. My wife is waiting supper for you. Come, Jennie."

In another hour the sudden storm of excitement had died out of the village. Starr and the posse were gone, and Matt and Jennie, slowly walking down the shady lane to their house, could see the white puff of dust which marked their way up the hill-road.

The lovers opened the little gate, and went into the quiet parlor. The moon shone faintly in through the windows.

"Was it only last night that we were here?" said Habersham. "It seems a long time: as if I had been down through death since then."

Jennie pressed his arm to her side.

"But I stayed beside you there," she said, with a trembling laugh. "I always will. I always will."

On the inn-porch, Donner, the Colonel, and all the other men of the village, discussed the great event of the day.

"But, gentlemen," said Donner, impressively, "I am only surprised that Shep had nothing to do with that affair. I have always expected that fellow to show the wolf's teeth under the lamb's skin. And he'll do it some day. Mark my words."

THE DREAM OF THE UNSENT LETTER.

BY MINNIE IRVING.

Beneath an oak, upon a hill,
That overlooked a long green land,
I dreamed my love lay still—so still
He moved not either foot or hand.

For three long days so he had lain,
And watched with eager eyes intent,
To see the postman, o'er the plain,
Come with the note I never sent.

But now he slept, no more to wake—
Oh, very faintly came his breath;
No dawn of day his dreams would break,
He slumbered on and on to death.

He looked so chill—he looked so white,
As if already he was dead.
I laughed at first, though sad the sight,
The postman never came, I said.

Up ragged rocks, that morn, my feet
Had climbed, to gather where it grew,
A wreath of honeysuckle sweet;
I held it now, all wet with dew.

I shook the drops upon his face,
The blossoms from the stem I broke
And shower'd them on him, till the place
Was odorous; he never woke.

Then sudden I began to weep,
I flung my fragrant wreath aside;
He is so still, it is not sleep,
But death that holds him fast, I cried.

Once more I'll touch my lips to this
Dear face of his, ere I depart;
I bent above him with a kiss,
He woke and clasped me to his heart.

I started from my dream; I heard
The winter wind, the winter rain;
The ivy, like a frightened bird,
Was beating on the window-pane

So vivid had my vision been,
The honeysuckle's rich perfume
I deemed, as on the hill-top green,
Must linger round him in his room

To-morrow I will rise, I thought,
And do the thing this vision bade;
Will send the letter, as I ought,
The letter all too long delayed.

I smiled and turned once more to rest,
Ere this new day that comes is past;
Nay, ere it fades toward the west,
The postman will have come at last.

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"CHARMING BETTIE."

BY ZAIDEE BETTS SMITH.

"NEARLY everyone has a romance, of some kind, sometime in their life," said Miss Bettie.

Click, click, went her shining knitting-needles.

Her small blue eyes were fixed absently on the little wood-fire. She knitted without looking, from long habit.

"Everyone, Miss Bettie?" asked Priscilla North. "Then you had one, too."

"It was all very long ago," remarked the old maid. "Can you believe I was ever pretty?"

Priscilla opened her mouth to speak. She hardly knew what she was going to say; but Miss Bettie did not wait to hear her.

"Yes, I was pretty once," she said, "and I was called 'Charming Bettie'."

She laughed a little oddly at this, and went on with her knitting a few moments in silence.

"My hair was always curly," she continued, presently, "and my eyes used to be very bright. My cheeks were red—so red, they accused me of painting many a time, and my teeth white and even, and my figure round and trim. Yes, I was called 'Charming Bettie'," she repeated, and her lips twitched with something like a smile of pleased recollection.

Somehow, Priscilla did not feel quite so like smiling now. She thought it was a little pathetic—Miss Bettie's innocent vanity concerning the past. She wondered, as she too watched the bright wood fire, if she would look like Miss Bettie, when she was her age, and if everything in life would seem so ended for her.

There was so little left in the lonely little old maid's life, she thought, with youthful pity.

She had her snug brown house, with its pretty old-fashioned garden, her birds and her flowers, and her white kitten, it was true; but she must, at times, be very lonely, in spite of it all.

Priscilla could picture her in the long winter evenings, sitting in the little dim lamp-lighted parlor, knitting—knitting.

"Miss Bettie," she said, gently, after a little, who called you that—'Charming Bettie'?"

"Who? Oh, a good many. *He* called me so, first, and then they all got to calling me that."

"Go on, please," said Priscilla, slipping down on the floor beside the fat kitten. "Tell me all about it—do."

"Well, I might as well tell you, I guess," said Miss Sligo, slowly. "I never have told anyone yet. But, sometimes, I think it would do me good just to speak about it I get tired of only thinking—I think so much," with a little sigh, and the knitting lying idle, now, in her lap.

"Tell me who he was," the young girl said, raising a curious young face.

"His name was David Allyn," said Miss Bettie, rather tremulously.

"David Allyn—Lawyer Allyn?" cried Priscilla, her dark eyes large with intense surprise.

The spinster nodded.

"I have a picture of him, taken when he was quite young," she said, and she got up and went to a little shelf, and took it down. "He was a handsome boy," she went on, handing the faded daguerreotype to the young girl, "and he was as good as he was handsome."

The beardless boyish face, with its irregular unformed features, and rather sunken black eyes, did not strike Priscilla as being at all handsome.

"You say he was very good, Miss Bettie?" she ventured to say, however.

"Yes, as good as he was handsome," Miss Sligo repeated, in her old-fashioned way.

Priscilla could hardly repress a smile. She handed back the dim, colorless little picture.

"Did you meet him here in R——?" she asked.

"Yes, at a dance at one of the neighbors'. He was a young lawyer, had just graduated, and hadn't hung out his shingle. But he was uncommonly bright and smart, even then. He is our leading lawyer now, you know," the spinster added, with no little pride.

"It seems so strange to think he was your lover," Priscilla exclaimed.

"Yes, it does seem strange now, after all these years," said Miss Bettie, with another little sigh; "but it seemed very natural then. We met very often after the night of the dance, and we grew to know these country-roads near here by heart, for many were the long walks we took together. There is one road—that one that leads by the Hillman cottage—I never care to go now. It was there, on that road, just about dark, one October evening, that he told me he loved me. There had been a fine sunset, and the sky had been a bright flame-color. As the glow faded, and the meadows grew dark, and a little mist began to shut out the hills, we turned

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to come home. 'Lean on my arm, dear,' he said, and when I did so, trembling a little, he said: 'How would you like a young fellow's strong arm to lean on always?' "

"Yes, yes," cried Priscilla, again raising an eager interested face. "Go on; what did you say, Miss Bettie?"

"I didn't say anything right then, he took me so by surprise; and presently he went on: 'Bettie,' he said, 'you are a nice girl—nicer than any in R——, or any place else, for that matter, and some day I am going to have you for my wife, if you say so.' He was a bold sort of a boy. You would never think so now, to see him, would you? And then he told me how pretty he thought I was, and he said, with a laugh, and giving my arm a little pinch: 'I am going to name you Charming Bettie.' So after that he always called me that, and soon nearly everyone in R—— began calling me it, too.

"We were never engaged to each other, although I wear the little ring he gave me, in remembrance of our love, yet," said Miss Bettie, and held out one thin hand, on which shone, in the firelight, a worn band of gold. "There was just this understanding between us: some day, when he had got a nice start in the law, and had a little home of his own to take me to, then I was to be his wife.

"We were young, and we were content to wait; and one day he went away to the city to go into partnership with an old-established lawyer, a friend of his father's.

"It was a grand chance, a fine opening for him, and we both knew it, and rejoiced over it like children, although we dreaded the separation. 'Never mind, Charming Bettie,' he said, when he came to kiss me good-bye. 'In a few years I will be nicely fixed; perhaps rich, who knows? Anyway, I'll have a good start, and I will come back and carry you away!'

"And then he was gone, and that was the end," said Miss Bettie, rather abruptly, and she picked up her work and the needles fairly flew.

"The end! What do you mean?" cried the young girl, a little breathlessly.

"It was the end of everything between us. I mean," said the spinster, and still knitting fast, "for when David Allyn came home at the end of two years, he did not come alone; he brought his wife with him."

"Oh, Miss Bettie! And you called him good. I shall never want to speak to him again; dishonorable man."

"No, not that. Weak, perhaps, but not dishonorable," said Miss Bettie, quickly. "Lucy Harper was a sweet-faced, sweet-mannered girl," she went on, "she was the daughter of David's partner, in the city, and it was not long before she fell in love with David. She could not or would not try to conceal it; and soon everyone saw, David among them, how much she cared for him. She was a delicate little creature, and aroused David's sympathy—his mother has often told me all about it—and so it finally ended in his asking her to marry him.

"Her parents had never crossed her in anything, and they gave their consent to the match, and David Allyn brought her home, one day, to his people.

"They stayed here a little while, and then went back to the city. I met her, once, in church, and I overheard her ask David 'who that ugly little thing with the red face was he was staring at so hard? If that was Charming Bettie?'

"That day, I walked for the first time since David's marriage up the Hillman-cottage road, and although I shed many bitter tears, I resolved not to let what had happened spoil my life for me; but somehow it has—it has," ended the spinster, sadly, and she stared at the fire, which was getting low, with dim eyes.

"Miss Bettie, she is dead, now," said the young girl, very softly, after a little pause, "and he is a widower."

Priscilla had been staring at the fire also, and weaving a little romance of her own.

"Hush, child!" cried Miss Sligo. "How can you? She has not been in her grave a year yet, and David Allyn will never marry again anyway. His romance, like mine, is ended," she added, decidedly, getting up and going to the wood-closet.

She threw some sticks on the red coals, and soon a little blaze lit up the room.

Miss Bettie opened the window, and leaned out over her plants, to glance at the crimson sky.

"Just such clouds," she said, softly, to herself. "Just such clouds as on that night."

The young girl came and stood beside her.

"I must go home; it is supper-time," she said. "But before I go, let me thank you, Miss Bettie, for having told me what you have."

She kissed the maiden lady's faded cheek, and flung her young arms affectionately around her.

"I shall love you better than ever now," she said, tenderly, "and I hope, some day, things will yet come right."

Then she went away, and Miss Bettie stood in her open window for some little time after, looking at the sunset.

Lawyer Allyn saw her as he came up the street from his office. He had moved to R—— from

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the city, and he walked more slowly as he came to the little brown house among its trees.

They always spoke to one another; it seemed foolish not to speak. So when he got by the window he said:

"Your flowers are looking very fresh and nice, Miss Bettie."

The spinster gave one of her little nervous starts. She had not seen him coming. Her hand struck against one of the flower-pots, and knocked it over.

It rolled off the narrow sill, and lay at David Allyn's feet.

"It is broken to pieces," he said, picking it up, with a little smile on his thin sallow face, "but I am going to keep it—may I not?"

Miss Bettie's cheeks wore something of their old redness.

"Yes—if you want to," she made answer, a little breathlessly.

He took the plant—a pale-pink geranium—out of the earthen pot, and shook a little of the dirt off the roots.

"This shall bloom in my window," he said, "and I am going to name it 'Charming Bettie,' in memory of other days."

Miss Sligo's face flushed a deeper red.

"Good-night," she said, abruptly, and was about shutting the window. She felt somewhat shocked; his wife had not been dead a year.

"No, don't go yet," David Allyn said, his hand on the fence-railing. Then he seemed to remember himself. "Very well, good-night," he added, and walked slowly away, the little pink geranium in his hand.

A few days later, another stormy afternoon, near dusk, Miss Sligo heard a knock at her front door.

She had grown a little timid, living by herself, and glanced out the window, nervously.

There, on the porch, was Lawyer Allyn.

Miss Bettie smoothed her curls quickly, and hastened to the door.

"I saw your firelight shining through the window, as I came past, and I could not resist coming in this wet night," said the lawyer, a little untruthfully, as he had planned coming for some days.

Miss Bettie led the way to the little parlor.

"Take this chair," she said, drawing a large rocker close to the fire.

The lawyer held out his hands to the blaze.

"You have a snug little home, Miss Bettie," he observed. "I suppose you would never be willing to leave it now?" And he glanced about at the flowers in the window, and at the little table set with one blue cup and saucer and plate, seen through the open door in the adjoining room.

"I am attached to the house," the spinster said, gravely. "My dear father and mother both died here, and it has many associations."

She was sitting in another rocking-chair near by, and had taken up her knitting.

David Allyn watched the swift-flying needles.

"Don't you ever get lonely?" he asked, after a few moments' silence. "I do, up in my big house. It is a pretty place; but it is too big for me."

Miss Bettie only knitted faster, and was quite silent. His coming had disturbed her greatly. How many years since he had been here.

Suddenly, he leaned forward, and took her work away.

"I don't want you to knit any more to-night," he said; "I want you to look at me."

"Lawyer Allyn!"

"No, not Lawyer Allyn—David. Call me that, as you used to."

Miss Bettie trembled; her cheeks glowed as in youthful days.

David Allyn took one of the spinster's thin hands in his—the one on which the little worn ring was, it happened.

"Bettie," he said, gravely, "I have come to-night to ask your forgiveness and your love again. I feel I made a mistake—a great mistake, once in my life, and I want, if possible, to rectify it. Don't tell me it is too late."

To feel that she was loved again, after all these lonely years, was too much for Miss Bettie; she burst into tears.

Her white kitten purred and rubbed its soft little head against her dress. The firelight danced on the wall, and made black shadows in the corners.

In the uncertain light, David Allyn bent, and kissed the faded cheek beside him.

"The big house will be lonely no more," he whispered, "when 'Charming Bettie' is its mistress."

"Not charming now, David," said Miss Bettie, a little sadly, but smiling through her tears.

"Yes, you are charming to me, and always will be," said David Allyn, tenderly.

Someone opened the parlor-door. It was Priscilla; but they did not see her.

She stood for a moment, with a smile on her young face, watching them. Then she softly stole away.

That night, she felt more kindly to a certain dark-eyed young fellow far away, and wrote him several closely-written pages, which made the young man's foolish heart quite glad for many days.

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RULE OR RUIN.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1882, by Miss Ann Stephens, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.]

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CHAPTER VIII.

FAUSBROOK, before the missionary could come to his aid, raised Angela, and she was able in a few seconds to assure them that there was no cause for alarm. A warning gesture and a few quick words, which she spoke to Okalona, in the Indian tongue, caused the girl to cease her sobs and lamentations, though she still crouched on the ground, hiding her face in Angela's dress and shaking in every limb.

"It was a narrow escape, my daughter," the missionary said, very quietly. "Let us thank God therefor."

There was a brief silence, during which Fausbrook stood uncovered, watching the old man and Angela, as they bowed their heads in mute prayer. The beautiful lady's peril had shaken him so greatly that he marveled at the composure displayed by her relative and herself; so new to the country that he was not yet aware what stern lessons of fortitude and self-control were early learned by persons who devoted themselves to missionary work in those days.

"Grandfather," Angela said, softly, "we must not forget to whom, humanly speaking, our gratitude is due."

"True, my daughter," the missionary answered, extending his hand to the Colonel, while Angela quietly laid her slender fingers over their clasped palms, with a grave serenity which, to the impressionable young man, invested the ceremony with something of the solemnity of a religious rite.

"Indeed, indeed I merit no thanks," he exclaimed, eagerly.

But Angela checked further protestations by saying, in her grave serene way:

"Do not deprive us of a great pleasure by declining them." Then she drew a little back, and glancing down at the Indian girl, who still knelt at her feet, she said kindly: "Get up now, Okalona; I want to go home."

The girl rose obediently, cast one pleading glance at Angela and the missionary, which was replied to by a caress from the young lady and a smile from the Father; then she stood mute, with her head bowed on her breast, looking wonderfully beautiful in her contrition and trouble.

But the Colonel was not softened thereby. To him she seemed some savage animal, and he could not forgive her the reckless act whereby she had risked endangering the safety of this woman, whose appearance affected him as the image of some lovely saint, "niched in cathedral aisles," might have done.

The spot where the mishap had occurred was so isolated that it had attracted no attention, and the four were quite alone.

"I think, grandfather," Angela said, "that we may ask Colonel Fausbrook to offer our excuses to the Governor and Miss Morton, in case our absence should be noticed."

"Surely, surely," the old man replied. "You will be glad to rest, and I confess to being somewhat weary. You see, Colonel, we are wild people of the woods, and these gorgeous shows and stately ceremonies soon become irksome, when we are compelled to join them."

The compliments which a gentleman would naturally have returned to such a speech rose to Fausbrook's lips; but as he looked at the pair, they died upon his lips. It seemed an impertinence to offer them to that grand old man, who looked as if he had lived a whole life beyond the frailties and faults of ordinary humanity, and that serene-faced girl, who looked as though she had been born exempt therefrom.

"I will certainly do what you wish," he said. "When my duties are over, may I ask the privilege of calling at your lodgings to inquire after Miss Angela—and yourself?"

For the life of him he could not prevent that slight hesitation; but neither noticed it.

Angela answered him with the slow sweet smile, which he had already decided was the loveliest he had ever seen on woman's lips, and the missionary said, promptly:

"We shall be glad to see you. You will have no difficulty in finding us, for our good friends, the Governor and his niece, always ready to honor us beyond our deserts, have engaged

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rooms for us in the house near the mansion they occupy."

"I shall be sure to find you," Fausbrook said, his sensitive features lighting with pleasure.

"Then good-bye for the present," Angela said, again giving him her hand, as she placed the other on her grandfather's arm.

"You will always be most welcome, sir, whenever it suits your convenience to come during our stay in Albany," added the missionary, with the formality of speech habitual with him, which might have seemed sententious in another man, but in him had a charm which harmonized with the natural dignity of his bearing.

"I thank you heartily," Fausbrook answered, his heart beating quickly in response to Angela's smile.

As they turned away, he chanced to glance towards the Indian girl, who was moving on after them. Her eyes were fixed full on him, with a strange gleam in their black depths, and the heavy straight brows distorted with an angry frown.

"Good-bye, Okalona," he said, half in wonder, half in amusement.

She turned her back on him, with a gesture towards Angela, as if to express that she meant to keep him aloof, then followed the missionary and his granddaughter.

"One would think I had done the reckless little savage some terrible wrong," Fausbrook said to himself, as he walked towards the platform, to which the Governor and his guests were just returning.

His discernment had not misled him. Okalona's affection for her friend was so excessive that jealousy was always on the alert in that wild heart, and quick intuitions had shown her what Fausbrook himself did not yet realize: that in him she was likely to find a rival claimant for Angela's regard.

Before Fausbrook had fairly finished the reflection which I have just set down, he found himself face to face with John Roach, the sight of whom had earlier in the day roused in his mind a feeling that he had seen him before; seen him across seas.

The two men exchanged salutations, then Roach asked, quickly:

"Have Father Meda and Miss Angela gone?"

"Some moments since," Fausbrook replied, regarding him intently.

"I am very sorry," Roach said. "I wanted to explain to them that I really was not to blame. I was riding along with some of the subalterns, when that young squaw dashed out; asked me for a mount. I never dreamed she could do it; but before I knew it, she had made one flying leap, was up behind me, and off went the horse as if he had been possessed by the devil."

"Fortunately no accident happened," Fausbrook replied, rather coldly. "Excuse me, I think we have met before: at Forsborough Castle, at the time of my stepfather's funeral?"

Roach laughed pleasantly, then said:

"I understand. You mistake me for my brother, who is in partnership with some half-retired lawyer in that neighborhood. People always do—not astonishing, I suppose, as we are twins. Of course, Lord Fausbrook, I had heard of you through him, and know a great deal about your family. But I am not lucky enough to be the solicitor. I am only John Roach, the fur-trader."

"I trust your last news of your brother gives good accounts of his health," Fausbrook said, with the cold dignity which he could so well assume. "I see they are beckoning to me. I must wish you good-day."

He made a military salute and passed on, leaving Roach staring after him, with an expression of half-jeering malignity on his face.

"You carry your head very loftily, my young lordling," he muttered; "but I own a secret that may bring it low, if you don't take good heed."

Then he began to laugh: a low unpleasant laugh, that had no merriment in its ring.

"John Roach—Roach, the fur-trader," he said, half aloud. "Friend, the Governor's platform is for my Lord Fausbrook and aristocrats like him. Go you the other way—among your equals."

And he strode rapidly away.

CHAPTER IX.

The reverence in which Father Meda was held by the Indians scarcely surpassed the respect shown to him by the whites of all classes, when some errand of duty called him at intervals to Albany or New York.

So on this occasion, when the missionary had accompanied the Cayugas at the special request of the Governor, that dignitary had been particularly desirous of expressing his appreciation of the man by every possible attention. He had proposed that Father Meda and his granddaughter should be lodged in the mansion appropriated to himself; but Miss Morton was so well acquainted with the tastes of her two valued friends, that she felt confident a visit there under the present circumstances, when the house was full of guests, would be irksome both to the old gentleman and Angela.

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Fortunately, so near that Grace Morton could have Angela within easy reach, resided a nice old Holland lady, who was quite ready to place a portion of the ground-floor of her house—grown far too large since, one after one, husband and sons had gone forth into the great unknown—at the disposal of Miss Morton's friends.

Angela and the Indian girl were alone in the parlor of the missionary's temporary home. It was a low, heavily-beamed, and blue-tiled apartment, painfully neat as only a room in a Dutch house could be, and furnished with stiff quaint chairs and tables, which seemed constantly warning any heedless occupant that ease and comfort were not meant to be the lot of human beings, while numerous doleful texts and proverbs, worked upon samplers that decorated the walls, carried out the idea.

Angela was lying on a settee, which, in spite of its elaborately-wrought cushion, would have appeared to our modern ideas just one remove from the hardness of the rack, while Okalona sat on a low stool at her feet. The pair had conversed for an hour uninterrupted, as the missionary had gone out soon after their return. The Indian girl had received patiently her tenderly-administered lecture upon her reckless action on the review-ground, and then Angela, more shaken by her terror and fall than she had wished to admit, fell into a deep slumber.

Okalona sat gazing at the face so dear to her with a devotion visible on her features more like the expression of some dumb animal than anything human, and had there been anyone present to watch, it would have caused the observer to smile at the change in the mobile dusky features, delicately moulded as those of a Greek bronze, when now and then she turned to glance about the room.

Except that she was on her best behavior, Okalona's demon of mischief might easily have prompted her to work havoc in some fashion in the chamber, whose prim arrangement was inexpressibly exasperating to her wild nature. Especially she loathed a huge bunch of artificial roses, that filled an old porcelain vase on the mantel. It seemed to her a deliberate sin against nature for any hand to have devised them, and she was deliberating how much longer she could refrain from flinging the odious caricatures out of the window, when Angela fortunately woke, and called her name.

"Oh, I am so glad," exclaimed the Indian girl. "I mean, what a long sleep you have had."

"Poor child," Angela said, pityingly, "you must be very tired of sitting still so long."

"I would sit down here, with my hands folded so, twice twelve moons, if it could do you any good," cried Okalona. "But I am glad the rooms in your lodge away yonder are not like this."

"I understand," returned Angela, laughing softly. "This place must make you feel like a caged bird. Would you not rather go back for the night to the camp?"

"No, no. If you send me away, I shall think you have not forgiven. Let me stay—let—"

"Of course you shall, foolish child," Angela interrupted. "Now please do not excite yourself; you remind me of that wild hawk we tried so hard to tame last summer."

Okalona began to laugh, checked herself suddenly, then started to her feet, saying:

"Hark, I hear steps in the other room—ah, the Father's, and a younger tread—that white man in the King's red coat—ah."

Angela did not notice the impatient tone in which the last words were uttered, and raised herself on the cushion, saying:

"Ask my grandfather to come here for a moment, please."

Okalona hurried across the floor, and flashed in upon the two men who had just entered the adjoining room, causing them both to think simultaneously of some gorgeous tropical bird half tamed.

"Father Meda," she cried, "Angela wants you. She has slept—oh, so long; she is quite well, and she has forgiven my badness—do you—do you?"

"Okalona's heart is always in the right place," the missionary answered, laying his hand lightly on her forehead. Then he turned to his guest, and added: "I pray you to excuse me for a moment—be seated."

As the old man left the chamber, the Colonel turned to ask some question of Okalona in regard to Angela; but the Indian girl was just disappearing through a door that led into the hall.

She felt half stifled by the confinement of the past hours, and, besides this longing for a breath of fresh air, she was still so excited by the events of the day that movement of some sort became a necessity.

Between the house and the Governor's mansion was an open space, made shadowy and pleasant by groups of forest trees; and Okalona walked up and down beneath the drooping branches, lost in thoughts so new and strange that, with the instincts of her wild blood still strong upon her, in spite of Angela's training and tuition, the leaves, as they stirred above her, seemed to her the whisperings of some invisible

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spirit rather than the outgrowth of her own mind. Suddenly, she heard her name called by a voice which she recognized: a voice whose tones made her heart bound with an emotion which she no more understood than she did her vague animosity towards the young Englishman, from whose presence she had just escaped.

"Okalona! I am so glad to meet you," John Roach said. "I was just going to the house to inquire after Miss Angela; but most of all in the hope of seeing you. Don't run away. During all that journey through the forest, you have avoided me; you would not speak to me. Why should you treat me as if I were an enemy?"

"I am ashamed," she said, struggling hard to imitate Angela's manner, an effort at once as pretty and amusing as it would be to see a wild bird essay the airs of a trained linnet. "I behaved so bad to day; but Angela has forgiven me. Oh, and she is quite well. I don't think you can see her, though. That man in the red coat is there; but not with her. We don't want him."

She stopped, breathless with her attempts to appear composed, her head turned away so that she did not catch the frown which corrugated Roach's brow at her last words.

"I am glad Miss Angela is well," he said, quietly. "But don't talk of being ashamed; it was glorious to see you spring on the horse. All those officers praised you till I was horribly jealous."

The girl's vanity, though innocent as that of a child, was so powerful that the young man's words were sweet and seductive as honey would have been to her palate. He dared not linger; he risked being seen from the house, or some person might pass who would recognize him, and betray to the missionary or Angela the fact of having watched this interview. But he managed, in a brief space, to pour into the girl's ears a flood of compliments and carefully-veiled tender speeches, which kindled her imagination like a flame, as the sudden light in her beautiful eyes showed him plainly.

"I—I must go in," Okalona said, brokenly. "Angela may miss me. You will not come?"

"No. I don't like that Colonel—nor do you. I see it in your face," Roach answered.

"I think I hate him; but I can't tell why," she exclaimed, setting her white teeth hard together, till they showed like a double string of pearls between her parted lips.

"I know that I hate him," said Roach, in a tone so low it did not reach the girl's ear, "and I can tell why."

He turned to go, stopped, and held out his hand, saying:

"Bid me good-bye, Okalona."

"Good-bye," she whispered, letting her dusky fingers slip for an instant across his palm.

"Just one word," Roach continued. "Better not mention that you met me. That fine Colonel yonder might find means to annoy Miss Angela about it. Sometime I will explain; there's not time now; but keep mute as your braves do when they wait for an enemy."

Okalona nodded intelligently, and ran like a frightened rabbit towards the house, while John Roach, with an evil smile on his lips, and an eager passionate fire in his eyes, walked on towards the house inhabited by certain Jesuit Fathers, who, unlike the generality of the order, openly avowed their sympathy with the English in the frequent troubles between them and the French.

While Okalona was explaining to Angela the cause of her absence, half frightened, half proud of her first attempt at dissimulation, so craftily taught by John Roach, the missionary and his guest sat conversing in the chamber beyond.

They had talked of various matters connected with the missionary's years of duty in the New World, and each instant Fausbrook felt his sympathy increase towards this new acquaintance, till he found himself speaking of his own life with a freedom which his reticent nature seldom allowed him to display even towards an intimate friend.

The missionary showed no desire to draw him on to confidences which, after reflection, he might regret; but the genuine interest displayed by the kindly man warmed Fausbrook's heart to the very core: for the time fairly dispelling the chill which had lain like a frost upon it, since those last dreary days in his English home, that had brought him the bitterest sorrow an honest man can ever know: the consciousness that the mother whom he had loved and reverenced was not worthy of the lofty standard he had ascribed to her.

So, almost before he was aware, he had told the whole story out: as to his reluctance in accepting the honors thrust upon him, and the reason therefor; though, openly as he spoke in regard to other matters, no word or hint which reflected upon his mother escaped his lips. The knowledge that had been forced upon him as to her real character was, and would always remain, a secret between him and his God.

He gave the details of the old lord's funeral, of his later conversation with the old servant at Forsborough Castle, and admitted that his chief reason for coming to America was to seek out, if possible, the daughter of the foreign lady who had died there so suddenly years ago.

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The missionary listened very quietly, his elbow resting on the table, so that his hand supported his chin and partly concealed the firm gentle mouth.

As Fausbrook paused, he looked full at him, and said, in a slow deliberate voice:

"My profession has kept me aloof from the aims and feelings which rule worldly men, yet I have lived long enough to understand and often to respect such. So I must say, Colonel Fausbrook, that you surprise me. I cannot understand your wish to find this young lady—if she be alive."

"You cannot understand?" cried Fausbrook. "You—"

"Wait. I speak from the worldly point of view, which, as you grow older, with your life what it must be when you return to England, may very probably appeal much more powerfully to you than it does now. If this person be alive—which your mother has reasons, it seems, for doubting—what do you gain by finding her?"

"Gain?" repeated Fausbrook, with an excitement so unlike his usual demeanor that it would have astounded those who knew him best. "Gain? The opportunity to show myself an honorable man, by giving her the rights of which human law and social injustice deprives her."

"If she be, as you suppose, born out of wedlock, she has no rights. You could not give her station or wealth up to her. Those are yours only in trust for the next heir."

"My plan is very simple," Fausbrook answered, calmly, ashamed of the agitation into which he had been betrayed. "The title and estate must be mine in any case, for they are entailed; but I should insist on this wronged girl accepting the liberal fortune which comes to each female of the Fausbrook line. I would do all that lay in my power to render her life happy—to atone for the great wrong done her. She should be my relative before the world."

"The world would only fling her unfortunate antecedents and your Quixotic folly in her face," interrupted the missionary.

Fausbrook rose to his feet, laid his hand on the table, and said, in a low solemn voice, like one repeating an oath:

"Then I would stand between her and a world that hurls the sins of a dead man against a helpless and wronged girl, as if she had been born my own honored sister. Or, if that proved in vain, shelter her from its scorn by any sacrifice an honorable man can make."

"Even so," said the missionary, with serene composure, slowly dropping his hand from his chin. "Your search is a noble one. Without the guilt of injustice yourself, you would atone for it. We seldom know of men coming into the wilderness with a purpose like this."

"And you will help me in it? It was this hope that has urged me to speak of a matter that so nearly touches the honor of my house."

The missionary reached out his hand, bent his head, and so these two men parted.

CHAPTER X.

The Governor's mansion was a fine stately building of deep-red brick, with numerous gables and wide-spreading wings. It stood at some distance from the street. At the back and on either side were extensive shrubberies and flower-gardens, and in the summer and autumn the old place was as quaint and pretty a home as heart could desire. Even the Dutch primness, displayed in the architecture of the dwelling and out-buildings, and in the arrangement of the shrubs and flowers, possessed a charm of its own, giving one somehow a sensation of peace and rest, as if the ordinary cares and weariness of life would hardly venture to intrude their ugly faces within the quiet dignity of that domain.

A few evenings after the review, the old house was an imposing spectacle, with every casement and gable aglow with light, and the great parlors prepared for the reception of numerous guests.

The Governor was giving a ball to the strange gathering of people at Albany, more general in its character than his entertainments usually were, and the more brilliant for that reason.

It had been decided to invite the principal chiefs of the various Indian tribes who had gathered for the Council; but owing to some discussion among themselves, it was rather late when they arrived. Sir William Johnson, perhaps the truest friend the red men owned among the leading whites of the Colony, had that day arrived from a brief sojourn in New York, and made his appearance with the dusky braves, over whom his influence was almost unbounded.

The dancers paused, and the music ceased, as the chiefs filed solemnly into the great entrance-hall, wide as an ordinary room, which divided the house, and the Governor and his beautiful niece moved forward to receive their guests. A few set speeches were exchanged on either side, Johnson acting as interpreter for his savage friends, then they all passed on into the great parlors, where the chiefs, gorgeous with plumes and paint, their tomahawks, thrust in their wampum belts, glittering like silver in the bright radiance of the chandeliers, ranged themselves in

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a line close to the wall, and stood watching the festivities with silent gravity, manifesting no more trace of surprise than if such festivities had been as familiar to them as they were to the most determined pleasure-seeker among the pale-faces present.

Little as such scenes were in keeping with the lives and tastes of the missionary and his granddaughter, they could not, under the circumstances, refuse the Governor's earnest invitation; and even if they had been inclined so to do, the old man, no more than Angela, could have held out against Grace Morton's earnest solicitations.

Angela, of course, did not dance; and whenever her duties as hostess permitted, Grace would manage to have a few instants' conversation with this friend, whom she often called her patron saint, though never without receiving a little lecture, so gentle and sweet, that Grace vowed it was a pleasure to receive it from the lips of her lovely sermonizer.

Miss Morton was one of the most charming, as she was among the cleverest, of the Colonial beauties of that day. Aristocrat was written in every feature of her face, as it was in the stately contour of her person; and her loveliness would have been marred by a certain haughtiness of bearing, had not that in turn been softened by the womanly soul that shone in her clear brown eyes and the pensive sweetness of her smile.

It was pleasant to see her standing by Angela: she in her rich brocade and satin dress, and Angela in her simple white raiment, with no decoration save that coronal of auburn hair; and when Okalona would come flying up to join them, resplendent in bright colors and her crown of humming-birds, the picture was so complete and striking, that even the Indian chiefs themselves, watching every slightest detail of the scene with vigilant eyes, could not refrain from uttering a low murmur of admiration.

"You shall not love her best. I will not have you love her best," Okalona whispered in Angela's ear, flitting suddenly towards the pair, her restless jealousy roused by Miss Morton, who playfully insisted on taking a white rose from her own hair, which she placed in Angela's braided coronal. "I cannot bear it—I shall freeze—I shall die, if you love her best."

She had spoken in her native tongue, and Grace asked:

"What is she saying? What is it, Okalona? I will know. Nobody must whisper secrets to Angela before me."

"You may tell her, Angela—I do not care," Okalona said, half laughing, half angry. She was turning away; but each of the girls put out a restraining hand, and held her fast.

"She is a silly child, and likes to make herself trouble," Angela said, in her soft soothing voice. "She has nothing else to be miserable over, so now she wants to be afraid that I like you best."

"I can understand, Okalona," rejoined Grace, playing with the Indian girl's hair, while Okalona half shrank from her, longing to give way to her rising fit of temper, yet in spite of herself subdued by the inexpressible charm of manner, which was Grace Morton's chief gift. "I understand perfectly; but just listen. She loves us both, each in our way, and no matter how hard we strive, neither of us can ever be really worthy of her affection. She is—now remember this name—our patron saint, and you and I cannot quarrel about our saint."

"Oh, Grace!" expostulated Angela.

"Patron saint!" repeated Okalona, clapping her hands, and laughing aloud. "I know what it means—the Jesuits have them. I thought it was something wicked, just for that reason; but I was all wrong. Oh, now I love you, too, beautiful lady. We shall be like birds in one tree, because we have the same saint."

"Always," Grace said, laughing, yet the glance she exchanged with Angela showed how deeply her tender heart was touched by this outburst of the strange child. "Oh, here comes Sir Digby Danvers. I promised him this minuet."

The military gallant, a man of middle age, who looked as stiff as if he had been poured in a liquid state into his uniform, and hardened into steel afterward, approached to claim Miss Morton's hand, and she allowed him to lead her away, after giving her companions a fleeting look of self-commiseration, which convulsed Okalona with laughter.

"Why does she not tell him that she hates to dance?" she asked, as soon as she could speak.

"Because that would be considered impolite," Angela answered. "Grace's life holds her in restraints, of which you and I know nothing."

"Then I am glad we live in the woods," said Okalona, promptly. "I think, Angela, this life must be dreadful. Only a little while ago, I heard a lady—oh, that one in the blue gown—say to a man that she hated Mrs. Phillips. That is Mrs. Phillips over yonder—"

"Poor creature, to have her soul burthened so," interrupted Angela.

"Wait. Just afterward, that Phillips came up, and the lady kissed her, and said she was her dearest friend. Only think, what a lie—"

"Fortunately for you and me, our lives keep

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us aloof from the meanness which the lady would call a social necessity," Angela said.

"And I shall be glad when we get home," cried Okalona, "only it is all so beautiful and strange, but full of lies. Oh, that terrible Governor is coming this way; he will speak to you. I shall go; he frightens me."

She bounded off like a young fawn, made her way through the throng, and stood watching the minuet.

Presently, she stepped back into the depths of a bay-window, and still closely observing the slow stately movements of the dancers, began imitating them. As she grew more absorbed, she unconsciously emerged from her retreat, coming further and further into the room, watching the dance always, and sweeping back and forth in perfect time to the music, by which she was fascinated. Many eyes were fixed upon her; but she did not know it, or see the amused smile that brightened many a fair dancer's lips.

After a little, just as she found the girl close behind her, Grace Morton stepped aside, and Okalona finished the measure in her stead, never erring once in bow, courtesy, or slide; but flinging a wild animation and savage picturesqueness into every movement, which contrasted oddly enough with the languid steps of the fine ladies, in their gorgeous brocades and perilously high-heeled shoes.

People crowded about. The Indians themselves left their places to watch; but Okalona hardly realized where she was till the music ceased suddenly. Then glancing about, she found herself the centre of so many eyes. With a little cry, half of pleasure, half dismay, she darted out of the room into the entrance-hall, eager to escape, yet not sure whether the curious glances which abashed her meant praise or blame.

"Okalona is queen of the ball, as she is of the forest," said a low suppressed voice, speaking in the Cayuga tongue, close to her ear. "She looked like some beautiful bird among a flock of wrens."

And as she raised her eyes, there was John Roach, gazing full into them with that magnetic passion which had before so often stirred her undisciplined heart to its depths.

"I—I did not know you were here," she said, breathlessly. "Are they angry with me—was I doing wrong? I don't know how I got among those ladies and the red-coats. I was just trying to help the music, alone in the window there."

"Miss Morton gave you her place," Roach replied. "Why, child, it was a great honor. Why not? You are the daughter of a chief. The red-coats were all admiring you. Even those fine ladies, who envy your beauty and grace, could not win so much from them."

"Let me go—please let me go," she whispered, her strange excitement increasing under the passionate light of his eyes, till she trembled with eagerness to be gone.

John Roach might not have yielded to her plea; but as she spoke, he saw Miss Morton and Angela approaching; so he stepped aside in silence, and Okalona fled on down the hall towards the staircase.

Roach had obtained an invitation for the ball through his friend, the Lieutenant, and had already been courteously greeted by the young hostess, and had exchanged a few words with Angela. So, as they reached him, the latter said, in her grave gentle fashion:

"I hope you were assuring Okalona that she had done nothing wrong, Mr. Roach. I am afraid she is hiding herself from fear that we intend giving her a lecture."

She passed on, and Grace Morton, after addressing a few pleasant words to him, turned back into the drawing-rooms. As she did so, Colonel Fausbrook, accompanied by the Governor, made his way towards her, and after a few words of greeting, presented an apology for his late arrival. Regimental duties had delayed him, and instead of a reproof he hoped for a little sympathy with his misfortune.

"I think I will give you a surprise in return for your tardiness," Grace said, laughing gayly.

She turned towards her uncle with an inquiring glance, which he answered by saying, in a low tone:

"Sir William will be here presently."

"I find nothing but pleasant surprises here," Fausbrook said, with a smile. "May I ask what this one is?"

"Look around," Grace answered.

He turned. In the doorway stood Sir William Johnson, and on his arm leaned a lady, attired in sable velvet, with a long white crape veil covering her hair, and falling in heavy folds over her shoulders.

"Mother!" he exclaimed.

"Your mother," said Lady Fausbrook, moving forward, and reaching out her hands. "My son, I could not endure life without you. So, when your regiment left, I followed in the next vessel. But I would not have you made anxious, therefore kept my intention a secret. My good friend, the Governor, knew of my arrival, and Sir William Johnson was kind enough to be my escort up from New York. We only reached here at nightfall."

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In a moment, Fausbrook had recovered himself from the profound surprise of this appearance; but all the same, Grace Morton whispered in her uncle's ear:

"The surprise was complete enough; but I am a mistaken woman if my lady's arrival is a pleasure to the young Earl."

As was to be expected, the Countess speedily became for the time the centre of attraction, and all who were presented were charmed by her dignity and sweet graciousness.

She was seated, conversing with the Governor and several military men, when a break in the crowd showed her John Roach standing at a little distance, with his eyes fixed full upon her.

My lady gave one quick start, controlled herself, and as she played languidly with her fan. said to Johnson, who was nearest her chair:

"I seem to recognize that young man: the one standing apart, as if he felt himself a stranger."

"An Englishman named Roach," returned Johnson. "He had a letter of introduction for me. it seems. I never saw him till to-night. A well-bred man, for one of his condition. With a sharp eye to business, I am told, and a great favorite with the Indians."

"Pray present him to me," the Countess said.

Johnson glanced at her in a little surprise; but at once motioned to Roach, who advanced without hesitation.

"Lady Fausbrook desires me to name you to her, Mr. Roach," he said.

"Lady Fausbrook honors me beyond my deserts," returned Roach, bowing low, but perfectly at his ease.

At the instant, some lady claimed Johnson's attention. Roach was close to the Countess's chair.

"Have I not seen you before?" she asked, still seeming to examine her fan. "In England—at Forsborough, it seems to me."

"My lord, your son, has made the same mistake," he replied, calmly. "You both recognize me as my twin-brother, who has the honor to be a member of his lordship's firm of solicitors."

"Ah," was the Countess's reply, made with her eyes fixed full upon him.

Roach stooped to pick up her handkerchief, which had dropped from her lap. As he did so, he said, in a low tone:

"There is no harmony like that of twin-brothers. Your ladyship may count on my fidelity and my desire to serve you as thoroughly as you would on that of the dear one you mistake me for."

"Thanks," she said, taking the handkerchief, and speaking so lightly that her remark seemed to apply only to his politeness. As he moved away, the lady's eyes followed him, and a slow crafty smile crept over her lips.

"Why does he wish to deceive me, I wonder," she thought, "and why is he here? I will soon learn—I will soon learn."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THISTLEDOWN.

BY GRACE ADELE PIERCE.

White courser of the air, steed fitly dight,
In silver trappings, for the pressure light
Of merry Mab or fair Titania—
Of Ariel or e'en of Oberon.
Who, with his clan, thro' all the dewy night,
Revels and dances till Urania
Warns him, with dimming lights, of Avalon.

White courser, thou who hast so oft beguiled
My childish mind to freaks of fancy wild—
Who often, on a summer afternoon,
Hath ta'en me from my school-room task and borne
To yonder hill-top, where, 'mid clouds up-piled,
Seemed thine abode. Ah me, that it so soon
Should fade, and leave me at my task forlorn.

SONNET.

BY WILLIAM HUBER, JR.

Pressed by the burden of a nameless woe,
My soul her wonted joys had long foregone,
Unvisited by love's congenial glow,
And lopped of her fair honors, one by one,
Stood bare and ruined, like the wintry bole
Of some huge oak, by ruthless axe disarmed:
When, gently, like the spring, your kindness stole
Upon my life: that every fibre, warmed,
Expanded, strengthened, by the heavenly fire,
Began anew to bourgeon and to spring;
Then swelled anew the proud flood of desire,
And buds, in hope, put out the tender wing;
And blossoms, eager, to the wintry air,
Bloomed, as thou seest, immature, yet fair.

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THE BROKEN BANK.

BY HELEN J. THORNTON.

"We are so sorry you can't join us, this summer, in our trip to Cape May."

The speaker was pretty Ellen Walcott, the daughter of Colonel Walcott, a retired officer of the United States Army.

"I am sorry, too, my dear," answered Mrs. Fendyke, the widow of another officer; "but the truth is, we can't afford it.

Miss Walcott hesitated, and then said:

"May I be quite frank? Papa says you don't invest your money judiciously; that you get too little interest for it. I hope you will forgive me, if I have gone too far."

"Not at all too far, my child," was the reply. The widow still called Ellen Walcott a child, though the girl was now twenty years old, tall and stylish-looking, anything but a child indeed. "On the contrary, it is very kind of the Colonel. You see, my dear, I have nobody—no gentleman, I mean—to advise me in matters of business, and am compelled, therefore, to invest my little fortune in public securities, which, as everybody knows, pay a very low rate of interest."

"Well, since the ice is broken," said Ellen, "may I speak to Papa? Let him come and have a talk with you. I am sure he could find a better way for you to invest your money. And in that case, we can all go to Cape May."

The Colonel came accordingly, and the result was that Mrs. Fendyke, at his recommendation, sold out her securities, and bought shares in the Landed Mutual Bank and Safety Fund. "You see, my dear Mrs. Fendyke," said the Colonel, "this is a bank which is conducted on an entirely new principle, and is sure to make money, even when an ordinary bank would not. It lends, principally, on land, which is always there; which can never run away. Its President, Mr. Bullion, is one of my oldest friends."

"I remember, however, what my dear husband used to say," she answered, after a moment's hesitation. "'The soundness of a security,' he would remark, 'was in proportion to the low rate of interest: the larger the dividend, the greater the risk.' You are quite sure, Colonel, that this maxim does not apply here?"

"Quite sure, my dear madam. 'Pon honor, I would as soon think of cutting off my right hand as of letting you do this thing, if I did not know all about it. I have seen the balance-sheets myself within the past week."

The Colonel, himself the soul of honor, believed all he said. Mrs. Fendyke no longer hesitated. She transferred her bonds, and invested her little fortune in the Land Bank stock.

For a year or more, everything went well. The Walcotts and Fendykes spent the summer at Cape May. The widow had never, since her husband's death, and the loss of his pay consequent on it, been able to live so comfortably. She no longer had to pinch herself; to watch where every penny went; to deny her little girl, which had been harder than all, the few needless trifles the child desired. She grew younger and happier in consequence; and all her friends noticed it: the Colonel especially.

"Ah, my dear madam," he said, "see what it is to know a little business: or at least to have an adviser who does; especially if that adviser has a friend at court. And, by the bye, I have good news for you. I saw Mr. Bullion this morning, and he tells me that the bank is more prosperous than ever: he shouldn't wonder if a dividend of ten per cent. was to be the rule hereafter. Think of that. Ten per cent., where you only used to get three, or, at best, four."

But there came, all at once, a cloud on the financial sky. No one could tell how it first arose; but there it was. "Money was tight," business men said, and it got to be "tighter," day by day. Failures grew quite common. Men who had notes to pay went about with long faces. At last the incorporated institutions began, one after another, to stop payment; and one of the first of these to go was the Land Bank. It had been, as was soon discovered, a deception from the first. The accounts had been falsified to deceive the directors; what money had been made had been made by speculating; and when, towards the close, losses had come, losses so great as to be irreparable, Mr. Bullion and the Cashier had appropriated most of what was left, and decamped suddenly to Brazil. The whole story came out the morning after this abrupt departure.

The news burst upon the town like a thunderbolt. It meant the ruin of hundreds—nay, of thousands. For the bank had been established on the mutual principle, and the stockholders were liable, not only for their shares, but for the

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entire indebtedness. A call, it was known, would have to be made immediately for a hundred dollars on every share; and if this call proved insufficient, other calls would follow. Nobody could tell how far the ruin would spread.

Bad news, as is well known, travels like lightning. When the butcher's boy came to Mrs. Fendyke's with the lamb-chops for dinner, he told the story to the cook, and the cook, not even stopping to wipe her hands, rushed into the sitting-room to tell her mistress. Mrs. Fendyke would not credit it at first. The tale was too terrible to believe. But the cook was so positive, that she decided, finally, to put on her bonnet and step around to the Colonel's to inquire. Her fingers, by this time, began to shake so much that she could hardly tie her bonnet-strings, which her twelve-year-old daughter seeing, insisted on doing for her; and finally, little Anna, observing her mother's continued agitation, declared she would go also.

"For indeed, dear mamma," she said, "you frighten me, and I am afraid to let you go alone. Would the breaking of the bank be so very dreadful?"

And the mother, quite unconscious of the agony in her tone, had replied:

"Oh, my child, if it is true, we are beggars; but it can't be true—it can't be true."

The Colonel, however, was not at home. The parlor maid, who opened the door, said he had heard some bad news, that seemed, all at once, to have made an old man of him, and that he had hurriedly put on his hat, and gone, Miss Ellen as hurriedly accompanying him.

"They have gone to the bank, to find out if it is true," said Mrs. Fendyke, not knowing that she spoke at all. "Come, my poor child, we will go too."

She was trembling like one with the palsy, as she turned away, and little Anna felt her hand, which she held, turn to ice, as it were.

It did not take long to reach the main street, where the bank was, but it seemed to Mrs. Fendyke to be years and years of endless agony. But for the sympathy and support which Anna gave her, by holding to her hand, she would have fallen more than once; but the touch of that hand, and its gentle pressure every few moments, roused the mother-love in her, and kept her up. The scene that met her eyes on reaching the bank was one she will never forget, even if she lives a hundred years. There were crowds of people there, many of them mere idle spectators, but others evidently losers, and among them conspicuous were the Colonel and his daughter. The old gray-haired veteran stood with his face raised to heaven, as if calling down imprecations on the traitor who had betrayed him, while the daughter clung to him, sobbing.

"See, mamma, there is Colonel Walcott," said little Anna, for her mother's face was buried in her handkerchief, in an agony of tears.

Mrs. Fendyke looked up. She heard his voice.

"To think how I trusted him—how I persuaded others. Oh, just heaven, and he escapes unpunished and with his spoils, leaving ruin and beggary to all of us," said the Colonel.

Then, as he looked half frantically again towards the closed shutters, where the notice of bankruptcy was put up, his eye fell on the widow and her child. He rushed towards them.

"Oh, my dear Mrs. Fendyke," he cried, "what shall I say—what can I do? You think me a scoundrel—"

He broke down at this, warrior of many fields as he had been, the great tears rolling over his cheek as if he had been a child. His hearer, for the moment, thought more of his sufferings than of her own.

"My dear Colonel," she said, tears coming into her own eyes, "I know it was not your fault. You did it for the best."

"Yes, for the best. And now," again raising his eyes to heaven, "he goes unpunished. Great God! is there such a thing as justice?"

Mrs. Fendyke put her hand into his.

"We must be patient. 'Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord.' Ellen," she continued, "we must teach your father patience, by showing how patient we can be ourselves. It is beggary, absolute beggary, for me; but—"

Then she broke down, too. All her philosophy, even her religion, for the moment, was ineffectual, in face of the wolf at the door, the starvation almost imminent. It was not of herself, even then, however, that she thought, but of her little daughter.

Our story is done. Alas! it is not an exceptional one. Mrs. Fendyke takes in sewing now, for a living, and a miserable living it is. The Colonel has found an humble position, in which he barely earns enough to keep soul and body together. Ellen goes out as a governess.

And the author of all this evil lives luxuriously in the distant land to which he has fled, and never troubles himself to think of his victims. Even when, as will sometimes happen, memory forces them on him, he dismisses them with a sardonic laugh.

"The fools," he says, "especially that dear old Colonel. They ought to have known that a big interest meant a bigger risk. I did them a service, after all, in teaching them the lesson."

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EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

No. 1—Is an afternoon toilette, made of fancy woolen material and black satin; the woolen goods must harmonize with the black satin. Something in black and white checks, grays, or fawns, or black and gold checks, or pin-stripes.

No. 1.

No. 2.

The skirt is made just to touch, two and a quarter to two and a half yards wide, according to the height of the wearer, and is made of the fancy material. Three narrow flounces edge the bottom of the skirt, headed by a puff of black satin, cut on the bias, sewed on the under side, and then turned up, and allowed to droop enough to be graceful. A fine cord run in the upper edge finishes the top of this puff. Over this, four similar flounces complete the trimming for the bottom of the skirt. The over-drapery consists of a tablier, well draped in folds at the right

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side, where it is ornamented by a large bow and ends of black satin ribbon, two inches wide. The back is arranged to form a rather bouffant effect. The bodice is made with a plaited vest, crossed

No. 3.

by bands, and trimmed with buttons; it is draped in small paniers at the sides, and is plain at the back. The body should be fitted close, and to button in front with tiny flat buttons, and the plaited vest be made separate, and fastened only on the right side to the bodice. The straps are buttoned over on the left side. Tight coat-sleeves, with a plaited satin cuff. A large bow and ends of ribbon is worn at the throat. Fourteen yards of woolen material, two yards of black satin, two yards of black satin ribbon, and eighteen buttons will be required for this costume.

No. 2—Is a walking or house-costume, made of bronze cashmere and a striped moiré of two shades of bronze, a lighter and a darker shade. The skirt is perfectly plain, and made of the striped moiré, trimmed with a coquille ruche of the two colors. The bodice is cut with a long point in the front, and a shorter one in the back. The tunic is arranged to form small paniers at the sides and very short at the back, as may be seen in the illustration. This, however, is optional: a more bouffant and fuller drapery

No. 4.

may be adapted to this same model, and also display the skirt. Four and a half yards of cashmere, and five yards of striped moiré, with two and a half yards each of the two shades in

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plain silk for the ruche on the bottom of the skirt, will be required.

No. 3—Is a new and stylish model for a walking-costume, made of mignonette-colored bège and checked foulard. The skirt is made of the checked foulard, laid in large double box-plaits. On the top of each box-plait, a false plait of the plain goods is placed, put on with a blind stitch. This skirt kilts from a yoke down to within six inches of the bottom, where the kilts are allowed to fly. The bodice is double-breasted, one side faced with the check and turned over, forming a rever on the left side at the throat. It is finished off with small paniers and wide sash, made double at the back—the bodice, sash, and paniers being all of the mignonette bège. Demi-long sleeves, turned back with the check, form the cuffs. The sleeves may be long or demi-long, as desired. With the latter, very long mousquetaire gloves must be worn. Twelve yards of checked foulard and four yards of double-width bège will be required. In all woolen material, broad combination stripes of plain and checked material can be had, and used for the skirt of this model, using plain goods for the bodice, sash, etc.

No. 4—Is a walking-costume, of electric-blue mousseline-de-laine; the same with écru stripes

No. 5.

for the sash, and écru lace for the trimmings. The skirt is trimmed with alternate frills of lace and knife-plaitings of the de-laine. The striped scarf is knotted in front, and terminates at the back in large loops and ends. The cuffs and collar are of the striped material and lace. Ten yards of double-width de-laine or cashmere, two dozen yards of écru lace, three yards of stripe for scarf-drapery, will be required for this costume. This model, in white or evening shades

No. 6.

of cashmere, de-laine, albatross, or any pretty soft material, with plaid or striped silk for sash, will make a most effective and dressy toilette for the evening.

No. 5—Is something entirely new in design, for a little girl of four to six years. It is made of a tiny-checked woolen goods or plaid sash, and trimmed with muslin embroidery. We give the back and front, therefore very little description is necessary. The skirt is laid in deep kilts, edged with a flounce of the embroidery, and is attached to a petticoat body. The bodice is pointed in front and coat-shaped in the back. The fichu collar crosses in front, as seen in the illustration. Edge of bodice, fichu, and cuffs all of embroidered muslin.

No. 6.—Another pretty toilette, for a little girl of four to six years, is made of self-colored cashmere, cut in Princess-shape, with a knife-plaited ruffle finishing the bottom edge. The fronts are laid in small tucks each side of the hem. Back

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with one wide box-plait, with corresponding tucks on either side, making the back like the front. A broad sash of the material is arranged below the waist-line, trimming the skirt, and making an elongated waist. A small cape is fitted to the shoulders, caught up in plaits in front. This fits under the turnover collar, and is tied with a bow of ribbon at the throat. Coat-sleeves, with double turned-back cuffs, complete this costume. Four to five yards of cashmere will be required.

No. 7.—For a boy of three to four years, we have a plaid kilted cashmere skirt, over which is

No. 7.

a coat-shaped paletot of diagonal flannel, of dark-blue, green, brown, or garnet. This is cut double-breasted, and finished with vandykes at the edge; bound with braid, and a button in each point. A belt, held in place by straps, finishes the elongated waist. Wide collar, and coat-sleeves with turned-back cuff, all bound with braid, make this pretty suit a very serviceable one.

No. 8.—For a baby-boy of two years, we have a plaid flannel. Sacque front, with double box-

No. 8.

plaits at the back. A double cape, trimmed with ball fringe, is worn over the paletot, or left off at pleasure and according to the season.

LADIES' PATTERNS.

Any style in this number will be sent by mail on receipt of full price for corresponding article in price list below. Patterns will be put together and plainly marked. Patterns designed to order.

Princess Dress: Plain,	.50
" " with drapery and trimming,	1.00
Polonaise,	.50
Combination Walking Suits,	1.00
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CHILDREN'S PATTERNS.

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Combination Suits,	.35	Coats & Vests or Cut Skirts	.35
Skirts and Overskirts,	.25	Wrappers,	.25
Polonaise: Plain,	.25	Waterproofs, Circulars	
" Fancy,	.35	and Ulsters,	.25

BOYS' PATTERNS.

Jackets,	.25	Wrappers,	.25
Pants,	.20	Gents' Shirts,	.50
Vests,	.20	" Wrappers,	.30
Ulsters,	.30		

In sending orders for Patterns, please send the number and month of Magazine, also No. of page or figure or anything definite, and also whether for lady or child. Address, Mrs. M. A. Jones, 28 South Eighth Street, Philadelphia.

COLORED PATTERN: DOG-DAISY.

In the front of the number, we give a design, printed in colors, of a bunch of Dog-Daisies, with leaves and stalks. It is original, by a pupil of the "Art Embroidery" school. It may be worked either with silk or crewels, in Kensington-stitch.

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MAYNARD VISITE MANTLE: WITH SUPPLEMENT.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, for this month, a new and very elegant Visite Mantle for spring wear; and folded in with the number is a SUPPLEMENT, with full-size patterns, by which to cut it out. It consists of four pieces, viz:

No. 1.—HALF OF FRONT.
No. 2.—HALF OF BACK.
No. 3.—SLEEVE.
No. 4.—UNDER SIDE OF SLEEVE.

The seam which joins the back (No. 2) to the sleeve is marked by two cuts, and lettered. The short side-seam of sleeve is joined to the short side-seam of front, as marked. The seam which joins the under side of sleeve to the lower part of the armhole of front is marked by three cuts, and the junction of upper and under side of sleeve is marked by four cuts. The notch at the top of the sleeve is to be placed at the shoulder-seam, which joins the back and front together. The sleeve must be fulled over the top of the shoulder. Take a dart out of the front to make it fit in to the figure.

Make of camel's-hair cloth or cashmere, and trim with fringe and lace. The collar is made by trimming the shoulder with the lace and fringe, as seen in the illustration. Loops and ends of narrow black satin ribbon are placed at the throat and on the sleeves, as seen.

NAME FOR MARKING.

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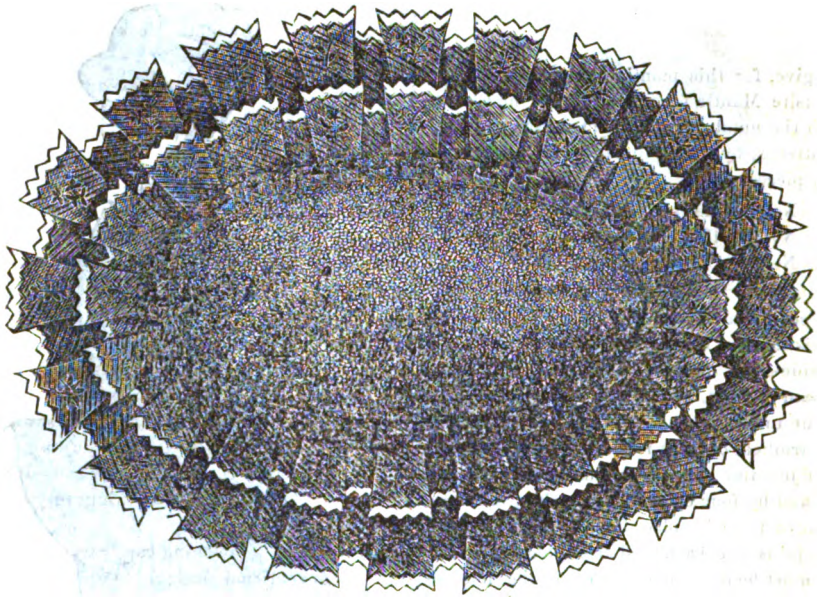
TOILET MAT.



This mat is made in narrow-striped velvet or velveteen. A circle of stiff card-board is first cut the required size. It is then covered with the material, and around the edge is a row of scarlet vandyked braid. Then cut a narrow oval piece, border it with braid, lay it within the large oval. The outside flutings are then cut, each separately and on the cross way of the material, and of the shape of a triangular piece; then cut off the corners, and fold each piece as seen in the engraving, and border each with braid. Cut another set of these pieces somewhat smaller. Each piece can be embroidered, or have bead designs sewed upon them. Now place the largest flutings each within the smaller, as seen, and sew them upon the paper foundation; finally add a plaiting of ribbon to cover the sewing, and line the back with a piece of cloth.

ART NEEDLEWORK. No. II.

BY HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.

In the March number we gave several new designs in Art Needlework, with instructions, and we continue the subject here.

For many small things a frame is almost a necessity to success, as the work must be kept smooth and unpuckered. You must be very careful about sewing your material straight on to the webbing which is nailed to the rollers, and then stretch it evenly, or you will find it warped when you take it out. After the stretchers are put in, it is generally necessary to brace the work a little more tightly with string or coarse thread.

In working you will find it better to keep the right hand underneath, as it may be supposed to be more clever at finding its way alone than the left, which needs the eye to guide it. You must, of course, in this case use two thimbles.

We give, first, a slipper toe, which you might perhaps work in the hand, if very well done. It would only want a small piece of cloth even to make a large pair of slippers. The one we give is a child's size, intended to be worked solidly on diagonal cloth. It would be so easy to make little patterns which would do for these,

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and, worked in crewel on diagonal cloth, they would be very inexpensive, as you could line, bind, and sew them on to a pair of fleecy soles yourselves; or you could make much handsomer ones on velvet or plush, outlining the pattern with gold and filling it in with filoselle. The ordinary shoe-shaped slippers can also be easily worked with small designs on the toes, but as they would have to be made up by a shoemaker, they would necessarily be more expensive.

We give, next, the end of a necktie: for these, we think, conventional patterns, like this, look best. You can work them on any color or *in* any color you please, but we advise you to keep to white or cream-color. Strips of Indian or Chinese washing silk will be best. We have often found that bits copied from a scrap of brocade or cretonne will make capital patterns in this style; you can work them easily in the hand, using self-colored washing or "bobbin" silk, and working in satin-stitch.

The design we give is for a straight end finished off with lace insertion, about one inch, and lace edging about two inches wide; and neckties such as this would be very pretty for young girls or children.

We give, for our third design, a design for a fan, to be worked on satin. The subject of fans is so wide and varied a one that we are sorry space will allow us to give you but one design, but we will suggest others which you can make for yourselves; for instance, a subject such as the blotter, in our next design, could be easily utilized as a fan. For working one you must, however, procure properly prepared silk or satin, because it has to be stiffened; or with care you might prepare some yourself, by nailing it out on a board and pasting it with starch on the wrong side, before you put it into your frame. Fans, to look at all well, *must* be carefully done.

The design we give could be worked with fine silk, nicely shaded, and using lighter shades for the upper leaf; but it is my idea in the drawing to work it in gold or silver thread, the under leaf solid, and the upper one only in outline. Sprays of honeysuckle, wild rose, or white and pink hawthorn are very pretty, or you may make slight outline sketches in Japanese style and work them in gold or silver, which on black or dark-colored satin will make very pretty and effective fans at the expense of little time and work. Powderings of butterflies, or humming-birds, or a graduated flock of either would be very pretty.

Our next, and fourth design, is for a blotter, which you can make into an inexpensive article, or otherwise, as you may desire, according to the material used. If worked on jean or Roman satin in crewel it would not cost much, and might be worked in the hand, either in outline or solidly. You can alter the shape at will by taking away from or adding a little to the design in enlarging it. It would, however, be much handsomer worked on velveteen or satin in silk and gold.

Conventional designs of corners and centres are much used for blotters, or well-arranged natural groups, such as you will often find on cards, could also be copied; and anything that you use for a blotter could at the same time be made to serve for all sorts of things in the way of books and boxes.

Our next is a smoking-cap border, a very simple, conventional design, but quite effective. The design would suit for a lawn-tennis cap, and a monogram, worked in front, would finish it.

The sixth, and final design, is for a napkin-ring. A set of them, worked on different colored scraps of plush, velvet, or satin, would be very pretty, and would only need very neat home work in making up. Suppose the design to be on plush, you would outline it in filoselle a shade or two lighter, using only one, or, if you like, two shades for each, and each ring should be of a color that would harmonize well with the rest. We think a pretty monogram, or tiny flower sprays, nicely worked in gold on a set of different colored velvet or plush rings, would be charming; but unless you are a fairly practiced worker, we advise you to keep to the outline patterns. A set of these would be a very pretty and useful present at a trifling expense.

EMBROIDERY DESIGN.

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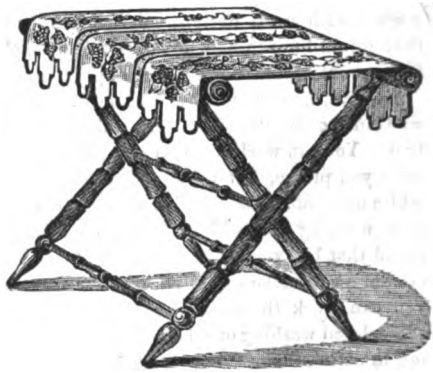
PINE-CONE PATTERN: WITH TABLE.

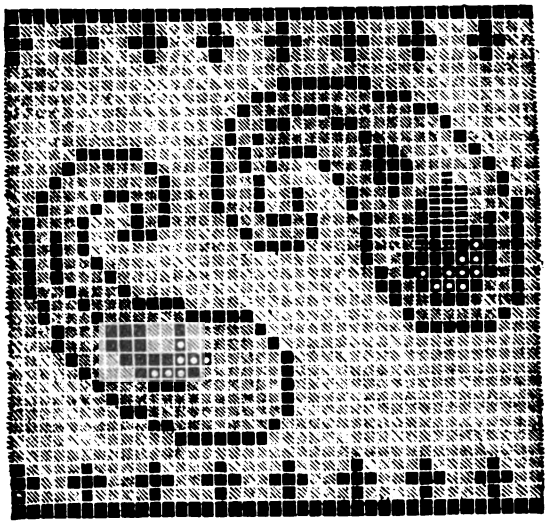
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

This pine-cone pattern, in cross-stitch, for a table-cover, etc., is to be worked in stripes on canvas; or on canvas tacked on velvet, cloth, linen, etc., in which latter case the canvas must be drawn out when finished.

The colors in wools or filoselle, in which the cones should be worked, are yellow and scarlet, and with a little green or blue. The ground of the cones, if a worked ground, is to be of a deep myrtle-green.

The folding table, of which we give an illustration, on which the work just described is so suitable, is convenient for sudden demand, as it can be folded together and placed against the wall when not in use.





NEST FOR EGGS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

A good-sized round card-board box, half filled with wadding, and covered inside and outside with moss-green cashmere, forms the foundation. A band of knitted loops, in shaded brown wool, is worked as follows:

Cast on a sufficient number of stitches for the depth of the box. First row: Plain knitting.

Second row: Pass the needle through the first stitch, turn the wool three times around the needle and first finger of the left hand; work the stitch in ordinary knitting; knit one and repeat.

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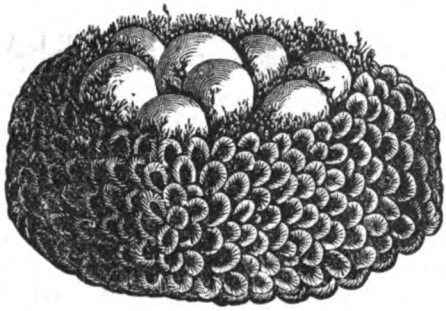
Third row: Knit the row in plain knitting, taking the loops made in the last row all in one stitch.

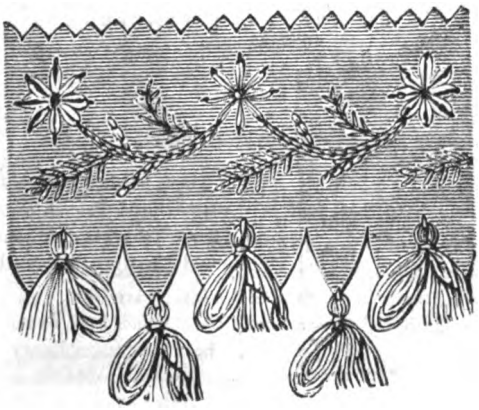
The second and third rows are worked alternately, until a sufficient length to go around the box is made. Cast off, and sew the two ends together. The inside is filled with moss made of wool by knitting a long length of twenty stitches in width. When finished, hold the work over boiling water; let it dry before the fire, and press with a hot iron. Cut one edge of the knitting, and ravel out the remainder. Place the moss inside, and tack here and there to keep in place. This should be done before the outside is put on. Serve the eggs in this nest. The wool and wadding help to retain the heat in the eggs, and it looks very pretty.



WORK-BASKET, WITH DETAIL.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

Any pretty willow basket, with handle, of the shape, or as nearly as possible the shape, of our model, is used for the foundation; but when such a basket cannot be procured, an ingenious lady can make one herself out of card-board, covering the bottom and sides, inside and outside, with silk, or some pretty sateen. The lambrequin, of which we give a bit in detail, is made of cloth, cut in vandykes, and embroidered above in point-russe stitches, with many colored silks. Tassels, of filoselle silk or crewels, combed out to look fluffy, are placed at the points and between, as seen. The handle is made of plaited satin ribbon, fastened on to the willow handle, or if the handle is made of card-board, it is first covered with silk, matching the inside, and the plaited ribbon is fixed upon the outside as garniture.



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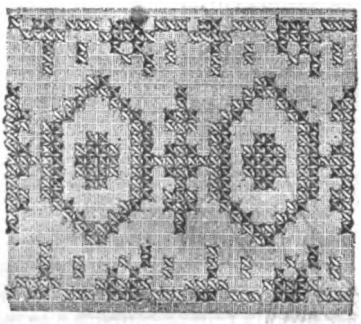
CHATELAINE BAG.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

This useful appendage to a lady's costume—for the handkerchief and purse—can be made by any lady for herself. Black, maroon, dark-blue, or green velvet are the best colors to select. Braid the design in silk-cord braid of the same color as the bag. Cut a card-board the proper size and shape, cover it with satin to match, and put the back and front together with a straight piece of satin, two inches wide, to give room to the inside. Leave the bag open two inches at the top on each side. Finish with a thick cord and tassels, which passes around the waist

BORDER FOR CHILDREN'S DRESSES.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



These borders, which are done in cross-stitch with colored French cottons, are much in vogue for wash dresses or aprons. Collars to correspond should be worn with such dresses.

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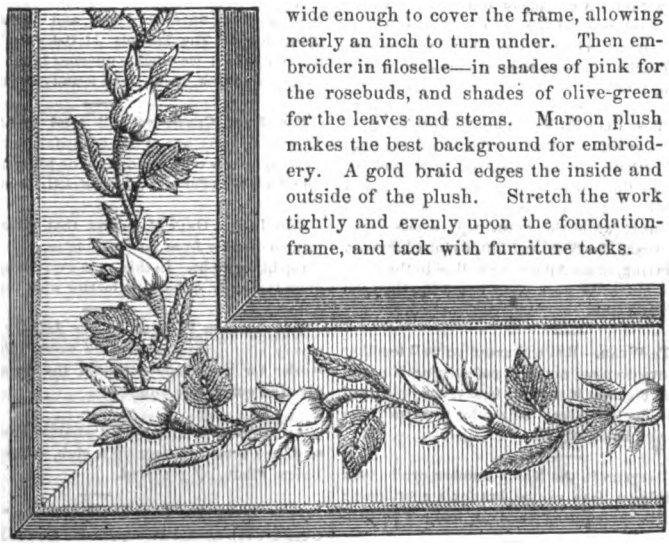
CHILD'S DINNER-BIB: OUTLINE-STITCH.

PHOTOGRAPH FRAME CORNER AND BORDER.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Cut the frame the size required out of thin board, or card-board. Cut the plush wide enough to cover the frame, allowing nearly an inch to turn under. Then embroider in filoselle—in shades of pink for the rosebuds, and shades of olive-green for the leaves and stems. Maroon plush makes the best background for embroidery. A gold braid edges the inside and outside of the plush. Stretch the work tightly and evenly upon the foundation-frame, and tack with furniture tacks.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

HINTS FOR DECORATION.—Covers for small tables have red or peacock-blue plush laid round in a broad border, with the centre of Watteau-figure cretonne; a colored wool ball fringe, combining the different colors, finishes off the edge. These cretonne squares, sold for furniture purposes, are very moderate in price, and have different designs in Watteau figures; the plush border greatly enhances their effect. Standing screens are frequently bound in colored plush, stretched over flat laths of wood about two inches in width. The panels are frequently divided by horizontal plush bars, and the painted design is carried up in an unbroken pattern, or divided to form detached sprays. Some new screens have spaces cut out in the panels, irregularly, with network on each side, inclosing stuffed birds or butterflies arranged inside. This has a good effect when seen with the firelight through, and also allows a pleasant feeling of slight heat to penetrate.

Some ladies devote especial attention to the decorating of their bed-rooms. They work, in crewels or silks, a large spray of flowers on the satin *duvet*, drape their pier-glass with a curtain of plush or pretty cretonne on one side, with a wide ribbon bow, arrange corresponding drapery over the toilet mirror by means of projecting wooden stakes, and lay a night-dress sachet of large dimensions on the lace-curtained bed. Black satin *duvets*, with two long-stalked arum lilies and leaves, or pale-blue and pink ones, with shaded begonia or Virginia creeper leaves, are popular; and so are quilts of alternate stripes of chené silk and satin or plush, and alternate flowered cretonne and wide insertion lace. A flounce of lace always edges all. The chené silk is split in half its natural width, and the plush or satin also. A night-dress sachet of the same chené silk is lined with a color, and made in a somewhat novel way. It is square, and the four corners meet, and are tied together with a large bow of tolerably wide ribbon, after the night-dress and dressing-jacket are folded andplaced within. A cascade of full lace is sewn all round, so that the bow appears to lie on a mass of cream lace; fourteen inches to seventeen inches square is the average size. The handkerchief sachet, and sometimes the brush cover and pincushion, match.

WHICH IS THE BEST CLUB TO WORK FOR?—This is a question often asked. Our reply is, that, on the whole, the most satisfactory ones, perhaps, are the $6.50, the $9.00, and the $14.00 clubs. In all three the premium is an extra copy of the magazine. Our other premiums are very beautiful, but they come only once, while the extra copy comes every month during the year. The $8.00 and $10.50 clubs, however, entitle to an engraving, or an Album, as well as to the extra copy, and require but little *more* effort to get up, than the $6.50 club or the $9.00 club.

WHAT COLORS TO WEAR.—Red and green go well together when the shades are deep-red and dull pale-green; blue and yellow will also go together if the blue is, say, navy-blue and the yellow of the color of amber. Any color worn near the face must be soft and indescribable.

THE COLORED PATTERN in the March number can be used not only for a tidy on Java canvas, but for a sportsman's game-bag, for which the hunting emblems make it particularly appropriate.

HOW TO TRANSFER PATTERNS.—New subscribers frequently write to ask how to transfer to the muslin, etc., which we give occasionally on our SUPPLEMENT and elsewhere. We have often answered this question before, but now answer it again for the benefit of those who take "Peterson" for 1883 for the first time. There are several methods. One is to take paper, a little thicker than tissue-paper, and place it over the pattern; then trace with a lead-pencil. Next, take this paper, and with a large pin pierce holes through the lines drawn; but be sure that they are clear, distinct, and close enough to trace the pattern without trouble. Place this paper over the material, and rub with powdered indigo, or white powder if the material is dark. Then remove the paper, and mark with pencil over the indigo dots. In folding it away, it is well to lay something over the material, as the indigo may soil. Instead of the powder, however, you can use India-ink, mixed until thick enough not to flow readily. In this case, paint over the holes with a brush; and let the paper remain on the goods until perfectly dry, as there is danger of the ink blotting.

Another method is to mark over the pattern, on the right side, with a sharp crayon or very soft lead-pencil; then place the marked side of the pattern on the material, and with a bone knitting-needle, go over all the lines on the wrong side of the pattern, pressing hard. Next, remove the pattern, and the marks will remain on the goods. If faint, mark over with pencil, as there is always danger of rubbing. A still simpler method, if the material is thin enough, is to place the pattern against a window-pane, with the material over it, and trace with a pencil the outlines of the design. We give, it will be seen, directions of the simplest kind, and that anyone can follow.

THE ORIGINAL NOVELET, by Mrs. Jane G. Austin, was to have followed "The Professional Beauty," and been begun in this number. But in consequence of the author's illness, it has not been finished in time, and we shall therefore substitute for it "The Tragedy At Oakwood," by a new contributor, which we shall commence in the May issue. It is a story, we think, that will be found exceptionally powerful.

FOR FIFTY CENTS, we will send to any subscriber to "Peterson," any one of our beautiful premium engravings. This represents only the cost of the paper and printing, and, therefore, the offer is confined strictly to subscribers.

THIS IS THE ONLY MAGAZINE that gives colored fashions printed directly from the steel-plates. All others substitute cheap lithographs. In this, as in everything else, "Peterson" gives *the best of its kind*, no matter what the expense.

THE COLORED PATTERN in our January number will be a very appropriate pattern, we would inform CLARA, for a border for the window-curtain, the design of which was given in our March number.

ANY OTHER ONE OF OUR PREMIUM ENGRAVINGS will be sent, to a person getting up a club, instead of the "Christ Before Pilate," *if preferred*.

IT IS NEVER TOO LATE to subscribe for "Peterson." Back numbers can always be supplied. Now is just the time.

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OUR UNRIVALED PREMIUMS FOR 1883.—Our premiums for getting up clubs for this year are unusually fine. One is the steel-engraving, (27 inches by 20,) "Christ Before Pilate," *the most wonderful picture of the century*, as is everywhere admitted. The enterprise of "Peterson," in engraving this magnificent work of art, at a cost that would stagger ordinary publishers, is conceded, on all hands, to be beyond precedent. *Every family in the land ought to have a copy of this superb engraving.*

But as there are some persons who already have their walls covered with engravings, or may prefer something else, we offer, *in place* of the "Christ Before Pilate," either our Illustrated Quarto Album, a very beautiful ornament for the centre-table, or a handsome Photograph Album. In all such cases, however, say which Album is preferred.

For many clubs, an extra copy of the magazine will be sent. For others, and larger ones, a copy of the engraving or either of the Albums. The inducements to get up clubs were never before so great, and probably will never be so great again. But see the offers on second page of cover.

Now is the time to get up clubs for 1883. If you defer too long, others may get ahead of you. Every year we receive letters saying: "If I had commenced sooner, I could have done much better, for everybody likes Peterson." Specimens are sent, gratis, if written for, to get up clubs with.

AS TO DIPHTHERIA.—The great prevalence of diphtheria, this year, and its excessive mortality, renders unusually interesting a lecture on the subject, recently delivered by Doctor H. C. Wood, of the University of Pennsylvania. The doctor holds that diphtheria, croup, and gangrene are identical diseases; that diphtheria is by no means limited to what we see in the pharynx, as any abraded surface may be transformed with a genuine case of diphtheria; that it is a local and not a constitutional disease; that any sore throat may become diphtheritic without any contagion; that diphtheritic poison injected into the blood is perfectly harmless, it first being necessary to make a wound and keep it in a state of irritation before diphtheritic poison introduced into it could produce the desired effect. As to the locality of the disease, he holds that it abounds most in low swampy places: he also thinks that diphtheria and micrococci, minute vegetable fungi, are inseparably associated: "No micrococci, no diphtheria," said the doctor. That the diphtheritic poison cannot affect a perfectly healthy person; there must be an abraded surface, and no healthy child can get it unless it has a sore throat already; that any sore throat may end in diphtheria, and the line cannot be drawn where sore throat ends and diphtheria begins. He also regards it as not infectious, *strictly speaking*, but in this he uses technical language, rather than popular, and does not desire to prevent the precautions which experience has shown are so necessary as protections against this disease.

THE BRIC-A-BRAC RAGE, we are told, is declining. In some respects this is an improvement. We are not averse to seeing people collect pretty trifles, or even curious ones that are not pretty; but we do not think it, and never thought it, the best thing that can be done with money. Ladies, thirty years ago, used to buy books, where they now buy bric-a-brac. If you went into a parlor, you found the centre-table scattered over with the newest books, magazines, etc., etc. The women of that day, in consequence, were up to the times, and could converse on all the subjects that occupied the public mind. We do not say that their daughters are inferior, in this respect, to their mothers; but we are quite sure that talking about books was more refined than talking about bric-a-brac and lap-dogs. We are not sorry, therefore, to observe that, in the best houses, art and literature are coming up again, and that pictures, good engravings, handsome books, magazines, etc., etc., are resuming their old ascendancy.

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS may be made, at the price paid by the rest of the club, *at any time during the year*. And when enough additional subscribers have been sent, you will be entitled to another premium, or premiums, precisely as if it were a new club. Go on, therefore, adding to your clubs and earning premiums.

THE SMALL NAPKIN, called the "D'Oyley," and generally used for fruit, etc., etc., was so named after a famous linen-draper, who was the first to make it the fashion, in the time of Queen Anne.

WE CALL ATTENTION, particularly, to the very beautiful colored pattern in this number. "Peterson" is the only magazine that gives these expensive patterns.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

Doctor Grimshawe's Secret. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Boston: J. S. Osgood & Co.*—A posthumous work is always to be regarded with suspicion. It should be the more so, when, as in this case, twenty years have elapsed between the death of the writer and the appearance of his book. For the question immediately arises, why, if this fragment was to be printed at all, was it not printed immediately after the author's decease? To this no satisfactory answer is given, either in the preface by Mrs. Julia Hawthorne, or in the book itself. Apparently, Hawthorne had intended to write another novel; apparently, also, he had jotted down some ideas on the subject; here and there, even, he may have left partially completed chapters; but his work was only a fragment; and he, of all persons, would have been the last to permit it to be published, in its present, rugged, unfinished state. The Saturday Review expresses the opinion of all impartial critics, when it says that "Dr. Grimshawe's Secret, though it contains detached passages which are full of Hawthorne's thought and style, cannot add to Hawthorne's reputation." The astonishing thing, we repeat, is that the book should ever have been allowed to appear at all.

The Royal Anthem Book. By Mrs. Clara H. Scott. 1 *vol.*, 4*to. Cincinnati: F. W. Helwick.*—This is a compilation from the best anthem writers of America, such as Doctor H. R. Palmer, Doctor George F. Root, Doctor W. O. Perkins, etc., etc. To this is added arrangements and adaptations from celebrated foreign authors, such as Canthal, Guglielmo, Glück, Weber, etc., etc. It is a work exceedingly suitable for general popular demand.

The Evangeliste. By Alphonso Daudet. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—This story has created quite a sensation in Paris, and will attain, we think, not less popularity here. The author is one of the most celebrated novelists of his school, and is already well known, even in America, for his great power. The translation is good.

A Study of Maria Edgeworth. By Grace A. Oliver. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Boston: A. Williams & Co.*—In this pleasant account of Maria Edgeworth, we have also notices of her father and friends, and of her general surroundings; making altogether a very life-like picture.

Those Pretty St. George Girls. By "One Of The Set." 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—A story of fashionable life in London; racy, natural, well told: a novel destined to be one of the most successful of the season.

Barrington's Fate. "No Name Series." 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Boston: Roberts Brothers.*—One of the best fictions in this anonymous series. The scene of the story is laid in England. Is the writer an Englishman?

Divorce. By Margaret Lee. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. New York: J. F. Lovell Company.*—There is sincerity in this novel, and some power; but on the other hand, great want of artistic skill.

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OUR ARM-CHAIR.

WHAT THE EDITORS SAY.—In all the long career of "Peterson," there never has been a year when newspapers were so enthusiastic over it. Were we to give even a tenth of the notices, we should be unable to give anything else. We cannot help, however, quoting a few, to show our subscribers that editors, who see all the magazines, unite with them in considering this the cheapest and best. The Marion (Iowa) Pilot says of the last number: "It is unexcelled in the quality and variety of its literary contents, as well as in its engravings, fashion-plates, embroidery designs, etc., etc." The Wallingford (Conn.) Forum says: "Even better this year than the last; it cannot be excelled; every lady should possess a copy." Says the Lebanon (Pa.) Courier: "Better even than its predecessors." The Winston (N. C.) Sentinel says: "The colored fashion-plates are alone worth the price asked for it; no household should be without it." The Chicago (Ill.) Chronicle says: "We know of no magazine of purer tone; it is in the front rank for family reading." The Albany (Mo.) Sun says: "We have never seen the superior of the March number." The Dubuque (Iowa) Herald says: "No lady, desiring to keep up with the fashions, can afford to be without this magazine." The Greeley (Col.) Tribune says: "Undoubtedly the best of the fashion magazines; the literary, too, is by favorite writers." Finally, the Galesburg (Ill.) Register says: "It is a standing wonder to us how so fine a magazine can be published at so low a price; and the puzzle is only explained by the immense circulation of 'Peterson,' greater than that of all the other lady's books combined."

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE as a brain tonic. Dr. E. W. Robertson, Cleveland, Ohio, says: "From my experience can cordially recommend it as a brain and nerve tonic, especially in nervous debility, nervous dyspepsia, etc., etc.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES for coughs and colds: "The only article of the kind which has done me good service. I want nothing better."—Rev. R. H. Craig, Otisville, N. Y. Sold only in boxes, price twenty-five cents.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

[MEDICAL BOTANY—OF THE GARDEN, FIELD, AND FOREST.]

BY ABRAM LIVEZEY, A. M., M. D.

No. IV.—IRON-WEED—INDIAN TURNIP—INDIAN PHYSIC.

IRON-WEED—*Vernonia Noveboracensis:* Natural Order *Compositæ.* Stem two or three to six feet high, sulcate-striate, roughish pubescent, somewhat branched above, finally becoming hard and subligneous. Leaves three to six or eight inches long, oblong-lanceolate, serrate, harsh, roughish, and subcoriaceous. This is a pretty native flower, readily recognized by its bright purple bloom during August in moist meadows, low grounds, thickets, etc. It is considered a troublesome and worthless weed by farmers who possess low meadow grounds, and in this country it is too common to be admired; but in foreign lands, where it has been introduced by gardeners, it is esteemed a pretty ornamental flower.

It was named after William Vernon, an English botanist, who came to this country and made collections of plants towards the close of the seventeenth century. The specific designation is Latin, and means simply "belonging to the State of New York." This is the only species found in counties adjacent to Philadelphia. The fresh roots of this plant, bruised and steeped for a time in good old whisky or brandy, have been used with much benefit in debility of the digestive organs and kindred affections, where a bitter tonic is needed, in doses of one to four teaspoonfuls. As a "tea" or infusion, in wineglassful, doses it will generally answer the same purposes.

INDIAN TURNIP—*Arum triphyllum*, called also Wake-robin, Jack-in-the-pulpit, etc. Common leaf-stalks erect, nine to eighteen inches in length; leaves mostly in pairs, ternately dissected; scape six to fifteen inches high; spathe three to five inches long, upper half incurved, variegated with purple and yellow stripes. Found in rich shaded grounds; flowering in May; spadix covered with red berries when mature.

The turnip-shaped rhizoma or cormus, one to two inches in diameter, when freshly gathered, is very acrid; but this property is greatly lost by boiling or drying. When just taken from the ground, it is too acrid and irritant to use. The dried root is used in asthmatic affections, pertussis, chronic catarrh, and rheumatism. Its medicinal virtues are not striking. The dose of the grated or powdered root is ten grains. It is one of the ingredients of the "Irritating Plaster" of the Botanics and Eclectics, which is very valuable in deep-seated chronic inflammation of any part of the body.

INDIAN PHYSIC—*Gillenia trifoliata*, called also American ipecacuanha and Bowman's root. Calyx tubular-campanulate, five-toothed; petals five, white or whitish; the flowers loosely corymbose-paniculate. Leaves trifoliate, leaflets three or four inches long; stem two to four feet high, slender, paniculately branched at the summit, mostly purplish.

This plant grows wild throughout the United States, east of the Allegheny Mountains; but in Pennsylvania, more abundantly west of these mountains.

The root constitutes a mild and efficient emetic, and may be used by mothers and country practitioners instead of ipecacuanha. Like the latter, it is tonic in small doses.

It was employed by the Indian in Colonial times, and thus became known to the early settlers of the country. The dose required is about one-third larger than the ipecac, say thirty grains in warm water, when the purpose is to induce vomiting; two or three grains for a tonic. We doubtless have indigenous medicinal articles amply sufficient to cope with all diseases, without recourse to Mexico, South America, or Europe, or the East Indies.

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

☞ Everything relating to this department should be addressed "Puzzle Editor," PETERSON'S MAGAZINE, Lock Box 437, Marblehead, Mass.

No. 191 —DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Impatient we were for thy return,
  For woodlands green and meadows fair,
The sweet wild flowers to discern,
  And breathe thy balmy fragrant air,
    Oh, Primal.

And now we are loth to say farewell,
  Thou hast filled our hearts with gay delight;
Yet we know that thou canst not longer dwell,
  For even now appears in sight
    Fair Final.

If we wish the first, in this life, 'twill be
By patient toil and industry.
Coming quickly to notice, will second define,
Or one newly risen, it is, I opine.
An elevation for speakers in public is third,
O'er and o'er again the name you have heard.

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The time intervening will fourth portray,
Or meantime, 'tis termed; as you please, either way.
To nourish, to cherish, to tend, educate,
Interpret the fifth, no more will I state.
When en-route for home, on a stormy night,
The sixth of light is a welcome sight.

Plainfield, N. J. VIOLA.

No. 192.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 17 letters.
My 14, 17, 5, 7 is a cipher.
My 12, 15, 16 is a machine.
My 9, 1, 11, 18 is a hand's-breadth.
My 10, 13, 3 is a texture of rushes.
My 6, 4, 2 is to discover.
My whole is a most interesting book.

Harlem, N. Y. MINNIE S. YOST.

Answers Next Month.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER.

No. 188.

S P R I T E S
P R E C A N T
R E V E R S E
I C E I S L E
T A R S I A N
E N S L A V E
S T E E N E D

No. 189.

Robin.

No. 190.

C U L L I S
S A U C E R
D E T A I L
S I G N E T
C O S S A S
D E S P O T

FLOWER GARDENING.

FOR THE MONTH OF APRIL.—Sow the seed of every kind of annual flowers. Sow German and English ten-week stocks, Brompton stocks and asters, particularly the quilled kind.

Sow auriculas and polyanthus seeds in a shady border, and in very fine soil. If the border is dry, give it a soaking of water before sowing the seeds, and keep damp afterwards.

Transplant any biennial or perennial *fibrous-rooted* plants only in the first week of April, and each must have a good ball of earth around them.

In the latter part of April, sow the seeds of *hardy* herbaceous perennial plants, as campanulas, Canterbury bells, and others; hollyhocks, lunaria or honesty, rockets of all colors, mallows, wall flowers, evening primroses, both tall and low kinds; sweet-williams of all colors, spirea Japonica, with its pretty white spikes of flowers; delphinium in all its varieties, which include the larkspur; the phlox and its varieties, peony, pentstemon, the iberis sempervirens and iberis Gibraltarica, the white, yellow, and blue iris, lilium longiflorum, the purple lathyrus, the blue veronica, and the lovely Tradescantia Virginica, better known as the spider-wort, a plant brought from Virginia by Mr. Tradescant, in Queen Elizabeth's reign.

These and many other hardy herbaceous plants often remain from year to year in the same places; but this is wrong to permit. They should be removed every two years, and laid together with the roots in the ground, then the border be trenched and well manured, and then the plants replaced.

Chrysanthemums.—Divide the roots, and plant those portions which have suckers.

Pansy roots divide and plant for autumn blooming.

Take up hyacinths, tulips, narcissus, crocus, and other bulbs, and replant them in a spare ground, to gain strength and form bulbs for winter use. In the autumn, put them then in small pots, in a light rich soil, and cover them with a few inches of light soil and loose litter to protect from frost; and when the early flowers of snowdrops and winter aconites fade away, these potted sorts taken out of the pots can be planted close to the vacant places, but not exactly in the spot where the others have stood. If crocuses are kept in the ground, they invariably sink deep into the earth, and send up only a few leaves—no flowers.

An Herb-Garden should never be missing from a lady's flower-garden. Roots do not always thrive when divided and planted for propagation, therefore in April the seeds of sweet basil, marjoram, thyme, and winter savory may be sowed; the latter and knotted marjoram are among the chief herbs that give flavor to savory stuffing.

WINDOW GARDENING.—Mr. Shirley Hibberd, in the "Gardener's Magazine," recommends that in the last week in April window-boxes and trays, which fit into vases and rustic baskets, should be emptied of the spring flowering plants, and be refilled with those intended to bloom through the summer. Zonale geraniums are the most desirable plants, as they stand draught better than any other, and these mixed with a few lobelias for drooping over the sides; the effect is better than with a number of flowers, and also other flowers perish before the summer is half over, while these continue till the last.

The soil to be good loam and rotten manure; for light soils are of little use

The Management after Planting.—Place the boxes either in a cold frame for a fortnight, or in some out-of-door place where they can be protected from cold, and then, if the weather be favorable, put them in their places.

The chief plants in flower in April are daisies, the symbol of innocence; gilli-flowers (Gilofrés) of lasting beauty; cyclamens, of diffidence; anemones, of sickness, also symbolical of being forsaken; the iris, a message of friendship or love; pansies, (*pensees*,) my thoughts are with you, and think of me; evening primrose, inconstancy; tulip, declaration of love; jonquil, desire to win you; crown imperial, dignity; violets, sweetness of disposition.

Rock-work in a garden is not only pleasant to look at, but is convenient in shutting out an unsightly spot.

A north aspect is the best for ferns and Alpine flowers. In constructing elevated mounds for ferns and Alpine flowers, the base should be of building rubbish, faced with *burrs* from brick-kilns, or with large blocks of stone or flint, if such are plentiful in the district.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

SOUP.

Pot au Feu.—Take a piece of fresh silverside of beef weighing six pounds, and about half a pound of bones; tie up the meat neatly with string, and put both into a six-quart saucepan; fill it up with sufficient water to come well over the meat and bones, and set it on the fire; remove carefully with a skimmer the scum that will rise as the water gets

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warm, but do not allow it to boil. Add at intervals during the process about a pint of cold water in small quantities; this will have the effect of checking the ebullition, and will help the scum to rise. When the scum is all removed, put in about one ounce of salt, a small handful of whole pepper and allspice, one onion stuck with a dozen cloves, one onion toasted almost black before the fire or on the hob, one leek, and three carrots of average size cut in two-inch lengths, two turnips of average size each cut in four, and a *bouquet garni—i.e.*, two or three sprigs each of thyme and marjoram, a clove of garlic, and a small handful of parsley, all tied together into a small faggot. The above vegetables should not be put in all at once, but gradually, so as not to check the gentle simmering of the *pot au feu*, which should be now skimmed for the last time, and placed by the side of the fire to simmer gently for at least four hours. According to the season, all or some of the following vegetables may be added: A head of celery cut in two-inch lengths, a couple of tomatoes, a couple of parsnips, a handful of chervil. At the time of serving, strain the broth and skim off all the fat, add the least bit of sugar (not burnt sugar), and more salt if necessary; make the broth boiling hot, and pour it into the soup-tureen over small slices of toasted bread, adding, according to taste, a portion of the vegetables cut in thin slices. To serve the meat, having removed the string, garnish it with some of the vegetables, or with mashed potatoes, spinach, etc.

MEATS, ETC.

Lamb Cutlets and Spinach.—Cut eight cutlets from the neck of a lamb, and trim off most of the fat and all the skin; scrape the top part of the bones quite clean, then brush the cutlets over with egg, sprinkle them with breadcrumb, and season with pepper and salt; then dip them into a little clarified butter, and sprinkle with breadcrumb; fry them over a sharp fire, turning them when required; lay them before a fire to drain, place them in the centre of a dish, and put spinach all round the dish, neatly arranged as a border. The spinach should be boiled and finely minced, mixed with a little fresh butter, and the dish should be served very hot.

Beefsteak with Cucumbers.—Pare and slice lengthwise two large cucumbers and a large onion. Season them with pepper and salt, dredge flour over them, and fry them. Broil a steak, season it with pepper and salt, and put it into a hot dish with a bit of butter; then pour the cucumbers over it, and serve hot.

VEGETABLES.

Carrots with flavor, and Carrots without.—When you are about to boil carrots do not scrape them, but first brush and then wash them. When cooked, rub off the skin with the back of the knife. The improvement in the flavor is very great, because the juice has been kept in. The carrot is more affected by the ordinary system of peeling or scraping than the potato, because the former contains a large proportion of sugar in a soluble form. Those who try this will learn to estimate the difference of carrots with flavor and carrots without.

DESSERTS.

Imperial Rice.—Boil three tablespoonfuls of rice, picked and washed clean, in a pint of milk, with sugar to taste, and a piece of vanilla. When quite done, put it into a basin to get cold. Make a custard with a gill of milk and the yolks of four eggs; when cold, mix it with the rice. Beat up into a froth a gill of cream with some sugar and a pinch of isinglass dissolved in a little water; mix this very lightly with the rice and custard, fill a mould with the mixture, and set it on ice. When moderately iced, turn it out, and serve with any cold jam-sauce, or, in summer, stewed fruit, round it.

Blanched Cream.—Take a pint of the thickest cream that can be got, sweeten it with fine sugar and orange-flower water; boil it, and beat the whites of ten eggs with a little cold cream, strain it, and, when the cream is upon the boil, pour in the eggs, stirring it well till it comes to a thick curd; then take it up, and strain it again through a hair-sieve, beat it well with a spoon till it is cold, then put into a dish.

FASHIONS FOR APRIL.

FIG. I.—VISITING-DRESS, OF PONGEE. The bottom of the skirt is trimmed with a flounce, with a plain piece alternating with narrow side-plaitings; over this the skirt is cut in square tabs; the back is loosely draped; the short apron-front is trimmed with écru-colored Spanish lace; the dolman mantelet is of strong plain lace, of a square mesh, figured in velvet leaves, and is trimmed with black Spanish lace. Bonnet of yellow straw, trimmed with pale roses and loops of cardinal-colored satin ribbon.

FIG. II.—WALKING-DRESS, OF GREEN NUN'S-VEILING. The skirt is trimmed with a series of narrow gathered flounces, and a scarf-drapery crosses the upper part diagonally; the long Princess coat is double-breasted, and is turned back on the right side with a rever of brown satin; the Directoire lappel, collar, cuffs, and pockets are also of the satin. Bonnet of green straw, trimmed with poppies and brown satin ribbon.

FIG. III.—WALKING-DRESS, OF GAY PLAID SATEEN. The skirt is trimmed with a series of narrow flounces, cut bias; the long coat is of black camel's-hair, opening in front, edged with white embroidery, and trimmed with butterfly bows; sleeves reaching to the elbow; large white chip hat, lined with ruby-colored velvet, and trimmed with black velvet and feathers.

FIG. IV.—WALKING-DRESS, OF ÉCRU-COLORED FOULARD. The bottom of the skirt is trimmed with narrow knife-plaited ruffles and a full puffing of the silk; the panier overskirt is of a broché silk of the same color, fastened back with small brown velvet butterfly bows, and falls about half way down at the back, on the underskirt; the deep pointed cuirass waist has brown velvet cuffs and collar. Hat of blue crêpe, with pearl buckle and brown velvet trimming.

FIG. V.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF BROWN FRENCH BUNTING. The bottom of the skirt is trimmed with several narrow knife-plaitings; above these are lengthwise bands of cream-colored silk, brocaded in brown; the pointed ends of these bands fall over the upper plaited ruffle; the deep coat-basque has a vest, collar, and cuffs of the brocade; at the back it is extended to form loop-drapery.

FIG. VI.—WALKING-DRESS. The underskirt, which does not show, and is of common dark muslin, has a myrtle-green side-plaiting; the overdress is of rather light-green cashmere, with dark-green polka-dots over it, and is plain in front and well draped at the back; the jacket, of myrtle-green cloth, is tight-fitting and rather long; the edge is scalloped and trimmed with braid, and the revers and sleeves are similarly ornamented; leather belt, with steel buckle. Dark-green felt hat, with feather of a lighter shade.

FIG. VII.—WALKING-DRESS. The underskirt is of a faint gray and blue woolen plaid; the overdress and jacket are of gray cashmere, the edges being cut in battlements, and trimmed with narrow braid. Gray straw bonnet and feather.

FIG. VIII.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF BLACK BROCHÉ. The skirt is bordered with narrow plaitings of plain silk; the overskirt is vandyked, the points falling over the plaitings. A full gathered tunic is sewed to the cuirass waist with a heading and a cord; this tunic is gathered up high on one side, and is draped at the back; the demi-long sleeves terminate in frills.

FIG. IX.—WALKING-DRESS, OF DARK-BLUE ALBATROSS-CLOTH. The underskirt is composed of a kilt-plaiting, which falls over a narrower one at the bottom; the tunic is

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short in front, and draped at the back; the front is trimmed with twine-colored lace; the bodice is plain, and has a deep point in front, with a coat-basque at the back, which is edged with the lace; wide collar and cuffs, also of the lace; gray straw bonnet, lined with dark-blue silk, and trimmed with a light-blue feather, dark-blue silk, and twine-colored lace.

FIG. X.—WAIST, FOR HOUSE-DRESS. This waist is cut in very long tabs, which are lined with a contrasting color, and then turned up loosely, the lining showing.

FIG. XI.—BACK OF MANTELET, OF BLACK CASHMERE. Cut so that the mantelet itself forms the sleeves; it is tied in at the waist, with an inside band, and has a bow of black satin ribbon at the back; this mantelet looks well, lined with pale old-gold colored silk instead of black.

FIG. XII.—BONNET, OF BLACK STRAW, edged with jet, and trimmed with pink roses; black satin strings.

FIG. XIII.—FICHU, OF BLACK CHAMBERY LACE. It has a jabot of lace down the front; this fichu looks particularly well over a pink, white, or pale-yellow dress.

FIG. XIV.—FRONT OF MANTELET, OF BLACK, CASHMERE. The ends are loosely tied at the waist, and ornamented with bows; the collar is of black satin. This mantelet is an extremely pretty model for part of a costume, and looks well whether made of a small woolen plaid material, of a plain colored camel's-hair, etc.

FIG. XV.—BONNET, OF YELLOW STRAW, trimmed with bows of blue satin ribbon.

FIG. XVI.—CHILD'S STRAW HAT, bound with black velvet, and trimmed with white feathers.

FIG. XVII.—TUSCAN STRAW BONNET, trimmed with red roses and the yellow acacia flower; the ribbon is of yellow satin, the color of the straw.

GENERAL REMARKS.—The new cotton goods, such as sateens, percales, chintzes, and ginghams, are indescribably delicate in color and beautiful in design. The figured material is intended for the bodice and upper part of the skirt, while the plain part, matching the ground of the figured material, is for the underskirt, cuffs, etc. The sateens are scarcely distinguishable from real satin, and the finer ones come thus early in the season as high as seventy-five cents a yard, though, no doubt, later they can be purchased cheaper. These goods are covered with single flowers, large polka-dots, pea-dots, etc., etc. They require to be very prettily and jauntily made, and if carefully worn, will look well two or three seasons. FIG. IV of the colored plate is a good model for making sateen dresses.

Percales and chintzes are not so expensive as sateens; but are as delicate in color and design, though of course without the satin surface. They are also daintily made, sometimes in the Princess style, or in the Watteau style, with large paniers.

Swiss muslin dresses, with wide and richly-embroidered flounces, have again come into fashion. These will be made up with one or two wide flounces, with a draped overskirt, or with several smaller ruffles, reaching nearly to the waist, according to the fancy.

Pongees, printed foulards, checked summer silks, grenadines, etc., are shown in endless variety. The pongees are always serviceable, but the fawn-color is not always becoming. The foulards can be obtained of a much better quality now than formerly, and make a delightfully cool summer-dress. The checked silks now come in all the new combinations of colors; black and white, blue and white, etc., having given way to red and green, brown and blue, etc., etc.

The useful shepherd's plaid is as popular as ever. For traveling or constant street-wear nothing can be nicer than a good quality of this material

French bunting, albatross-cloth, and nun's-veiling come in all the most delicate tints for dressy wear, as well as in the richer and darker colors. The mode of making dresses is endless. The fronts are still worn close and flat; but all skirts have widened somewhat, the side-gores and back-breadths being less clinging. For all dresses, a tournure, or, as it is sometimes called, a "bustle," is added The best are made of full ruffles of muslin, because it is softer than the steel bands which are used in the crinoline ones, though plaitings of crinoline are also used without the steel bands.

All kinds of plaits are used in flounces, some wide box-plaited ones, bunches of narrow ones with plain pieces between, etc, etc. For light summer-dresses, narrow gathered ruffles, simply hemmed, will be popular.

For the sateens and heavy dress goods, the pointed cuirass waist will be generally used, while for lawns and thin muslins, shirred and gathered waists are in favor.

Braiding still continues much in favor for spring dresses, but of course is not used on thin materials; though, for camel's-hair or cashmere dresses, it is very much liked, as it is rich and quiet in effect.

A hint about this braiding. Straight, perpendicular lines are better on the waistcoat for stout figures, while a design in which the lines run from right to left, and back again, is more becoming to thin ones.

A pretty style of walking-dress is made with a short tunic turned back in two corners in front, and with a square design in braid on each corner. The skirt is arranged in long plaits, reaching from waist to feet.

The foot, owing to the fashion of short dresses, is the object of much study. Stockings should harmonize in color with the rest of the dress. Black silk stockings and black satin shoes are the most fashionable for full-dress. These make the foot look much smaller than it really is, however small it may be naturally. Colored stockings, however, are also in favor, as gold-bronze, mastic, saffron, écru, flesh, blue, lavender, daffodil, lilac. Pale shades are less worn than they were last year; rich and bright costumes and dark colors being more fashionable. For balls, lace insteps on silk stockings are worn; and stockings embroidered up the sides in gold and silver are also occasionally seen. Ribbed stockings are the most worn during the day, and these are of thread or cotton.

Walking-boots are buttoned over the instep, and have wide toes and low heels.

The hair continues to be dressed simply, notwithstanding the desperate efforts of hair-dressers to revive puffs and pads. The forehead still remains covered with waves, crimps, or curls.

OUR PARIS LETTER.

RUE DES PETITS CHAMPS.

The first bonnets of the spring, as is usual, are mainly revivals of the shapes of the past season, with certain modifications to suit the changes of temperature. Bonnets in fine silk braid, stitched together so as to present the aspect of a very fine English straw, are among the leading novelties. They are shown in various shapes, the capote having the preference, though the newest form has a set Tyrolean crown with a slightly flaring brim, the trimming being massed flowers and foliage, placed around the exterior of the brim. Spring dress-bonnets, composed of scarfs of crinkled crape crossed over a capote-frame, and with the brim and the interstices between the scarfs filled in with crushed roses, are extremely tasteful and dressy, particularly in pure-white or in pale-pink; for the hue of the flowers and that of the crape must match exactly. Similar bonnets, formed of scarfs of black lace, and crimson or deep-yellow roses, are handsome for elderly wearers; but they lack the lightness and freshness of the crape bonnets. Osier bonnets are still shown, but are not very popular. They were a

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passing caprice, and are not specially in favor this season. Still, for traveling or country-wear, they are picturesque and appropriate. Very large hats in dark-colored straws are shown, trimmed with shaded ostrich plumes. Bonnets of Spanish lace will be a good deal worn this spring, trimmed with ostrich feathers. Smaller flowers will be worn than were fashionable during the past season.

Handsome and showy bonnets are composed of a network, either of beads or of chenille, placed over satin on a capote-frame. In pure-white—that is to say, with the hat in white satin, the network in pearls, and the front of the bonnet bordered with a narrow puff of black velvet—this style is very tasteful. For evening-wear, gold beads over dark velvet, and the brim bordered with a flat gold lace, are popular. Bonnets of écru lace are trimmed with small drooping flowers, such as clusters of sweet-peas in various tints. Birds of Paradise are seen on some black-lace bonnets intended for elderly wearers. Interlaced ribbons form the crowns of some of the new bonnets. They are arranged in alternate materials, such as velvet and ottomane, or velvet and satin, or in one material, such as ottomane ribbon by itself. Sometimes two colors are employed; but the checkered appearance thus produced is not in the best taste. A puff of satin, or velvet, or ottomane silk, or else ruffles of cream lace, form the brim of the bonnet.

The earlier suits of the season show a corsage and draperies of cloth or cashmere over plush, or else over velvet underskirts, though this last is more frequently combined with ottomane silk or sicilienne for more dressy toilettes. Plush is very much used for the underskirt in making costumes for young girls. These underskirts are made almost perfectly plain, being bordered either with three rows of narrow-plaited satin flounces, or else being cut into squares around the hem, a plaiting of satin being placed inside the squares. A dolman-shaped jacket of plush is worn with these suits during the cold days of early spring. Dolmans with sleeves are the prominent wraps of the season so far, and are trimmed with a profusion of ribbons. They are now shown in the heavier materials, but later they will be made of lighter stuffs, suitable for the warm weather, such as black gauze lined with colored duchesse satin, and trimmed with ribbons to correspond in color with the lining, or else pongee and foulard, lined and trimmed with colors contrasting with the wrap itself. Very large plaids are still worn; but the smaller ones have followed the braided jackets and costumes, and the embroidered cashmeres of the past year, into the mists of oblivion. Satins, figured with large set patterns on velvet, are shown for underskirts for handsome costumes; the newest patterns are very large spots, worked on one side with silk, and equally large single leaves. Appliqué patterns of velvet in arabesque designs are used to decorate sicilienne mantles; the design is outlined with a narrow fine silk braid. One point is imperative in all these costumes, except, of course, those in which plaid materials enter: they must be of one color only, underskirt, trimming, mantle, etc., matching each other precisely in tint.

For evening-dress, Worth has revived the delicious white tulle dresses of past years, only with skirt-fronts of embroidered satin. The long train is composed of row upon row of narrow-plaited flounces of tulle, over which is thrown a single veil-like thickness of white tulle, floating lightly over the flounces of the train. Only the wearer of such a dress ought to imitate the cherubs of the old Italian pictures, and never sit down. Beads of all kinds are a good deal used for trimming, immensely deep bead fringes being composed for the skirt-fronts of evening-dresses. Wide sashes of watered silk or satin ribbon are coming into vogue for young-ladies' evening-dresses. They are tied in an immense bow at the back of the corsage, exactly as they are when worn by little children, and must always match the toilette wherewith they are worn.

In the way of underwear, the severest simplicity, not only in the matter of trimming, but also of making, now prevails. The material may be the very finest of linen cambric; but to be in the height of the fashion, its make must be of the plainest: puffings, insertion, lace frills, etc., being banished from every elegant trousseau. The garment is cut into a pointed or shawl-shaped opening at the back and on the chest, and is made with from two to four darts at the waist, according to the slenderness or stoutness of the figure. No sleeves, only a simple frill of very narrow lace around the top of the shoulder. The yoke is made with a narrow drawing-string or ribbon, to adapt it to the shape, the garment being very slightly gathered in front. Tournures are now shown in satin or in white cashmere, trimmed with two plaited flounces, to conceal the lowest of the steel springs; but white muslin and embroidery are still the materials most in vogue for evening-wear. The tournure should not be either too large or too stiff, these defects being prominent in the English "crinolettes," as they are called.

Fans of ostrich or marabout feathers, mounted on tortoise-shell, are almost exclusively carried in full dress. Pale-blue and white feathers are mounted on blonde tortoise-shell, and pale-pink and natural-colored ones on the dark shell. Mother-of-pearl sticks and those in natural ivory are no more seen, except with lace or crape leaves. Painted crape fans are shown, but are too costly and perishable to be very popular.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—BOY'S SUIT, OF HEATHER-COLORED TWEED. The trousers reach below the knee. The jacket has a rolling collar, and opens slightly to show the shirt-front.

FIG. II.—GIRL'S DRESS, OF BROWN VELVETEEN. The coat is of almond-colored cloth, with brown velveteen collar and cuffs, and is fastened down the front with brandebourgs.

FIG. III.—GIRL'S DRESS, OF A FINE MIXED PLAID OF SOFT WOOLEN MATERIAL. The bottom has a box-plaiting placed just below a belt. Above this is a shirring, which gives a slight fullness to the waist. The back is made in the same way. This shirring should have a muslin lining. Large square collar.

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Painted by Sir Thomas Lawrence. Engraved & Printed by Illman Brothers

AT THE SPRING.

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE—MAY, 1883

PATTERNS IN DARNED EMBROIDERY.

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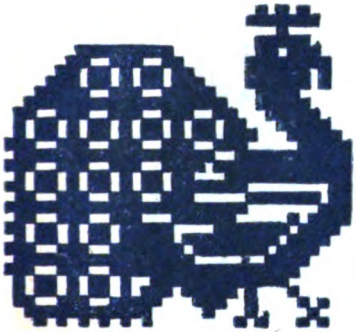

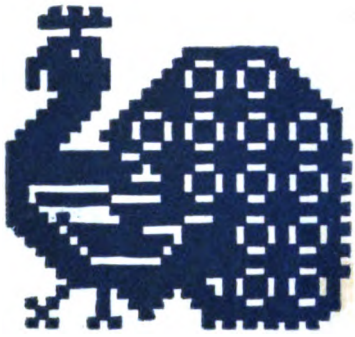

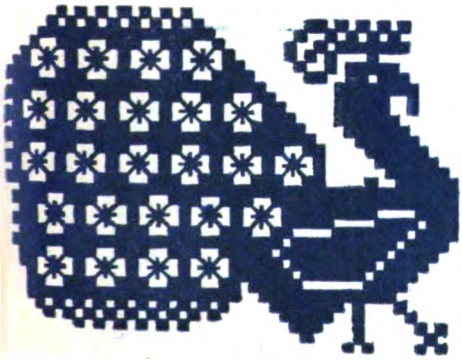

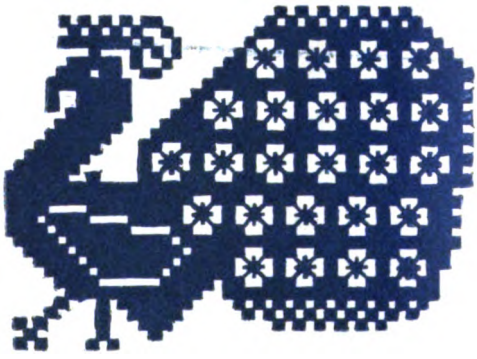

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THE FIRST SOPRANO. [*See the Story, "Pretty Peggy."*]

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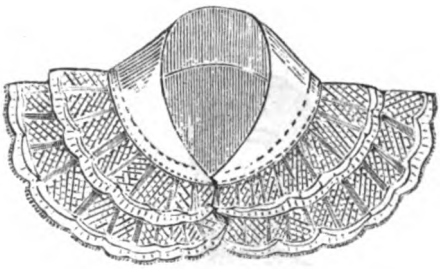

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR MAY. GIRL'S COLLAR.

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NEW STYLE FOR SPRING DRESSES.

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NEW STYLES FOR SPRING DRESSES.

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NEW STYLES FOR SUMMER DRESSES. HAT AND BONNET.

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NEW STYLES FOR SUMMER DRESSES. BONNETS.

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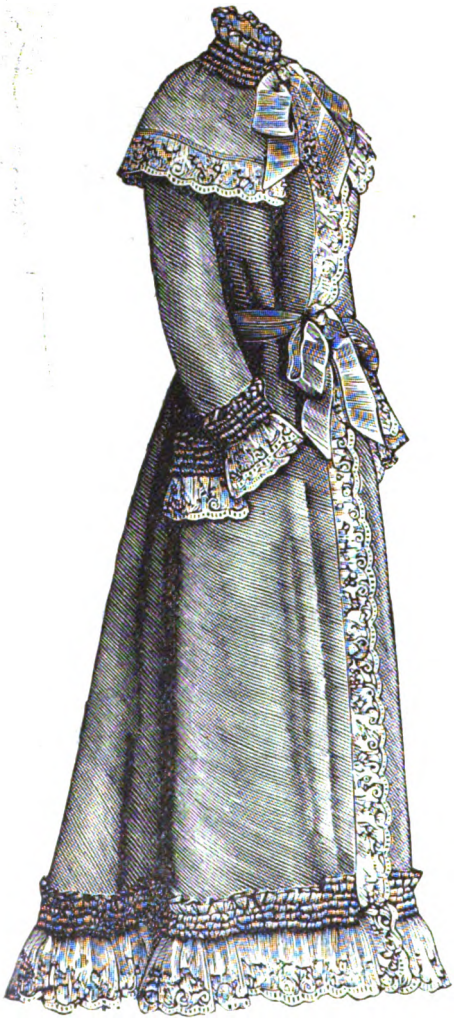

MORNING GOWN. MORNING JACKET. JABOT COLLAR.

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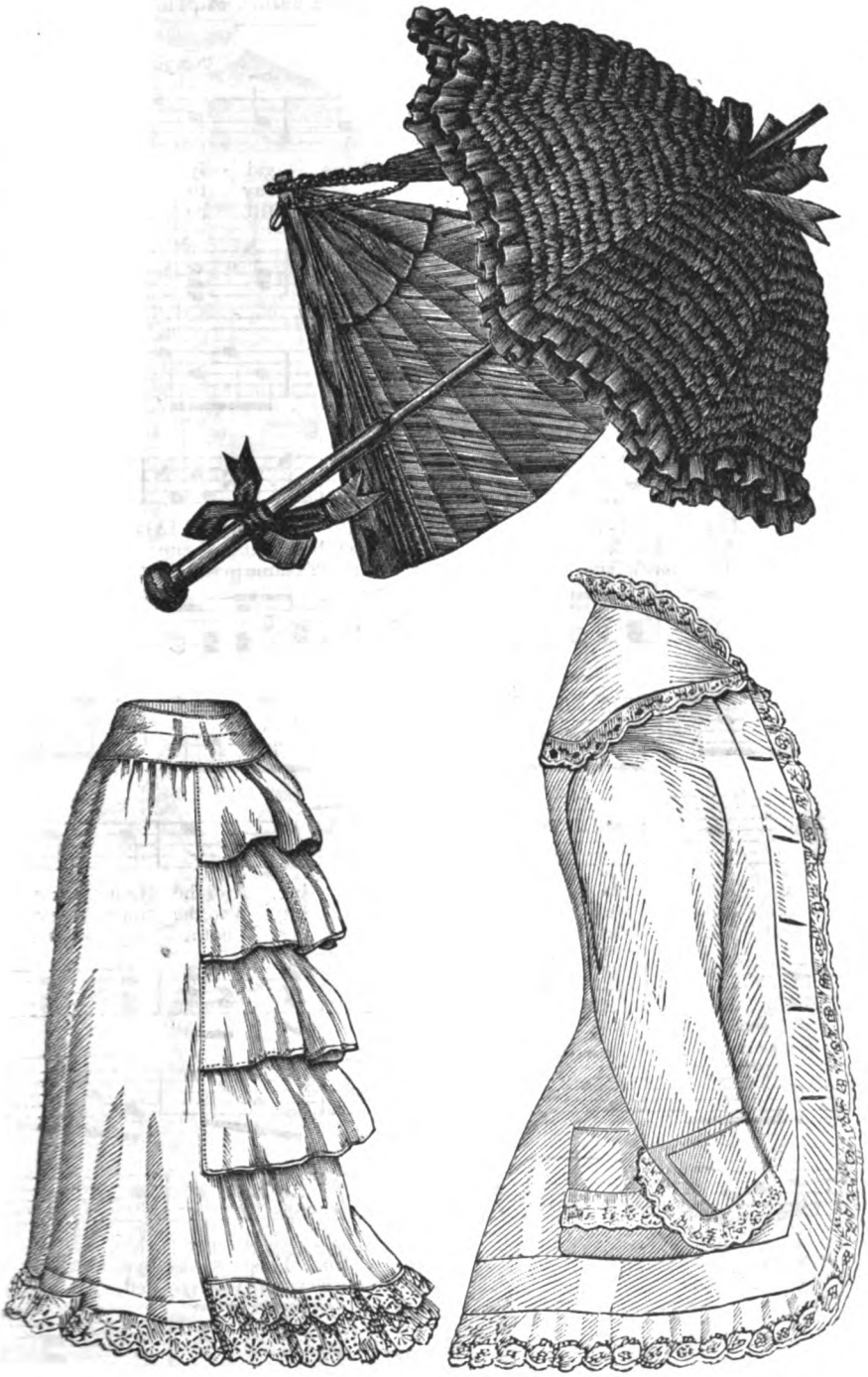

FAN. PARASOL. SKIRT. MORNING JACKET.

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THE YOUNG RECRUIT.

As Published by SEP. WINNER & SON, 1007 Spring Garden St., Philadelphia.

Written and Arr. by LINDLEY. **Composed by KÜCKEN.**

Allegretto.

1. See! these rib - bons gai - ly stream - -
2. We will march a - way to - mor - - -
3. Shame! Lizette, to still be weep - - -

f marcato. *mf* *Ped.*

- ing, I'm a sol - dier now, Li - zette, I'm a sol - dier now, Li - zette, Yes, of
- row, At the break - ing of the day, At the break - ing of the day, And the
- ing, While there's fame in store for me, While there's fame in store for me, Think when

cres. *mf*

bat - tle I am dream - - ing. And the hon - or
trum - pets will be sound - - ing, And the mer - ry
home I am re - turn - - ing, What a joy - ful

cres. *ben marcato.*

I shall get. . . . . With a sa - bre by my side, And a
cym - bals play. . . . . Yet be - fore I say good - bye, And a-
day 'twill be, ... When to church you're fondly led, Like some

p *pp dolce.*

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THE YOUNG RECRUIT.

hel - met on my brow, And a proud steed to ride, I shall rush on the
last sad parting take, As a proof of your love, Wear this gift for my
la - dy smartly drest, And a he - ro you shall wed, With a med-al on his

mf

foe. Yes, I flat-ter me, Li - zette, 'Tis a life that well will suit; The gay
sake: Then cheer up my own Li - zette, Let not grief your beauty stain, Soon you'll
breast; Ha! there's not a maiden fair, But with wel-come will sa - lute, The gay

mf

life of a young Re - cruit, ... The gay life of a
see the Re - cruit a - gain, ... Soon you'll see the Re-
bride of the young re - cruit, ... The gay bride of the

young Re - cruit.
- cruit a - gain.
young Re - cruit.

f *Ped.*

ff *sf*

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DESIGNS IN OUTLINE-STITCH.

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXXXIII. PHILADELPHIA, MAY, 1883. No. 5.

THE "QUEEN ANNE" STYLES.

BY J. Q. THROCKMORTON.

HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY HOUSE: TIME OF QUEEN ANNE.

OF late years the rage has been for what has been called "Queen Anne." Now, as neither the architecture nor a good deal of the bric-a-brac, which goes under that name, really belongs to the Queen Anne period, we think we may be doing a service by showing what actually was the fashion in architecture, furniture, dress, and other things, in the time of Queen Anne.

The architecture which is now called "Queen Anne" is, generally, quite nondescript. It is the likeness of nothing, "either in the heavens above, or in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth." Most of it is a composite of Gothic forms with Georgian or Jacobean details. We see, for example, medieval gable-ends with high-pitched roofs, combined with dormer-windows and round-headed doors; here a bit of fifteenth century work, there a bit of eighteenth: a copy, not of mansions of Queen Anne's time, but of old tumble-down manor-houses that have been altered and patched up, with every generation, till they have become architectural falsehoods, not to say monstrosities. And this is what is called "Queen Anne."

There are plenty of real Queen Anne houses in London, and a few even in these United States, so that we are at no loss to know what the type is. The type commenced early in the seventeenth century, when the Gothic ceased to be considered comfortable, or even elegant. One of the first town-houses of this kind built was from a design by Inigo Jones, in Queen Street, London; and this was followed, as a model, with more or less divergence, for quite a century and a half. The reason for this successful career was that the model combined more advantages, on the whole, than any other. Indeed, we are not sure if it has ever been equaled: if it would not be better, as Grant White says, to go back to it.

When, after the Restoration of Charles II, everything in England took a start forward, London led the van of progress, and, among other things, began to make strides in the direction of domestic architecture that were unknown before. It was then that the system of squares, as they are called, was inaugurated. A large plot of ground was selected, generally a parallelogram of about five hundred feet, and around the four sides of this, handsome houses were erected: the centre being railed in and planted with trees. Among the first of these squares was that of Lincoln's Inn. Then followed Bedford Square and next Russell Square; and then Soho, which all through the reign of Anne continued the centre of fashion. To these succeeded, at various times during the last century, the Bridgewater,

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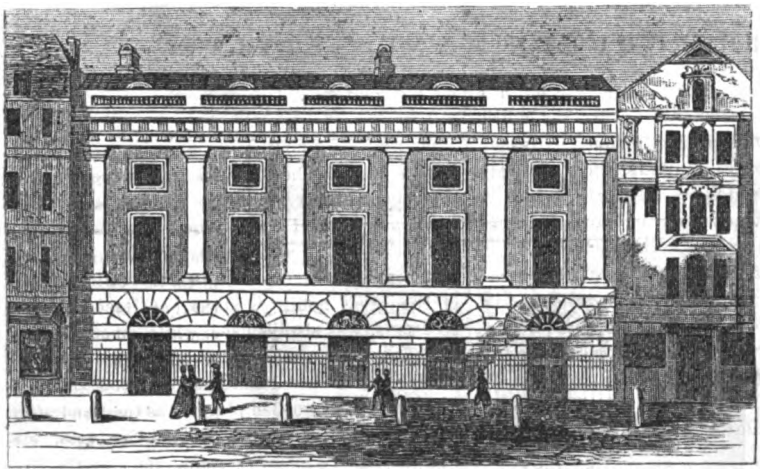
then Berkley, Leicester, Portman, Belgrave, and finally Eaton. Altogether, there are now, in London, more than a hundred of these squares. Forming, as they do, breathing-centres, so to speak, for the great metropolis, they are invaluable from a sanitary point of view; while in point of taste, though they do not always come up to what one would wish, they are decided improvements on the dull monotonous streets, which



EAST INDIA HOUSE: TIME OF QUEEN ANNE.

characterize the larger part of the mighty British metropolis.

It is in these squares that we see the real architecture of the times: neither that of the high aristocracy nor that of the ordinary people. Here and there, we find survivals of splendid mansions, the town-houses of the nobility, that show in what manner the great lords were lodged in the days of Queen Anne. Of these the most striking is Marlborough House, given to the first Duke of Marlborough by the nation, and now occupied in winter by the Prince of Wales. Another was the stately edifice, originally built for a private residence, but afterwards known as the First East India House, and now torn down. Still another was the mansion occupied by the Hudson's Bay Company. The type of house, first set by Inigo Jones, continued, as we have said, down to the reign of Queen Anne; and in fact was followed, with some alterations, late into the last century: until it gave place to the gimcrack erections, which culminated in the sham façades of Regent Street and the Regent's Park.

These Queen Anne houses had, usually, fairly high ceilings, spacious rooms, rather wide halls, and often handsome staircases. Their drawing-rooms were generally two, divided not by doors, but by an open archway. In Hogarth's "Marriage a la Mode" is a good picture of one of these suites of rooms. The walls of these houses were usually wainscoted, though, early in Queen Anne's reign, paper-hangings began to come into vogue: these, at first, however, were quite costly, being imitations of the Spanish leather hangings and Flemish tapestry with which the great nobility draped their walls. In the more aristocratic mansions, the wainscots were in oak, and richly carved; but in ordinary dwellings, they were in pine, or other soft woods, painted white. The stairs, in every-day residences were narrow, quite down to Queen Anne's time, when it began to be remarked that they were "now constructed wide enough to allow two people to go up side by side." The balusters were often twisted, a relic of Gothic taste; but this gradually gave way to a more classic pattern. There are, in Philadelphia, two buildings, yet standing, which are essentially Queen Anne, though dating nearly twenty years later; for in the Colonies, the fashion in architecture, for reasons not far to seek, were usually a generation behind those of the mother country. These buildings are Christ Church, erected A. D. 1728, and Independence Hall, built a few years later.

In England, none of the churches built in this reign at all resembled what the architects now call "Queen Anne." One of the most beautiful of these was St. Stephen's, Walbrook, erected a little before the Queen's accession, and the other, St. Martin's in the Fields, finished a few years after her death. Of the great country mansions, Blenheim stands first. Among the squares is Berkley Square. In St. James' Square, also, are several houses erected at this period.

If there was one thing which, in Queen Anne's day, was avoided, it was sham. The silver, if often ugly in shape, was at least solid. The furniture was strong and made to last. Houses were built of brick or stone, generally of brick, and were meant to live in, and not merely to look at. The lath and plaster villas, with which

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architects are now covering the country, are as far removed, not only in style, but in solidity and comfort, from the real "Queen Anne" house as day is from night. Constructively, therefore, they were correct.

The next question is how those houses were furnished. On this point, we have plenty of cotemporary evidence, in the shape of engravings. But it is curious to notice that in these engravings we never see much furniture in a room, and little or no bric-a-brac. A table, a sofa, a few chairs; these comprise the whole: to which must be added curtains to the windows. The chairs were, generally, high-backed. A cut of a tea-party, which we re-engrave, shows the ladies, in their stiff brocades, sitting in such chairs.

FONTANGES HEAD-DRESS: TIME OF QUEEN ANNE.

The fenders, tongs, andirons, etc., are seen in an engraving, which we also give, which is copied from the advertisement of an ironmonger, who dealt in those articles. The back of the fireplace, it will be noticed, is of cast-iron, ornamented; and in many old houses, in the Middle States as well as in New England, similar ones are still to be found. The bedsteads were frequently very elaborate and costly, but not so much carved as a century earlier. The porcelain was wholly Chinese or Japanese; for as yet kaolin had not been found in Europe: it was thirty years later before the factory at Dresden was started, and fifty before that at Sevres. Even the ware that was not porcelain was rude and coarse, even for such ware. On the tables of the great nobility, silver, at least on state occasions, was always used, while, among others, rich merchants as well as successful traders, pewter was the usual material. The poor still continued to eat off wooden platters, as their ancestors had done from before the Norman Conquest. An

COSTUMES OF THE NOBILITY AND GENTRY; TIME OF QUEEN ANNE.

ordinary mechanic breakfasted with his apprentices, the food being "water-porridge, boiled thick," while a bowl of milk stood on the table, into which all promiscuously dipped their spoons.

How did the subjects of Queen Anne dress? On this point also we have plenty of evidence, and we can best illustrate this from cotemporary engravings. The favorite head-dress of a

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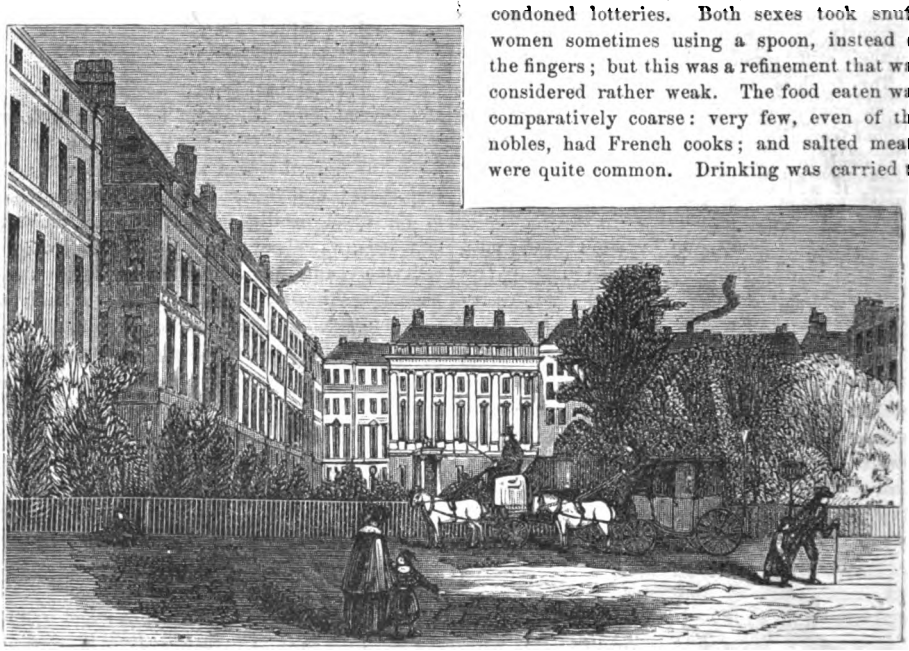
lady was the Fontanges, a hideous affair as we would now think, but which almost every woman, who aspired to be thought "genteel," then wore. When this eccentric gear was not indulged in, ladies generally wore their hair in curls, in a fashion that was certainly more picturesque. Patches were universal. They were stuck all over the face, and thought extremely "stunning," as a London beauty would now say; to the taste of this generation they look ridiculous, and as if the wearer was pitted with little black fever-spots. Wigs were worn, almost universally, by gentlemen: generally what was called the full-bottomed wigs. Human hair, consequently, brought a very high price, as much as three hundred dollars of our money having been paid, on more than one occasion, to a young girl for her head of hair. The fan was thought even more necessary than it is now. Umbrellas were used only by ladies, being thought too effeminate for gentlemen, and were of a rude pattern, very like the Chinese ones that we see to-day. Everybody played cards: in fact, as ladies read less than now, cards and fancy-work were their only resource: besides, the age seemed to be one given over to gambling: even the church condoned lotteries. Both sexes took snuff, women sometimes using a spoon, instead of the fingers; but this was a refinement that was considered rather weak. The food eaten was comparatively coarse: very few, even of the nobles, had French cooks; and salted meats were quite common. Drinking was carried to



SOHO SQUARE: FASHIONABLE QUARTER IN TIME OF QUEEN ANNE.

excess, even in the best society. Tea and coffee were as universally drunk as now, however.

Indeed, the coffee-house was an institution peculiar to the times. Everybody resorted to it. One reason of this, perhaps, was its cheapness. The guest paid a penny, equivalent to about five cents now, for his cup of coffee, which was brought to him hot; and after that, he had, so to speak, "the run of the house," and might stay half an hour, or half the day, just as he chose. It is true the accommodations were of the simplest. But in spite of this, perhaps because of it, the coffee-house was the resort of all the great wits. Dryden had his corner in one, where he could always be found, surrounded by a little court of admirers. Gentlemen left their address at their coffee-house, just as they now do at their club. The tavern was also a favorite resort. But the tavern of that day was not the mere drinking-saloon of modern times. It was kept as much for eating as for drinking, and even great nobles often gave dinners there, instead of in their own houses. These taverns, however, were also frequently the scene of brawls, and as all gentlemen then wore swords, the brawls sometimes ended in murder.

With all its comparative coarseness socially, the age, nevertheless, was a brilliant one intellectually. There have been few periods, in English literature, when there was such a galaxy of wits as Addison, Steele, Swift, Bolingbroke, Congreve, Wycherly, De Foe, Farquahar, Atterbury, and Prior, with Dryden to inaugurate it, and Pope to share in it, and live to carry on its traditions to a later generation. Yet with all this splendor of intellect, all this high culture

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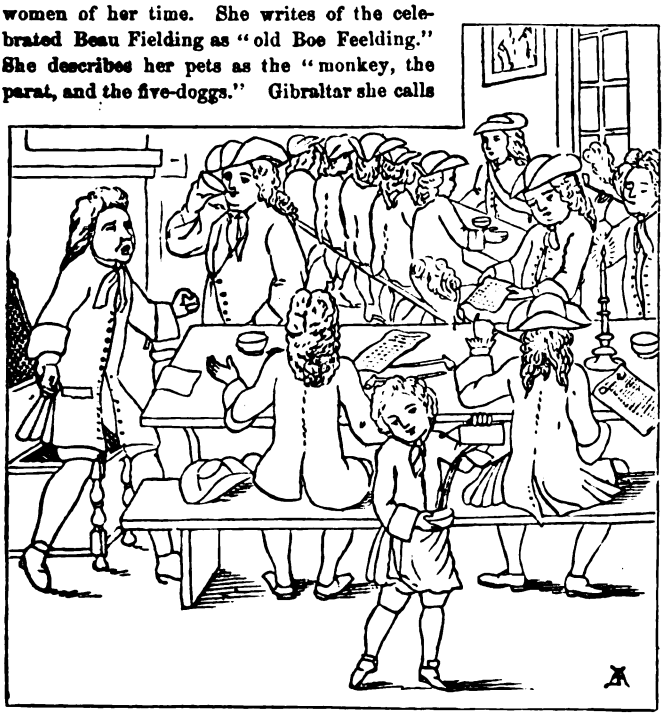
among some of the men, there never was a time, in any recent period of English history, when the education of woman was at so low an ebb. There was no Lady Jane Grey, as there had been nearly two centuries earlier, to take pride in the study of Greek. The consequence was that the literature of the time almost invariably speaks with pitying contempt of the sex. All the women are Lady Bettys, with a pet dog, if not a pet monkey. None of them rise to the ideals of Shakespeare's nobler creations: none of them are Imogens, or Cordelias, or Portias, or Rosalinds.

TEA-PARTY, FROM A PRINT OF THE TIME OF QUEEN ANNE.

The spelling of these fine ladies, as if to bear out this opinion, was, as contemporary letters show, particularly bad. One of the eminent families of the day was the Wentworths, Lord Wentworth being a grandnephew of the great Earl of Stafford, who was executed in the reign of Charles the First. His mother may, therefore, be supposed to have been one of the best educated women of her time. She writes of the celebrated Beau Fielding as "old Boe Feelding." She describes her pets as the "monkey, the parat, and the five-doggs." Gibraltar she calls "Gibletor," and Prussia, "Prutia." She sneers at her "cozen W," for setting up a "fyne coach and ekopadg." Success to her is "suckses." A celebrated baronet is "kild in a dewel." The death of a pet dog (we commend this particularly to her imitators in this generation, who dote on poodles) is described in the following choice language: "As it leved soe it dyed, full of lov leening its head in my bosom, never *offered* to snap at any body in its horrid torter but nussle its head to us and loock earnestly upon me and Sue, whoe cryed for thre days as if it had been for a childe or husband." But she was not alone in her orthography; she was, in truth, only a type of her sex; for the Duchess of Marlborough, the great Sarah herself, spelt her title "Molberry."



COFFEE-HOUSE, FROM A PRINT OF THE TIME OF QUEEN ANNE.

There was one accomplishment, however, in which the women of Queen Anne's reign excelled, and that was dancing; and with it went the graceful carriage of the person, which nearly always attends proficiency in that art. Nor was music neglected. In fact, the taste for it was more general, perhaps, than in our own day. Part-singing was especially popular. The musical instruments in

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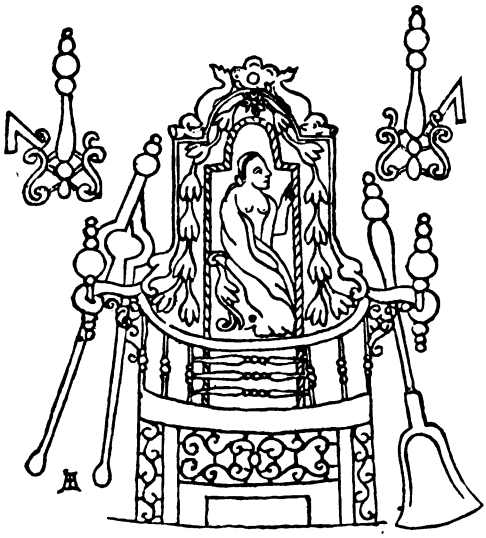

SHOVEL, TONGS, FENDER, ETC., TIME OF QUEEN ANNE.

most common use were the chamber-organ, the spinet, and the harpsichord; for as yet the piano had not been invented. It was in Queen Anne's reign that Italian opera was first introduced into England. In her reign also, Handel was brought over to London, through the influence of a number of noblemen and other gentlemen devoted to music, and remained there, more or less, for the rest of his life.

But if one would know thoroughly the social life of Queen Anne's reign, it is only necessary to read Steele and Addison, who have described it, again and again, in the Spectator, Tatler, etc., etc. Swift, in his Journal to Stella, is also full of information on the subject. Of no period of English history is the information on the manners and customs, and even modes of thought, more complete. By what strange perversity, notwithstanding this, what is now called "Queen Anne," especially in architecture, goes by that name, "no fellow," as Dundreary says, "can find out."

SOUR GRAPES.

BY CARRIE F. L. WHEELER.

'Twas when the purple grapes were ripe,
Beneath the autumn skies,
When all the woods were golden-brown
And full of ghostly sighs,
When golden-rod waved torches bright
On many a breezy hill,
I went with Rose to gather grapes
Beside the ruined mill.

Dear Rose: her face smiles back at me
Through mists of troubled years,
Forever young, forever fair,
Undimmed by time or tears.
I hear the echo of her laugh,
That made my pulses thrill,
That happy day we gathered grapes
Beside the ruined mill.

To-day the fields and meadow-lands
Are steeped in golden calm;
The winding vales are blue with haze,
The woods o'erflow with balm;
The golden-rod glows wild and bright
On many a sunny hill;
I go alone to gather grapes
Beside the ruined mill.

'Tis many long and weary years
Since that sweet autumn day,
We talked of love beneath these vines.
She jilted me, "they say,"
And broke my heart. Well, let them talk.
No woman has that power.
I would not have her if I could,
But, ugh! these grapes are sour.

FORGIVE AND FORGET.

BY S. E. GORDON.

Forgive and forget! 'Tis a maxim worth heeding,
Recall the harsh judgment so hasty and stern;
Not one of us all but is certainly needing
Some friendly forbearance and grace in return.

Unkindness and malice are weeds that grow thickly,
But patience and love may transform them to flowers;
Remember our journey is over too quickly
To waste on ill-feeling a tithe of its hours.

Forgive and forget! Let the bitter thought perish,
Life does not lack sorrow more weighty, more real;
And in the sharp sting of resentment, why cherish
The thorn that must rankle where pardon might heal?

Forgive and forget! For we know not how often
'Twill spare us the pang of an endless regret.
Don't wait for the future your anger to soften,
Oh, now is the time to forgive and forget.

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PRETTY PEGGY.

BY ADELAIDE MERRIMAN.

"Pretty Peggy" was what the boys at school used to call her. She certainly did look pretty, as she sat on the doorstep, "that night in June," gazing at the moon. Yes, pretty, in spite of looking cross. Yet how could anyone look cross on such a night: with its moonlight, its scent of June roses, and its music; faint sweet music, which floated out from between the lace curtains of the next house, and was wafted to Peggy, along with the scent of the flowers. Yet it was just this music that made Peggy cross.

For Maria Earle was the performer, and Peggy had little love for Maria, with her patronizing airs, and graces, and stories of her numberless conquests. She was the first soprano in St. John's Chapel, and could use her eyes, rumor said, quite as well as her voice, especially if the leading tenor happened to be particularly handsome. But of all this, Peggy knew nothing personally; for her own family did not go to St. John's, but to a much less aristocratic place of worship. Still, as we have said, she had no especial love for Maria, and so the soft sweet music did anything but soothe her. She sat there, growing more and more discontented every moment. She wondered why Maria should be rich, and should travel, and have everything the world could give: while she, Peggy, had to spend her youth in a dingy little cottage, washing dishes, and helping take care of the children.

"Ah, if I could only change places with Maria for a little while," sighed Peggy, and then she smiled furtively to herself. She was prettier, much prettier, than Maria, and she knew it. "What a difference money makes," she thought. "Here I sit, in a calico dress, all alone, on a shaky old doorstep, while just over there, Maria is seated in an elegant parlor, all dressed in filmy white, while some young man from the city hovers near, listening to her playing, and no doubt thinking she looks like an angel. I wonder who is over there to-night, anyway: whether it's Charley Rawling again, or Mr. Whitney?"

Here, as the music ceased, and a light appeared in the opposite drawing-room, Peggy's curiosity got the better of her, and she ran down to the gate, which separated the Earles' spacious grounds from her father's little garden. Under the chandelier, in full view, stood a strange gentleman; and never, never, thought Peggy, as she gazed, had she beheld such a handsome man. He was young. He was tall, and straight, and dark. And while she looked, his face broke into a smile, which made it ten times more charming than before.

"Who can he be?" thought Peggy.

But just here the fretful tones of her mother's voice were heard, calling her to come in out of the dew; and poor Peggy reluctantly obeyed, resolving, however, to call on Maria the very next day, and learn the name of this fascinating stranger.

But Peggy was spared this; for as she was washing up the breakfast dishes, next morning, there was a little rustle in the lilac bushes which grew at the side of the house; and the next moment, Maria Earle appeared at the open window.

"Good-morning, Peggy," cried she, airily, folding her arms on the window-sill, and looking in. "Hard at work, as usual, like the little busy bee. I declare, you're a constant reproach to such a gay butterfly as I am. Well, I've come to say good-by again. Guess where I am going this time."

"I'm sure I don't know," said Peggy, carefully wiping the china tea-pot, which had a cracked nose. "But wherever it is, I suppose you are perfectly happy, as you hate to stay in this dull place so much."

"Well, no, Peggy," said Maria. "That's the singular part of it. Though I am going to the White Mountains, with the Livingstones, I find, for once in my life, that it is hard to leave."

"There certainly must be some extraordinary attraction, if you do not want to go with the Livingstones."

"There is an extraordinary attraction," said Maria. "My cousin, Arthur Montgomery, came last night, and he is to spend three months here, and preach in St. John's Chapel, while Doctor Sumner takes his vacation."

"So he's the attraction, is he?" asked Peggy. "I should never have imagined that you would fancy a minister."

"That's all you know about it," said Maria. "I've had doctors, and lawyers, and professors, and music-teachers"—Peggy thought to herself: "and handsome tenors also, if all I've heard is true," but she said nothing—"on

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my list: and have had lovely liitle flirtations with them all; but I have never yet had a chance to try my powers on a minister; and Maude Benton says they are more interesting than all the rest. Why, her father's assistant proposed to her three times. Now isn't it a shame I should miss this lovely chance? Besides, he's just grand, Peggy. Such eyes you never saw. If I hadn't supposed he was some tiresome old stick, I would never have agreed to join the party: but you see he's only my second cousin; and I never saw him before. You ought to go to St. John's to-morrow, and hear him. Well, I must be off now. But I shall hurry home from the mountains, in time to have a little fun before he leaves. Meanwhile, don't you be making eyes at him, 'over the garden wall.' Good-by, Peggy," and Maria vanished, humming a gay little air.

"I should really like to go and hear him," Peggy said to herself, thinking of his fine eyes. So, the next morning, she donned her best white muslin, and her little straw hat trimmed with pink roses; and giving a last hasty but approving glance into the little mirror, she hurried off to St. John's Chapel, where the usher, seeing she was a stranger, conducted her far up the aisle, into one of the front seats, especially reserved for such purposes.

When Peggy gained courage to lift her head, and look at the Rev. Arthur Montgomery, whose deep tones were filling the church as he read the service, she felt that never before, or never again, would it fall to her lot to gaze upon such a noble being. And the Rev. Arthur Montgomery, though he read the service in the most devout and attentive manner, was nevertheless aware that a very pretty young lady had come into church rather late, and was gazing at him with most exemplary interest.

The next afternoon, as Peggy was sitting under the old pear-tree in the garden, she saw the Rev. Arthur Montgomery strolling through the grounds on the other side of the hedge. After a time, he chanced to look in her direction; and greatly to her surprise, he immediately strode down the walk, opened the gate, and came towards her.

Peggy rose in fear and trembling, awaiting the approach of this august personage.

"I beg pardon for intruding," said the reverend gentleman, removing his hat with an elegant bow. "But did I not see you at church yesterday?"

"Yes, sir," faltered Peggy, blushing very much, and thinking to herself, "what beautiful eyes he has."

"I thought I remembered your face," continued the Rev. Arthur Montgomery, blandly. "And as I am to have charge of this parish during the summer, it gives me great pleasure to make the acquaintance of my parishioners."

"Oh, sir, you are mistaken," said Peggy, timidly. "I went to your church yesterday; but I am not a member."

"Ah," said the Rev. Arthur Montgomery, gazing down at Peggy's pretty flushed face, with a glance of admiration. "Your family go elsewhere; but you prefer St. John's."

"I'm sure, sir, I don't know," faltered she, hardly conscious of what she said.

"Well, suppose we sit down here, and talk about it," said the Rev. Arthur Montgomery, seating himself. "Now, my child, you can tell me all your thoughts and feelings, just as freely as if I were your father. Though I may not look old in years," continued he, with a most benevolent and edifying expression of countenance, "still, I am much older than you, my child." She was seventeen, and he twenty-five. "And in experience, I am aged and careworn, beside such an innocent little wayside blossom. I have lived and suffered." Here he raised his dark melancholy eyes toward heaven. "And now, I only ask to devote the remainder of my life to doing some little good to my fellow-men. If I can help you, my dear child, believe me I shall be only too happy," and again he bent those fascinating eyes on Peggy's downcast face.

Poor pretty Peggy! It seemed as if an angel had come down from the skies, and had asked to assist her.

She hardly knew how it was, but before that afternoon was over, she felt as if she had known the Rev. Arthur Montgomery for years. She told him all her little trials and temptations; and how she hated to work; and how she sometimes envied Maria Earle; and in reply, he talked to her so beautifully, that she felt he must be inspired, like the prophets of old.

After that afternoon—though Peggy's mother, an old-fashioned church-member, did not view the clerical stranger with any great approval—Peggy saw a good deal of the Rev. Arthur Montgomery.

He had a way of strolling down to the hedge in the morning, when Peggy was picking berries. Then he often came over during the long summer afternoons, when Peggy sat, with her sewing, under the old pear-tree. On these occasions, he would read aloud from Tennyson, and discuss the poems with Peggy. looking unutterable things out of his wonderful dark eyes.

Once or twice, he and Peggy took long strolls in the moonlight, and Peggy thought that never

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before in her life had she known what real happiness was. She read the books he lent her. She learned his favorite poems by heart, and privately resolved that she would join St. John's at an early day.

It was the pleasantest summer Peggy had ever spent. But alas, the pleasant things in this life never last very long—more's the pity. One day, the Rev. Arthur Montgomery failed to appear under the pear-tree as usual. Neither did he come the next day, or the next. Poor little Peggy wandered about the garden all alone, her heart filled with sad forebodings.

"I wonder if he is sick," she said to herself; "or if he has been suddenly called away; or if—" But just here, she ceased to wonder. A dashing little phaeton, the property of Maria Earle, appeared, coming rapidly down the hill; and in the phaeton sat Miss Maria Earle, and beside her the Rev. Arthur Montgomery. Maria, who was dazzling to behold, in a new French costume, and a most irresistible hat, was devoting herself to her companion with such success that neither of them saw the little figure which stood at the gate, gazing after them with clenched hands and flushed cheeks.

"Ah," said Peggy, very slowly, to herself, "that explains it. Maria has come home. Maria. Oh, how I hate her."

And then she rushed tumultuously into the house, and upstairs to her little room, slamming the doors behind her with great violence.

"I'm sure I don't know what's got into Peggy lately," said her mother, looking after her in astonishment.

How blind these mothers are, sometimes.

The Rev. Arthur Montgomery did not desert Peggy entirely, however. Still, everything was different. On Sundays, Maria sat conspicuous in the organ-gallery, directly opposite the Rev. Arthur, her eyes never leaving him for a moment; and more than once poor Peggy fancied he himself glanced oftener towards the choir than was necessary. Whenever he came over to Peggy's house, and began to read as of old, in the most interesting part of the story or poem Maria was sure to appear on the scene, and she would invariably drag him away on one excuse or another, often casting a little backward glance of triumph at Peggy, as she vanished through the gate.

Now was the time for Peggy to put into practice the teachings of the Rev. Arthur Montgomery, by bearing her trials in a meek and Christian-like manner. But I am sorry to confess that, in spite of her having had such an exemplary teacher, she grew decidedly cross, while her feelings towards Maria were anything but Christian-like.

There was a picnic not long after this, a picnic in which all the churches united: so of course everyone was there. Peggy went, and wore a new blue muslin, every stitch of which she had made herself. She had looked wistfully in the glass as she put it on, and wondered if he would really be there, and if he would come and talk to her, as he used to before Maria came home. Yes, he was there. Peggy saw him as soon as she reached the grounds. But the sight gave her very little pleasure; for Maria was there also, hovering near, as usual. When, a short time after, he offered his arm to Maria, and they started off for a long stroll through the woods, the sight made poor Peggy so wretched, that she sought a sequestered bower, "far from the madding crowd," and gave vent to her misery in tears. Whether they were tears of woe, when she thought of the fickleness of the Rev. Arthur Montgomery, or tears of spite, when she thought of Maria, she hardly knew, or cared to know, in fact.

She lay sobbing on the ground, a most dismal little blue heap, when she suddenly heard a voice, whose deep mellow tones she knew only too well.

"My poor dear child, what is it that grieves you so terribly?" it said; and she felt herself lifted from the ground by a strong arm; and found her head, the next moment, resting very near the manly shoulder of the Rev. Arthur Montgomery.

Peggy continued to weep, however, and between her sobs she told him to "G-go away and l-leave her," to "g-go back and find M-Maria," and then she sobbed harder than ever.

A queer little smile darted across the countenance of the Rev. Arthur Montgomery, when he heard this. But he wiped her tears away with his delicately-scented handkerchief, and called her his "poor dear child," his "little white dove," etc., until she gradually grew calmer. Then he took her hand, and said, in his most fatherly and benevolent manner:

"My dear little girl, it grieves me very much to find you like this. I love you, my dear child, more than you think, and always want to remember your face as rosy, and smiling, and happy. I am going back to my work, to-morrow—there, there, dear little heart, don't sob so. I am going back to the city, with its noise, and dust, and heat, and I shall take back with me a beautiful memory of the little wayside blossom who helped make my visit so pleasant. I shall

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never forget you, little one. I have but a lonely life before me. I shall never marry. The church is my bride. For her I shall work, and live, and die. Yet often, in my lonely moments, I shall think of my little friend; and as I do not wish her to quite forget me, I have brought her something, that when she looks upon it, she may remember her distant friend, and call to mind his teachings."

Here he slipped a little plain gold ring on Peggy's finger. Then, as voices were heard coming in that direction, they both arose.

"Good-by, my dear, dear child," said the Rev. Arthur Montgomery, and drawing her towards him, he kissed her on the forehead, in a most fatherly manner, and then disappeared in the woods, and from Peggy's eyes, forever.

The poor little thing cried herself to sleep that night. Her heart was broken, she knew it was. She should pine away and die before spring. Of that she felt assured. There was but one sweet drop in her cup of bitterness. Her "dear friend" had said the church was his bride; and under those circumstances, he could never, never marry Maria.

The next afternoon, as Peggy sat on the dear old seat under the pear-tree, she heard the gate-latch click, and looking up, saw Maria coming towards her, with a most woe-begone countenance.

"Well, he's gone," were her first words, as she seated herself, in spite of Peggy's frown, "and I am perfectly disconsolate. I don't think I shall ever sing again at St. John's. Did you, Peggy, did you ever see such eyes? We had a delicious little flirtation, and the parting—I can tell you it harrowed up my soul. Maude Benton was right: ministers are simply adorable, and—why, Peggy Brown, where did you get that ring?" she suddenly cried, in an entirely different tone of voice.

Peggy tried to hide her hand under her apron; but it was too late.

"I saw it," cried Maria. "You needn't try to hide it, for I saw it. He gave it to you, and here's the mate to it."

Maria held up her hand, on which glittered a new plain gold ring, the very counterpart of Peggy's.

The two girls looked at each other in silence. Maria spoke first.

"Peggy," said she, rather faintly, "did he used to call you his 'dear child'?"

Peggy nodded.

"And did he say you were like a white dove; and talk to you about your soul, and joining the church?"

"Yes," faltered Peggy.

"Did he give you the ring when he said good-by, and tell you how much he loved you, and that he should never marry, because the church was his bride?"

"Yes," said Peggy.

There was another silence. Then Maria took off her ring, and threw it to the other end of the garden, with considerable energy.

As she arose to go, she remarked: "I had an idea, all along, that he was a regular humbug. But we won't say anything about this, will we, Peggy?"

"No," said Peggy, "we won't."

Nevertheless, she wore her ring, until Maria came over one day about six months after, to report the astonishing news, that the Rev. Arthur Montgomery had married the Widow Maginnis, who was ten years his senior, and hideously ugly; but was worth half a million.

That night, Peggy stole out to the well, all alone, and leaning far over, dropped into its depth—not herself—but a shining little circlet, which disappeared under the water with a faint far-away splash. And then, and there, she decided that she would not die of a broken heart.

Nor did she; for she has been happily married, for some years, to a handsome young lawyer, who still calls her, as she still deserves to be called, "Pretty Peggy."

AT MIDNIGHT.

BY MARY MIDDLEMORE.

Loud wails the wind and drives the sleet,
  In all the heav'ns no gleam of light;
The raindrops at my casement beat—
  Oh, where art thou to-night?

An awful fear is at my heart,
  I seem to see thee stark and white,
On what far seas rides thy frail bark—
  Oh, where art thou to-night?

While I am sheltered safe from harm,
  Besides my hearthstone, warm and bright,
What fear, perchance, thy soul alarms—
  Oh, where art thou to-night?

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THE OAKWOOD TRAGEDY.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

CHAPTER I.

"FAREWELL, my child; may you be happy in your new home."

A kiss, a fond embrace, and I was alone, at the little wayside station, my eyes strained tearfully after the fast receding cars, that bore away with them my beloved teacher, Miss Withers, who had chosen to see me safely from Sunnybrooke Seminary to Oakwood, where her care over me ended.

An unceasing and tender care it had been, from the time when a wee child of six I was placed in her charge until now, when a full-grown maiden of seventeen, I passed into the hands of my guardian, Mr. Neale Rutherford, of Oakwood. The invisible hands of Mr. Neale Rutherford, I might word it; for at the present time, that personage was somewhere in the far East, enjoying the society of gorillas, apes, and various other specimens of undeveloped human nature.

Twice only in my natural life had I been favored with a glimpse of this quondam guardian of mine: firstly, when he placed me at school after the death of my father, and lastly, when he bade me good-by, previous to his departure from America. I was only ten years old at the time; but I can remember distinctly how much afraid I was of the tall dark gentleman with the keen black eyes. I would not look at him; it was a childish freak I had when I did not like people, and when he bent down to kiss me, I shook my curls over my face, and held them there. I remember he laughed a little hard laugh, and said something I did not understand, about children and fools speaking the truth. All this I recollect perfectly well, together with the reproof I received afterwards from Miss Withers, for my "unaccountable behavior," as she termed it.

Directions had been left with Miss Withers, in case my guardian did not return home before my seventeenth birthday, when my school-days ceased, that I was to be dispatched to Oakwood, my guardian's place of residence, like any other package of goods, where his sister, who did the honors of his house, would have full instructions concerning myself.

If I disliked Mr. Neale Rutherford at the age of ten, at seventeen I dreaded Mr. Neale Rutherford's sister ten thousand times more; and it required all of Miss Withers' power of persuasion and command to induce me to leave Sunnybrooke at the prescribed time. It was only after promising that she would endeavor to gain my guardian's consent to my return to Sunnybrooke Seminary that I would obey the terms of my father's will; and I privately formed a resolution to be such a disagreeable addition to the circle at Oakwood, that this consent would not be hard to obtain.

My spirits are at their lowest ebb, as I stand watching the faint wreaths of smoke left by the vanished train, that bears away from me the only parent I had ever known.

A respectful "Will you go to the carriage, mum?" recalls me to the existence of a solemn-looking coachman at my elbow. Mechanically, I follow him to the other side of the depot, where two bay horses paw the ground impatiently. "I dursent bring the beasts round to the front, as they are a bit shy of the injin'," says Jehu, as he holds open the door of the stylish phaeton.

A quick drive over a smooth country-road, then we turn into a beautiful park, for more than a mile. We pass through an iron gateway, and up a wide avenue of trees, and stop in front of a massive pile of stone, that seems born to resist the storms of a dozen centuries.

The hall-door is thrown open. A tall footman leads the way to the left, bowing obsequiously, as he throws open the door of a long drawing-room.

The light within is so subdued, after the bright sunshine without, that at first I can distinguish nothing, and stand motionless; then I give a great start, as a voice from the far end of the room says:

"Will it please Miss Graeme to advance?"

I obey, and become dimly conscious of a tall severe-looking lady, who rises in a solemn way, takes my hand, and surveying me for a moment with a pair of stony gray eyes, points to a chair a little distance from her, which I take, and wish myself a thousand miles away.

"Has your journey fatigued you?" questions the voice.

I say voice, because the figure to which it belonged seemed to have no interest whatever in it. I discovered afterwards that Mrs. De Lisle considered it a wicked waste of time to spend it in conversation.

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I answer in the negative.

A solemn pause ensues, during which I feel as if I ought to say something; but I cannot, owing to the spell which the figure opposite seems to exert upon me.

"If you would like to go to your room before dinner, Miss Graeme, it is prepared," says the voice, solemnly, at last.

I answer in the affirmative, and Mrs. De Lisle touches the bell; a trig little maid appears; and I am consigned to her care.

I heave a sigh of relief as the door closes between Mrs. De Lisle and myself, and I see Adele, as she had called the maid, tripping up the stairs before me.

"This is your room, miss," said Adele, as she threw open the door of a light airy apartment, furnished in blue and white.

"How pretty!" I exclaimed, as I went from one article to another in girlish delight, while Adele looked on, well pleased.

"I knew you would like it, miss. Mrs. Haslitt wanted to give you the crimson room across the hall; but I begged her to give you this; it is so much more cheerful-like," said Adele.

"Does Mrs. De Lisle live in this great gloomy house by herself?" I asked, as Adele brushed out my curls.

"All the time, excepting a few weeks, when Mr. Norman has his vacations."

"Who is Mr. Norman?" I questioned.

"Mr. Norman? Why, Mr. Norman is Mrs. De Lisle's son, that she thinks a heap of, and they say is going to educate for the church, although I'm thinking she's got hold of the wrong one, if it's goodness she's after," replied Adele. "But Mrs. De Lisle is one of the strictest kind, you know. She don't allow nothing that's lively-like; always has prayers every morning and evening; and makes us go to bed at half-past nine regular."

"And Mr. Rutherford: is he so strict, too?"

"Oh, no, miss, he don't seem to care nothing about no religion, and I guess he don't like the goings-on here much, leastways he never stays long at Oakwood; seems like he's always glad to get away."

"What sort of a man is he? Very tall and grave, with gray hair by this time, I suppose?"

"Dear, no, miss. His hair is as black as a coal, and he has the most beautiful black eyes I ever saw, only they are so sharp-like, I am almost afraid of them, and I've often heard mother tell as how he was the gayest of the family, when he was younger," concluded the voluble Adele.

The dinner-bell here interrupted her revelations, and I descended to the dining-room in mingled fear and trepidation, Adele leading the way. The dinner, like everything pertaining to the house, had a tinge of solemnity. A long silent grace was asked by Mrs. De Lisle at the beginning and end of the meal; afterward the lady ate sparingly of the viands placed before us, without a single remark from beginning to end. The clock striking seven, she rose abruptly from the table, and told me she was in the habit of spending the hours between seven and nine at her devotions.

Left to my own devices, I stepped through the wired doors on to a green turf, set with carefully-trimmed firs and evergreens. Strolling carelessly along, I turned the corner of the house, and made my way to where a luxuriant multiflora trailed its glowing blossoms over a trellis, or deep-arched gateway. Passing through the fragrant bower, I found myself in an old-fashioned rose-garden, the approach to which had been so cleverly concealed by the thick shrubbery, that I had not a suspicion of its existence, until it burst upon me in all its glowing June glory.

It was not a square enclosure, with prim graveled walks, a rose-bush here and another there, all precisely the same distance apart; but a large rambling piece of ground, encircled with a hedge of wild-roses. A smooth green sward, dotted at irregular intervals with flower beds; while a fountain tossed its shining spray over some pure water-lilies growing on its brink.

I drew a long breath of delight as I stopped before a clump of delicious musk-roses. The scene before me was perfect. To the right a line of distant hills, rosy with the light of the setting sun, now sinking behind the tall tree-tops in the park; the gray house in the background; and all around the fragrant breath of the roses, and the drowsy murmur of the fountain.

Unconsciously I fell into a day-dream. The silent house behind me was young and full of life; fresh voices and bright faces thronged the quiet halls and empty rooms; the rose-garden rang with merry laughter, and perchance was the silent witness of many a lover's vow and kiss.

Suddenly, as if in denial of such wicked frivolity, my rosy reverie was ruthlessly broken by the sound of a bell. I turned, startled and wondering; then recollected that it was doubtless a call to tea.

With quickened steps I crossed over to return to the house. A climbing dog-rose trailed its branches over a high laurel, just before me, which grew a little apart; the long flower-laden sprays forming a screen, which, when pushed

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aside, disclosed a broad pathway, lined on either side with laurel. This was now grown so thick and strong, that the branches met overhead; but it was cleverly trimmed to form a perfect arch underneath, so that two persons could walk abreast with ease.

Full of curiosity, and regardless of the bell, I followed the path, which was circuitous and winding, for some distance. At last it turned, doubled, and widening suddenly, I found myself lost in a maze. The laurel grew singly, in rows, in clumps, and circles, while innumerable paths crossed and recrossed each other, making it impossible for me to remember which way I had come, or to discover my way out.

It was all delightfully mysterious and romantic, and as I had not a particle of fear in my composition, I was amusing myself with all sorts of fancies, when on entering a new path in a straighter line than the rest, I saw a shadowy figure flitting a short distance ahead of me. Thinking it might be one of the servants, I called out; but it never turned its head, and as I gained a better view, the delicate outlines, the long flowing hair, and white robe, showed me my mistake. I quickened my steps; but its movements were as rapid as mine; and it was evidently better acquainted with the windings of the maze; for it glided ahead still more swiftly, and slipped through an opening in the laurel, which not one in a hundred would have seen. My eyes, however, caught a glimpse of a white robe, and I followed, thinking I would at least find a way out of the maze.

CHAPTER II.

To my surprise, I discovered I was back at the house, in front of a deep-arched doorway, that was completely covered with a great overgrowth of laurel. The open door revealed a steep spiral stairway. Above me I heard the echo of a light step. Urged on by an irresistible impulse, I ascended, passed through a narrow doorway, and found myself in a large oval-shaped room, lighted from above. At the far end, I saw the object of my search. The figure turned, shook back its long black hair, wrung its hands, and vanished into the wall seemingly, leaving me standing bewildered in what was evidently the picture-gallery of Oakwood.

Without a thought of fear, I deliberately walked to the spot whence the figure had disappeared. A large picture occupied the place. There was no door. How had she escaped? I examined the picture. It was a full-length portrait of a beautiful girl: the face young, with lovely dark eyes, and long curling black hair, which hung flowing to the waist. Stooping down, in the dim light, I managed to read: "Irene, youngest daughter of Neale Rutherford." A slight sound behind me caused me to raise my head and turn quickly, to encounter the steel-gray orbs of Mrs. De Lisle.

Involuntarily I started, with a guilty feeling, as of a culprit caught trespassing on forbidden ground.

"Tea is waiting in the library, Miss Graeme," she said, in her measured tones, not a particle of surprise at the sight of myself visible in the lineaments of her impassive face. "But why did you not come in when the bell rang?"

"I lost my way in the maze, and followed a young girl I saw there in here. Did you see her?" I stammered, still full of the mystery.

"I saw no one," replied Mrs. De Lisle. "No one ever comes here but myself and Haslitt. This part of the house has been closed up since the late Mr. Rutherford's death."

"But I am sure there was a young girl in white who passed up these stairs into the picture-gallery," I persisted, as we went down the spiral stairway.

"You must have been mistaken," returned Mrs. De Lisle, calmly, as she closed and locked the door. "If you are at all imaginative, Miss Graeme," she went on, "you had best not go into the maze and laurel walk. The servants say they are haunted; but of course that is all idle talk," and as she finished this unusually long speech, she gave me a keen look, as if to see how I was affected by the idea.

"I assure you I have no fear of ghosts or goblins of any kind," I answered, nonchalantly; for it had never occurred to me to connect the shadowy figure in the maze with the supernatural. Naturally of a fearless temperament, my incredulity in such matters had been strengthened by Miss Withers' system of education.

"It is well you are so courageous," answered Mrs. De Lisls. With marvelous rapidity she threaded the maze, and hurried me through the laurel walk, where the shadows lay so deep one could scarcely see the way.

When I went to my room, that night, I found Adele waiting for me, to brush my hair.

"Is Mrs. De Lisle Mr. Rutherford's only sister?" I asked.

"Oh, no, miss," said the girl; "there was Miss Irene beside. She was the beautifullest person, with eyes as black as Mr. Neale's, only they had a softer look in them, and her hair hung in black curls below her waist."

"What became of her? Did she die?"

"Yes, miss," replied Adele. "I was a very

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little girl at the time; but I remember quite well what a sad time it was. Old Mr. Rutherford never held up his head afterwards, and I've heard tell as how Mr. Neale and Miss Jane, that's Mrs. De Lisle, have never been the same since."

"What ailed her, Adele?"

"No one ever knew exactly; it was kept very quiet. She was at school in Europe at the time. The family all went to see her graduate; for she was a famous scholar; but she died that very day. Some say it was a love affair, and that she died of a broken heart. Anyway, she was buried away off there; and when the family came back, Miss Irene's rooms were closed up, and no one ever goes into them—and folks do say," continued Adele, dropping her voice, "that Miss Irene's spirit does not rest quiet in her grave, way off in that foreign land, and that it can be seen after dark in the laurel walk."

"What nonsense! No one's spirit can come back after death," I said, with a half shiver, as I thought of what I had seen that very night.

"But it is really so, miss. I saw it myself," said Adele, in an awed whisper, glancing around half fearfully.

"Saw it yourself?" I asked.

"Yes, miss. It was one night when I had been home. Mother and I had been talking about Miss Irene and the stories told about her, and after I got back, I thought I would go a little way into the laurel walk, and see if what folks said was true; besides, I was curious to see a real ghost. Well, I walked pretty near to the maze, without seeing anything, and just as I was making up my mind to go back, I saw her. It was Miss Irene, sure enough. She had her back turned to me; but her beautiful black hair was hanging down, just as it always did; and she was walking along, wringing her hands, and moaning softly like."

"Did you follow her?" I asked, breathlessly.

"Not I, miss. I was struck all of a heap like, and when I came to myself, she was gone. I fairly flew along that path to the house, and I've never been near it since; and no money would hire one of the servants to go there either," she added, decisively.

Here we were both startled by a loud knock on my room-door.

"That's Mrs. De Lisle. She don't allow no light after ten," whispered Adele.

I dismissed the girl, and put out the light as quickly as possible, taking care to secure my door carefully against any midnight intruder.

It was long before I slept; and when I did, it was only to live over the events of the day and evening in feverish dreams.

CHAPTER III.

The sun was streaming brightly into my room when I awoke the next morning. Mrs. De Lisle noticed my breakfast salutation only by a solemn bend of the head. The days that followed were utterly monotonous, for no company was ever seen at Oakwood.

Fortunately, I was passionately fond of reading. But even that diversion was not always accessible at Oakwood. All the library-doors were locked, with the exception of one compartment, filled with doctrinal books of religion. I do not know what I should have done, if it had not been for Adele, the never-failing Adele. She said there were plenty of books in Mr. Rutherford's studio; and one day she brought me the key, which she had slipped from the housekeeper's ring, when Mrs. Haslitt had gone into the village. I let myself, at once, into this charmed place. It was an exquisite room, furnished with beautifully-carved bookcases, an escritoire, inlaid tables, and lounging-chairs of curious patterns. There were also rare bits of statuary, and best of all, bright glowing paintings, the work of Mr. Neale himself, as Adele said.

One painting, in particular, attracted my attention. "Perdita and Florizel" was written beneath the picture. But the charming face of the shepherdess was the same as the one I had seen in the picture-gallery, and which was labeled, as I have said, "Irene, youngest daughter of Neale Rutherford."

"That is Miss Irene, and the other is Mr. Neale. A friend of his painted it, before Miss Irene went away. Isn't she beautiful?" said Adele, who was with me.

"Lovely. There could not have been much difference in their ages," I said, as I studied the dark handsome face of the shepherd.

"Not more than three years. Mr. Neale worshiped his sister. Mother said she never saw anyone change as he did after her death. You would not think he was the same person. But, miss, you will have to hurry, or Mrs. Haslitt will be back before you get the books."

Turning to the bookcase, I selected a dozen volumes of poetry, and with Adele's help conveyed them to my room, where I hid them in the inmost recesses of my trunk. The key was returned to the housekeeper's ring, and no one was any the wiser.

Every morning, when it was fine, I would take my book to some concealed nook in the park, and there I would spend the greater part of the day, absorbed in the fortunes of this or that heroine: the Lady of the Lake, or Imogen, or Rosalind, or one of Byron's fair characters.

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Buried in my books, I forgot my loneliness, and lived a sort of dream-life. But it was strange, unnatural for a young girl. At times I grew terribly homesick. Then how I hated Oakwood; how I longed for my guardian's return. At first, there was some excitement in watching for the shadowy wraith I had seen in the maze the first night of my arrival; but although I haunted both maze and laurel walk, evening after evening, it never came; and I was forced to leave the mystery where I had found it—impenetrable.

One day, however, the "tide of affairs" turned.

CHAPTER IV.

I HAD been at Oakwood some six weeks, when Mrs. De Lisle announced her intention of visiting a distant town. She was to be gone for a week.

Somehow, the birds sang more cheerily, the air seemed softer, the sunshine brighter, as I watched the carriage roll down the avenue. I felt like doing some unheard-of thing to celebrate my freedom. "Why not go horseback-riding?" I said. To will was to do. I went in search of Adele immediately. I found her dusting the drawing-room.

"Is there any horse in the stable I can ride?" I said.

"Why, la, how you frighten me!" she said. "Yes, there's Mahomet, Mr. Neale's horse: he's as gentle as a lamb; I am sure you could ride him. But he's out at pasture now."

"Where?"

"In the off lot, near the west end of the park. But my little brother Steevie can catch him for you."

"But what shall I do for a habit?"

"There's Mrs. De Lisle's black bombazine. I ripped off the band yesterday. I might fix it for you; it's only an old one, and she will never know it. I know, too, where there is a side-saddle."

"Prime!" I said, clapping my hands.

Two o'clock, that afternoon, saw Adele, Steevie, and myself, all in the off lot. Mahomet was a fiery-looking black horse, and my heart almost failed me, when I saw him come curveting and prancing up, after Steevie had caught him. The saddle was adjusted on him, and I proceeded to mount from a neighboring stump. But no sooner did Mahomet feel the touch of my dress than up went his head with a snort; he whirled himself loose from Steevie; and darting across the field, he cleared the five-barred fence with a bound, and then rushed away over the park.

There was a confused consciousness of being whirled through a maze of tree-trunks at lightning speed; of a crashing through undergrowth; of my dress catching and tearing as we went; of a faint prayer to heaven for help, as I closed my eyes in despair; then a shrill whistle, a peculiar call; the horse stopped short; and a strong hand lifted me half fainting to the ground.

"Are you hurt?" I was asked by my preserver.

"No," I replied, in a weak voice, looking up. I saw a tall dark man, with heavy black eyebrows, underneath which flashed a pair of the keenest black eyes I ever saw. He was looking at me gravely, even disapprovingly.

"How came you," he said, "to ride a horse you know nothing of? The master at Oakwood must be mad, to allow you to risk your neck in this fashion."

"Little he cares whether my neck is broken or not," I answered, annoyed at this implied censure of my conduct. "He keeps me immured here until even such a risk as this is tolerable."

"Then you do not like Oakwood?" with a sudden change of tone.

"Like it? I like it somewhat after the fashion of Touchstone: 'In respect of itself, it is a good life. In respect that it is solitary, very well; but in respect that it is private, it is a very vile life.' In plain words, I detest it, and would give anything to be back at Sunnybrooke, with Miss Withers."

"Why do you not go to her, then?"

"For the simple reason, I can't. At least, not until Mr. Rutherford returns, to give me permission; and if that don't soon happen," I added, impetuously, "I shall be tempted to do something more desperate than riding Mahomet even."

He did not answer; but stood stroking Mahomet's nose, as if he had not heard me; the animal every now and then giving vent to a low whinny of satisfaction, which finally attracted my attention.

"Mahomet seems to know you," I said, "and now I think of it, he stopped immediately at the sound of your voice;" and I looked up at the gentleman inquiringly.

"Force of attraction, Miss Elsie Graeme," he replied, with a smile, that changed the whole expression of his face.

"Are you Norman De Lisle?" I said, half doubtingly; for I could not think of anyone else who would know who I was.

"Guess again," he replied, shaking his head. "Norman De Lisle would not thank you for mistaking such a black-browed individual as myself for his blonde majesty."

A sudden light dawned on my mind.

"You are Mr. Rutherford himself," I said,

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slowly, and then blushed scarlet, as I recollected how freely I had been expressing myself.

"Well, have you no welcome for me, after berating my absence so soundly?"

And he looked down at me, with a kindly smile in his black eyes.

"I beg pardon—" I began, and then stopped short; for in glancing downwards, my eye had caught a glimpse of the lower part of my skirt. It literally hung in rags. A sense of Mrs. De Lisle's just anger, of what Mr. Rutherford would think, when he heard the disclosure, rushed over me, and I burst into tears of mortification.

But I soon mastered my weakness, and said:

"You must think me very silly. But you do not know Mrs. De Lisle. She will never forgive me."

"Mrs. De Lisle? I do not understand what she has to do with it," he said, in a puzzled tone.

"Mrs. De Lisle went away, to-day, and I wanted a riding-habit; so Adele took one of her skirts, and fixed it for me; and she knows nothing about it, and how can I tell her?"

Such was my confused reply, my cheeks crimsoning as I made my confession.

"If she is absent, the matter is easily adjusted I will supply the material for a new dress. You know you said I was to bear all the blame of your desperate deeds," and there was a merry twinkle in his eye as he spoke. "Adele will make it. *Voila.* Now gather up the fragments, and let us proceed to Oakwood."

Talking in this light easy vein, he gradually led me to think of other matters, and by the time we reached the house, I had almost forgotten my mishap.

I found Adele in an agony of fear and apprehension, which changed to delight when she learned I was unhurt; and how I had been rescued, and that Mr. Rutherford was not at all angry.

The dining room wore an unusual air of festivity that afternoon. The genial voice of my guardian, his kind attention, and fascinating descriptions of places he had seen when abroad, made the generally gloomy meal seem like a feast. I was sorry when it was over, and my guardian left me, to meet his business agent, who waited for him in the library.

The sun had gone down behind the tree-tops in the park, before my guardian joined me in the rose-garden, where I had fallen into the habit of spending my evenings, finding in the roses a sort of companionship. He had a distinguished air: but he had changed greatly from the portrait in the studio; his face was bronzed by the burning rays of an eastern sun, while a stern expression usurped the care-free boyish look on the features of Florizel.

"So you think Oakwood a gloomy, dark, unnatural sort of a place," he said, looking down at me gravely.

Before I could answer, I saw distinctly, in the distance, a shadowy figure, with floating black hair, wringing its hands in the purple twilight.

"There, there!" I gasped, catching hold of my guardian's arm in my excitement, and pointing to the wraith.

"What is it? What can the matter be?"

He gazed at me in astonishment, as he spoke, his eyes following the direction of my finger; but it was too late; the figure had vanished.

"The spirit of the laurel walk," I answered, solemnly. "There, it has gone."

"Pshaw! It is not possible you believe that silly trash?" He laughed sarcastically.

"It is a reality. How can I help believing what I have seen with my own eyes?" I replied.

"When? Where? How?"

I fancied there was anxiety in his tone.

"The night I came. I was lost in the maze, and seeing someone flitting ahead of me, took it for one of the servants, and followed it into the picture-gallery, where it vanished; and I have never seen it since, although I have watched for it often."

"Watched for it? I thought all girls were afraid of ghosts?" And he looked at me curiously.

"But it was not a ghost; it was a reality," I said, firmly.

"Certainly it was not a ghost. What you saw was a servant, or one of the villagers maybe, straying through the grounds. There is nothing strange in that, is there?"

"It was not a servant. You could not induce one of them to go near the laurel walk. No, it was a stranger, who walked along, wringing her hands, as if in great distress."

"My dear child," said my guardian, "you have allowed your imagination to run away with you." Then changing his half sarcastic tone to one more serious, he added: "I want you to promise me, however, not to go near the laurel walk; it is not right for a person with such fancies. You have too much imagination."

I gave the required promise reluctantly, not seeing how I could very well refuse; and then proffered my own request, about returning to Miss Withers. For a moment he did not answer me; then he said, quietly:

"I will think the matter over. In the morning you shall have my answer. Now it is time to go in; for the dew is beginning to fall."

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I sat at my window late that night, trying to decide whether the mysterious something I had seen in the laurel walk was real or unreal, and whether my guardian knew of it or not; and at last was obliged to dismiss the matter as unfathomable, and go to bed.

CHAPTER V.

At breakfast, the next morning, my guardian told me that he wished me to make Oakwood my home during the next three months, at least.

"After that time," he said, "you are free to go to Miss Withers, if you still wish."

I thanked him with what I fear was a very dubious face, and was leaving the room, when he called me back.

"What do you do with yourself in the morning?" he said.

"If it is pleasant, I take my book into the park, where I read until dinner-time. If it rains, I stay in my own room."

"What do you read?"

"Poetry," I replied, and then colored deeply, as I recollected whence came my books.

"Never mind," he said, as if divining the truth, "I lend, occasionally."

"Adele thought you would not mind, if I were careful," I murmured, apologetically. "And I was so lonesome."

"Then you do not like Mrs. De. Lisle's choice of books?" a smile lurking in the corners of his mouth. "But I hardly ought to ask that question. What do you say to a ride? Have you courage enough left to risk another?"

My delighted "yes" seemed to amuse him.

"Let Adele get your measure," he said. "Business takes me into the city, to-day; and I can, perhaps, buy a riding-habit for you. Be ready at six to-night, when I shall be back."

How long the day seemed. Time went by on leaden wings, I thought. Six o'clock would never come, I said to myself.

I was roused by hearing the sound of a horse's hoofs on the avenue; and a few minutes later, Adele came upstairs with a package.

"Oh, miss," she cried, "Mr. Rutherford has brought this habit, and the prettiest black pony with him you ever saw, and you are to be ready as quick as you can."

In less than ten minutes I was at the hall-door. Mr. Rutherford, Steevie, and the coachman, were standing in a little group about a beautiful black horse, whose housings matched my habit in color.

"Come and give us your opinion of your new possession," said my guardian, with a smile.

"Mine?" I asked, wonderingly.

"Yours, and none other. Allow me to present Firefly to her new mistress," said he, as he bent one knee, and held out his hand for me to mount.

"How can I thank you?" I exclaimed, as I sprang into the saddle.

"By banishing gloom and sadness, and enjoying to the full what gifts the gods may send."

As he spoke, he vaulted on Mahomet, and we were soon cantering down the avenue.

"How did you know," I said, directly, "that a horse was what I most wished for?"

"A great sheik," he answered, smiling down on me, "away off in Arabia, in return for a trifling service, offered me the choice of four of his favorite horses. All at once, I remembered a certain young girl, to whom I was guardian; and I chose Firefly, the daintiest and most thoroughbred of them all. So you see," with another smile, "I have not been so forgetful of my duties as you thought."

"You brought Firefly all the way from Arabia for me? For me, and nobody else?" I asked, earnestly.

"For you alone. To have, to keep, to do with what you will, now and always."

"Then I have done you gross injustice, and I ask your pardon," I said, holding out my hand.

"It is granted," he replied, raising my hand to his lips; and the foreign fashion became him better than most men. "Now let us see if Firefly deserves her name."

A low whistle from Mr. Rutherford, and Mahomet was off on a fleet gallop, which Firefly was not slow in following. As easily as if I had been in a rocking-chair, she bore me along.

When we returned to Oakwood, the moon was up, and it was long past our usual dinner-hour. It was nine o'clock when we sat down. Oh, shade of Mrs. De Lisle, couldst thou have been a witness to that dinner! It was gayety itself. After it was over, Mr. Rutherford said, jocularly:

"Well, as you are my ward, it is my duty to examine you in your studies. But we will confine ourselves to one—your music."

"But there is no piano," I said.

"Follow me. I am a magician, who can work wonders," and he led the way to his studio. Pushing aside a crimson curtain, he disclosed a deep recess, and in it one of Chickering's upright pianos.

I uttered a cry of delight. Music was a passion with me, and I had missed it more than I could tell. The tone of the instrument was a little spoiled from non-usage; but I could have played on anything almost, I was so glad.

"Admirably executed," said my guardian, as I finished a difficult overture. "Now play me some of your pet pieces, what you like yourself;

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and if you do not object to an Havana, I am convinced it will be a great aid to my judgment."

When I told him I did not object, he proceeded to wrap himself in a cloud of smoke, figuratively speaking. I played on for more than an hour, all my favorite airs, from the "Blue Bells of Scotland" up to Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata. Then he asked me if I could sing, and when I said I could not, to my surprise he came to the piano, and sang the Spanish Love-Song, in the sweetest of tenors. The hall-clock was on the stroke of twelve when he bade me good-night.

"Truly," I said to myself, as I went up the stairs, "times are changed at Oakwood."

This was but the beginning of halcyon days. What rides we took; at sunrise, sunset, by moonlight, just as the whim seized us. What delicious mornings we spent in the park, when I was held spell-bound, as he read selections from my favorite Shakespeare, his rich voice giving new meaning to the words. Of all the comedies, I liked Winter's Tale best, and I would coax him to read the third scene from the fourth act, again and again. Othello, too, was a great favorite; and I would listen, with half-caught breath and tear-filled eyes, until he would throw down the book, and say it was all nonsense, abusing the tragedy, until I forgot my tears, and was drawn into a hot argument, which banished all signs of sadness, and was exactly what he wanted.

"You always look so spirited when you get excited," he said, laughing.

One day, we had been over to the Witches' Well, a romantic place, seven or eight miles away from Oakwood. Our ride had not tired us in the least, and we were in the full tide of a reckless gallop, or race, I may even call it. I was urging Firefly to her utmost speed, trying to win the marble Psyche, which my guardian had promised, provided I reached the park-gates before he did. My blue velvet cap had slipped back on my neck, while the oak-leaf wreath, with which I had encircled Mr. Rutherford's palmetto, had become loosened, and was flapping wildly in the breeze. Altogether, we were rather a wild-looking couple.

Suddenly, we dashed by a traveling-carriage, which we had overtaken, and in which, erect and stately, I recognized Mrs. De Lisle. But she was not alone. At her side sat a gentleman, of whose Greek profile I just caught a glimpse, as we flew past.

Mahomet got in a little ahead, and I lost the Psyche.

"It would serve for the next time, however," said Mr. Rutherford, gayly. "You are sure to win it, some day."

But when we had dismounted, his tone suddenly changed.

"Well, *ma petite*," he said, "we are done with our pleasant life. That was Mrs. De Lisle, as I suppose you know; and the gentleman beside her was her son. Promise me," with sudden fervor, "that you will have nothing to do with Norman De Lisle."

"But why?" said I, astonished at this earnestness, yet hardly knowing why I spoke.

"Why? I can hardly tell. An idle presentiment, I suppose," trying to laugh. Then, with sudden solemnity, he added: "No, it is not an idle presentiment: his coming heralds tragedy and death."

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

THE ANGEL'S MESSAGE.

BY GENEVIEVE NORTON.

YESTERNIGHT I dreamed an angel
Brought to me some flowers rare,
From the gardens up in heaven,
Tended by the spirits there.
And among the precious treasures
Was a bud of fairest hue,
Fragrant with the air of heaven,
Sparkling with its priceless dew.

And I asked me of the angel,
What 'twas called in courts above.
"Ah," he answered, "'tis an emblem
Of the soul of one you love.
Fragrant with the air of virtue,
Sparkling with the dew of grace,
Guarded by the holy angels,
Naught imperfect can you trace

"In the spirit of the maiden,
Who to you her heart has given.
Guard it as a sacred treasure,
Sent to you by gracious heaven.
Shield it from life's waves of sorrow,
Let your love its refuge be,
Till Eternity's long morrow,
Brings it safely back to me."

As the messenger ceased speaking,
Lo! he vanished from my view;
But I caught the inspiration,
Ere his presence he withdrew;
When I woke, at early dawning,
I to heaven sent this vow:
"I will ever love the maiden,
Even as I love her now."

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SO PLAIN A CASE.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

Tom Lancaster went down into the country to visit his aunt. She was a Mrs. Goldthorpe, the nicest old woman in the world; and her name, as you see, was pleasantly suggestive of wealth.

She had been left a widow young; but had never married again. She was well on towards sixty now, a great favorite generally, but rather unconventional, and the most charitable woman alive, though in her own way.

Tom Lancaster was her pet nephew, and deserved to be; for he was handsome and clever, and though born to a fortune, worked hard in his profession. One day, in the loveliest summer weather, he arrived unexpectedly at his aunt's house, a charming old spot, a couple of miles distant from a gay seaside resort in one of the Eastern States.

"I did not hear you drive up," she said. "But I was thinking about you, and wondering if you meant to desert me altogether."

"I walked from the station," said Tom, "and took the path through the wood. By the way, too, I fell over a very pretty girl in the garden—or she would be, if she hadn't looked so pale and sad. I'm afraid I frightened her. Who is she?"

"My secretary, Miss Dora Inman," said his aunt.

"Your secretary? Have you turned Cabinet minister, or author, or what?" asked Tom.

"Haven't you been teasing me for the last two years about getting someone to write my countless scores of tiresome letters?" retorted she, pulling his ear. "And now you laugh at me for following your advice."

When Tom entered the dining-room, dressed for dinner, Mrs. Goldthorpe was already there. So was the young lady, her secretary.

"Dora," said Mrs. Goldthorpe, "this is my scapegrace nephew, Tom Lancaster. You have heard enough about him to hate him in advance. Tom, this is my Miss Inman. She is the nicest young woman in the world, just as I am the nicest old one."

The pair, thus unceremoniously introduced, exchanged bows and laughed, and Lancaster said:

"It was too bad of you, Aunt Ruth, to prejudice Miss Inman against me beforehand."

"At least it was a work of supererogation," retorted his aunt.

"I owe you an apology, too, Miss Inman," continued Tom. "I'm afraid I startled you in the garden, to-day."

"She took you for the lunatic that escaped from Lymer's asylum," said Mrs. Goldthorpe.

"I recognized you in a moment, Mr. Lancaster, by the picture in your aunt's room," said Miss Inman, though they both laughed at the aunt's sally.

During the progress of the meal, Lancaster studied Miss Inman's face attentively, yet covertly. It was one of those on which nature seems to bestow more minute pains than on many a strikingly beautiful one; every detail was finished with loving care, and helped to make up a singularly harmonious whole. But it was not its prettiness, nor the signs of mental activity it exhibited, which interested Lancaster so much; it was the reticence and moral force unusual in features so youthful; for the girl did not look more than twenty, which to Tom, who was thirty, seemed young. He could fancy that she had already stood face to face with some terrible crisis of destiny, which, instead of crushing, had developed suddenly all the latent strength of her nature, at the expense, however, of brightness and enthusiasm.

Miss Inman's manner was perfectly free from shyness. Still, it seemed to require a constant effort for her to appear quiet and at ease. Mrs. Goldthorpe treated her exactly as she would have done an intimate visitor, not a hired attendant.

When they all went upstairs to bed, the old lady stopped in her nephew's chamber.

"What do you think of her?" she said.

"You mean Miss Inman," replied Tom. "She is—well—interesting. Pretty, graceful, and so forth. But," with some hesitation, "that isn't what struck me most."

"Well, what did you see?" nodding her head affirmatively.

"That is what puzzles me," cried Tom. "What could have happened to a girl of her age, to make her look like that?" Then he added, in a dissatisfied tone: "I suppose the old story—some love affair."

"It's not that, Tom," said Mrs. Goldthorpe. "It is a dull, commonplace, everyday sort of trouble; but black and hideous all the same. I am not going to tell you about it now, though I

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shall one day. Come, it is late, and being in the country, you must have your beauty-sleep—you need it."

There were a good many visitors at the house; but whenever she could, Dora avoided meeting them, and Lancaster soon perceived that her presence under his relative's roof was a marvel to most of her friends. He asked no questions. He did not want to hear a word until his aunt was ready to tell him, though remarks proffered by different people showed that the girl rested under a grave suspicion of some kind, and Mrs. Goldthorpe's coterie evidently considered that the old lady had yielded to one of her blamable impulses of good-nature, in affording Miss Inman shelter and protection.

He learned, against his will, that Dora had been a governess in the family of a Mrs. Frodsham, and had been abruptly expelled from her situation—nobody knew what for. Each person had a different theory; but the impression Tom got was that this Mrs. Frodsham, of whom he had never before heard, had found cause for jealousy.

One evening, at a friend's house, Lancaster encountered the lady. She was very pretty, very youthful, almost girlish-looking, with a lively coquettish manner, and a flood of small-talk, which she seemed well inclined to pour out for his benefit.

She impressed him as a human butterfly, with sundry wasp-like qualities added, and he was certain that she was both false and cruel, though pleasant enough to chat with, as she had the good taste to avoid affectations, and the tact to make very superficial acquirements appear worth much more than they were.

Tom had noticed that his aunt returned the lady's greetings with her coldest air, and he knew that his own presentation had taken place at Mrs Frodsham's request

"I asked your opinion of Dora Inman when you first met her," said Mrs. Goldthorpe to her nephew, the next day. "Now I want to hear what impression Mrs. Frodsham produced upon you. Speak out clearly."

Tom gave his impressions very frankly, ending by saying:

"I don't believe a more artful, crafty little wretch ever existed; even that childish manner is all assumed, though she does it very well."

"Ha!" said Mrs. Goldthorpe, and then sat silent, lost in deep thought for many moments.

"I know it was with her that Miss Inman had trouble," observed Tom, at length. "Several persons have told me so much, though none of them seemed to have any clear idea of what it was about."

"I'm going to tell you," replied Mrs. Goldthorpe, with sudden decision. "That little woman has a couple of pretty children. About six months ago, Dora, who had been teaching in Albany, came to visit at her uncle's—he has a large jeweler's establishment in the town—old Mr. Westcott—you know his name?"

"Yes—well?"

"Her health had failed somewhat. The doctors said she must not go back to her school. She could not bear the idea of doing nothing; so, after a few weeks' rest, Mr. Frodsham engaged her as governess. She stayed there three months; was very kindly treated by Mrs. Frodsham, and by the husband, too. The husband is rather a stern hard man, of whom, by the way, the wife is mortally afraid, and whom I happen to know she lies to, and cheats, on all occasions. Well, the long and short of it was, the lady accused Dora of theft."

"Great heavens!" exclaimed Lancaster. "Did the husband join in such an infamous charge?"

"No. He was in South America, at the time; and by the bye, he is going again, in a few weeks. He has an interest in some business in Lima, I think."

"Yes, Mrs. Frodsham told me so. But about this affair?"

"You recollect, when you were here two years ago, that old Mrs. Delancy died, and her niece wanted to sell her jewelry?"

"Yes; you had the jewels here, one day; there were all sorts of quaint, antiquated things among them, and valuable too. What I especially remember was a very peculiar ring—an antique—that I had a fancy for myself; but Miss Rivers would not sell one article separately."

"Miss Rivers sold them all to Westcott; they were worth at least six thousand dollars. He gave her four. He thought, because there was a fancy for rococo things, that he could sell them advantageously; but he never did; and at last Mrs. Frodsham came here and saw them. Westcott was willing to let her have the whole, at five thousand. The matter ran on for several months. Finally she agreed to take the lot, if he would accept two thousand down, and the remainder in installments. She had set her heart on the gewgaws, and proposed, she said, to pay for them with her own money. When the final payment was made, she meant to tell her husband."

"Hum!" said Tom, in an undertone: pulled his mustache slowly; then signed to his aunt to continue.

"Just after her lord and master started for Peru," pursued Mrs. Goldthorpe, rousing herself

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with a sigh, "Mrs. Frodsham informed Westcott that she was prepared to give the sum of ready money agreed upon, and two notes for the rest. Dora Inman was the only person who knew that she was in treaty for the ornaments—she could trust Dora."

"What the dickens was she afraid of, since she had got her husband out of the way?" Tom asked, in an irritated voice.

"Frodsham's sister was stopping in the neighborhood, and Mrs. Frodsham wanted to keep it secret till she was gone, for fear she should write to her brother about it."

"To be kept a secret," muttered Tom; but when his aunt asked what he had said, he only motioned her to proceed.

"On the appointed day, Mr. Westcott took the jewels to the house, and found that Mrs. Frodsham had changed her mind. She said she had just been going to send him a note to that effect."

"Was Miss Inman present?"

"Oh, yes. Well, when Mrs. Frodsham looked at the baubles, her desire to have them returned in full force. She would, and she would not; and poor old Westcott, anxious to dispose of the trinkets, and quite content to realize a good interest on the money he had spent, was terribly disappointed, as you may imagine."

"It ended in Madam's taking the things," said Tom, puckering his eyebrows into a heavy frown, after a habit he had when thinking deeply.

"Mrs. Frodsham was called out of the room for a moment," Aunt Ruth continued, rather hesitatingly, "and Dora proposed to her uncle to leave the jewels, and call again the next day. The child felt sure that after having had them for awhile in her possession, Mrs. Frodsham would not have the courage to give the things up."

"Very likely not," said Tom, in a tone which caused his aunt to look at him in surprise.

"Mr. Westcott had no more hesitation in leaving them with her, than he would have had with me," Mrs. Goldthorpe went on, "and when she came in, he offered to do so. He quite insisted on it; saying he was on his way to Roylston, and did not want to drive back two miles to his house, in order to leave the boxes, and as he was to be absent all night, didn't wish to take them with him."

"And Mrs. Frodsham declared that she did not want the responsibility," said Tom.

"She did at first, then she admitted that there was no risk. Not a human being besides their three selves knew that the jewels were there. She said to Dora: 'The leaving them is your idea, I know. You are acquainted with my feebleness of character, and think I won't be able to let them go out of my hands; but I mean to be firm for once in my life."

"And the laughing and jesting ended in Mr. Westcott's leaving the trinkets," observed Tom.

"Yes. Anybody would have done the same. Who could dream—"

"Of course," interrupted Tom. "Now for the end of the story."

"Mrs. Frodsham had not been well that day. She lay down after Mr. Westcott was gone, and asked Dora to read to her; then she took a nap; and Dora went to walk with the children. Come—you are so very shrewd—though I can't quite make out what you are at—tell me what happened next?"

"Either Mrs. Frodsham kept to her bed ill, else she got suddenly better, and spent the evening out," said Tom.

"Why, that was just what she did!" cried Mrs. Goldthorpe, staring at him in admiring astonishment.

"You don't mean she did both, I suppose," returned Tom, calmly as ever, though the eagerness in his eyes betrayed his interest.

"Nonsense—of course not! When Dora got back, about sunset, Mrs. Frodsham was better. She said she had received a note from a lady in the town. An impromptu dance was proposed, and she must go. She left the house before nine o'clock. She had promised to assist her friend in her preparations. When she was dressed, she went into Dora's room with the jewels. She had laid the cases all in one large box, and said Dora must lock them up in a cabinet that stood in her chamber; and of course, Dora did it."

"And of course, the next morning, the jewels were gone," said Tom, in a matter-of-fact tone.

"Yes, gone—but the box and cases were there."

"Could Miss Inman tell whether they were empty when she put them there?"

"Oh, they had looked at the things, and talked about them. Dora had seen and handled every one. She laid them back herself, too; and locked the cabinet, while Mrs. Frodsham looked on."

"What did she do with the key?"

"This is the way it was. Just as she was locking the cabinet, Dora, who had had neuralgia all day, was seized with such severe pain, that she turned quite faint. Mrs. Frodsham brought her some drops to take; advised her to go to bed at once, and if not better in half an hour, to take some more. Dora lay down on her bed, meaning to get up and undress when she felt better; but she fell fast asleep, and did not wake for several hours."

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"Where was the key?"

"She put it under her pillow—that was Mrs. Frodsham's idea—and there the key was in the morning. She had neglected to lock her door, not thinking she should fall asleep; anyway, she and Mrs. Frodsham always left the door between their bed rooms unfastened, for Mrs. Frodsham was timid."

"Well, what happened?" asked Tom. "When she woke, she got up and undressed, I suppose."

"Yes, and then slept soundly till morning, when Mrs. Frodsham came for the jewels. Dora had never thought of looking at them, of course. She went to the cabinet—all the cases were empty."

"And Mrs. Frodsham accused her of stealing them?"

"Yes," shivered Mrs. Goldthorpe. "She sent at once for Mr. Westcott, and told him that if she was held accountable, she should have Miss Inman arrested for the theft."

"How did he take it?" asked Lancaster.

"Oh Tom, he believed that Dora had stolen them, to help a scapegrace brother of hers, who was in terrible difficulty, and had lately been in the town appealing to his uncle for help."

"That did look black," Tom said.

"Oh, Tom, Tom, you don't suspect her? I'd stake my life—"

"You needn't—I don't suspect her," interrupted Lancaster. "But how have *you* accounted for the robbery?"

"I am inclined to agree with Dora: that one of the servants had been listening: knew Mr. Westcott brought them, and managed to find out where they were put. Mrs. Frodsham has a lot of as bad domestics as anybody ever got together. Now, Tom, what do you think?"

"It is as clear as daylight," returned he. "Mrs. Frodsham stole the jewels herself. The whole thing was a deliberately-laid plot."

"Oh!" cried Mrs. Goldthorpe, half in dismay, half in a tone of relief. "I have felt so wicked, when that idea crossed my mind, and it has so often!"

"She stole them," repeated Lancaster. "But the only way to prove it would be to put detectives on her track—learn every movement since—"

"Tom," broke in his aunt, "about a month after the things were stolen, she went to New York for a week."

"Then she disposed of them there."

"And can nothing be done?"

"It would be very difficult, without the story leaking out, and if it did, Miss Inman would be utterly ruined."

"She has suffered enough—that would kill her!" exclaimed Mrs. Goldthorpe. "I don't know but she'll die anyway. Oh, Tom, she bears up so bravely; still—"

She could not finish her sentence. A few tears strayed slowly down her cheeks, but she wiped them away, and sat waiting till she could recover her composure.

"How did it all come to your knowledge?" Tom asked.

"Dora came and told me. I had always liked her, and we were friends. Mrs. Frodsham turned her out of doors, and of course I took her in. There are all sorts of vague reports, but nobody dreams what the trouble really was. Mrs. Frodsham has only hurt her, by saying that she discharged her, because she found she was not a person she wished to have near her children."

"She couldn't have injured the girl much more if she had told the truth, and been done with it," said Tom. "And the uncle?"

"Oh, poor man, he really has had terrible trouble in all ways," said Mrs. Goldthorpe. "Dora's brother was still hanging about, when the jewels disappeared. Six weeks after, he ran off with a niece of Westcott's wife, whom the old pair had adopted; and that made excuse enough to people why the uncle and aunt refused to have anything to do with Dora."

"Had the niece any property?"

"Yes. A few thousand dollars, that would come to her when she was twenty-one. She has suffered enough for her madness, poor thing! The fellow managed in some way to raise money, on her promise to pay it later, and they went to St. Louis. About two months since, she came home; he had deserted her, and eloped with another woman."

"Did the Westcotts take her back?"

"Yes. They were very fond of her. She is with them now. I heard she was trying for a divorce. I dare say she will marry again. She's a pretty, feather-headed creature, that nothing will ever make an impression upon."

"It's no matter about her, then," said Tom. "Now tell me all you know about Mrs. Frodsham."

"I knew enough to warn her that if I heard of her talking any more against Dora I'd write things to her sister-in-law that she wouldn't want her husband to hear," said Mrs. Goldthorpe, coloring scarlet. "Oh, Tom, it was mean—contemptible—but I could only think of Dora—try to save her a little."

"It was quite right," said Tom.

"No, it wasn't," returned Mrs. Goldthorpe,

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"and I must tell you that I believe she is only imprudent—likes to flirt—"

"I mean to flirt with her," broke in Tom, jumping up with such haste that he nearly overturned the table. "No good may come of it—then there may. She stole those jewels—"

"But what for? She can't wear them."

"She could raise money on them, if she had debts."

"And she had, Tom—I know that."

"She disposed of them, when she went to New York," said Lancaster; "but we shan't find out where. I did pretty Mrs. Frodsham an injustice, in my estimation of her character. She is shrewder, longer-headed than I supposed."

From that day, up to the end of his visit, Lancaster devoted himself to Mrs. Frodsham, in an easy, lazy fashion, which did not in the least interfere with his passing a great many hours in the society of his aunt and Dora Inman. He rode with Mrs. Frodsham frequently—Dora did not ride—and he met her night after night at festivities, which began late enough for him first to have spent a pleasant evening with Miss Inman—a pleasure which he prized more and more highly as he learned thoroughly to know her.

Lancaster renewed his acquaintance with Mr. Westcott through some legal difficulty about which the old man asked his advice; they got upon such terms, that Tom let out one day that he knew the whole painful story regarding the lost jewels; taking care, however, to say that he did not believe Dora guilty.

But Mr. Westcott's mind was not to be shaken. He was as certain his niece had taken them, he said, as if he had seen her commit the theft. Even in the affair of his adopted daughter's unfortunate marriage, he seemed, by some utterly illogical and preposterous mode of reasoning, to blame Dora almost as bitterly as he did her brother.

"Nothing kept me from prosecuting her but a regard for my poor sister's memory," he said, "and I have wished since that I had done it, for I might have saved my unfortunate girl from being deceived by that villain of a Henry Inman. It was bad enough to lose the money value of the jewelry; but that was nothing, compared to seeing my child's whole future ruined."

Tom saw the adopted daughter, and it did not appear to him that such was the case. The divorce had been pronounced, and she looked comfortable and happy. She was pretty and ladylike, but with no mind to speak of, and no faculty of concentrating what she had sufficiently upon any one subject to suffer acutely. Mr. and Mrs. Westcott petted her beyond measure, yet she showed one good trait: for once, when Lancaster happened to see her alone, she spoke of the estrangement between Dora and her relatives, evidently supposing it had grown out of her own marriage with the brother.

"But Dora was not to blame," she said; "I have tried to say so—but pa is so hard then—he made me afraid to speak. Oh, I feel so wicked. I was very fond of Dora. I wish you would tell her so—I wish you would!"

She cried heartily, and looked very interesting in her tears. But half an hour later, when Tom was leaving the house, after an interview with Mr. Westcott, he saw her in the garden, playing like a child of ten, with a pet kitten. So he concluded that she would no more break her heart over her husband's sister, than she had over the dismal ending of her girlish love-dream; she was too shallow for any deep, or lasting feeling.

The only result, in regard to the mystery of the jewels, that Lancaster arrived at, was an increased conviction of the correctness of his first suspicion. Not long before he went away, he told Mrs. Frodsham that he was aware of the real reason why Dora Inman left her house. He said it abruptly, and he saw that she was startled. She rallied immediately, however, and tried to put her emotion down to surprise at Mrs. Goldthorpe's having confided the facts to him. But it was evidently something more than that.

"Very natural my aunt should tell me," said Tom. "She knew I could be trusted, and as I am a lawyer, she wanted my advice."

"Advice?" repeated Mrs. Frodsham, in a tone too tremulous for the wonder it expressed to be successful. "Why, the matter is settled—the poor girl is safe—I was sorry for her. I have no doubt it was that wretched brother who urged her on to take the things. Oh, I would not for the world have had to cause her arrest; but unless old Westcott had behaved as he did, I must have done so."

"Then my aunt would have called me in," said Tom, laughing. "I should have gone on the presumption that the fact of the jewels being in Miss Inman's possession was proof of her innocence. She wouldn't have selected the precise time to take the things when she would inevitably have been suspected."

"But there was nobody else liable to suspicion," cried Mrs. Frodsham, with a searching glance at Lancaster, which he detected, fleeting as it was.

"Oh, yes, the whole household," said Tom. "I am only supposing a case, you know. I should have had the detectives follow up every

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movement of every creature under the roof, for long before and afterward."

"Well," said she, with a poor effort at coquetry, "I hope you would have been gallant enough to exclude me."

"Good gracious, no," returned he, laughing, as if it were the best joke possible. "I should have been perfectly inhuman—the real lawyer—have cross-questioned you fiercely; forced you to tell all your secrets—"

"Oh, you monster," she interrupted, with an hysterical laugh.

Tom, playing with a bunch of keys that lay on the table, watched her furtively, and saw that she was white as a sheet.

"All your flirtations would have come out," said he, jestingly. "I should have had that dragon of a sister-in-law, whom you told me of, down upon you. As I am especially jealous in my friendships—you said we were friends?—I should—let me see how I could have tormented you most. Oh, I should have forced you to tell just what you did, and everybody you saw, when you went soon after to New York. I—"

He was interrupted by the opening of the door. The servant brought in the cards of several visitors.

"I must run away for a moment, first," said Mrs. Frodsham, and she rose. But as she crossed the room, Tom saw her stop, and lean against a table. She pretended she was looking for something; but she rested both hands thereon heavily to support herself.

When she returned, the guests were in the drawing-room. She was in high spirits; but Tom noticed that though she had two red spots blazing in her cheeks, her lips quivered nervously, and her eyes were fairly black with restrained emotion.

"Well," said Tom to himself, as he walked home, "there's nothing to be done; but Sing Sing is your proper abode, my pretty butterfly."

Early in the autumn, Lancaster made a journey of a fortnight, with his aunt, and Dora Inman accompanied them, and that idyllic trip ended his holiday.

Time went on to the month of January, when, one day, a commission from Mrs. Goldthorpe, to find her some old-fashioned candelabra, took him to a shop whose proprietor he knew well: a curiosity collector, who had plenty of money, and loved his stores of odd relics so dearly, that it was a heart-break to him ever to sell anything.

While there, it occurred to Tom to consult him about having certain stone cameos he owned suitably set; and the old gentleman, in hunting up designs, unlocked a secretary, and out of a box, which Tom could see contained jewelry, took a ring, saying:

"This setting would answer. My showing you the thing, though, is rather a secret."

Tom Lancaster recognized the trinket at a glance. It was the antique which had been among Mrs. Delancy's possessions, and had tempted him so strongly. He told Mr. Foster Dora Inman's story, suppressing all the names, and Foster informed him how he came to have the jewels. A lady wanted to raise three thousand dollars; she was in such distress of mind—so pretty—so afraid of her mother's finding out what she was doing to help a brother who had been cast off by his family, that though not a money-lender, Mr. Foster had been unable to refuse her prayers.

"A young lady—to help her brother," said Lancaster. "Describe her to me."

"Why, I made a sketch of her," returned Foster. "You know my old trick of sketching faces that strike me. My dear Lancaster, I'm afraid you will find it is the portrait of the young person in whose innocence you believe so strongly."

He produced an album, and opened it.

"Don't point to it," said Tom. "Let me see if there is a countenance I recognize."

He turned over the leaves for a few moments in silence. Suddenly he uttered an exclamation, that was one of horror, and Mr. Foster saw his features white and set.

"You have found her," he said.

"I know the truth now," Tom Lancaster answered, with a harsh laugh. "I thought I was a lawyer—I am only an ass."

Two days later, Tom arrived at the seaside town near which his aunt lived; and with him was Mr. Foster, who carried the jewels, safely packed in the little traveling-satchel hung over his shoulder.

They drove at once to Mr. Westcott's shop; but were informed that the proprietor was at his own home, confined to the house by a severe cold. The old gentleman chanced to be standing at a window, when the visitors reached his door. He saw Tom Lancaster get out of the carriage, hurried into the hall, and with many expressions of pleasure, conducted him and Mr. Foster into the parlor.

"I have found your jewels," said Tom, abruptly, "and I have come to tell you who the thief is."

Just then an inner door opened, and a girlish voice called:

"Pa, are you here? Ma wants—"

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Laura Ames got no further. She had entered, caught sight of Mr. Foster, and with a little cry, fell senseless on the floor.

This was her confession, when she recovered her senses, and was sane enough to make it: Shortly after Mrs. Frodsham had put the jewels in Dora Inman's room and gone away, Laura Ames went to the house to see Dora. The weather was still warm, the outer doors standing open; the servants collected in the porch at the back. Certain that Dora would be in her room, Laura ran upstairs, entered the chamber, and found her asleep on the bed.

The girl sat down to wait till Dora woke. She was in great distress of mind. Henry Inman had confided to her, that, if he could not raise three thousand dollars, he ran the risk of arrest in his office, though in reality he was innocent of the embezzlement he was charged with; and the silly girl believed him.

Some movement of the sleeper displaced the key, which fell on the floor. Laura picked it up; recognized it; and sheer curiosity (one of her strongest characteristics) impelled her to try and discover what secret Dora was hiding in the old cabinet, which the two girls had often admired together. She saw the jewels, and as she declared, thought only of freeing Henry; took them, and escaped unseen; and Henry quieted her slightly-developed conscience by the assurance that even if the uncle suspected Dora, he would never expose her; and besides, he was rich enough not to feel the loss.

"I do believe you thought I took the things," Mrs. Frodsham said to Lancaster, when the facts were revealed to her.

"Oh, nonsense," said Tom, rather confusedly. "But, by the way, you did look very queer."

"Because I had had some debts, and did go to New York on account of them," said she. "They are paid, since I talked with you, so I don't mind telling; and I mean never to owe anybody a penny again. I got courage to write to my husband."

"And oh, how can I show my gratitude?" was Dora Inman's first exclamation, when she could speak connectedly.

"I—I don't know," stammered Tom, "unless —unless you would be good-natured enough to marry me. Dora, I love you with all my heart. I told you so—last autumn, but you wouldn't listen then."

Mrs. Goldthorpe clapped her hands, and burst into tears. Dora wept, too, but with her head on Tom Lancaster's breast.

Of course, Mr. Westcott paid the money Foster had advanced, and got back the jewels. Laura Ames was lucky enough to catch a fever a few days after her exposure, which nearly took her out of the world. She recovered, however, and was forgiven.

Henry Inman conveniently died, and so was out of everybody's way; and Laura married again; and for the last decade has been a very fat, comfortable, respectable woman.

Tom Lancaster always says one thing you may be sure of: lawyers and detectives are pretty certain to suspect the wrong person.

YOU AND I.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

Ah me, life is such a tangle,
And how right and wrong do wrangle;
Who can say
Where right ends and wrong begins?
What are virtues, what are sins—
Tell me, pray?

Have you never one misgiving,
That the life we two are living,
You and I,
Though so honest in men's sight,
And so seeming fair and bright,
Is a lie?

For we meet and chat together,
Of the world and of the weather,
You and I;
And we always hide away
Thoughts we both are fain to say,
Thoughts that cry

In our bosoms, where we crush them
Into silence, where we hush them,
You and I;
And our lips frame formal speech,
That we utter each to each,
Then we sigh.

Oft to every word we utter,
I can hear my sad heart mutter
"What a lie!"
For our hearts are true: we grieve them,
But we cannot well deceive them,
Though we try.

But though life is such a tangle,
And though right and wrong do wrangle:
By-and-by
We shall meet where souls can say
Truths our hearts must hide to-day,
You and I.

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AUNT HAZARD'S MITTENS.

BY MRS. M. SHEFFEY PETERS.

If not the Cinderella to wash the pots and kettles, Charlotte was certainly the industrious member of the highly respectable Harford household. "Your nut-browne mayde," Richard called her in his teasing moods.

"Shamefully sun-tanned," Blanche the blonde beauty said of her, lolling in white-handed idleness, while the younger sister, out in the broiling sunshine, was picking luscious Jucundas for the regaling of the beauty's favored visitor, Dr. Paul Whitmore.

Mrs. Harford, the mother, sighed heavily.

"Charlotte was fair enough, naturally," she said, apologetically. "None of the Harfords, or the Hazards either, were sallow-skinned; but the child has never taken the least care of her complexion."

"She is hopelessly domestic," said Cornelia, daintily laying esthetic tints on her palette.

"And hopelessly plain, more's the pity," added the fair Blanche, casting a glance at the lovely reflection of herself in the mirror.

"I'll bet, Blanche," interposed the irrepressible Richard, "that you'd give your aquiline nose for Lot's curling brown lashes; and ten to one, too, you'd rather have her soft brown eyes than your indefinite blue ones, languishing as they can be, when you cast glances at a certain rising young Doctor."

"Mamma," cried the beauty, displaying energy at last, "I wish you would suppress Richard. He's unbearably rude."

"Perhaps," said Mrs. Harford, trying to pour oil on the waters, "if Richard really thought as much as he professes of his sister Charlotte's charms, he would not permit her to be baking herself in the strawberry-patch."

Richard rolled a cigarette, though his boyish face flushed.

"I'll act on your suggestion, and persuade her to leave the things on the vines till the cool of the morning, mother," he said, turning to leave the room.

"Now, Dick," cried Blanche, indignantly, "I wish you wouldn't meddle. I requested Lottie to pick the strawberries. Senator Haygood, and his sister, and Doctor Whitmore are coming to play lawn-tennis, this afternoon; and will remain to five-o'clock tea." Dick gave a prolonged whistle.

"So Charlotte is to tickle the palate, whilst you pierce the heart of our Doctor, eh, Blanche? Well, I'll aid the cause anyhow, by helping her to fill her basket."

A moment later, he was recklessly treading down some of Mrs. Harford's finest strawberry-plants, to reach his sister.

"It's no end of shame, Lot," he cried, eyeing critically the flushed face which the busy girl turned towards him; "it's just no end of shame that you go deliberately to work this way, to make a fright of yourself."

His sister laughed, tilting back her sun-bonnet, to look at her brother.

"Go to work to make a fright of myself?" she repeated. "Dear me, Dick: Nature, you know, does not even grant me that poor privilege."

"That's where your mistake begins," dogmatically returned Master Richard. "Nature did well enough, when she planned you. Do your part by Nature, and you'll be passable."

Charlotte set down her basket among the vines, and dropped him a curtsey.

"You don't mean to say that I could ever hope to be a beauty, like Blanche?"

Dick whiffed his cigarette.

"Suppose you put that question to a disinterested observer, like Whitmore, say? I saw him studying the lines of your face, last night, while you were darning that piece of lace for Cornelia."

Flushed and sunburned as she was, Lottie's color deepened.

"I say, Lot," her brother continued, "take a fellow's advice, and be out of the way when her ladyship's adorers come, or you'll find yourself, before you know it, banished to the nursery or the kitchen. It's plain to see Blanche doesn't fancy the way Whitmore's been deserting her shrine of late. I'll bet you a dime she asked Haygood's sister for lawn-tennis just to make up the game without you, this afternoon."

Charlotte picked up her basket of berries.

"At all events," she said, quietly, "I shall not be one of the players this evening. This is the afternoon, you know, for my German reading with Doctor McKim, over at the manse."

"Carlotta, Carlotta," cried Richard, in tragic warning, "if you wilfully desert lawn-tennis, what will Doctor Whitmore—"

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But Charlotte was gone, and Dick stood deserted in the strawberry-patch.

Charlotte was, in truth, more anxious to escape lawn-tennis, that evening, than she would have cared to confess, even to herself.

It had come to be an understood thing in the Harford family, that Doctor Paul Whitmore was the lawful prey of the fair Blanche. He certainly came too frequently to the Glen not to find some strong attraction there. Yet who but Dick could have conceived the notion that he found any charm in Lottie—Lottie, the patient fag of her two graceful, accomplished elder sisters, when she was not in thralldom to her reverend dominie, at the village manse?

"You see she is evidently destined to be the *bas bleu*, as well as the useful old maid of the family," said Blanche, with a shrug of her shoulders, that evening on the tennis-ground, to Doctor Paul Whitmore, who had, somewhat recklessly, inquired after the missing Charlotte. "Lawn-tennis, you and I, were frivolities to her. We are set aside for Doctor McKim and his musty fusty tomes. I tried to induce her to await your arrival, as you have so kindly undertaken to teach her the mysteries of our game; but she was perverse, and would go."

Doctor Paul Whitmore felt chagrined, and he showed it, during the progress of the game.

"He is vicious, and in a most unmanageable mood. Is he sulking because he misses Charlotte?" thought Blanche.

Later, at the tea in the tennis-tent, Dick, in his usual blundering way remarked that he thought Charlotte should have been there to enjoy the strawberries, since she had browned herself two shades darker by picking them.

Blanche trod on Dick's toe viciously; but Doctor Whitmore had already heard.

"Miss Charlotte really gathered the berries for us?" he asked, quickly. "I must forgive her then, I suppose, though she did take 'French leave' of her tennis-teacher, and prefer the dry lectures of old Doctor McKim."

"Hello! After all, yonder comes the truant in time for her share," laughed Dick.

Doctor Whitmore turned quickly, and seeing the slender white-robed girl passing through the gate that led into the avenue, he pushed back his camp-stool, and rose, to go and meet her.

It certainly would have been Miss Charlotte's preference to reach the house without being observed by the party in the tent; but Dick had been determined, if only that he might provoke Blanche, to see if he could not send Whitmore in pursuit of the younger sister.

"She actually has the bad taste to blush," thought Blanche, when she saw Lottie shaking hands with Doctor Whitmore.

The Doctor saw the blush, too; but he only thought how shy the girl was; and wondered, a little impatiently, how he was ever to overcome her evident shrinking from his advances.

"I cannot allow you wholly to escape my reproaches," he said. "And yet, the mere sight of you, now, disarms me of anger."

"Reproaches—anger?" she repeated, hesitatingly, her color deepening. "What have I done to incur either?"

"Done? Did you not leave me to the tender mercies of this Miss Haygood, possessed as she is with a dumb spirit?"

Charlotte laughed.

"But there was Blanche also. Surely she has not allowed herself to be engrossed by the devotions of Miss Haygood's brother, the Senator?"

Paul Whitmore shrugged his shoulders.

"Worse still, I think. You have been cruel enough to allow yourself to be engrossed by the devotions of old Doctor McKim."

"Poor old dear," said Charlotte, tenderly. "He was feeling too sick and feeble to hear my German reading, this evening."

The Doctor's beaming countenance clouded.

"So we are indebted to that fact for your early return, are we? I suppose you would not have come at all, if the old gentleman had been in good health."

Charlotte smiled, though her eyes dropped under the fierce brightness of his.

"I went for my German recitation, you know," she said, meekly.

He shook his head.

"I fear not altogether for that. You ran away to get rid of the tennis, did you not?"

"No, oh no," she protested, earnestly. "That is," she went on, hurriedly, "I left because there was no real use for me to stay. With Miss Haygood and the rest of you, the game did not need me; and mamma thought I had been neglecting my books too much lately."

"Yet she and your sisters fret because you seem to prefer books to society, and I because you prefer them and Doctor McKim to—well, to tennis and—to me."

Charlotte turned aside her face, snapping off, with the point of her parasol, a blue-bottle blossoming in the path. Still there was a suggestion of happy mischief in the tone of her voice, as she said, quickly:

"You would advise me to choose mamma for a Mentor, of course; and she would send me to Doctor McKim on all occasions."

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He bent closer, snapping off, in his turn, another ill-fated blue-bottle.

"Cruel Charlotte," he said, reproachfully, though in a lowered tone, as they came within hearing distance of the tent-party. "You know I would give you no such advice. I would have you take—"

"Take whom?" she questioned, scarcely knowing what she said, her only thought being to fill up the pause he had made so suddenly.

"Take me, dear."

"Why, Lot," cried Dick, at this moment, rushing out to welcome her, "how your face is blistered. It's as red—as red as a beet, nearly. I told you how 'twould be, when you were gathering those strawberries."

"Don't be personal, Richard," interposed Blanche, who had languidly followed. "Charlotte, you know, prefers her cheeks to be 'rosy-red,' like those of a milkmaid."

"Especially when the high-coloring grows esthetically effective and becoming, as it does with Miss Charlotte. Eh, Miss Blanche?" said the Senator, with heavy gallantry, coming up.

"Never mind, Lot," said Richard, turning to his younger sister again. "Sunflowers and tulips, and such tawny reds and yellows, make up the bouquets that are most the rage."

"As the strawberries you gathered have been the rage with us the past hour, Miss Lottie," said Dr. Whitmore. "I managed to save some for you. Richard was devouring them at such a rate, I thought it safest to hide these."

"Doctor Whitmore has so generously provided for you," said Blanche, annoyed, "that I think it would be well for you, Charlotte, to share your berries with mamma. She was complaining of a slight headache, and declined joining us here. The berries might refresh to her."

"Certainly," replied Lottie, rising, "I will take them to her at once."

"And Lottie," said Blanche, persuasively, "when you have attended to mamma, can you not finish those black silk mittens for Aunt Hazard? I have nearly completed them, and I'm so anxious to send them off to her by to-morrow's post. That's a dear girl."

Charlotte, with her usual amiability, readily agreed; but even while she promised, Doctor Paul Whitmore saw, or fancied he saw, a look of disappointment flit over the fresh young face; and for one instant he noted that her eyes were directed at him, with a shy appealing glance.

Blanche saw that look, too, and marked the brightening of Paul Whitmore's countenance under it. She feared she had overreached herself. She knew it, when, half an hour later, he turned Miss Haygood over to Dick's tender mercies, in order, as he professed, to go to the spring for a drink of fresh water. The truth was, she knew that he had caught a glimpse of Charlotte's white dress, glancing through the shrubbery which hedged in the spring back of the house.

Whatever may have been Charlotte's design in seeking refuge at the spring from her sister's guests, she was certainly startled when Doctor Whitmore suddenly stood before her.

In her confusion, she gathered her needles and silk in one hand, and half rose from her seat on the rocks, as if to fly.

"No, do not move," he said, entreatingly. "I only came to get a drink."

She laughed nervously.

"And I—I came, you see, to find a cool as well as a quiet place for Blanche's knitting."

"Then do not let me disturb you. Have you not some silk to wind? I am famous at that sort of thing. Any man with three sisters would be, you know."

He had forgotten his thirst evidently; for as she settled herself back upon her moss-covered seat, he stretched himself upon the grass beside her.

For a moment, he silently watched her deft fingers as they clicked the needles in and out of the silken meshes of Aunt Hazard's mitten.

"What queer little pouch is that you are knitting?" he asked, while impeding her work by letting the threads slip slowly through his fingers around hers.

"This? Oh, this is only the thumb of Aunt Hazard's mitten."

"I wonder," he said, softly, "I wonder if Aunt Hazard's real thumb was ever as shapely and white as yours is?"

Her long lashes trembled a little, as she raised them, with a reckless show of bravery.

"You will make me drop stitches, if you turn my fingers all into thumbs by such open flattery."

"I wonder," he said, smiling, and looking up at her, "I wonder if Aunt Hazard's thumb ever wrought at kindly deeds for others as yours seems perpetually doing? It must be a deal larger than yours, at all events; for it seems to me you've gone round and round and round it, until it must be big and long enough for the thumb of a giantess. Let's see. Isn't it about ready to narrow off, or something?"

But Charlotte positively refused to have her work subjected to measurements, guiltily conscious, as she was, that the elongated thumb already exceeded the length of the longest finger a giantess ever wore.

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"Aunt Hazard's thumb has enlarged joints, from rheumatism," she said, in an explanatory way.

"Yours is certainly much smaller than hers, for some reason," he said, holding the threads tighter, so as to fetter her fingers. "And yet I doubt if ever Aunt Hazard held a fellow's heart as tightly under hers as you do under yours, Lottie."

Lottie's needles clicked busily; but stitches were slit, and seams and meshes added, without any attempt at symmetry.

"And I doubt, Lottie," the impudent Doctor Paul went on, "if ever a lover coveted Aunt Hazard's thumb half as much as I covet yours, dear."

Still no response, beyond the unsteady clicking of the needles.

With a sudden twitch of the thread, Doctor Whitmore sent the knitting flying into a bed of mint, down by the spring; at the same moment daringly possessing himself of the useful member he coveted.

"Truth to confess, Lottie," he said, "I am greedily covetous of your whole hand, and of yourself too."

"Oh," cried Charlotte, feebly trying to free her fingers from his clasp, "whatever will mamma and Blanche say?"

"About what, dear?"

"I—I mean," she stammered, "what will they think, if I do not finish Aunt Hazard's mittens; and how can I, when you hold—"

He smiled, clasping closer the small hand, which had ceased to struggle for escape.

"We may compromise that point," he said, with magnanimous readiness. "Only agree that you will bestow no 'mitten,' thumbless or otherwise, upon me, and I'll consent to let you finish these queer-shaped mittens for Aunt Hazard."

It is to be inferred that the promise was duly given, and the compromise acted upon as squarely as could be expected under the circumstances, for Aunt Hazard's mittens were dispatched to her by next morning's post.

"Still, I never knew Charlotte to do a more miserable piece of work than this, and she took the whole evening to accomplish it," complained Blanche.

"I must say that I cannot agree with Blanche," Mrs. Harford smilingly said, in the family conclave held later. "Charlotte never could have done a better evening's work than to snare Paul in the meshes of Aunt Hazard's mittens."

"Perhaps, then, mamma," said Blanche, lifting her graceful head proudly, "you will be pleased to commend the capture I made, in the tennis-netting, of the weighty affections of Senator Haygood. He only waits for your sanction."

"Blanche," protested Richard, "you will not sell your beauty for that old curmudgeon's position and wealth?"

"A double wedding in the family will be quite *en regle*, will it not, mamma?" asked the bride-elect, turning her shoulder on her brother, and deigning no other reply.

The mother passed her hand fondly over the sunny braids of her handsome daughter.

"Charlotte will be a noble wife, for a true and earnest man like Paul Whitmore," she said, graciously. "But you, my darling Blanche," speaking with tender pride, "you will be a regal mistress at the head of an establishment such as Senator Haygood can give you."

PARTED.

BY MRS. ESTHER LOUDEN.

With the moonlight on the waters,
With the shadows on the shore,
With the scented night-winds whisp'ring
Her dear name forevermore:
On the boat glides, like a phantom;
But her face is turned away;
And her eyes, with dreamy meaning,
Seek the lights across the bay.

Now the moon by clouds is hidden.
In the shadows vague we glide.
And the night-breeze whispers softly,
As we sway upon the tide.

Then I hold her hand a moment,
And my voice is low and hushed.
Ah! my dream is rudely broken—
All my hopes forever crushed.

She will dress in gold and purple,
She will walk in stately pride.
Not for me to win and wear her,
Not for me this peerless bride.
But sometimes, when steals the gloaming,
Ghost-like, from the silence vast,
Back will come, perhaps, this mem'ry,
And she'll half regret the past.

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MISS BURNEY'S BOOTH.

BY EMILY LENNOX.

DULCET FARRON was seated in a cozy little rocker, which her own deft hands had covered with pretty cretonne.

She had a knack of doing all manner of wonderful things, in a wonderful way which defied description. Even now she was surveying her latest handiwork, which stood upon her sewing-table.

It was an ornamental cross, made of gray lichen-covered sticks, which she had gathered herself in the park; and about it was twisted a vine of exquisite autumn leaves; while at the base of the cross were tufts of pensile grass and a little bird's-nest.

There was nothing especially novel in it; but it was so dainty, so perfectly artistic, that even Dulcet's taste was satisfied.

It was her contribution to the Armory Fair. No one had asked her to make it; for everyone knew that her purse was a slender one. Nor did the committee dream that the shy little school-teacher, who taught grammar and rhetoric at Madame Stefanie's, could have any interest in the Armory Fair.

But she had; for behind that sweet blushing face lay a wealth of passionate feeling, and a love for her country's defenders, such as not every woman could have understood. It was no mere school-girl admiration of a uniform; but that love for great deeds, that worship of the heroic, which lurks in every true woman's heart, and which is incarnated, to imaginative souls, in the soldier.

Dulcet finally took a blank card, and wrote upon it, in a graceful hand:

"For Miss Burney's booth.

From DULCET FARRON."

Then she attached this card to the cross, and enveloped the whole in tissue-paper; and afterwards took it herself to the committee-rooms.

The lady at the door carried the cross in for inspection. As she removed the tissue-paper that covered it, a cry of admiration burst forth on all sides. Grafton Burney was present, Miss Alice's handsome brother, a connoisseur and artist of no mean attainments, and he cried out, rapturously:

"Who sent that?" leaning forward, with kindling eyes. "I have never seen anything of the kind so exquisite."

"Dulcet Farron," said Mrs. Kendig, reading aloud from the pendant card.

"Miss Farron!" cried Alice Burney, in pleased surprise.

"What! The sweet little teacher of English at Madame Stefanie's?" Mrs. Kendig queried.

"Yes. She taught the literature class, when I was there, two winters ago," Alice said, warmly. "We all liked her so much. She is so pretty, and such a lady."

"She must be," Grafton Burney said, emphatically. "No one but a woman of exquisite delicacy could have made a thing like that."

"What price is marked on it?" Alice inquired.

"There is no mark on it," answered Mrs. Kendig. "But she suggested that we might sell it for two dollars or thereabouts."

"Two dollars!" cried Grafton, indignantly. "Say twenty, rather. I'll buy it in myself, sooner than see it sell for a cent less. Why, don't you see its peculiar beauty? It has grace of outline, harmony of color, originality, fitness—"

His sister interrupted him with a merry laugh.

"Hear him rave," she cried. "Call it pretty, Graf, and have done with it."

"You are one of the Philistines, Alice," he answered, scornfully; "but let me tell you, that if you want your booth decorated properly, you had better consult Miss Farron."

The young ladies present looked up in surprise and chagrin. The discretion of Grafton Burney's praise made it worth having, and not a few of them had secretly striven to merit it, though without success. It was therefore rather galling to hear it publicly bestowed on one who was quite out of their set, so to speak.

No one thought for an instant, however, that Miss Burney would take any serious notice of her brother's suggestion, and there was a little gasp of surprise as she answered warmly:

"Why, Graf, what a genius you are, to be sure! Why didn't I think of it before? It was she who designed the decorations for Madame Stefanie's parlors, last commencement; and the newspapers were all raving about them. You remember the '*Sic itur ad astra*,' made out of buttercups and fern? Oh, yes! We must have Miss Farron. I will write her a note this even-

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ing. No! I will go and see her, myself. That will be best."

And so she did go to see Dulcet.

"My brother admires your taste," Miss Burney said, kindly, as she took Dulcet Farron's slender hand: "and we want you so much to help us with the decorations of my booth. You know there is a prize for the handsomest booth. It is in a good cause, Miss Farron. Oh, do, please, try and find time to aid us."

This proposal set Dulcet's tender little heart in a flutter.

"I will do all I can," she said, softly.

"Oh, you do not know how I appreciate your kindness!" Alice cried, enthusiastically. "Could you come over to the Hall, to-morrow, after recitations?"

"If Madame Stefanie does not need me."

"I will speak to Madame Stefanie myself," replied Alice.

The following afternoon, Dulcet came, dressed in a soft gray cashmere, with a delicate creamy ruche about her neck and wrists.

"This is my brother, Captain Burney," Alice said, as she introduced Dulcet to Grafton. "I rely on you two for my inspiration. If I fail to take the prize, I shall hold you responsible for my failure."

"It will not be Miss Farron's fault, I am sure," Grafton said, gazing in wonder at the slight girlish figure, and the sweet spirituelle face, whose color was purely emotional, and which in repose was pale almost to wanness.

"Dulcet," he murmured to himself. "The name suits her. Good heavens! What can a school-teacher want of such a soul as shines through those great brown eyes?"

"Oh," Dulcet stammered, in reply to Alice, "please do not depend upon me for anything. I do not have inspirations; only ideas now and then. My creative fancy would be a broken reed to lean upon."

The shy droop of her eyelids was a novelty to Captain Burney, who was wholly habituated to society ways and society women.

"What makes her so pale?" he said to his sister, in a low tone, while Dulcet busied herself with a festoon of ferns and clematis.

"Why, she is nearly worked to death," Miss Burney replied, with very unfashionable vehemence. "Madame Stefanie gives her all the English classes; and she reads all the French themes, too; besides acting as secretary to the school; and officiating as a general utility person. I don't believe she ever has more than six hours' sleep, and that only after the most wearing duties."

Capttain Burney said something under his breath, which his sister did not catch.

"She puts her whole heart into her work," he said, presently. "She would be an excellent aid for you, Alice."

"Yes; but Madame Stefanie would never let her leave for a whole month."

"Not if you engaged a substitute for her? It would pay you, Alice. Suppose you try your persuasive powers upon Madame. I will be good for any expense it will incur. It would be a capital investment. The girl has the true instinct of an artist."

"Yes," Alice assented. "And I should be glad to procure her a vacation."

Grafton made no further remark. But his face showed that this idea of vacation had not been wholly out of his own thoughts.

So it came to pass, that contrary to her wildest dreams, and to her most daring wish, Dulcet Farron found herself installed in Miss Burney's booth, as one of the aids.

Her cross sold for twenty dollars. One which she made to replace it was raffled off with a net profit of seventy-five dollars. Before the Fair was over, she had made and sold no less than four crosses; and Miss Burney's booth having taken the prize for beauty, when it became known that its decorations had been designed by Miss Farron, her name was quoted as an authority on such matters.

It was the last night of the Fair, which had been open for just one month. After the crowd had departed, the committee, aids, and officers lingered awhile, to celebrate their success by a dance and a supper.

The band was playing the most bewitching music, as Dulcet promenaded up and down the Hall, which, just then, was deserted, save by herself and Captain Burney.

Her face was a picture of happiness.

"Oh, do you know," she said, lifting her shining eyes to his, "I cannot feel thankful enough for the happy train of circumstances which brought me here. Can you guess what has happened to me to-day? Has your sister told you that I have received a splendid proposal?"

Captain Burney's face grew deadly pale.

"A proposal?" he stammered. "And—and you have engaged yourself?"

"Oh, no. Not yet. But I shall. I must first give Madame Stefanie notice, you know. I never dreamed of such a thing. The letter came, this morning, from Mr. Pelletier, of the Palais de l'Art. He wants me to design interior decorations; and I, Captain Burney—I suppose you never think of such things—but I am to have twelve hundred a year."

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She did not comprehend the flash of joy that lit up Grafton's face.

"Oh," he said, in a tone of intense relief, and with a ringing laugh. "Is that the nature of the proposal?"

"Don't you approve of it?" she said, with a peculiar fall of the voice.

"No," was his stout rejoinder; and then he took her hand.

"Why?"

"Because I want you to fill another, and I hope a better position. Dulcet, did you suppose I could live a whole month, almost constantly in your society, without craving it forever after? Darling, I love you. You are the first woman who has ever been able to satisfy at once my heart and soul and mind. Will you be my wife? If you say 'no,' I will never ask another."

He had slipped his arm around her, and he drew her trembling form toward him, till he held her in a close embrace.

"Silence gives consent," he said, lifting her blushing face close to his own.

She could not utter a word for very happiness; but she smiled into his eyes, and then he whispered:

"If you love me, Dulcet—if you will marry me, dearest—kiss me now of your own free will."

She blushed vividly, but did not hesitate. Flinging her arms about his neck, she kissed him with such a delightful commingling of passion and shyness, that he caught her rapturously to his breast, with a torrent of endearing words, which I omit out of deference to the reader's blushes.

In spite of the comments of polite society, Captain Burney married Dulcet, early in the spring, and Alice ("who ought to have known better," so gossip said) was quite content with the union.

"It all came of your lovely gift to the Armory Fair, my dear," Miss Burney said, as she bade the bride "God-speed" on her wedding journey: "that and my booth, which was a perfect nursery for love affairs."

Dulcet smiled back at her in infinite happiness.

"Yes," she answered, softly, stealing a proud glance at her handsome husband; but making no other reply.

EVA LYNN.

BY MATTIE PEARSON SMITH.

Faces fair and sweet flit by,
Rudely jostling pass thee nigh;
Why have they no passing smile?
Sure, you ask no more, the while.
Why with garments scarce enough
Find the winds so harsh and rough?
Why in all the crowded street
Look of love nor pity meet?
Why so sad thy childhood's day?
Thou art fair and sweet as they,
Thou art just as pure from sin,
Lonely, homeless Eva Lynn.

Poverty and want and care
Were enough for thee to bear.
Aye, enough, with childhood's blight,
Without coldness and this slight.
Oh, my heart it almost breaks,
Such a difference this makes.
Is thy garment, thin and worn,
Reason for this bitter scorn?
Still, upon it hangs no sin,
Only teardrops, Eva Lynn.

Very far art thou from them,
Just the width thy garment's hem;
Even this, for should some wand
Change thy garb to something grand,
They would gladly clasp thy hand,
From the cold winds lead thee in—
Now, they will not, Eva Lynn.

No, they will not, and pass by,
While thy pure heart questions why.
Oft you long for love's refrain,
Yet you long for love in vain.
But the might of thy small hand
Will thy rightful place command.
Ah, when thou thy crown shalt win,
Will they pass thee, Eva Lynn?

Nay, they will not, but would fain
Follow in thy courtly train,
When thou, proud, and rich, and strong,
Free from poverty and wrong,
Hungerest not, then will they pour
Needless offerings at thy door.
They would gladly enter in,
Be thy guest, sweet Eva Lynn.

Then, remembering all thy years,
Hunger, pain, and woe, and tears—
Pity them whose meagre sight
Saw thee only but to slight:
Pity them, they hunger sore,
Thou wert needy, they still more,
Thou for warmth and garments whole,
They with poverty of soul.

When thy hand its own shall hold,
Thou so rich in more than gold,
Thou wilt never know their sin,
Thou wilt pity, Eva Lynn.

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RULE OR RUIN.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1882, by Miss Ann Stephens, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.]

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CHAPTER XI.

GEORGE CLINTON, the first Governor of that name in the Province of New York, anticipating a war between France and England, which would involve the Provinces, had called a Council of the Six Nations, in order to strengthen the treaties that had hitherto bound these powerful tribes to the English interests. Of these allies, the Senecas and the Cayugas had already arrived, but the Mohawks had not yet put in an appearance.

"It is not often that the Mohawks come last to Council, or for war," said Sir William Johnson to the Governor.

"They were the first to move, I can answer for that," said Johnson, smiling. "They are assembled somewhere about my place up yonder, but will not advance without their white chief."

"Which means yourself," answered Clinton. "Ah, now I understand why you are ready for the saddle so early; you have a strong hold over those wild creatures; by what art have you won their confidence so completely?"

"By a very rare art," said Sir William; "that of simple honesty, both in speech and dealing. My Indian friends trust me, for I have never attempted to impose upon them the civilization of fraud or falsehood."

Clinton laughed. This speech harmonized so nearly with his own honest and rather blunt nature, that he enjoyed it heartily. He said:

"It is fortunate that we have a few missionaries like Father Meda, to counteract the influence of our civilization. But one tribe has ever broken faith in a promise made over the calumet, and with that tribe the Six Nations kept at warfare thirty years, as a punishment."

Again the Governor laughed heartily.

"If that method were carried out by our king over sea, I wonder what nation would rest in peace," he said.

"Certainly neither England nor France," answered Sir William, laughing also; "and they are the two nations we have to deal with at present. It seems as if our king is aroused to something like earnestness. The regiment sent over under the command of young Earl Fausbrook, of Forsborough, is a proof of this."

"A fine young fellow," said the Governor. "Just came into his estates, and had a splendid future before him; but is so infatuated with military glory that he scarcely waits to take possession; accepts the preferment due to him, and comes into this wild country from choice; a strange field to be chosen by a man like him. I look upon it almost as a personal honor."

"It certainly is a great piece of good fortune for the object we have in view just now," answered Sir William. "The scarlet uniforms will do more to inspire my forest friends out yonder than the best battery ever sent over."

"At any rate, the young Colonel is making his way famously in the house here, and the presence of his mother gives wide scope for conjecture regarding his motive for coming, which the ladies are discussing with considerable diversity of opinion," said the Governor. "They cannot understand any reason that could induce the old Countess to follow her son into a country so utterly at variance with anything she can have known; such a sweet, gentle lady! I confess to a little surprise myself. It is not often we find such dainty bits of humanity seeking our shores."

"More than that," answered Sir William; "she means to extend her journey into the wilderness."

"Into the wilderness?" exclaimed Clinton, wheeling round face to face with the baronet.

"To visit the Indian encampments."

"Is the lady stark mad?"

"Some religious mania, I suppose. She expresses intense interest in the missionary work, and questioned me closely regarding the various persons employed in it. Indeed, spoke to me very seriously about hiring a safe escort among the friendly Indians I know best, with whom she might travel the wilderness with safety—a strange idea, that I can hardly consent to help her in. Even among some of the most friendly tribes, there is always danger."

"Of course you explained all this to the lady, when her mad project was made known to you?"

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"In rather more appalling language than I have used here. But she listened to me all the time, with a sweet tranquil smile, that never changed upon her lips, even when I described the massacre at Schenectady, and told her of the infirm Indians that were put to torture by the French, in a fort, from which they were too feeble to flee. Brave old fellows, you know; who dared their tormentors to more cruel torture, and chanted heroic death-songs with the last gasp of life."

Just then, a great upright clock, encased in carved oak, that stood in the hall, rang forth the hour. Johnson cast a quick glance at its brazen face, and began to button his coat more closely over his chest.

"Excuse me, Governor," he said, "but it is time that I bring down my people. They would hardly like it, if I failed to be in front. Good-morning, and make sure that we Mohawks will make a fine display to-night."

The Governor waved his hand, with more cordiality than he usually bestowed on his greatest favorites, and began to walk up and down the hall. It would be difficult to imagine a finer presence than that of the bluff Governor, as he stood there in the bright morning sunshine, ready for the fantastic ceremony which savage etiquette demanded. The costume of the period set off his robust figure and stalwart limbs to peculiar advantage. The broad-skirted velvet coat, with deep pockets, embroidered across the lapels, and garnished at the back and in front with large buttons of cut steel, that reflected the sunshine like a flash of stones; the capacious waistcoat, also adorned with delicate needlework; the buff small-clothes, buckled below the sturdy knees to silken stockings, left clearly visible above the top-boots, wrinkled down to the ankle, with spurs at the heel—all added greatly to the dignity of his appearance.

CHAPTER XII.

Lady Fausbrook had accepted a genial offer of hospitality from Governor Clinton, and settled down into the most cordial relations with the Albany ladies. Her gentle manners, her perfect knowledge of court etiquette, which was greatly affected by the higher Colonial circles at the period, made her an object of especial interest and almost universal feminine devotion. She was not only a woman of the highest rank in the Colony, but the mother of an unmarried man: young, handsome, and one of the richest landholders in the United Kingdom; and then, as now, the fair maidens on this side of the Atlantic looked to a titled marriage in England as the highest object of female ambition.

There was one person in the Governor's household who, from the first night of the lady's appearance, had unconsciously held herself aloof from the delicate fascinations that were enthralling so many. Though always courteous and hospitable, as became her station in the household, Grace Morton bestowed no such homage upon her as others seemed to acknowledge as her right. In no instance did she give the most fastidious of her critics cause for comment; but a faint sensation of moral unrest would creep over her in my lady's presence, which she could neither conquer nor understand; for with her, young Fausbrook was a great favorite, and it was impossible not to observe some traits of his ripened and pleasant manner in his mother.

More than that: the lady had said, over and over again, sometimes with tears in her blue eyes, that a great longing for the young Earl's society, and some vague but unconquerable dread of the danger he was in, had urged her to cross the ocean, and seek him even among the savages. It was very, very foolish, no doubt; but Arthur was her only son, and existence away from him had seemed impossible.

Grace heard all this, and knew that tears of sympathetic belief had more than once risen to the eyes of her warm-hearted uncle, when the sweetly tremulous voice of his guest dwelt upon her motherly love and the sacrifice she had made to it; but her own heart seemed obdurate, and tormented her with a sense of its own hardness.

Angela, too, was harassed by a sense of her own unjust prejudices against a person who had, as yet, scarcely been brought within the sphere of her own existence; for a few soft words of encouraging kindness, a long earnest look of those blue eyes, sent a shiver through the girl's frame, when she had been presented to Lady Fausbrook, and, in spite of herself, a faint chill returned whenever she thought of the lady.

"Why is this?" she said to her grandfather, when she found herself alone with him on the day of the Indian gathering. "I am not a coward. I do not tremble when a snake rattles, or a wolf howls close to me. Tell me, grandfather, why it is that I long to steal away when this lady fixes her eyes upon me with that soft side-long glance? They are not fierce or repelling, but blue as a forget-me-not, after it fades a little. Tell me, why should anyone shrink from them?"

The old man was very thoughtful, and looked down upon the girl, as she asked these questions, with strange questioning eyes. He seemed to be solving some problem in his mind.

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She watched him earnestly, surprised by the change in his countenance; for it had lost the serene sweetness of habitual calm, and was disturbed, as she had never seen it before.

"These impulses of love or hate cannot always be understood, even by the person who feels them," he said. "There is some subtle influence in our natures that intellect can neither grasp nor resist. Who can tell when the first dawn of love breaks on the soul, or why it should grow into worship of one object more than another? In this life, my child, you will find your own heart a difficult—nay, impossible—task to read."

Angela was greatly impressed by the old man's words, and sat quietly waiting for some better explanation of their meaning. All at once, a faint smile broke over his face, and with a gentle caressing movement, he smoothed her hair with his hand.

"Tell me," he said, "does this strange feeling of revolt extend to the son as well as to the mother?"

Angela's face was lifted up to his in rapt attention. At these words, softly and even tenderly spoken, a flood of crimson swept over it, and the white lids drooped over the deep violet of her eyes, till no glimpse of them could be seen through the lashes.

As the girl's face turned crimson, that of the old man became a shade paler, and the hand upon her head, drooping now like a flower too rudely touched, closed and opened again, with a quick startled movement, that disturbed the rich waves of her hair.

"And this seems strange to you as the other," he said, with but little change in his voice.

"Yes, grandfather."

"But in a different way."

"Oh, grandfather, they are so unlike."

"Not altogether, my Angela."

"Ah, that is why one does not altogether dislike the lady. She must have been beautiful once. You can see that in—in—"

The old man completed the sentence that faltered on Angela's lips:

"In her son, that is evident; but it is not strong enough to mar the more noble manliness altogether his own."

The girl lifted her face eagerly. The blush upon her face had softened to a rosy glow, her eyes kindled into a deeper violet under their thick lashes.

"You have observed this," she said. "Oh, grandfather, how wise you are—how kindly you consider everything. I was almost afraid when you looked so serious. It seemed to me as if you might have a little of the same feeling that troubled me about his mother regarding him."

"But why did this thought come into your mind?"

Angela fell into an attitude of thoughtfulness before she answered. When she did speak, it was with hesitation.

"Because—well, because you have seemed so still and strange since the day when Okalona took that flying leap from the English trader's horse. It seemed as if you were angry about something, and that I never saw before. Why, grandfather, I have sat in this very room for hours together, and you in that stiff old chair—thinking, thinking, thinking—as if something dreadful were about to happen. Then you have spoken sharply to poor Okalona, because she broke in among the dancers—the beautiful thing. It was very wild and strange; but how splendidly done. When you ordered me to rebuke her with a sharp scolding, I ended it all with a dozen kisses. Oh, grandfather, if our people had more girls like her, I should be content to live in the woods forever."

The missionary, in defiance of his habits of self-control, gave a slight start.

"In the woods forever? Where else would you go, Angela?"

Again the girl blushed guiltily, and spoke in nervous haste.

"Nowhere, grandfather, while you stay with the Cayugas; but the world is so large, and I sometimes have a thought that mission-work need not always be confined to the savages. Are white men so good that they are beyond all need of such men as you?"

"So good?" repeated the old man, with the first tone of bitterness that Angela had ever heard in his voice. "So good, that it seemed like heaven to escape from them into the wilderness, which, after all, is not dense enough to keep them out."

Angela left her seat, and knelt down before her grandfather, who seemed almost a stranger to her, as he sat in that stiff high-backed chair, with signs of passion on his face, that really transfigured him for the moment.

"Are you angry with these white men? Do they wound you so? Tell me, grandfather, and I will never speak to one of them again."

The old man sighed heavily, looking into the girl's troubled eyes. He comprehended how much a promise like this would cost her, however bravely it might be kept. So he forced a smile to his lips, and kissed her on the forehead.

"It is of more than one person you are thinking, Angela. Grace Morton, and the young fur-

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trader, and so many ladies who have been kind to you—would you prefer to live with them always? Have a few days done so much toward undoing the teachings of a lifetime?"

Angela's head drooped; she was ashamed to confess the longing that was upon her.

"Oh, grandfather, I wish you had never brought me here," she said.

Her eyes were full of passionate tears; her sweet mouth trembled.

"Am I wicked? Am I getting tired of my work? Is this great longing to be like the beautiful women in yonder a work of the Evil One? Oh, grandfather, it keeps me awake at night; it fills me with dread of the day when we must go back to our lodge on the lake. For the first time my heart turns away from our savage life there. Forgive me—forgive me, but I cannot help it."

"Alas, no! As well might a fledgeling be kept forever in the nest. We cannot turn the course of blood that has run through generations of culture back to its primitive source again. Such forces will exert themselves, in spite of human forethought or the guards of vigilant affection."

The missionary seemed to forget that he was not alone with these thoughts; but after a little, the look of amazement on Angela's face aroused him to a consciousness of his own strange language, and he took both her hands in his, with something of his old gentle demeanor.

"No, Angela, there is nothing wicked in your liking these people; for among them are the bravest and best of any nation. Here, my child, you will find the need of those lessons that have seemed so out of place in our life among the Indians. There is no reason that a desire for companionship with these dainty ladies and gentlemen should bring shame to your cheek, or trouble you in any way. Here, as in the forest, your grandfather will take care of you."

"And love me as ever?" questioned the girl, with an uncertain dread at heart, that in following the strange but most innocent impulses that were gradually creeping over her, she was, in some degree, sacrificing the affections that had given peace and happiness to her forest home.

"The love of an old man for the child of his child does not easily change, Angela."

"Oh, grandfather, is there in the whole world a love so pure and true as this?"

Her arms had stolen softly around the old man's neck. Her flushed cheek burned crimson against the pallor of his.

"Truly," he said, with mournful tenderness, "there is a love which comes but once in a lifetime, to blend with, while it dominates, all the gentler affections that link parent to child, as we have loved and lived."

"I have read of such love in the Italian poets you keep behind the curtain at home; but it seemed to me that their thoughts were dreams of something above the earth."

"And so they are," answered the missionary, "the dreams of men who feel more keenly than others how beautiful this love is and may be."

"Is it wicked?"

"No, no. In itself, never; but like all heavenly things, is capable of evil imitation."

"Does the thought of it make one tremble?"

Angela said this in a half whisper, and drew a little closer to the old man, thus keeping his eyes from her face.

He could not answer, but gently forced her away. To his delicate nature, the conversation was taking heart, thrown, for the first time, into a form that seemed like an espial on that young the world, utterly unprepared for the fate she might find there. The same spirit that had kept him silent with regard to all ideas of love that went beyond the affections, seemed to reproach him now, and he could not find language sufficiently refined through which her enlightenment might come.

CHAPTER XIII.

The arrival of Lady Fausbrook in America was a matter of great disturbance to her son. During his student and military life, she had been separated from him most of the time without any vehement expressions of regret, and it seemed to him impossible that some motherly desire to be near him could have prompted a long and dangerous voyage across the Atlantic. The new light which he had obtained into his mother's character, during those funereal days at Forsborough, aroused vague suspicions in his mind—so vague, that he was quite unconscious that they existed, and, in the honest magnanimity of his heart, imputed the restless state of mind her coming had occasioned to anxiety regarding her safety in a place surrounded with awful perils, of which her own luxurious existence had made her profoundly ignorant. Indeed, she seemed ready to tread the dangerous path of the wilderness with the rash temerity of a child.

"Oh, I am determined on it," she said to Governor Clinton, who had been attempting to reason with her on the subject. "These Indians are all so friendly and picturesque. Sir William Johnson himself has become one of them, and they are all your own faithful allies."

"But not the less savages by nature," answered Clinton. "You have only seen them in their holiday costumes."

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"So gorgeous—so startlingly original. The Roman toga could not have been more picturesque than their blankets. I hope we shall see them in full costume when the Council meets—that will be something; but a whole tribe together in their wigwams and castles—that will be a sight worth crossing the Atlantic for."

"You may find it dangerous pastime."

"Ah, you are determined to frighten me. How can I be in danger, when that girl—I mean the missionary's daughter, with that sweet serene face—has lived among them all her life? Why, that wild bright thing, the great chief's daughter, follows her like a pet dog, and seems to worship her as if she were a saint."

"A very beautiful saint," said the Governor, looking out upon the pleasure-grounds, where a group of young people were seated under a huge oak, left standing alone because of its gnarled old age. "Your son is speaking to her now. See how she stands with her face bowed almost to her bosom—blushing like a rose, I have no doubt. What would you say, my lady, if Fausbrook were to perpetrate a bit of romance, and transplant this wild-wood flower to old England?"

The smile upon Lady Fausbrook's lips died off in a faint pallor; her small hands clasped the edges of her chair, and she drew it nearer to the broad double window where the Governor had joined her; for a moment she did not speak, but looked out upon the group under that oak-tree, with a sharp, watchful glance. Then she said, with a careless laugh:

"Ah, the young man drops easily into a vague fancy; but he is proud as any Fausbrook that ever lived."

"But such things have been, my lady, and may be again. Indeed, there is something in that fair girl out yonder that might befit her for any station."

Lady Fausbrook lifted her blue eyes suddenly, and the bluff Governor saw for the first time that they could kindle with something like passion; for a swift flash shot from them—but it was gone in an instant.

"Born in the woods—brutalized by the life of savages. Is it with this girl, taken in her ignorance from the forest, that you fancy my son would mate himself?" she said.

"Ignorance—brutalized?" exclaimed the Governor, shocked by these hard words. "I only wish Grace Morton were half as well educated as this girl has been. A teacher like Father Meda is not often to be found."

"I have scarcely heard him speak, much less conversed with him," said the lady, drawing herself up, as if the learning of all the colleges was at her command; an assumption that made great impression on Clinton, who, like most men of action rather than thought, regarded the learning they sometimes openly scoffed at with the secret homage we give to the unknown.

"You will find, when he does have that honor, a man who is master of deeper studies than the languages, though he speaks many."

"Ha! Yes, I understand; but what is his native tongue—English, French, or the sweet Italian?"

The Governor laughed, and his florid color deepened a little.

"Upon my word, you have me at a disadvantage there. Ask me about the rig of a ship, or the mounting of a cannon, and I might astonish your ladyship with my knowledge. In the 'King's English' I might not be much amiss; but these dainty matters of the colleges and drawing-rooms are far beyond me; for them you must apply to Grace, or the fair young missionary out yonder. Indeed, I am not sure that Okalona might not help you out in the matter. She has been the old man's scholar, as well as his granddaughter."

It was easy for Lady Fausbrook to turn an inward sneer into a smile, before it reached her lips. Nothing could be sweeter than the expression of her face, as she stood up, and, with child-like simplicity, placed her hand on the Governor's arm.

"Let us go out and have a talk with these marvelous people. They can tell me about their life in the wilderness; about the savages they have dwelt with—how many years did you say?"

"Oh, that is beyond my knowledge; they had been here long before I was made Governor."

Lady Fausbrook was silent. As she leaned on Clinton's arm, through the long hall and down the steps, she was making a swift calculation of dates.

The group of young persons under the old oak, had been drawn together by a crowd of Indian boys, who came out into the shrubberies with their bows and arrows, and were shooting among the coveys of young quails that two or three of the youngest were starting up from the bushes. Fausbrook had managed to draw Angela from her companions, and stood with her, a little apart.

"You avoid me. When I call upon your grandfather, it is always to find him alone," he was saying. "Okalona does not seem to dislike my presence more than her mistress—excuse me—her friend."

Angela was greatly troubled. The color came

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and went in her face. How could she answer him? In what way explain that swift beating of her heart which drove her away whenever his footstep was heard on the door-stone? She had a guilty feeling that her face was telling all that her tongue could not utter, and was grateful when the wind swept a soft cloud of hair over her eyes, and veiled them from his sight. As she lifted her hand to brush the hair back from her eyes, they fell on Governor Clinton coming towards them, with Lady Fausbrook, who was clinging to his arm with a graceful sense of his protection in every movement.

My lady, in whom the instinct of vanity had grown with her years, held up the folds of a rich dark dress with her disengaged hand, revealing, with pretty unconsciousness, two small feet, clad in shoes of black satin, fastened at the instep with diamond buckles, and finished with high red heels, which would have made walking through the grass difficult, but for the stalwart support of the Governor's arm.

With a thrill of dismay, Angela shrank back, trembling as if some dangerous reptile were creeping near her. The old man saw this, and came to her side.

"Come," he said, in a voice that had lost all its calm sweetness. "Come, we are better indoors—you and I."

Angela did not again look at Fausbrook; but, drawing close to her grandfather, left the ground. In doing this, they were obliged to pass near the Governor and his companion, or else appear purposely to avoid them. As they drew near, my lady's eyes were fixed upon them with a keen steel-like glitter. It was the first time she had seen these two persons in the broad daylight.

The Governor felt the little hand upon his arm clutch at his sleeve suddenly, and looking down, saw that the face smiling up to his a moment before was pale, and looked frightened.

"Dear me. You had almost fallen," he said. "I wonder any lady can venture to walk on those perilous high heels."

"Ah," answered the lady, drawing a deep breath. "They are a little treacherous at times."

"Hark!" exclaimed the Governor, pausing to listen. "There is music afar off in the woods. Sir William is coming in with his Mohawks."

CHAPTER XIV.

Governor Clinton was right. Between the pleasure-grounds of his own mansion and the forest, a great number of Mohawks, chieftains and young braves, had come down the river, and were defiling, with some attempt at military precision, into the opening.

A little band of musicians, selected from among Johnson's retainers, came in advance, making a sad havoc of music with drums and fifes behind the pipe-bearers. Directly, the opening was kindled up, like a burning sunset, with crimson blankets, waving plumes, and a glitter of deadly weapons. Out of this gorgeous confusion came the great chief of the Mohawks and Sir William Johnson, their adopted white chief, walking side by side, two powerful figures, full of vitality, and clad in all the grandeur of barbaric display. Indeed, from that distance, you could hardly distinguish the white man from his companion; for his dress was almost as vivid in coloring as that of the savage. Over a flaming red coat he had folded a Mexican blanket, matted with rich tints, like an India shawl was folded, as Romans wear the toga. He wore moccasins on his feet, surmounted with fringed leggings, and from an aigrette of cut-glass beads, that shone like jewels on his three-cornered hat, rose a tall eagle-plume, the emblem of his chieftainship.

Lady Fausbrook gazed upon this scene in astonishment, and being at heart a coward, clung to the Governor's arm, from a stronger feeling than the coquetry which had become a second nature to her.

"How awful—oh, how awful!" she exclaimed, while her blue eyes widened with terror.

"How would you like to see all those fellows in action?" said Clinton, looking down upon her with a triumphant smile; for he assured himself that this one glimpse of savage life would dispel all ideas of an expedition into the Indian country, which he considered a wild fancy. "This evening you will have an opportunity that few English ladies ever attained. The sun is almost setting; after that we shall have the great Council."

Clinton looked a little anxiously towards the west, as he said this; for he had some preparations to make, and could not well afford to submit himself to the lady's caprices much longer. Lady Fausbrook turned towards the house, more disturbed than she cared to appear.

All was bustle and commotion in the great house. Officers were going and coming through the hall, where many important citizens were already assembled, who made way, lifting their hats in homage to the lady, as Clinton conducted her to the staircase, where she turned, and saluted the crowd, as a queen might have done.

After sunset, that night, the forest lying back of Albany was luminous with flashing torches; for, after the chiefs had kindled their great

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Council-fire beneath a tree so tall that it had for years been a landmark from the river, and was already blackened by the smoke of many treaties, boys from the town, and young Indians from the camp, joined in a riotous rivalry of fire. Armed with resinous knots chopped from the yellow-pine stumps that studded the clearings, they rushed upon the sacred fire, and carried off its flame till the woods seemed alive with shooting-stars. Now and then, a bevy of half-naked little savages, like bronze fauns and cupids set in motion, rushed out from among the trees into the clearing, dancing, wrestling, or chasing each other till their torches blended in one fiery trail, revealing the very color of the grass they danced and trampled upon.

In this grand illumination, Governor Clinton stood, surrounded by his little court, which was composed of many ladies, all the dignitaries of the town, and officers of the different regiments, backed by a crowd of the common people, who kept at a respectful distance, a little deeper in the woods. By some unknown influence, John Roach seemed to possess associations with both parties. The Indians of the Council, powerful chiefs, every one of them, were seated in a half-circle fronting the Governor; stately, silent, and impassive in their savage grandeur.

During some minutes, dead silence prevailed. Not a sound could be heard above the sighing of wind among the pines, while the "pipe of peace" passed from lip to lip, until it reached Sir William Johnson, who sat at one end of the half-circle, ready to act both as chief and interpreter.

When the pipe had gone its rounds, Dahionet, the Cayuga sachem and orator, arose, cast his wampum-belt at Governor Clinton's feet, and sat down again, composing himself to listen.

Sir William took his place, and the speeches commenced. Even with all those picturesque surroundings, it is doubtful if the group of fair visitors standing back from the Council-fire gave much heed to the terse kindly speech, which was eloquently transmitted to the chiefs in their own tongue. Indeed, some of the high-born guests drew back from the Council-fire, and found seats on the rocks and fallen trees, where its light fell but faintly. Among these was Lady Fausbrook. John Roach had kept himself near Okalona all the evening; but, when he saw this quiet movement of my lady, he stole softly through the crowd, and joined her. A little distance off, Angela had found the trunk of a fallen tree, cushioned with soft fleeces of moss, on which the broken firelight flickered, turning it into something softer and richer than velvet. To this seat she had invited Okalona; but the girl was listening breathlessly to the Governor's speech, and would not be disturbed. So, for a little time, the girl, being weary, occupied this seat alone, surrounded by shadows, but with a full view of my lady and John Roach, who were talking with apparent earnestness.

Angela watched this strange interview with an interest that amounted to surprise, when she saw Roach turn into the darkness of the woods, and come forth, accompanied by another person, clad, so far as she could observe, in the garments of a priest. During some minutes, these three strangely assorted persons seemed to converse together cautiously.

All at once, Angela's attention was drawn from these singular movements by the sound of footsteps coming swiftly over the forest grass, and before she could divine their meaning, young Fausbrook was by her side, and in her confusion she lost sight of the group of persons that had broken up like so many shadows.

Meantime, Governor Clinton had concluded his speech. Dahionet arose to answer him, and Sir William stood at his side, ready to turn his picturesque eloquence into English; but Okalona, who, in her eagerness to hear every word, had drawn close to the circle, darted forward, and stood between them, flushed, wild-eyed, and trembling with intense excitement.

"Let me give the thoughts of Dahionet to the white chiefs. My mouth is full of their words," she cried, appealing to her father.

A look of surprise, almost pleasure, stirred the features of Dahionet; but they hardened in an instant. With a gentle sweep of the hand, he pushed her back.

"Go," he said. "Your place is with the women."

Okalona crept back into the crowd, with both hands pressed to her burning face, thus striving to hide the shame of this rebuke.

When the chief ceased speaking, she dropped her hands, looked piteously around, and seeing Angela in the distance, was going towards her, when a broad glow, as if of daylight, broke up the depths of the forest all around. Turning her face to the Council, she saw a huge serpent of flame coiling up a wild vine, blasted at the roots by many council-fires, but still winding its dead coils around the giant pine, whose foliage it had seized upon, and was now scattering it in fiery rain over the forest. As Okalona looked, the tree turned into a pillar of fire, pointing upwards to the white man's heaven and the Indian hunting-grounds, where so many treaties have since been registered and broken.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

No. 1—Is a promenade-costume, made of checked foulard or checked sateen. The sateens of this season are particularly fine and soft in texture, and before they have to be laundried are almost as acceptable as silk, and at about one-third the cost. Our model is trimmed with ficelle embroidery which is done on cambric of a twine-color. A coarse kind of torchon lace of this color is also very fashionable. The skirt of this costume is trimmed with narrow knife-plaited ruffles, divided into clusters with the embroidery or lace. The panier-polonaise forms a waistcoat in front. The front trimming on the bodice is gathered at the shoulders and waist,

No. 1.

No. 2.

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and set on to the bodice, edged with the embroidery, as are the paniers. The back is draped in irregular puffs, and the loops and ends which finish the front and back of the polonaise are of

No. 3.

one and one-fourth inch satin ribbon. Tight coat-sleeves, edged with two tiny plaited ruffles, and a band of embroidery turned back. Twenty-five yards of checked foulard, or fifteen yards of sateen, will be required; eight yards of embroidery. Small bullet-buttons to match.

No. 2—Is a costume suitable for either house or street; made of either black surah silk or black grenadine. The skirt has, first, two two-inch knife-plaited ruffles edging the bottom; then one of four inches; above this, thirteen two-inch ruffles; these ruffles are mounted upon the foundation-skirt, and extend from the front side-seams entirely across the back. The tunic is draped quite low in front, and high at the sides, and laid in deep folds. The back is draped by taking two and a half or two and three-quarter yards of the material, and without cutting, sew it together, making a seam down the middle; then arrange it as seen in the engraving, fastening the puffs as they fall to the skirt. The bodice is a plain close-fitting corsage basque, simply corded on the edge as a finish. A large bow and ends of the material orna-

No. 4.

ments the back of the basque and connects it with the over-drapery. Small bullet-buttons of jet are used for the waist and sleeves. Twenty yards of surah, or twenty-four yards of grena-

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dine, will be required. This model would be also very pretty and effective, made in any of the delicate colored albatross or nun's-veilings, or with the skirt of silk and the overdress of any soft wool material.

No. 3—Is a walking-dress, of self-colored sateen: maroon, navy-blue, or myrtle-green; also a good model for a summer camel's-hair, or blue or white flannel for seaside and mountain-wear. The skirt is kilted, and attached to a deep yoke. The polonaise forms a short apron-front, looped high at the sides, and the back is simply arranged in puffs. A bow and ends of satin or ottoman ribbon is placed at each side. The front of the bodice is trimmed with a piece of the material, gauged at the shoulders and waist, and set on the bodice, as seen. This is optional, and, we may add, only becoming to a slight figure. The shoulder-cape is adjustable and simply finished by several rows of machine-stitching. Tight coat-sleeves, with small gathered cuff. Twelve to fourteen yards of sateen, seven to eight yards of double-fold flannel, will be required for this costume.

No. 6.

No. 4—Is a breakfast-costume, of pongee, cream-colored sateen, or white nainsook. There is simply one skirt, with a deep flounce, trimmed with one row of insertion, and two of torchon lace edging the flounce. This is put on to the foundation, and the upper part of the skirt is slightly fuller than the foundation, and it is sewed on in a seam with the flounce and turned up on the foundation, being allowed to droop a little, forming a falling puff. Very little of the fullness is allowed in front, most of it being across the sides and back. A tight-fitting matinée reaches almost to the knee. This is trimmed with one row of insertion placed above the hem, and edged with one row of lace. Sleeves demi-long, trimmed to correspond. The material may be cut away from under the insertion, if desired. The cheap pieces of pongee, at eight and nine dollars for twenty yards, make a very cool and serviceable breakfast-dress. Seven and a half yards of torchon insertion, and thirteen to fourteen yards of lace will be required.

No. 5.

No. 7.

No. 5—Is a paletot for a girl of three years, made of flax-gray tweed. Pockets and collar of

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No. 8.

velvet, trimmed with guipure lace or embroidery. Same embroidery trims the cuffs. Satin-faced velvet ribbon ties the collar in two long loops with ends.

No. 6.—We give, here, the back and front view of a costume for a girl of five years. The frock is made of plaid woolen material, and the kilted skirt, collar and revers, and pockets, are of velvet or velveteen; large pearl buttons. The plaited vest is buttoned under the left side. The kilted skirt is attached to a long-waisted petticoat-body. The edge of the frock, pockets, revers, etc., are bound with silk braid as a finish.

No. 7.—For a girl of four years, we give something entirely new as a walking-costume. It is made of a light summer cloth or cashmere, and is cut with a Princess bodice, to which is attached a plaited skirt. A wide sash of soft ottoman silk ties at the back. Collar and cuff of velvet, of a darker shade.

No. 8.—Back and front of a blouse for a child of three years, made of pale-blue flannel and brown velvet ribbon, or braid. White worsted braid is also much used. The blouse is made with a yoke, to which is gathered the skirt. The skirt is again gathered at the waist, over which is tied a broad ribbon sash, which is sewed in place across the front, and tied loosely at the back. For a boy, a broad leather belt is more stylish.

LADIES' PATTERNS.

Any style in this number will be sent by mail on receipt of full price for corresponding article in price list below. Patterns will be put together and plainly marked. Patterns designed to order.

Princess Dress: Plain,	.50
" " with drapery and trimming,	1.00
Polonaise,	.50
Combination Walking Suits,	1.00
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BOYS' PATTERNS.

Jackets,	.25	Wrappers,	.25
Pants,	.20	Gents' Shirts,	.50
Vests,	.20	" Wrappers,	.30
Ulsters,	.30		

In sending orders for Patterns, please send the number and month of Magazine, also No. of page or figure or anything definite, and also whether for lady or child. Address, Mrs. M. A. Jones, 28 South Eighth Street, Philadelphia.

COLORED PATTERN: DARNED EMBROIDERY.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give a page of designs, colored, for darned embroidery. In all styles of art, we find a form of ornamentation effected by filling in the ground, and leaving the design in the color of the material. Early examples of it are the Greek—commonly called Etruscan—terra-cotta vases, which are painted black, leaving the figures in the natural red of the pottery; and in its own way as beautiful is the now well-known Hawthorn blue china. These two examples may be taken as typical of the two kinds of background which we meet with, it being in one case a flat tint, in the other enriched by being shaded and patterned in a variety of ways.

This principle is also successfully carried out in embroidery; and we give, this month, some choice patterns in this kind of work. The two heraldic lions, at the top of the page, are worked in cross-stitch with black silk on linen: they are examples of the quaint animals often found in old designs; and for many purposes come in very prettily. The centre illustration is an adaptation of the Chinese Hawthorn pattern, to be worked as a d'oyley. The materials are fine linen and blue ingrain silk. The design is outlined in stem-stitch; the background is either fine darning or closely-worked crumb-stitch. The last design is a border enlarged from the cup called "The Luck of Eden Hall." The out-

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line should be stitched; the background either darned, worked in French knots, or crumb-stitch.

One of the most ancient forms of embroidery, by the bye, is that which is most generally known, having survived to our times both in Berlin-wool work and in marking-stitch on samplers. In working from old German and Italian designs, where the ground is in cross-stitch, there should be no outline, as the pattern will be sufficiently defined by it; but where the ground is darned, there should always be an outline, either in stitching or stem-stitch. The former is most suited for fine work. Cross-stitch should be worked on linen canvas. Darned work in silk is worked on linen.

The darning may be done irregularly; but a very good effect is produced by taking up two threads and leaving six, making the threads left run in a slant, or in vandykes, or diamonds. Any close stitch, however—cushion-stitch, crumb-stitch, or close herring-boning, or herring-boning with lines of stem-stitch between—may be used, the great secret of the work being to keep the ground well and evenly covered. On another page, we describe another stitch, the HUNGARIAN.

POSTILLION CORSAGE: WITH SUPPLEMENT.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, here, the very latest and most stylish corsage, called the "Postillion," back and front views. Folded in with the number is a SUPPLEMENT, with full-sized diagrams, by which to cut it out. As the patterns are numerous and complicated, we give, on the next page, reduced copies of the various parts. There are seven, numbered as follows on the SUPPLEMENT:

No. 1.—BACK.
No. 2.—SIDE-BACK.

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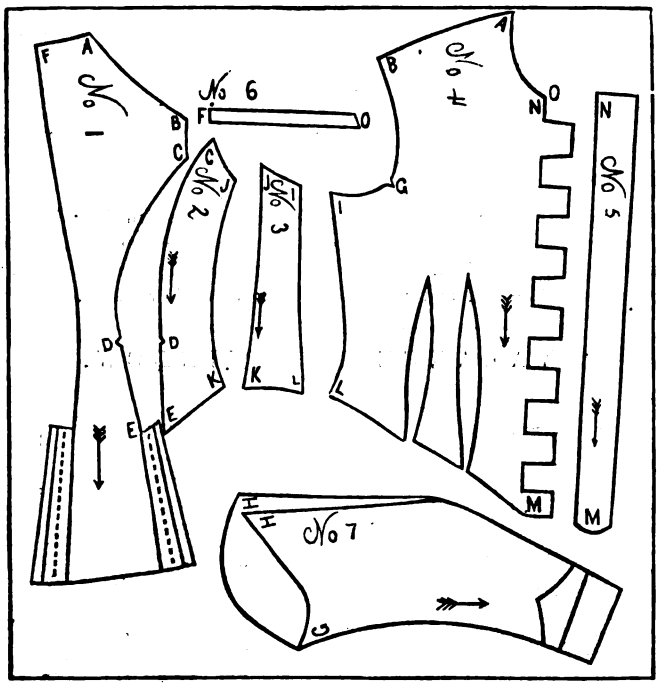
No. 3.—Second Side-Back.
No. 4.—Front.
No. 5.—Plastron.
No. 6.—Half of Collar.
No. 7.—Sleeve.

The letters show how the pieces are put together. The costume is made of self-colored cashmere and plaid goods, with the prevailing color to match the plain material. The skirt has three knife-plaited flounces all round. The other knife-plaitings are arranged between the front and back of the tunic, filling up the sides. This is done after the tunic is draped.

The corsage is of the plain material, and piece No. 5, the plastron, is of the plaid. The left side of the bodice, which is cut out in squares, buttons over this plastron, which is attached to the other side-front of the bodice.

The fullness of the postillion back is laid in plaits, folding under, as seen in the engraving. Very small buttons are used on the bodice, two in each square.



HUNGARIAN CROSS-STITCH.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

We give an extra page of colored designs, this month, in order to represent the Hungarian styles in cross-stitch, which are now becoming so popular. These quaint patterns, the birds, and the border beneath, are taken from a piece of Hungarian needlework, shown in the Home Industry Department of the recent Exhibition at Pesth. The devices are very quaint, and although printed in full color, can easily be used for cross-stitch work.

Many good workers object to cross-stitch, as they fancy it can be applied merely to towels and covers. If it was once tried for curtains, sideboard-cloths, quilts, and more important adjuncts to a household, this prejudice would vanish. We have lately seen the most beautiful curtains, suitable for any country drawing-room, in fine cross-stitch in red, one beautiful, floriated, classical design, from twenty to twenty-four inches deep, as a dado. The expense, compared with other work, is trifling. The work will wash and wear, and the eyes have rest and delight in the simplicity of its beauty. We should be glad to see it more generally introduced.

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BORDER: APPLIQUÉ ON NET.

This border is appropriate for curtains, chair-backs, etc. The appliqués are of Swiss muslin, fastened down with buttonhole-stitch. The veinings of the leaves are overcast, and then the superfluous muslin is cut away, leaving the design appliquéd on the net. The work should be tacked upon a piece of glazed muslin, to keep it smooth while working.

VALANCE FOR WINDOW.

This window-valance is composed of alternate stripes of plain plush and cloth appliqué-work. The appliqué stripes are done by tracing the flower and leaf scrolls on strips of cloth, the color

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being of a darker shade, or of a color which sufficiently contrasts with that of the stripe to which the design is to be applied. The first stripe is then securely tacked to the underlying second stripe, and then the outlines of the design worked in close chain-stitch through both stripes. After this is done, cut away the superfluous cloth carefully, to make the design stand out from the lighter ground. The alternate stripes of plush and embroidery are then joined by strong seams, and the whole valance lined with canton flannel of some suitable color. The whole is then edged with a thick silk cord, and a fringe added at the bottom.

EDGING.

TABLE-COVER: IN APPLIQUÉ.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

We give, here, an illustration of a table-cover in appliqué, and on the SUPPLEMENT give a design, large size, for the pattern. As will be seen, the centre of the table-cover is ornamented with some pretty design, embroidered in cross-stitch. This is encircled with flowers in appliqué, as seen on the SUPPLEMENT. The flowers are of light-colored cloth on dark-colored cloth; either black, chestnut, or garnet-color. It is finished with a fringe in wool and silk of the color of the work. This fringe is made by hand. The pattern will answer also for a cushion.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

THE POT CULTURE OF MIGNONETTE.—The mignonette is one of the most universal favorites among all plants admired for their perfume. It is a true ladies' flower, being of the simplest cultivation. It is equally suited for the window-box, the pot, the forecourt, the well-kept garden of the villa, or the humble cottage-plot. It is also one of the hardiest of plants; enduring the roughest treatment with comparative impunity, although in the borders it will not stand frost. In such a position, however, being killed down is of little importance, for there will always be found sufficient self-sown seedlings to supply the place of the victims to the rigors of winter, year after year. For this reason, mignonette has no superior as a surfacing to odd and out-of-the-way corners; as it will grow anywhere, even in the most smoky cities, and as it continues a good time in flower, such spots in the garden as almost defy the skill of the cultivator may be rendered useful, if not beautiful, by supplying a store of fragrant spriga, always acceptable for bouquets, vases, and similar uses.

The mignonette came originally from North Africa, or from Egypt, as some say; but at the present time, like many other plants and flowers, there are so many new and improved varieties, with which the common kind is not to be compared, that the latter is scarcely worth the purchase. Still it may be used broadcast, or in patches for the rougher work, diffusing its delicious fragrance for a considerable distance from the place in which it grows. It is the inflorescence, of course, from which the perfume proceeds; and this, though so inconspicuous in itself, if thick and even, as it will be in good soil, is not to be altogether despised as an adjunct in color-planting to the range of greenish neutral-grays. In some of the novel kinds, however, a considerable advance has been accomplished in the size and color of the flower, as well as in stoutness of growth; and it is to the latter of these fine varieties, and their treatment in pots, pans, and boxes, that the attention of the reader will now be directed. The present month is an excellent time to begin sowing mignonette, to bloom in early summer. Another may be made in July, to be followed again by one in September. These will furnish a succession of bloom, if fairly managed, throughout the year.

Although there is no plant of equal popularity which is less particular as to soil, or which requires less attention, so there is none which will better repay the exercise of high culture and care. It lends itself also readily to various modes of training, such as the tree, the cushion, the spiral, or the bush. The first consideration is to obtain good seed. The soil employed in culture ought to be rich; it may, of course, be lighter for the first raising of the seedlings. One-half loam, one-fourth part manure, one-fourth part leaf-mold, well mixed, and used in as rough a state as possible, will form an excellent compost. Let the worms be carefully picked out before using it. Deep pans will be preferable for the first sowings, out of which the seedlings, when strong enough, may be thinned for potting or for the boxes. Thus two or three pans will suffice to raise many plants for advanced growth.

Tree mignonette may be described as an artificial production, the result of skillful training. It is also a work of time, not to be accomplished in a single year. Nor is this form of growth suited for out-of-doors. The course to be pursued is as follows: Select, first, a young and vigorous plant of one of the strongest-habited varieties, such as Tall Pyramidal Mignonette, or Crimson Giant. Having selected the particular seedling-plant, take a 32-sized pot to begin with. Let it be filled with one-third of crocks for drainage, and the remaining part with the compost already described nearly up to the rim. In the centre of this let the plant be placed, carefully spreading the roots without injury, and covering them with a little sandy loam and leaf-mold, to encourage them to take kindly to their new position. Press the soil lightly down, and put a stick for supporting the stalk. When the process is completed, the pots should be stood in a warm and shady place till they have become established, when they may be brought gradually into light and air. Water moderately as required with tepid soft water, and permit growth in the ordinary way.

This plan is to be carried out with all seedlings of mignonette, though, except for the "tree," two or three plants are sufficient to be put into the pot or pan; a six-inch pot is sufficient. The first blooms which show must be pinched off to induce a bushy growth, and this may be continued for three weeks or so, after which the natural course of blooming may be allowed. In this way fine cushion-like or pyramidal specimens may be produced, which will flower about five months after sowing, and continue flowering for a considerable time. Now to return to forming the "tree." The flowers are to be taken off as soon as they appear during the first season. The lower shoots must be removed in autumn, and the plants during the winter must be kept in a room, or house, or pit, quite free from frost. The second season it is to be treated in a similar manner, and during the year it may be allowed to bloom, which it will do for a long time, and continue to do so, if taken care of, for several years. Liquid manure may be occasionally given to specimen plants of mignonette, and they must be kept from a damp soil and stagnant atmosphere, and freely exposed when established to light and air.

THE FASHION IN FANS, just now, is for large black ones, and even large white ones, painted with birds. Silk fans, cut out round the edge in undulations, with a chain of large linked roses painted at the edge, and black ostrich feathers, with a wreath of hanging daisies, are among the most popular. At balls and parties, this season, several of the dried palm-leaf fans, with a large spray of choice real flowers and ferns fastened across, and the handle bound and finished off with satin ribbon, have been seen, because it has been much the fashion to send these to young ladies instead of bouquets. A veil of lace sometimes conceals the unadorned side, but not often.

THE LONG TAN GLOVES are not quite as general as they were, but gloves matching the dresses are worn, such as gray with a gray tulle and satin costume, cream with white and cream, lavender with lavender, etc. A few gloves have been seen with a serpent or some other device worked up the backs in colored beads, and some of the black ones, with steel or jet, as simulated bracelets, at the top.

WE GIVE AN EXTRA colored pattern, in this number, in order to show the various styles and patterns of the "Hungarian-stitch." Next month, we shall give a design for a quilt, in "German Linen Work."

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Our Unrivaled Premiums For 1883.—Our premiums for getting up clubs for this year are unusually fine. One is the steel-engraving, (27 inches by 20,) "Christ Before Pilate," *the most wonderful picture of the century*, as is everywhere admitted. The enterprise of "Peterson," in engraving this magnificent work of art, at a cost that would stagger ordinary publishers, is conceded, on all hands, to be beyond precedent. *Every family in the land ought to have a copy of this superb engraving.*

But as there are some persons who already have their walls covered with engravings, or may prefer something else, we offer, *in place* of the "Christ Before Pilate," either our Illustrated Quarto Album, a very beautiful ornament for the centre-table, or a handsome Photograph Album. In all such cases, however, say which Album is preferred.

For many clubs, an extra copy of the magazine will be sent. For others, and larger ones, a copy of the engraving or either of the Albums. The inducements to get up clubs were never before so great, and probably will never be so great again. See offers on second page of cover. Specimens are sent, gratis, if written for, to get up clubs with.

Beware Of Impostors.—We call attention to the notice on the side of the second page of the cover, *warning the public* against persons who pretend to be traveling agents for this magazine. We have no agents of this kind. One or two swindlers have been going through New York, Connecticut, and other States, offering this magazine for a dollar, with a premium in addition, and signing receipts in the name of *Peterson & Co.* Now, in the first place, that is not the name under which we do business; and this alone ought to put people on their guard. In the second place, this magazine cannot be afforded at the price offered, as everybody ought to know. In the third place, we never give premiums to persons merely for subscribing. All these facts ought to have prevented the success of this swindle; but he seems to have taken in quite a number of persons.

The Recent Silver Wedding of the Princess Royal of England, now the wife of the heir to the German Imperial throne, recalls the fact that, at the time she was married, crinoline, the ugliest fashion ever invented, was in the ascendancy. Loud and indignant were the protests of the ladies invited to the Chapel Royal, St. James's, to witness the wedding, when it was announced that only two feet of sitting-room would be allotted to each, which was only four inches in excess of that appropriated to gentlemen. But so imperative was the fashion, that the door through which the bridal procession had to pass, and which had sufficed for the passage of the wedding-party of Queen Anne and of George III, had to be enlarged to make room for the dresses of the royal bride and her bridesmaids.

All Sorts Of Fancy Jewelry are now being worn, chiefly, however, silver and cut steel. Old German oxydized silver, set with stones, is popular, and quaint coins mounted as necklets, clasps, or buttons. Several small fancy brooches are to be seen on a single lace jabot, and some ladies fasten their watches on to the bodice of their dress with a ribbon, looking like a medal, attached to a good-sized fancy button. Large spiders, in delicate plain and diamond-cut silver, fasten lace fichus and ties, or are fastened on one shoulder on an evening bodice, or in lace, near the throat of a black satin or brocade morning-dress. A narrow gold-wire bangle is fastened by a bee, composed of small stones, real or imitation, set in silver; and flies or blue-bottles, as pins and earrings, are also popular.

A Pretty Style of Cockade may be made with ribbon, each loop being frayed out in the centre, so that when folded it has a fluffy edge, and recalls the old-fashioned paper frills which ornamented candlesticks and hams.

Additions To Clubs may be made, at the price paid by the rest of the club, *at any time during the year.* And when enough additional subscribers have been sent, you will be entitled to another premium, or premiums, precisely as if it were a new club. Go on, therefore, adding to your clubs and earning premiums. Back numbers, to January, inclusive, can be had, if desired.

See The Advertisements.—The article about which our fair subscriber, Anna, asks, was advertised, last month, in "Peterson." There is hardly anything that a lady wishes, from a book on crochet, to a watch or piano, that is not advertised in our advertising department.

It Is Still In Time to subscribe for "Peterson" for 1883. In fact, there is an advantage in subscribing now, and getting the back numbers, as the subscriber will receive the popular story, "The Professional Beauty," complete, and all at once.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

Ideas for a Science of Good Government. In Addresses, Letters, and Articles on a Strictly National Currency, Tariff, and Civil Service. By Hon. Peter Cooper, LL D. 1 vol., 8vo. New York: Trow's Printing and Book-binding Company.—Of the many remarkable men that America has produced, the veteran philanthropist, the author of this book, is, perhaps, the most remarkable. His life is the story of a life devoted to "doing good." At the age of ninety-three, he lives to impress on younger generations the lessons of thrift, economy, and political science which he has been taught by the experience of almost a century In the present volume he has collected together various addresses, letters, and articles which embody his views on good government. The book is very handsomely printed, and is embellished with a portrait, from a steel-engraving, of Mr. Cooper himself.

The Siege of London. By Henry James, Jr. 1 vol., 12mo. Boston: J. S. Osgood & Co.—Another of those essays, in the form of a story, holding up vulgar Americans to the amusement of the British public, in which, for some occult reason known only to himself, this denationalized writer is so fond of indulging. The criticism, however, on him and his school, which appeared in the last number of the London Quarterly Review, proves that impartial Englishmen, after all, are not misled by his so called pictures of American women. Does he think there are no good ones?

The Countess of Rudolstadt. By George Sand. 1 vol., 12mo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—This, and "Consuelo," of which it is a sequel, are confessedly the best of George Sand's many novels. The present, though a cheap edition, is printed from the same plates as the costlier ones. No fiction nowadays is equal to this.

A Daughter of the Philistines. "No Name Series." 1 vol., 12mo. Boston: Roberts Brothers. This is a story of New York City life, with glimpses of Wall Street on the one hand, and Fifth Avenue on the other. It is fairly well done, without being particularly good, and appears anonymously.

A Parisian Romance. By Octave Feuillet. 1 vol., 12mo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—This is the story from which the popular play, "A Parisian Romance," was dramatized. It is written in the best and most sparkling style of this well-known novelist.

The Storage of Electricity. By Henry Greer. 1 vol., 8vo. New York: College of Electrical Engineering.—A very excellent little treatise, illustrated with numerous engravings. The storage of electricity is a subject just now commanding great interest.

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OUR ARM-CHAIR.

THE PREMIUM ENGRAVINGS advertised in our April number will be sent, at fifty cents each, to subscribers or their personal friends. This sum represents only the cost of paper and printing. But we put the engravings at this low figure partly to oblige our patrons, partly to disseminate a taste for true art. "One good line engraving," as the New York Tribune says, "is worth a dozen chromos, which represent really only a very low grade of art."

BACK NUMBERS of this magazine can always be had by addressing the publisher, price eighteen cents a number, postage free. Local agents frequently say that the number asked for is out of print, sooner than take the trouble of ordering it from us.

NOT AFFECTED BY AGE.—Some old specimens of Royal Baking Powder that had been kept on the shelf of a grocery store for ten years were recently tested by Prof. Schedler, of New York, for the purpose of measuring the loss of strength they had undergone. It was found that, although the powder had been exposed to atmospheric changes during all this time—for it was not in air-tight cans—its loss of raising power or strength was less than one per cent., the powder being practically as good as the day it was put up.

This is a most valuable quality in a baking powder, one which few possess. Most powders, if not used when first made, are found to be ineffective. If kept even a few weeks they lose their leavening power, become lumpy or caked, and valueless.

This superior keeping quality in the "Royal" arises from the extraordinary care in its manufacture, and the scientific principles employed in its combination. The articles used in its composition are thoroughly dried by heat before being compounded, and are so prepared and coated as to prevent the action of the acid upon the alkali prematurely, or except under the influence of heat or water necessarily used in cooking or baking.

The Royal is now used extensively in Australia, Africa, and other low latitudes, where it has been found to be the only baking powder that will withstand the hot, moist atmosphere without deterioration.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE for women and children. Doctor Joseph Holt, New Orleans, La., says: "I have frequently found it of excellent service in cases of debility; particularly for women and children."

24-STOP ORGAN FOR $59.—The offer made in our advertising pages by Mayor Beatty, of Washington, New Jersey, of a 24-stop organ for $59, delivered at your very door, is one that our readers should take advantage of at once. The well-won reputation of this house assures buyers that they will get what he advertises; and the price, with all freight prepaid, should give him, as it will, thousands of additional satisfied customers. We are informed, by good authority, that Mr. Beatty is manufacturing and shipping sixty-nine organs daily, and is running his factory nights in order to fill orders promptly. The Washington (New Jersey) Star says: "The Hon. John Hill, member of Congress, of Boonton, New Jersey, accompanied by his wife, visited the Beatty Organ Factory at Washington, New Jersey, on Tuesday last. He expressed himself not only gratified, but astonished, at the extent and activity of Mayor Beatty's organ works. The prejudice which every young business man has to confront, whose success is rapidly achieved, is giving way before Mayor Beatty, and his wonderful business capacity is coming to be generally recognized and acknowledged."

A NEW SILK.—Novelties in dress-goods appear in every variety in our shop-windows. When anything really new appears, attention is at once called to it. We have recently seen a sample of silk manufactured at Genoa, which outrivals any similar goods in this market. It is called "Cashemire Marguerite." It is a silk of medium weight, beautiful finish, and durable color. From a cursory inspection, we should judge that it is a very serviceable article, and will give eminent satisfaction to the wearer. Ladies should be sure that they get the genuine article, which has the name stamped upon the selvedge of every second yard.

COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS, SORE THROAT, ETC., quickly relieved by Brown's Bronchial Troches. A simple and effectual remedy, superior to all other articles for the same purpose. Sold only in boxes. Price, twenty-five cents.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

[MEDICAL BOTANY—OF THE GARDEN, FIELD, AND FOREST.]

BY ABRAM LIVERSEY, A. M., M. D.

No. V.—HORSE-BALM.

HORSE-BALM—*Collinsonia Canadensis:* called also Horse-Weed, Heal-All, Stone-Root, Rich-Weed, Knot-Root, Hardback, Ox-Balm, etc.

Botanical characters: Stem two to three feet high, somewhat branched, smoothish below, pubescent above. Leaves large, four or five to eight or ten inches long, and four or five inches wide, resinous, dotted beneath, ovate, acuminate, coarsely serrate, thin and smoothish, with petioles one to three or four inches long. Flowers solitary, axillary, and opposite, in paniculate racemes. Calyx bilabiate; upper lip flattish, truncate, three-toothed; lower lip bifid; throat somewhat hairy. Corolla greenish-yellow, elongated, dilated at throat, sub-bilabiate; upper lip nearly equally four-lobed; lower lip declined, dentate, or fringed. Stamens usually two, conspicuous, much exserted. Found in rich woodlands, in flower during July. It is named after one of the earliest friends of American botany, P. Collinson, of London. Our early botanist, John Bartram, sent him some of the seeds of this plant. Collinson was one of the most diligent correspondents of Linnæus, and the early, indefatigable, and devoted friend of Bartram.

The Indians employed this plant in curing sores and wounds, and the mountaineers of Virginia, Kentucky, and Tennessee also used it outwardly as a poultice, and inwardly for headaches, colics, cramps, indigestion, etc. The bruised leaves are also used for sumac poisoning. This interesting plant is thus fancifully referred to in Doctor Darwin's poem, the Botanic Garden:

"Two brother swains, of Collins' gentle name,
The same their features, and the forms the same,
With rival love for fair Collinia sigh,
Knit the dark brow and roll the unsteady eye," etc.

These lines have reference to an imaginative action of the pistil and stamens.

The fluid extract of Collinsonia, mixed with an equal quantity of rock-candy syrup, and given in teaspoon doses, acts admirably in "ministers' sore-throat." Doctor Hale, semi-homœopath, brought it specially into notice, by claiming for it a specific influence over the bowels, especially the rectum, maintaining that it will cure constipation, piles, cholera infantum, colic, chronic diarrhea, dysentery, etc., in small doses—say five drops in half a tumbler of water—of which a teaspoonful three or four times a day suffices, except in cholera infantum and dysentery, in which cases the dose, to give prompt relief, should be repeated every hour. The writer has used the fluid extract quite freely and with varying success, but believes that five-drop doses are more

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effectual. The active principle, Collinsonin, chiefly used by eclectics, possesses marked properties. It should be triturated with pulverized sugar, or sugar of milk, ten grains to ninety, before administering. This preparation, in doses of ten to twenty grains, has a fine effect in valvular diseases of the heart, removing gradually the exuded organized matter. In rheumatic fever, the patient is often afflicted with oppression; is restless, anxious, pulse sometimes small and intermittent, etc. If we listen to the heart, we detect a soft bellows murmur, or other abnormal sounds, symptoms which plainly indicate the existence of inflammation of the inner structures of the heart. Here the prompt relief afforded by a few doses of Collinsonin demonstrates its specific character. In more chronic forms, it is equally efficacious; but its action is slower.

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

☞Everything relating to this department should be addressed "Puzzle Editor," Peterson's Magazine, Lock Box 437, Marblehead, Mass.

No. 193.—Central Changes.

1. Change the central letter of a town, and make a dotard.
2. Change the central letter of courageous, and make a character in music.
3. Change the central letter of to defer, and make to fade.
4. Change the central letter of to sport, and make to revolt.
5. Change the central letter of to make a grating sound, and leave to grumble.

The discarded letters in their order form a cover to an aperture.

Byfield, Mass. Lydia D. Thomson.

No. 194.—Inverted Pyramid.

Across.—1. Conveyances. 2. Severe. 3. A tower. 4. Small houses. 5. Chastisement. 6. A letter.

Down.—1. A letter. 2. A ridge. 3. A part of a wheel. 4. Auricular. 5. Of little value. 6. A public speaker. 7. Wearied. 8. Freezes. 9. A dry measure. 10. A girl's name. 11. A letter.

Branford, Conn. Jo Juicheless.

Answers Next Month.

Answers to Puzzles in the April Number.

No. 191.

S	U	C	C	E	S
P	A	R	V	E	N
R	O	S	T	R	U
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G	L	I	M	M	E

No. 192.

Peterson's Magazine.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞*Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

FISH.

Eels, Fried.—Skin and clean the fish, and cut them in pieces three inches long, shake them in a napkin with some flour, so as to dry them, then shake them in a colander to get rid of all superfluous flour. Beat up an egg with some pepper and salt, roll the pieces of eel in this, and then in fine breadcrumb, being careful that each piece is covered all over with crumb. Let them rest for an hour, then plunge them in a panful of hot lard, and when they are a good color they are done. Put them in front of the fire for a short time to drain, sprinkle very fine salt over them, and serve garnished with fried parsley and quarters of lemon.

Codfish, with Cream.—Pick out carefully in flakes all the flesh from the remnants of some boiled codfish; melt a piece of butter in a saucepan, and add to it a large pinch of flour, and a gill of milk or cream, with pepper, salt, and grated nutmeg to taste, also, the least bit of cayenne; stir well, put in the fish, and gently shake it in this sauce until quite warm. If the composition be too dry, add a little milk or cream; then add, off the fire, the yolks of two eggs, beaten up with a little milk, and serve.

To Bake Fish.—Rinse the fish in cold water, wipe the inside dry and fill it with stuffing, then sew up the edges, and place it in a dripping-pan with a very little hot water. Melt a tablespoonful of butter and pour over the top, then sprinkle lightly with salt and pepper, and lay over it a few strips of salt pork. Bake in a hot oven, and baste very often; when done, serve with the gravy from the pan, poured over it, and have Worcestershire, or some pungent sauce, so that each may season to taste.

MEATS, ETC.

A Dish from Cold Beef and Mashed Potatoes.—Cut the cold meat into small slices about half an inch thick. Season the slices, and spread thinly over them some breadcrumb, and some small lumps of butter. Take the gravy left from the joint, or stew a gravy from the bones; thicken it with butter rolled in flour, and season it with pepper and salt. Or the bits of meat, when not large enough to be sliced, as above, may be minced, seasoned, and mixed with mashed potatoes and flour. Make it into small cakes, and fry them a nice brown.

Stewed Fowl, with Rice.—Truss the fowl for boiling, and stew it in about a quart of mutton-broth, seasoned with a little pepper, salt, and half a blade of mace, for an hour and a half, skimming it often. About half an hour before the fowl is ready to serve, add a large cupful of rice, and when tender, strain the broth from it, and place the rice on a sieve to dry, and swell, before the fire, keeping the fowl hot; then place it in the centre of a hot dish, with the rice arranged in rather a high border around it. Serve with parsley and butter-sauce in a tureen.

A Nice Hash of Mutton.—Add to some cold gravy some finely-chopped onion and half a pint of mushrooms. Boil the whole gently with some cold mutton cut in small pieces. Thicken the gravy with a little flour and butter.

VEGETABLES.

To Dress Asparagus.—Scrape the asparagus, tie it up in bundles, and cut the ends an even length. Have ready a saucepan of boiling water, and salt in proportion of a heaped saltspoonful to each quart of water. Put in the asparagus, standing it on the bottom with the green heads out of the water, so that they are not liable to be boiled off. If the water boils too fast, dash in a little cold water. When the grass has boiled a quarter of an hour, it will be sufficiently done; remove it from the saucepan, cut off the ends down to the edible part, arrange it on a dish in a round pyramid with the heads toward the middle of the dish, and boil some eggs quite hard; cut them in two, and place them round the dish quite hot. Serve melted butter in a sauce-tureen; those who like it rub the yolk of the hard egg into the butter; this makes a delicious sauce to serve with asparagus.

Pea-Tops used as an ordinary vegetable.—A delicious vege-

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table for the table may be obtained by sowing peas in shallow boxes, at intervals during the winter months. They will come up slowly, but strongly. When about five inches high, cut them for use, and boil them in the same way that cabbage is done. Dish up plainly. To be eaten as an ordinary green vegetable.

DESSERTS.

Gateau de Pommes.—Take one pound and a half of loaf-sugar, put it into a pint of water, and let it boil until it becomes sugar again. Then add to it two pounds of apples, pared and cored, and the grating of a large lemon. Boil it all together until it is quite stiff. Put it into a mold, and when it is quite cold, turn it out, and serve with custard round it in the dish, or cream.

Iced Gooseberry Fool.—Pick one quart of quite young gooseberries, and put them in a jar with a very little water and plenty of sugar. Put the jar in a saucepan of boiling water, till the fruit be quite tender; beat it through a colander, and then add gradually one pint of cream; put it on ice, and stir it about until it is quite cold without being actually frozen.

FASHIONS FOR MAY.

FIG. I.—WALKING-DRESS, OF VERY DARK-BLUE FRENCH BUNTING, trimmed with gray and black checked silk. The bottom is ornamented with two quillings of the bunting lined with the silk, and the front of the skirt is laid in clusters of lengthwise narrow plaits, which alternate with stripes of the silk. The panier overdress is edged with a band of the silk, and falls in loose drapery at the back. The corsage comes well over the hips, is made with a point back and front, and is trimmed with the checked silk. A cord, of the colors of the silk trimming, ornaments the bodice down the front. Hat of yellow straw, trimmed with folds of the silk, like that on the dress, and with poppies.

FIG. II.—WALKING-DRESS, OF ÉCRU AND BROWN SHEPHERD'S PLAID. The bottom is edged with a deep side-plaiting of brown silk. The Princess dress is cut out in diamonds in front, showing the plain brown silk underneath. The revers are of the brown silk, and it is buttoned down the front with small round buttons. Brown straw hat, trimmed with a quilling of red satin, over which falls a row of écru-colored lace.

FIG. III.—VISITING-DRESS, OF PINK SATEEN. The skirt is edged with two ruffles and headed by a puffing. Above this the skirt is laid in plaits, which are cut out in points. The striped sateen tunic is short, edged with white lace, and drawn up on the left side, under the pointed waist, where it is finished by two bias scarf-ends of the striped material, and tied with bows of pink ribbon. The gathered chemisette-waistcoat is of pale-pink surah, and is confined across the bodice with ribbon of the darkest shade of pink. Straw bonnet, trimmed with pink roses and ribbon.

FIG. IV.—VISITING-DRESS, OF SULPHUR-COLOR AND BROWN PLAID SUMMER SILK. The bottom is trimmed with ruffles and plaitings of the silk of the dress and plain brown silk. The tunic is square, both front and back, and is cut open at the side. The front is trimmed with a narrow band of the brown silk and a wide band of cut-out muslin embroidery. The deep coat-basque has revers of plain brown silk. There is a short tunic in front, laid in deep plaits, which form a point. The waist has a Directoire collar. White chip hat, faced with ruby-colored satin, and trimmed with white feathers.

FIG. V.—WALKING-DRESS, OF BLUE AND WHITE CHECKED PERCALE. The skirt is formed of two deep plaited flounces. A scarf of plain-blue percale covers the top of the upper flounce. The corsage is deep on the hips, and is made with short points, back and front. Hat of white chip, lined with blue, and trimmed with blue ribbon and clusters of white narcissus.

FIG. VI.—WALKING-DRESS, OF CHOCOLATE-COLORED SATEEN, with embroidery woven in the piece. The underskirt is edged with a narrow knife-plaiting, and is composed of box-plaits. The polonaise body forms a panier in front, and is well draped behind, trimmed with a large bow at the back, and edged with embroidery all round. The overskirt is also edged with embroidery. Gray bonnet and plumes.

FIG. VII.—WALKING-DRESS, OF SCOTCH PLAID. The underskirt is laid in long kilt-plaits. The overskirt forms paniers over it. The body or jacket is of dark-green cashmere, cut in scallops at the edge and on the collar. Tight-fitting sleeves.

FIG. VIII.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF INDIA FOULARD—ÉCRU GROUND, FIGURED WITH BLUE. The very narrow vest, the small paniers, and the kiltings around the bottom of the skirt are of plain écru-colored foulard. The bodice and overskirt, which are cut in battlements, are of the figured foulard.

FIG. IX.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF BLACK GRENADINE. The skirt is edged with narrow kiltings of black satin. The drapery at the back falls in three puffs, and below this are ruffles of Spanish lace. A deep fall of Spanish lace trims the front of the skirt. The polonaise is trimmed in front with a cascade of lace. At the back, it terminates with small basques.

FIG. X.—NEW STYLE SUMMER DRESS, composed of fine-checked spun silk. The skirt is box-plaited and edged with embroidery. Paniers of the checked silk and plain silk, with large sash bows of the plain silk. Bodice pointed back and front, with sleeves reaching only to the elbow. Brown straw hat, with feathers.

FIG. XI.—HAT OF WHITE STRAW, faced with dark-green velvet, and trimmed with dark-green velvet and a bird's head.

FIG. XII.—BONNET OF ROUGH STRAW, trimmed with lace and red roses.

FIG. XIII.—WALKING-DRESS, OF GRAY SATEEN, FIGURED WITH ROSEBUDS OF PALE COLOR. The skirt has two side-plaited flounces. The tunic is draped across the front in folds, and is puffed at the back. The bodice is jacket-shape, and is slashed at the back. Bonnet of gray straw, trimmed with a half-wreath of pink rosebuds.

FIG. XIV.—DRESS-BONNET, OF MANILLA STRAW. It is lined with pink crêpe shirred, and is trimmed with delicate pink feathers and brown velvet bows.

FIG. XV.—COARSE BROWN STRAW BONNET, trimmed with blackberries and leaves.

FIG. XVI.—MORNING-DRESS, OF LIGHT-BLUE CASHMERE, trimmed with embroidered ruffles of the cashmere.

FIG. XVII.—MORNING-JACKET, OF ROSE-COLORED FLANNEL, trimmed with white lace or embroidery.

FIG. XVIII.—JABOT COLLAR, formed of black velvet and Mechlin lace.

FIG. XIX.—PARASOL, OF BLACK SILK, covered with very narrow ruffles of black lace.

FIG. XX.—FAN, with black sticks, and covered with old-gold and red-striped satin.

FIG. XXI.—TOURNURE SKIRT, with ruffles at the back, and edged with lace. Casings are placed under the ruffles, in which steel springs are run.

FIG. XXII.—JACKET, OF WHITE FLANNEL, edged with flannel embroidery.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Many of the new summer dresses come with embroidery wrought on the edges, which is used

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for the trimming, as in the sixth figure of our fashion-plate. Some of the embroidery is narrower than that used for the flounces, and these dresses are sold now at from $10.00 to $17.00, according to the quality.

Beautiful pongees, with embroidery of this kind, are sold for $19.00.

As will be seen by our colored fashion-plate, shorter overskirts are being worn, and of course these must be made somewhat fuller than those of the past, in order to drape in a more bouffant manner. These overskirts are often draped differently on the two sides of the skirt. Sometimes the drapery falls quite low on one side, and is draped very high on the other. Still, the short tunic is optional, as overskirts are worn in every way. Some are tight and narrow, whilst others are all in puffs. Plain skirts are usually made of heavy materials and rich embroideries; they need no trimming, but paniers are attached to the long pointed bodice that accompanies them.

Materials of light texture are made puffy, very puffy, and mostly short; whilst heavy materials are made with long trains, as heavy train dresses are more dignified—short puffy dresses more coquettish.

Bodices are made in several styles; that of the shawl to wrap over is in favor, and is both tight and full. It is young-looking, and becoming to thin figures; stout, though young, full figures look best in the plain bodice. These full bodices should be made over a tight lining, separate from the over material. The bodice itself is fastened at the waist only on one side, on the other it is crossed over. This is a slight imitation of an ancient Greek fashion. A white nun's-veiling dress, made in this way, is lovely. The skirt is very long and plain, and edged all round with a rich embroidery of silk and gold. It is looped up on one side over an underskirt of white silk, and is drawn up into a pretty drapery at the back. The bodice and tunic are also edged round with a similar embroidery. In front, the bodice is crossed over, like a shawl, from shoulder to waist, and a gold belt keeps the bodice in place at the waist. It looks equally pretty in soft Indian muslin, or any other colored nun's-veiling, or muslin-de-laine. The trimming might be rows of ribbon instead of the embroidery, which would be more economical. Long pointed bodices are also worn for evening-dress; but are made suitable for heavy materials. Cuirasses are also made pointed; they make the figure look slimmer than when tight and round over the hips. When straight over the hips, they are cut round the basque in square tabs, in order to conceal the straight line.

There is a variety in the battlemented basque-bodices. They are cut a little longer, and in the form of a tulip-petal, rounded, and pointed in the centre. Those in plush and satin, for wearing with ball-skirts, have occasionally plaits of lace some inches deep, showing between each division, while others have silk balls hanging from the points. Jersey bodices are much again in vogue, with plaid and other skirts. They are turned under on the hips, or cut to give the effect of a pointed bodice, back and front, and a fold of velvet or fancy material is laid along the edge. The folds of the skirt are caught up to meet the point at the back with hook and eye, or a looped sash is placed there. Many skirts have now double puffs on the hips, taking the place of paniers, above the deep box-plaiting. The puffs do not meet in front, but commence on each side. Other skirts have the panier-drapery folded down perpendicularly for some way, and then looped back. Bodices for young, slight figures, either in the day or evening, are often full and round-waisted in front, with a band coming from the sides, and have the plain back and basque, with long loops of ribbon on each side of the basque. This style looks particularly well in foulard and nun's-cloth, with inch-wide satin ribbon.

Instead of the white and dark backgrounds as affected last year, terra-cotta, strawberry-red, and partridge-brown have taken their place, and the designs are dots, from the merest speck to those an inch and a half in diameter, as well as lines, checks, discs, etc. As pompons have been the rage during the winter, so will dots most likely be popular in washing fabrics. Large white balls, nearly touching each other, are to be seen on the new pale-blue, dark-green, and red sateens, and the balls stand out well in relief.

The stripes on the sateens are wide and even, alternate white and color, so that trimming may be managed with kiltings, in which the white stripe is folded inside, and there is a change in effect with the wearer's every movement. The checks are small. The costumes will consist of a combination exactly as more costly ones; for example, the bodice will be plain terra-cotta or telegraph-blue sateen, and the skirt will be either dotted or checked; the turreted or tabbed basque is likely to be much used for such bodices. White embroidery in Irish point designs, and either small white thread or pearl buttons are to be the trimmings.

For the flowered sateens that resemble foulards, more fanciful styles are prepared—Watteau and Princess polonaises of the figured sateens, and plaited skirts of plain sateen, matching in color the ground of the polonaise. The trimming will be open embroideries, the designs for which are copied from lace; velvet collars, cuffs, and waistbands are also prepared for these sateen dresses, and a great point in such additions is that they can be easily put on and off as required. Bows of satin ribbon are fastened on the shoulders, and likewise on the point of the bodice, and the sleeves only reach midway between the elbow and wrist, and in many costumes an insertion of open embroidery is placed lengthwise down the front half of the sleeve.

Velvet ribbons are much used as trimmings for dresses, knots of them looking very well on white, pink, or shades of yellow. They look particularly well and appropriate on the Watteau-like sateens.

Mantles, jackets, etc., are all worn, and the style differs but little from those in use for the past year. Nearly all the mantles have the dolman-shaped back, and some of the jackets are shorter and jauntier-looking than those lately worn, while the ulster and pelisse-shaped garments are if possible longer.

Bonnets are worn large or small, according to fancy, though the very exaggerated pokes and round hats are not in favor. The smaller capote is very popular. Black velvet ribbon is much used on straw bonnets, and in many, a touch of yellow is given by some means. Most bonnets have the trimming placed on or near the top; but the becomingness depends so much on the style of trimming, that no lady should place the ornaments of her bonnet high, if the shape of her face or of the bonnet does not warrant it.

OUR PARIS LETTER.

RUE DES PETITS CHAMPS.

The dresses, this season, are of an extreme elegance. Worth has never sent out more charming costumes. A glance at his show-rooms suffices to reveal more beautiful materials and graceful models than can be done justice to in a single article.

The favorite materials are very varied. First we have the brocaded satins, the newest of which show a small set design scattered at long intervals over the satin groundwork, the design being several shades darker than the background. The prettiest of these is a small shamrock, or club-shaped spot, in dark-brown on a pale-brown ground, or in dark-red on a crushed-strawberry background. Another style shows fruits in satin, relieved on a faille background in solid colors: thus, a small apple in black and red satin is scattered over a changeable faille in black and red tints. Still another pretty pattern has small pink strawberries, with shaded leaves in olive satin, on a background of olive faille. This

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is made up in combination with faille in olive and deep rose-pink tints. Another very beautiful material is an olive satin, figured with small close-set spots in white velvet.

Spotted materials are to be extensively worn this season. The newest of the black grenadines shows a spot in some brilliant color in floss silk, strewn at long intervals over the material. The new ruby-red shows best in these spots, as its bright tint relieves the sombreness of the black background. The newest black gauzes show very large broché designs in arabesque patterns. For spring and summer dinner-dresses and for watering-place dresses for young ladies, crèpe de Chine is the favorite material. The newest style is to have the dress entirely of crèpe, two forms of the material, the plain and the embroidered, being blended in the same dress. Worth has just composed a lovely costume in these delicate materials which merits description. The hue of the dress was pale-pink. The front of the short skirt was in embroidered crèpe, finished with two flounces of ivory silk lace, continuing all around the skirt. Two scarfs of faille crossed this skirt-front, and were knotted behind at one side of the draped overskirt in plain crèpe, which was bordered with a band of the silk, and which fell to the top of the lace flounces. The corsage was of plain crèpe laid in plaits, its edge being concealed under the edge of the upper scarf, so as to give the impression of a dress cut all in one. These crèpe dresses are admirably adapted for watering-place wear in America, as they are at once cool and durable, as well as very elegant. The above model, being simple and tasteful, can readily be imitated in less costly materials and a less showy color. If the dress is to be made with an open waist, the folds should be made to cross in front, and the dress should be worn with a belt of the faille.

One of the prettiest innovations of the season consists in making up black transparent materials over cream-white satin. Ladies who possess treasures of black real lace can now rejoice in them, as that delicate and beautiful fabric is largely employed for trimming these new dresses. The latest one composed by Worth has a short skirt in cream satin, bordered with a wide plaited flounce, over which falls a flounce of black lace Down the front of the skirt goes a shell-trimming of blended black and white lace, set with knots of black watered ribbon. The apron-tunic is in black silk gauze, figured with large black velvet spots; it is very simply draped, falling over the flounce in front. The back of the overskirt is composed of full puffed draperies of black satin. The corsage is of the brocaded gauze, lined with white satin, and trimmed down the front with a full jabot of black lace and black watered ribbon. It is made with a deep point in front, is cut up very high on the hips, and has at the back a postillion-basque, trimmed with black lace. Half-long sleeves, which are to be met by long black gloves of glacé kid, the Swedish kid being of a bad color in black.

A very handsome walking-dress for a young lady was recently worn at a full dress private concert. The plaited skirt was covered by a drapery, falling very low at one side, and caught up at the other by a bias bow of black velvet; this overskirt was bordered with a wide bias band of black velvet. The corsage was made with folds in front, slightly shirred at the waist, and was plain at the back, with a deep square basque bordered with black velvet. A round cape of black velvet completed the toilette. A short skirt of white satin, figured with large black velvet flowers, and bordered with a wide plaited flounce in white satin, over which falls a flounce of black lace, looks very elegant with a corsage of white satin, with revers of black velvet and full draperies of black lace falling over the underskirt. For a less dressy toilette, the corsage is made of black satin and without the revers.

Black lace shawls are now once more in vogue for trimming, or rather for forming part of a handsome ball-dress. The pointed shawl, placed with the point uppermost and draped over white satin, forms a superb skirt-front for a ball-dress, the corsage and train of which may be in black velvet or in cream-white faille. As to the large square shawls, they form charming draperies, without being submitted to the vandalism of the scissors. A short dress, with the skirt-front composed of a Chantilly point over white satin, the back of the skirt and the corsage being of black silk gauze, brocaded in a large pattern, and trimmed with black lace and knots of black satin ribbon, forms an elegant toilette for a watering-place, and to those who possess the shawl and the lace a really inexpensive one.

The newest colors are Medusa-blue, wood-brown, and Canoque, which last is a peculiar shade of écru. Crushed strawberry is still much worn, and is combined with the palest shade of silver-gray with a very charming effect. Pekin silks in very wide stripes, both in solid and in contrasting colors, are very much in vogue, the favorite tints in the latter being the prevailing black and white. Changeable gauzes, both in silk and in worsted, are amongst the novelties of the season, and are made up in combination with solid-colored Pekins and failles. Bronze-brown velvet is used for trimming cream-white crèpe de Chine, and sailor-blue satin is combined with black gauze for toilettes for elderly ladies.

The Kate Greenaway or baby-bonnet retains its popularity. The melon-shaped hats in dark felt are now worn by young ladies who ride on horseback, in preference to the stovepipe hat.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—BOY'S SUIT, OF DARK-BLUE FLANNEL. The knickerbockers are not very tight-fitting. The skirt has a collar and cuffs of a darker shade of blue, with anchors embroidered in white in the corners of the collar. Straw hat, trimmed with blue ribbons.

FIG. II.—GIRL'S COSTUME, OF SILVER-GRAY CASHMERE. The coat is sacque-shape, with a cape tied in front with satin ribbons. Straw hat, trimmed with rosebuds and pink and white striped ribbon.

FIG. III.—GIRL'S DRESS, OF BLUE AND WHITE PLAID CHAMBRY. The underskirt is of chambry, of solid blue. The overdress is of the plaid. The tunic, collar, and cuffs are trimmed with torchon lace, or, if preferred, with Hamburg edging.

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CORALINE.

ITS DISCOVERY AND USE IN THE MANUFACTURE OF CORSETS.

About three years ago a discovery was made which has nearly revolutionized the manufacture of corsets in this country. This discovery consists in the treatment of a fibre known as Istle, by which it acquires an elasticity, toughness and durability superior to the finest whalebone. The Istle is manufactured from a plant which grows upon the plains of Mexico, and resembles in appearance the American Aloe or Century-plant, except that the leaves are longer and more slender. The leaves of this plant are gathered by the natives; and, in a very crude and primitive manner, the soft pulp is scraped away, leaving clusters of tough, wiry fibres about the size and consistency of bristles, and from one to three feet in length. These are dried, and packed in bales, and shipped to New York, where they are then further prepared by combing or "hackling," until every imperfect fibre is removed. These fibres are fed into an ingenious winding machine, which wraps them with thread and binds them into a continuous cord. (See picture on next page.) This cord, or "Coraline" as it is now called, is then wound upon large reels and is ready for use.

The most important feature in this interesting invention remains yet to be mentioned. The Coraline possesses, in its natural state, considerable stiffness, but only a moderate degree of elasticity. In the course of the investigations, a mode of treating this material was discovered which increases its elasticity more than fourfold. There is not more difference between soft rubber and vulcanized rubber, or between the pliable iron and the tempered steel,

GATHERING ISTLE, OR THE CORALINE PLANT.

than between Coraline in its natural state and the same material after it has been subjected to the tempering process. The elasticity is not given to it by the addition of any new materials, but by effecting a change in the elements which already exist in the natural fibres.

The discovery and development of this remarkable invention is due wholly to the enterprising firm of Warner Brothers, whose corset factory is located at Bridgeport, Connecticut. They have here the largest corset factory in the world, covering about two acres of floor space, with a frontage on three streets of five hundred and thirty-six feet, employing twelve hundred hands, and turning out six thousand corsets daily. The success of this firm is one of the marvels of business enterprise in this country. The two brothers who constitute the firm, I. De Ver Warner and Lucien C. Warner, are both regularly educated physicians, and previous to 1874 were engaged in the practice of their profession. The effects of badly-fitting corsets upon the health of women first called their attention to this subject, and suggested to them the invention of a corset especially adapted to the wants of their lady patients. This met with so great success that they decided to extend the blessing of properly fitting corsets to the entire community; and, giving up a large and lucrative practice, they entered the untried fields of the manufacturer and merchant.

A day cannot be more pleasantly spent than in visiting their immense factory at Bridgeport. This is under the general supervision of Dr. I. De Ver Warner, who is very ably assisted by the genial superintendent, Mr. H. F. Greenman. One is first impressed by the intelligent appearance of the employees, most of them women, neatly and tastefully dressed, many of them having left positions as teachers in New England school-rooms to find more lucrative employment in this factory. The whole factory is a model of neatness and order; the corsets are never washed, hence cleanliness is the first lesson to be learned in corset-making, and floors and tables are kept as scrupulously clean as the most exacting housewife could desire.

The character of the help employed explains in a large measure the quality of the work produced at this factory. It has always been the aim of Warner Brothers to make

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only perfect work, so that every one of their corsets should be a permanent advertisement for the firm. "Many a firm," says Dr. I D. Warner, "has spoiled what might have continued a prosperous business, by cheapening their goods after having acquired a reputation for them. We are as careful in securing the very best material to-day, as when we began manufacturing. Every corset goes through the hands and under the eyes of four different inspectors before it goes into the packing-room, and any purchaser of our corsets will confer a favor by returning one which is discovered to be defective."

The factory of Warner Brothers, at Bridgeport, is but one department of their vast business enterprises. The main salesrooms are in New York City, under the immediate charge of Dr. Lucien C. Warner, who attends to the sale of the goods, the purchase of the materials, and to the general financial management. In this work he has the assistance of his life-long friend and college classmate, Mr. J. J. Wilson, and a large corps of salesmen, book-keepers and clerks. Three years ago, a branch house was opened in Chicago, under the able management of Mr. J. A. Miner, and from here their very large Western trade is supplied. There is scarcely a town in the entire country, from Maine to California, where their goods are not sold, and where the name of Warner's Corsets is not a household word.

One reason for the great success attending their business is that Warner Brothers have always sold their goods at a reasonable profit. Although their corsets are protected by over thirty different patents, they have not made this an excuse for charging exorbitant prices; but have chosen the wiser and more liberal course of using their patents to protect the public against worthless and deceptive imitations of their goods. This firm was the first to make popular a corset with a full bust in front, and so do away with

injurious padding. Three years ago, Dr. I. De Ver Warner invented, and the firm introduced, Dr. Warner's Flexible Hip Corset, in which the bones over the hip run, like the ribs, horizontally around the body. This makes a corset which is easy and comfortable, and prevents the bones over the hips from breaking.

The latest and greatest invention of Warner Brothers was the Coraline, which was introduced two years ago, in the spring of 1881. Coraline is now employed as the stiffening material, not only in the special corset known as the Coraline Corset, but also in the Health, Flexible Hip, Nursing, Abdominal, and other popular styles. It seems likely in a little while to entirely supersede horn and whalebone in the manufacture of corsets, as it is superior to these in every way. It is far more durable; it is not affected by cold, heat or moisture; it is sufficiently firm and elastic to prevent the corset from wrinkling—which is all that is required—while it is also so flexible that it allows freedom in the movements of the body, and adds greatly to the health and comfort of the wearer.

A few years ago it was thought that only common goods could be made in this country, and that all fine corsets must be imported. To-day the better grade of goods made by Warner Brothers excels in quality and workmanship the finest imported corsets. But it is principally for the improvements in shape and construction which they have introduced that the connection of Warner Brothers with the manufacture of corsets is remarkable. They have demonstrated that "tight-lacing" is not essential to grace or beauty of form; and while impractical dress reformers have been preaching reforms which no one would adopt, Warner Brothers, by introducing properly-fitting corsets, have given practical aid to the health and comfort of several million ladies. This is some compensation, at least, to the stronger sex, when reflecting that in the United States about ten million dollars are paid annually for corsets.

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"MISTRESS MY OWN."

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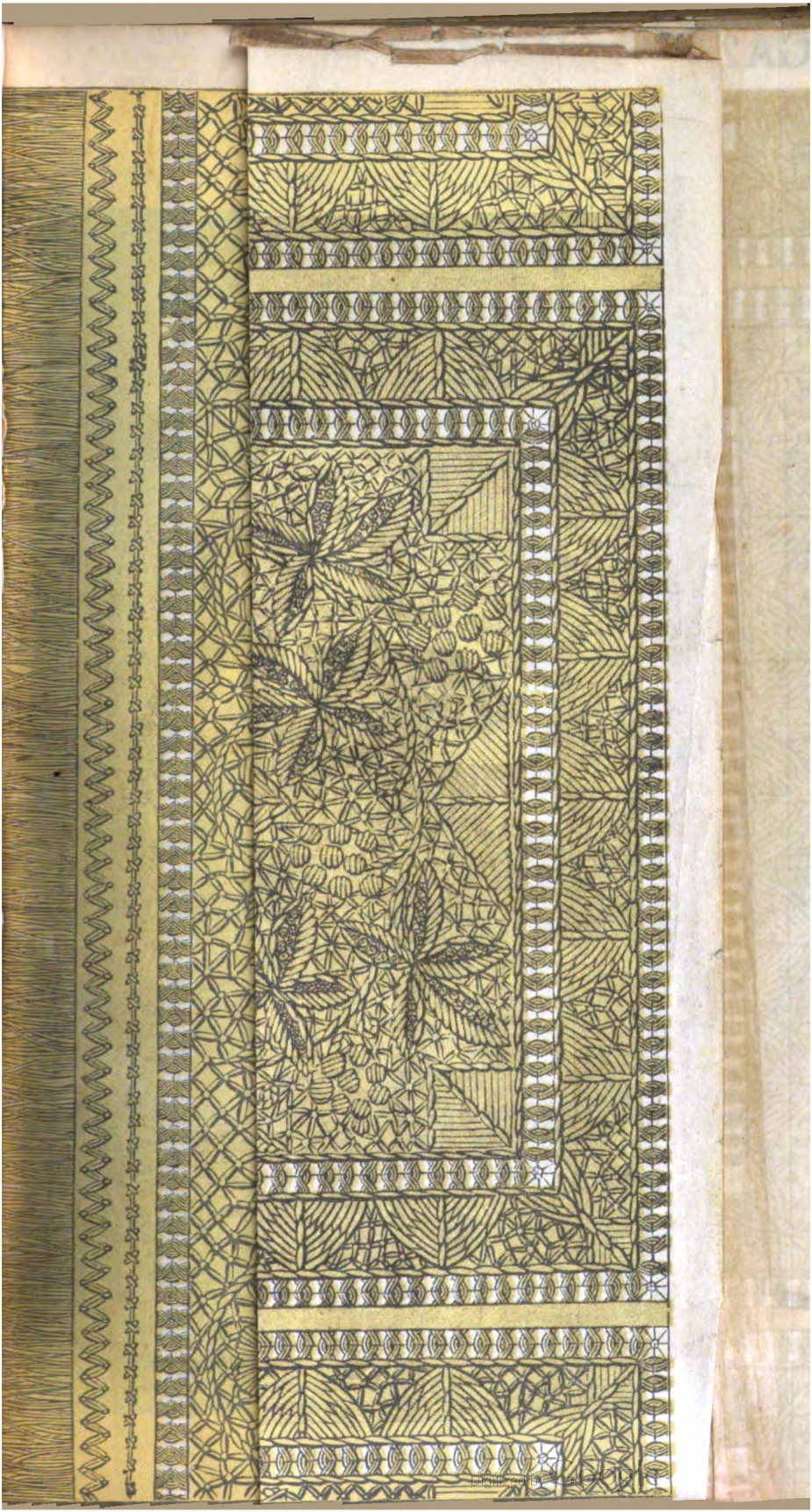

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WHICH IS THE PET?

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CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR JUNE. STRAW HAT.

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NEW STYLE SATEEN DRESS: BACK AND FRONT.

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BLACK GRENADINE DRESS; FRONT AND BACK.

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BACK AND FRONT OF JACKET. HAT.

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NEW STYLE JACKET. BASQUINE JACKET. BONNET.

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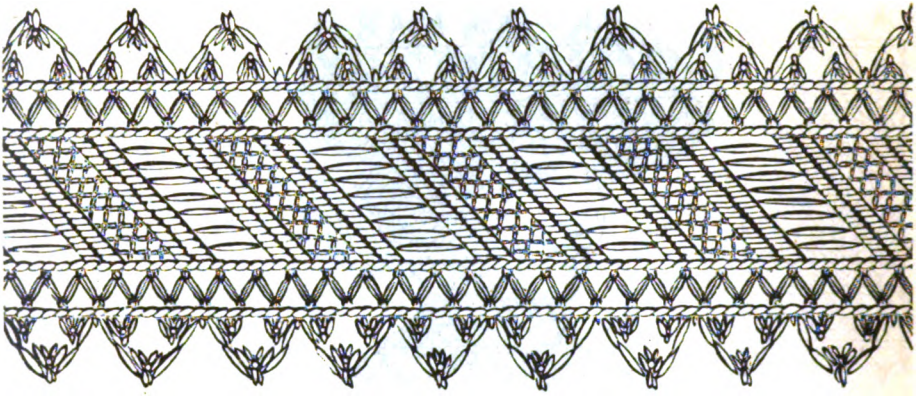

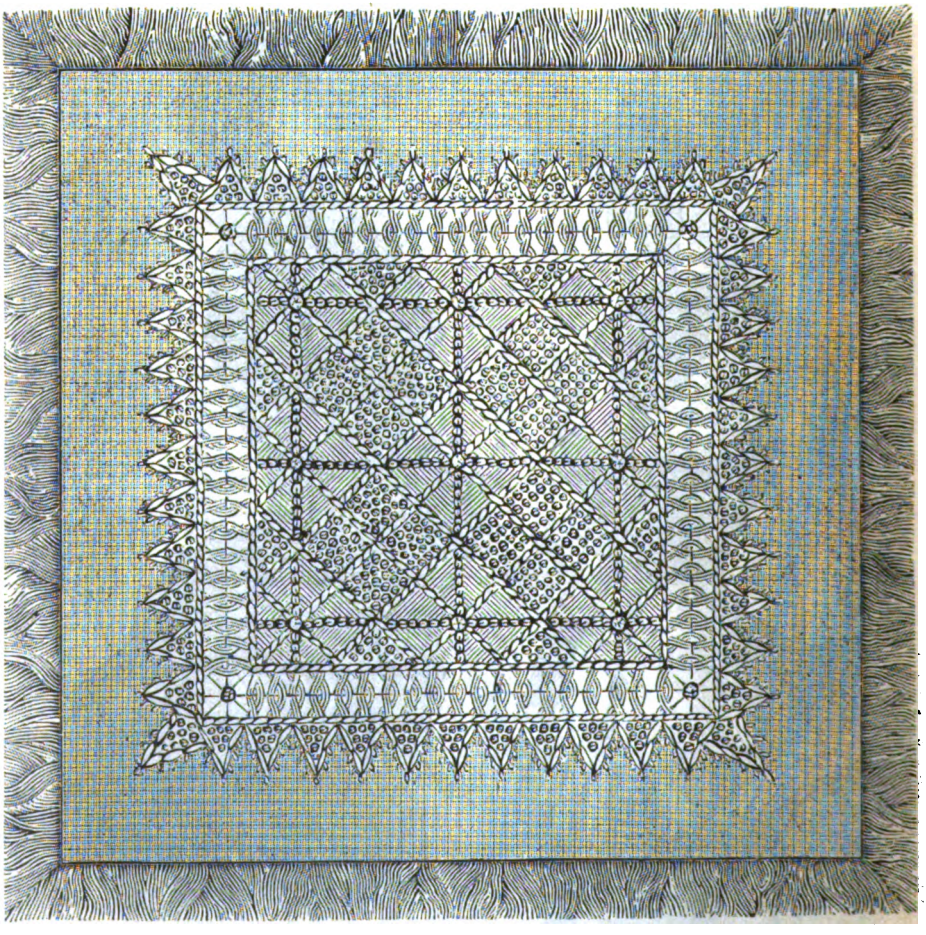

BORDER FOR THE QUILT. D'OYLEY IN SILK EMBROIDERY.

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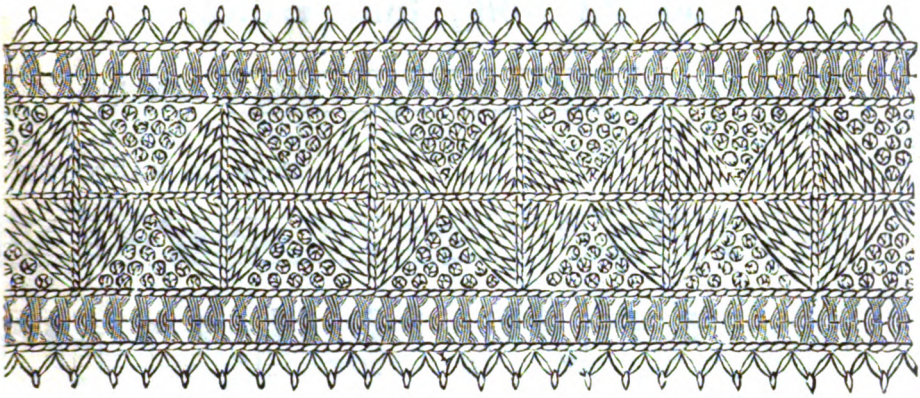

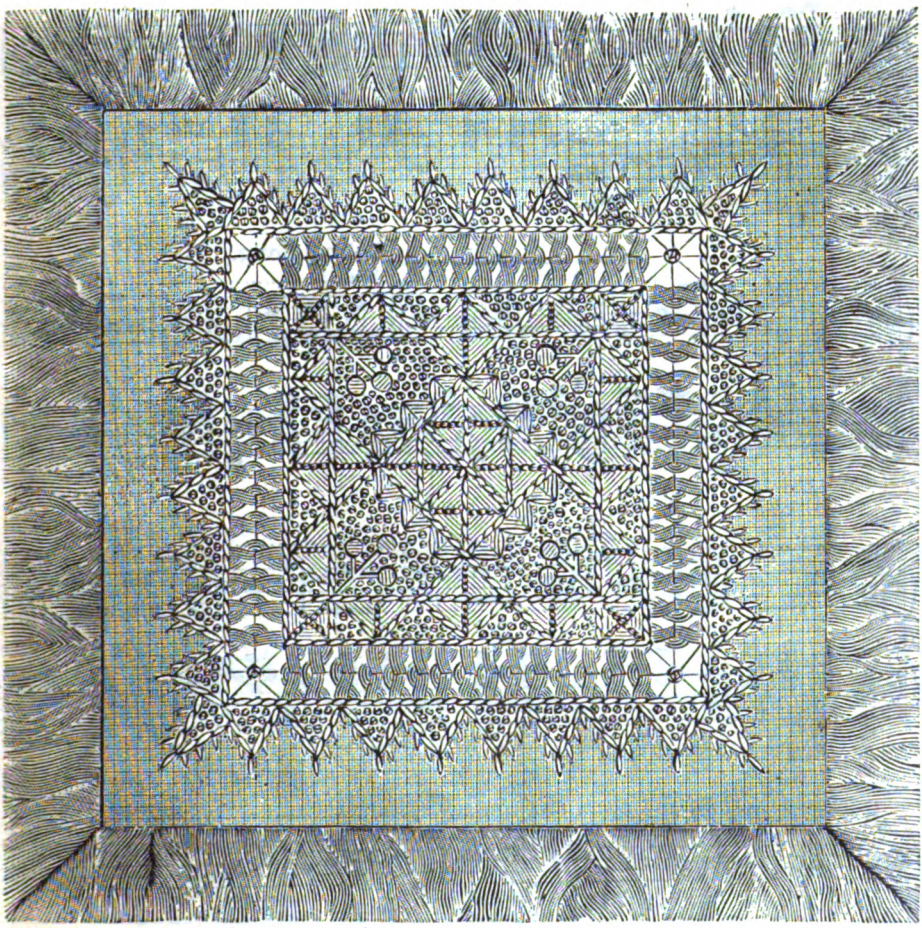

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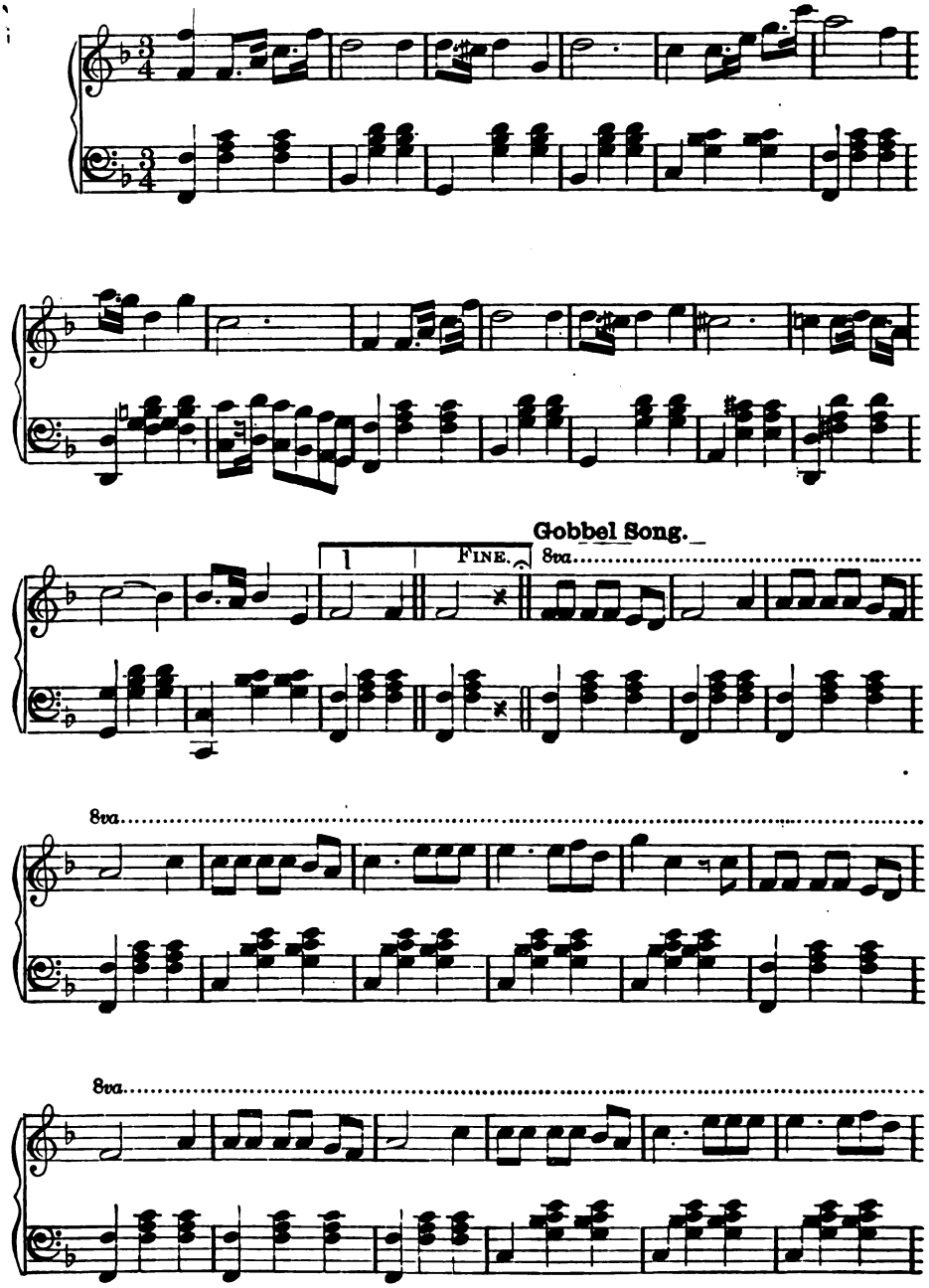
Gobbel Song and Waltz.

As published by SEP. WINNER & SON, 1007 Spring Garden St., Philadelphia.

From LA MASCOTTE.



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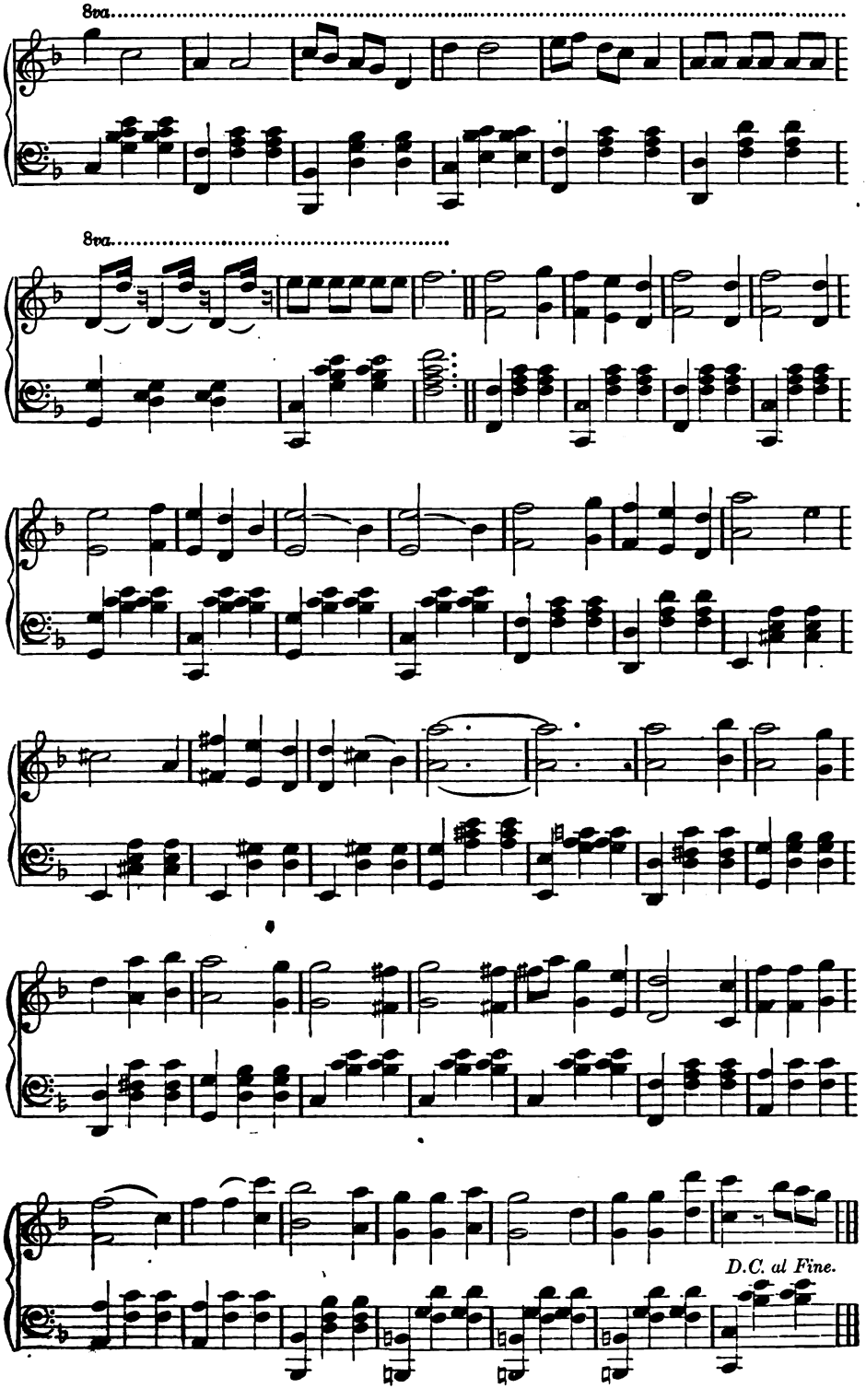

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LATEST STYLES FOR BONNETS AND HAT.

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXXXIII. PHILADELPHIA, JUNE, 1883. No. 6.

"PHIL."

BY FANNY DRISCOLL.

SHE had gone from the room to get a wrap for our drive, as I had told her it had come up quite cold; and she had looked back with a smile as she went away. She had a slight flush on her fair, proud face, too; with a deep sweet light in her violet eyes.

She was very calm and cold, this love of mine, Rene Snowden. But I loved her the more for that, in contrast to my own fire and restlessness. I hardly knew how I had won her. So many had tried and failed. She had always been indifferent and disdainful, but she was the one perfect woman in the world for me. No one else had read the pure, unsullied heart; the white, chill nature, that could glow to such warm tenderness beneath love's magic.

I was wandering about the room while I waited; for apparently she could not find a wrap at once. I drummed idly on the piano; I took a few turns up and down the room; and then, verifying the old distich about "Satan and idle hands," I did an unpardonable thing—I read an open note lying on Rene's escritoire. I did it mechanically, on my word; and had read it before I realized my own impertinence. I had looked at it idly; a square, heavy sheet of ivory paper, written over with a dashing chirography; but I was brought to the vivid realities of life suddenly enough upon its perusal. It read thus:

"HAVE I lost you, my Rene? Is all over between us now? And such a little while, since we made our vows to each other! Such a little while, since you were the snow to my fire—such a little while since we parted! And now, this usurper has come between us! How can I forgive you? And yet I must always love you. I will be with you on the fifteenth. Let me have you to myself for a little while; for a little while be all my own, as in the old days. You owe me this much. Your despairing

PHIL."

I read it twice. I felt blind, dumb, choking. I walked to the door. I heard Rene's silken dress swishing on the stair. I heard her voice call in a tone of alarm: "Felix, what is it?" But I did not turn nor speak, but rushed out of the house.

It must have been an hour or two after, when I awoke to life and the world, and found myself driving madly along the roads outside of the town, with my brain on fire.

That night, I took the night-train, and spent a week rushing frantically from one place to another, never stopping even to sleep at any hotel. All the time I was saying to myself: "How can a woman be so false?" I had been a slave. From the first moment I had met Rene

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Snowden, I had been bound hand and foot. She was a woman of the world—I was warned: beautiful and dazzling; and played with men's hearts as a child with toys. But I had not believed it. I had thought her "pure womanly." But now I woke from my delusion. What a fool I had been. I had thought—ah! had she not told me, with that flush in her lily-face, with that light in her sapphire eyes?—that no other man had kissed the scarlet, tender mouth; that no other man had held her in his arms; that only for me had her heart awakened.

Fool! Did they not all say that? Were they not all, every daughter of Eve, faithless and contemptible? Had I wandered about the world all these years, to be beguiled at last by a Delilah, because her face was like a snow-flower, and the sunshine lay in her silken hair? But the proud tenderness—the reserved sweetness—the gracious calm! She had chosen her weapons well. This fair hauteur went farther with a man than all the wild abandon of a less practiced, less artful woman.

At last I came home. Weeks had passed. I was striving to get back into the old ways—to feel the old interests. But I was succeeding miserably. The morning after my return, as I was sauntering idly along, an elegant little turn-out pulled up briskly to the curb, and a light, gay voice greeted me.

"Felix Hawthorne," it said, "*are* you coming to my party, to-morrow night? You have been very rude, for you have not answered my invitation. No one has known anything about you. Where have you been? We have all wondered and conjectured in vain. You look a little under the weather. Is there anything an old friend can do for you?" And a frank hand was extended from the window, and the charming face looked, a little smiling, a little grave, into mine.

"I have been very busy," I said. "Some unexpected complications in business have called me away, and absorbed every moment of my time, for two or three weeks. I throw myself on your mercy, Mrs. Chanfrau, and if you will have such a worthless lounger, I will drop in to-morrow night."

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"Felix, I don't more than half believe you. You don't look well," was the reply; and as the carriage drove away, I saw the pretty, bright face watching me anxiously. "Dear little woman," I said to myself; "how kind you seem. Doubtless, you are as bad as the rest of them," I added, cynically, "if one but knew it."

I had not looked at my letters yet, and so had not read her invitation. Yes! I had looked at one. Rene had sent her servant with a little note, the very night "Phil's" letter had wrought such evil in me, and my servant brought it to me at once; but I had returned it unopened, and without a word.

Next night, a little before midnight, I sought Mrs. Chanfrau's house. Everything she did was perfect, in its way; and if society was ever agreeable, it was in her artistic rooms; beneath her smiles it put on its most honeyed look, and rounded off its phrases with an elaborateness that ought to have made one believe in them.

As I made my way to her, she came forward and put her hand on my arm.

"You do look so very grumpy, Felix," she said, "that I must introduce you at once to my new *protegé*. If anything can brighten you up, it is she. Everyone is in raptures over her. But I warn you: my rose has thorns. Ah! here she is. Miss Everingham, Mr. Hawthorne; Felix, my new friend, Miss Everingham."

I saw a piquant face, like a poppy; dusk and rich; with flashing dark eyes; dark, smooth skin, and crimson lips. She was clad in sombre, barbaric draperies, and looked like some tropical bird, or bud, in her lithe, glowing beauty. I was prepared to be very amiable. But the smile with which she greeted me, at first, faded away as she caught my name; and she bowed frigidly and turned to our hostess, and away from me. Roselle looked surprised, but rattled on, in her lively way. Miss Everingham answered all my remarks with icy monosyllables; and finally, when a blonde and insipid youth came to claim her for a dance, she left me without a word or look, but gave him a brilliant smile of welcome.

By-and-by, I found myself in a quadrille, opposite Miss Everingham. She did not notice me. I might as well have been made of wood. It amused me, at last, to watch her studied neglect and scorn of me, her brightness for everyone else. Yet why did she treat me in this way? I had never heard her name in my life before. How, then, could I be guilty in any way toward her? One thing I noticed: Rene was not there. I had expected her, of course, as she and Roselle were dear friends. Once I heard some one say: "A party does not seem natural without Miss Snowden; it is like the play of 'Hamlet,' with Hamlet left out, don't you know."

"I have not seen her out, even for a drive, for a week or two. I wonder what new whim it is?"

The people had begun to go. I had stepped

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into the library, seeking Mrs. Chanfrau, to make my adieux, when I heard a voice I recognized.

"See if you can find my fan, please," it said. "I left it on the window-cushions, in the music-room, I think. I will wait for you here."

The next instant, a young man brushed past me meekly, in search of the fan.

Half hidden in a big chair, I saw Miss Everingham. I went over to her, and she looked up scornfully, and in displeased surprise. But I was determined to know the reason of her conduct.

"When a man is condemned to be hung, Miss Everingham," I said, coolly, "the Judge always distinctly states the nature of his crime, before administering the sentence. Have you any objections to letting me know what I have done?"

She looked at me a moment very steadily, even contemptuously, I am constrained to say.

"Mr. Hawthorne, when I tell you that I am Rene Snowden's cousin, and dearest friend, you can hardly ask for further information. The fact that no one but I will ever know of your baseness, is the reason that you will still be treated as a gentleman by the world at large."

Before I could reply, the young lady had swept from the room.

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I passed a sleepless night. What could she mean? By morning I had reached a conclusion. I called myself weak and poor in spirit; but I would go to Rene. I would, at least, hear what she had to say.

The servant ushered me into the morning-room. It was untenanted. But I heard voices behind the curtains that concealed a little inner sanctuary, that was Rene's boudoir. As I stood, uncertain whether to go further, and cursing the stupidity of the servant who had not announced me, I heard Rene's voice. My heart, in spite of myself, leaped up at the sweet, weary tones.

"Phillys, darling," she was saying, "Papa has consented to go, so we need not be separated."

"I am so glad!" a fervent voice answered, that I recognized also. "But it isn't the old Rene—dear, *can't* you forget?"

I did not wait to hear Rene's answer. Something within me compelled me to push back the portière, and I found myself in the presence of Rene and Miss Everingham.

The latter looked up at me, perfectly mutinous. She stepped back with a gesture of aversion, and stood at Rene's side as if to protect her friend.

Rene herself started and turned pale as she saw me, and drew herself up coldly.

"Mr. Hawthorne," she said, icily, "you were unannounced. I suppose you wish to see Papa?"

"I wish no one in the world but you, Rene," I cried, the scales seeming suddenly to fall from my eyes. "I have been the most miserable wretch on the face of the earth. I could not live longer without you, and came this morning to hear your extenuation—and tell you mine. I have been an arrant fool, perhaps worse; for I have doubted your truth." She gave another quick start. "But I love you—I have always loved you—I will love you until I die. And I ask you to forgive the wrong I feel I must have done you; for, looking upon you now, in the face of everything, I know you to be high and pure."

Her face had grown whiter and whiter, and her great sweet eyes were looking at me wistfully. Miss Everingham stood by her, but a little in advance, and was facing me with mutinous dark eyes.

Before Rene could speak, her friend broke forth, scornfully:

"You think you can abuse and wrong the tenderest, purest heart that ever beat," she said, "and then come, in your own sweet time, and be forgiven? How dare you? What right have you to be pardoned?"

"Hush, Phil!"

It was Rene's low, even voice that thus broke in upon the other's passionate anger.

A light all at once flashed upon me, at that word "Phil."

"Listen to me, Rene," I cried, breathlessly. "The morning that I waited for you, the last time I was here, I wandered around, and finally committed the unpardonable offense of reading a slip of paper on your desk—a page, filled with despairing and passionate love, signed 'Phil.'"

Miss Everingham started violently, and then stepped toward me with an eager gesture. But I continued, passionately:

"I had set you up so high in my soul, Rene, that this blow crushed me. The whole world was changed to me, and I believed you false. But I came here this morning, willing to believe you all that I once believed—"

Suddenly a riant, joyous voice broke in:

"*I* am Phil," it cried; "Rene always said I would get myself into trouble with my theatrical notes, in the days when we had sworn eternal maidenhood and fealty to each other. Why don't you speak, Rene? You won't let him go now dear? He has loved you all the time—and what if you had read a note like that, written to Mr. Hawthorne, and signed 'Maud'—would not you have been cruelly hurt?"

But the curtains had fallen behind Miss Phillys Everingham, as she swept into the other room, and Rene and I were alone in the boudoir. Rene was in my arms.

A WOMAN'S HEART.

BY MARY MIDDLEMORE.

Be still, oh wayward heart, and make no sign,
His footstep draweth nigh;
Chain as with steel those quick'ning throbs divine,
When he is by.

Hang out no crimson signal, conscious cheek,
For his quick eyes to see.
Betray not what my lips are slow to speak;
It must not be.

If e'er he comes on bended knee to sue,
I shall not turn away;
But till he speaks the words that lovers do,
My heart I sway.

My wayward heart that fain would break away,
And seek its very own;
But, foolish wayward heart, until that day
Be thou as stone.

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"MISTRESS SOFT-EYES."

BY MAUDE EWELL.

CHAPTER I.

One dewy August morning, more than twenty years ago, a young gentleman was traveling in Virginia. He had suddenly remembered, when his summer vacation came, that he had some cousins in Fairfax County, who would doubtless be charmed to see him, for they had given him more than one invitation. So he sent them a letter of warning, and deciding that a horseback ride was the best thing for his health, he secured a tall, raw-boned creature with a swift trot, but mischief in her eyes, and began his journey.

Being town-bred, he did not ride with much grace or agility; but he managed to keep his seat, nevertheless. At last he saw, in the distance, a house, faintly discernible through a wilderness of trees, and was wondering if it could be his destination, when there was a crackling sound, the flutter of something white in a thicket of damson trees near by, and his horse suddenly shied, flinging off his rider; after which exploit the animal ran gayly away.

As our hero rolled into a little stony gully by the roadside, he heard a gurgle of laughter, and glancing up, saw two bright eyes making merry over his discomfiture. Simultaneously, a sharp pain shot through the arm on which he had fallen. He felt that the laugh was an insult, under these circumstances. He scrambled up, but it was only to sink back again, with a feeling of deadly sickness.

"Mercy!" said a penitent voice over his shoulder. "I'm very sorry I laughed at you, sir. I didn't know you were hurt." And scrambling over the fence, the speaker, a young girl, eyed him sympathetically. "Oh, how pale you look!" she cried. "I'm mighty sorry; I'm afraid it was my fault—you know, I didn't want you to see me. Is it broken?" She took hold of the arm and moved it up and down, and when he exclaimed with the pain, dropped it in great alarm. "It's broken right in two pieces," she said, solemnly; "you'll have to go home with me and let us send for the doctor. My sister Frances will do all she can for you—come."

He got up unsteadily and went with her. They soon reached a dilapidated gateway with stone pillars, but no gate; and in the neglected avenue Mr. Winston found his horse cropping the tall grass contentedly. In the distance was the house, with doors and windows wide open; big and high; with an unfinished look, suggestive of disappointed aspirations; the windows shutterless, and the great porch in front, reached by a long flight of steps, destitute of railing or ornament; but the creeping trumpet-vine that clung around it, and the acacia branches that embraced its roof, picturesquely making up for all deficiencies.

He sank upon the sofa as soon as he reached the large and lofty, but desolate, parlor, and was at once surrounded by the ladies of the family. "Quick," said one, who seemed an elder sister, addressing his late companion, "run, Anastasia, and send Uncle Jack for the doctor, and tell father to come. Run!" It seemed to him that there was a look of pleased excitement on Mistress Anastasia's face as she flew out of the room. Presently there entered a dingy, deprecatory little gentleman, who hovered around with the air of one not yet wakened from a dream, watching his daughter's movements with startled eyes. The doctor was not long in coming. He also wore an expression of pleased excitement; and the twilight found Mr. Winston quite comfortable, the dingy little gentleman near at hand, and his daughters flitting softly in and out.

"I'm very sorry fo' this," said the little gentleman. He spoke in a hesitating way, and chopped his words off in the true old Virginia fashion. "I since'ly regrot—that is I'm glad—I mean—well, of cou'se, not that exactly, but I'm sho' I can't express the pleasu'e I feel at having you here. 'Tis an ill wind'—you know the old proverb, ah?"

"Thank you, sir," replied Winston, "you are all extremely kind;" and he then proceeded to give some account of himself.

"Charles Wins'on!" cried the other, rising in some excitement; "yo' cousin Tom lives five miles from here, but you have relations in this house, sir, who are as glad to see you as he would be. Francis Hathaway is my name, sir. I s'pose you've heard yo' father speak of me. I'm yo' third cousin, sir, twice removed. Charles Wins'on—what pleasant rec'lections of the past that name brings up! I'm happy to make yo' 'quaintance, sir." And clasping Mr. Winston's hand with cousinly fervor he plunged into a

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minute explanation of the relationship between them, involving the histories of several generations of Winstons and Hathaways, an explanation which had a most confusing effect on his hearer, who was lost in the hopeless entanglement of names and dates.

When the ladies appeared again they were presented to "Our cousin, my dears, Mr. Charles Wins'on;" and they greeted the newly-found relative with kindly smiles that pleased and touched him. Miss Frances, the eldest, was tall and angular, with a face that was still pretty, though careworn; her eyes expressed patient anxiety; and her whole appearance showed that she was much older than the younger sister. The latter, Miss Anastasia, in face and figure was at least fifteen; but she was dressed like a child of ten, in a short frock and a long-sleeved high-necked apron. Her light-brown hair was put back, and tied with a bit of faded ribbon. Everything in the house, however, seemed faded but her eyes and complexion. The quaint simplicity of her attire, the demure yet graceful poise of the well-shaped head and shoulders, pleased Mr. Winston's critical eyes; and he lay watching her from his shadowy place on the sofa, while he talked to Mr. Hathaway and Miss Frances, or rather listened while they talked to him; for Mistress Soft-Eyes, as he mentally christened the younger sister, was as mute as a mouse, not only at first, but during all the evening.

The fracture of the arm proved to be a simple one, and healed rapidly; and Winston was so well contented with his quarters that he cheerfully resigned all idea of going farther; indeed, he did not even send an explanation to his cousin Tom; and that gentleman probably thought, if he thought of it at all, that the visit had been given up. The whole place was surrounded by such an atmosphere of dreamy quiet; it seemed so secluded among its encircling trees, that he could not shake off the feeling of being miles and miles away from any other house. The more he saw, meantime, of the Hathaways, the better he liked them; they were the best, the kindest, the most unpractical people in the world, he thought; and he sighed to see the evidences that they were sinking down, slowly but surely, into poverty, perhaps want. The head of the house dreamed away his innocent life in seeming unconsciousness that his property was slipping out of his hands; that his house was fairly tumbling down over his head. The only books he read were the Spectator, Pope, Swift, and other writers of a hundred years ago; his ancestors had bought the books when they were new, and he had never added to them. There was not even a newspaper. He had an invalid sister, Miss Margaret, and an only son, who had gone to try his luck in that boundless field of adventure vaguely called "the West."

"He is trying to retrieve our fallen fortunes," said Miss Frances, with a little touch of that pathetic pride which has come to look on fallen fortunes as its just and honorable heritage. Miss Frances shared her father's forgetfulness of the flight of time; she treated Anastasia like a child, and dressed her in the short frocks and long aprons that she had made for her five years ago; meanwhile the little romp of ten had grown tall and womanly, with the step and eyes of a gazelle.

Anastasia was Winston's most constant companion during those long, pleasant, languid days, when he lay on the sofa, or lounged about the big shady garden; for Miss Frances was busy with her household affairs. Our hero treated her in a patronizing, elder-brotherly fashion, that did not seem to give offense; it pleased him to hear her frank childish talk; she impressed him as being a charming contrast to most of the city-bred girls he knew.

CHAPTER II.

"SOFT-EYES," he said, one day, twisting a long flexuous lock of her hair around his finger, with dangerous cousinly familiarity, "don't you ever get tired of your life in this lonely place? Don't you sometimes wish you could go away, and see something of gayety, and mix with other girls?"

She met his inquisitive eyes with a startled flash of her own.

"What makes you ask me that?" she said, quickly. "Do you think it so very dull and tiresome?"

"Oh, no," he answered. "I like it very much; but then, I have you all to talk to and amuse me. Besides, I'm company, you know. But you've lived here ever since you were born, and your sister and aunt are so much older—that I think you would want a companion—somebody nearer your own age, I mean."

"No, I don't," said Anastasia, loyally, though something in the sudden gravity of her face told Winston that he had suggested a feeling not unknown to her, if unconfessed. "This is my home. I love it, and I would rather live here than at any other place. I don't get lonely here, and I don't want any young companion. Father, and sister, and aunt, and Uncle Jack, are my companions—there!"

Her tone of defiance amused him, and he pur-

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sued his inquiries, though conscience pricked him, as he said:

"But wouldn't you like to go visiting, sometimes? Say to parties, with a white dress on, and—and flowers in your hair, and things like that?"

Here, as Mr. Winston's ideas of fashionable dress were of the vaguest kind, his description broke down ignominiously.

"I don't know," she answered, with a little falter of indecision. "I never thought about it much. Perhaps, if I were rich, I would like it. But I do go out sometimes," with animated pride. "Sister and I go to spend the day at places—our neighbors, you know; but I don't like that much," with a little shiver. "Oh, it's so tiresome to sit and listen to people talking over one's head; for they never talk to me. I suppose it's not polite to take a book and read, or I might enjoy that. And I hate the girls I see—indeed I do—they giggle, and look at each other; and I think they are laughing at me in my old faded frock. They have beautiful dresses, all sorts of pretty colors, with ribbons and things—nice and new; but my frocks are always made out of somebody's old ones. Why, I declare," cried she, with the air of one suddenly awakened to surprise at some long familiar fact, "I can't remember—I don't think I ever had anything new in my whole life."

Winston laughed to conceal the effect of this pathetic little confession. Remembering what Miss Frances had said about the fallen fortunes of the family, he was able to understand the cause of Anastasia's mortifying experience.

"Never mind, Soft-Eyes," he said, with a thrill of generous indignation, at sight of some tears that had risen in her eyes. "Beauty is beautiful in the shabbiest garments; you have that for your consolation. And then your turn will certainly come. When I am married, you must come to see my wife and me. You and I are cousins, you know."

"Are you going to be married?" asked Anastasia, with sudden, startled interest.

"Yes," he answered. "Sometime—perhaps next year—I don't know. Do you want to see my sweetheart's picture?"

He took out an ambrotype as he spoke, which represented a pretty coquettish face, of the pink and white style, looking from an aureola of golden curls. How different from the latent passion and noble outlines of that face that bent over it now with such attentive grace.

"She's beautiful," said Anastasia, warmly. Then, drawing a little nearer: "I suppose you love her very much. Tell me, Cousin Charley, do you really feel like that? It must be very singular."

"Like what?" he asked, rather shortly, and with a little frown.

"Oh, like people do in books, when they are in love. Like Romeo—like Troilus—like Valentine, when he was in love with Sylvia. Don't you remember what he said?"

And her voice took on a thrilling vibration, as she repeated those passionate lines—who does not know their beauty?—beginning:

> "What light is light if Sylvia be not seen?
> What joy is joy if Sylvia be not by?"

"Is that the way you feel, Cousin Charley?" she cried. "It must be very strange. Is your love like that?"

"No," he answered. "I am not so unfortunate. You see, I enjoy many things in the absence of my fair lady. Lovers now are more commonplace and—less devoted, I suppose."

"Well, do you think people ever feel so, except in books?" asked Mistress Soft-Eyes, with incredulity in her tone. "It must be very singular—and—and inconvenient. Indeed, I don't think I could ever love anyone so much."

"Oh, I don't know," said Winston, in his most elder-brotherly manner. "Some people are more impulsive and self-forgetful than others, and perhaps devotion has grown tame and cool in these degenerate days. You see, the difficulties are not so great—fair ladies are so easily won—"

"Oh," interrupted she, with a little horrified start. "Easily won? But how can they be? Why, I would never, never let anybody think that I liked them—in that way," with a vivid blush, "unless I was very sure; unless they had proved, over and over again, that they loved me better than anybody or anything else in the whole world. But I don't suppose that I shall ever be troubled about such things. I don't suppose anybody will try to win me," folding her hands with a soft little sigh.

He looked at the beautiful face and smiled, but said nothing. The subject was distasteful to him, and he was sorry to have introduced it. He looked at the picture, and somehow it had lost a faint glamor that used to belong to its prettiness. The image of the original, that imagination once made so beautiful, seemed to have grown dim and uninteresting. Winston wondered to himself how he had drifted so easily into that engagement. She certainly had not been hard to win. She had somewhat resembled a ripe peach, that drops unexpectedly into the idle hand that merely caresses its downy beauty.

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Suddenly, Anastasia burst into a laugh.

"Why, how funny it would be," she cried, "to see you married. I cannot imagine it."

"But why?" he asked, the least bit chagrined.

"Oh, you are so young. You don't seem so very much older than I am. Yo' face," dropping into her Virginia accent, "is smooth, and yo' eyes like a boy's. Oh, it would be ridiculous."

The cool gray depths of Mr. Winston's eyes showed a passing breeze of irritation; for he had always been sensitive about his boyish appearance.

"Do you think so?" he said. Then he made an effort to change the subject. "So you read Shakespeare," he added, "and learn the most romantic parts by heart—eh, Soft-Eyes?"

"Oh, no," she answered, with a blush. "I don't learn it. I only read it over once or twice; and it comes to me afterwards. Yes, I have read all the plays. I like them better than anything else. I have read all the books in the house; but I like Shakespeare best."

Then with that womanly cleverness that sometimes startled him, she discussed, with no small amount of critical insight, the relative merits and genius of those dull old volumes, that had failed to satisfy her healthy intellectual thirst.

"Did you ever read any of Scott's novels?" he asked. "Do you know anything of Byron, and Shelley, and Wordsworth? Or Tennyson, or Longfellow, or Hawthorne?"

"Why, I never even heard of them," with great humility. "I suppose the books I have read are very old-fashioned now. I don't like novels one bit. We have Clarissa and Sir Charles Grandison; but they are so foolish and tiresome; and as for Peregrine Pickle, and Tom Jones, and all of them, I hate 'em; they are detestable."

"I'll send you some of my books when I go home," he said, "some that I know you will like. I go, you know, to-morrow. You must write to me, Soft-Eyes, won't you?"

"I can't promise," she answered. "I never wrote a letter in my life. You would be shocked at my handwriting and bad spelling. Oh, you don't know how ignorant I am. I never went to school a single day."

She watched him anxiously, to see the effect of this shocking revelation; and brightened when he only laughed, and said:

"Don't grieve about it, Soft-Eyes. The effect of this disadvantage has not quite uncivilized you. But how did it happen?"

"We have been so poor," was her reply, "ever since I can remember, that there was no money to send me to school. I used to say my lessons to Sister Frances; but she was always so busy, and then she had forgotten some things; and I always hated to do sums and write copies; and so," she concluded, meekly, "I'm afraid I didn't learn as much as I ought."

When the next day came, Miss Frances gave him a cousinly kiss, and a kindly invitation to come again. Then he turned to where Anastasia stood, looking very grave.

"Good-by, Soft-Eyes," he said. "Don't forget that you are to write to me; and think of me when you read the books I'm going to send."

He took her hand, as he spoke, and made a motion as if to kiss her; but she snatched her hand away, and cried, with a sudden burst of tears: "I don't want to kiss you—there!" and rushed out of the room. Somehow, a faint electrical thrill shot through him. What did it mean? He broke into a nervous little laugh, and blushed crimson.

All that day, and for many days after, Mr. Winston was haunted by the memory of two lovely tearful eyes—Anastasia's eyes, when they last met his own. It made him angry.

"Pshaw!" thought he, "I'm surely not such a weak-minded fool as to fall in love with a child like that—when I am engaged to another woman, too. A man of my age, full twenty-six, ought to know better. It's absurd."

But the haunting eyes continued to trouble him. He wrote to the Hathaways, and received, after some delay, a kind answer from Miss Frances, in quaint boarding-school-composition style. Then he sent another letter, and the books he had promised Anastasia: some of the Waverley novels, David Copperfield, and several little blue gilt-edged volumes of his favorite poetry. The thanks and acknowledgment came, after awhile, in a little note, all on one side of the paper, in a large, stiff, scrawling hand; a very polite and ceremonious little letter, that Mr. Winston put away in his pocket-book, taking it out sometimes to read it, with an amused smile, then laying the little scrap of paper tenderly back again. But his next letter was not answered for a long time, and the next not at all. So his correspondence with the Hathaways died a natural death, and the remembrance of his stay with them seemed like a dream, though a dream that had made a lasting impression upon him.

Meantime, his engagement had been broken. But not by him. For while he was struggling to regain his old consistency, and wasting time in angry self-accusations for his indifference, there came a letter from the lady—she had not the courage to tell him when they met, the evening before, for, poor fellow, what a blow it would be to him—begging to be released from her

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promise. Ah, with what a sigh of relief he had read that letter. Let us tell the honest truth. After that visit to Virginia, he had fancied his fiancée changed. The chatter was tiresome to him, that he had once thought so amusing; her songs were stale and commonplace; and one day, when he detected a dash of rouge on her plump cheeks, rebellious memory showed him Anastasia's tender generous bloom. He was a man of too much honor to have broken the engagement; but do you think he was sorry when it was broken by the lady herself?

CHAPTER III.

The next year the war broke out between the North and the South, and many summers and winters passed before Winston heard of his cousins in Virginia. Meantime, how had it fared with them? Badly enough, heaven knows, especially with Anastasia. The contentment she had confessed to Cousin Charles left her, after that day when she so passionately refused to kiss him. Neglectful of her former duties and amusements, she moved with fitful steps through the dull house, while Miss Frances and Miss Margaret, noting the lustre of her eyes, the flickering blaze of color in her cheeks, glanced at each other in surprise. "How pretty she was," they said, with admiring exultation. They observed her unusual silence; but with a kindly delicacy left her to herself.

All this while she thought of Winston, with a shrinking consciousness that he had wounded her, though she would have died sooner than acknowledge it. The books he had sent her were read and re-read with keen delight. But his kind answer to her poor little note of thanks somehow made her angry, and produced one of those unreasonable bursts of crying that had lately grown common with her when alone. "I wish that he had never come here," she said to herself; "I wish he had never come. What right had he to tell me about things he knew I could never have? I know he despises me, and looks on me as ignorant and foolish. I know he laughs when he thinks of me—of this place—of all of us. Oh, I hate him! I wish—I wish he had not come."

Miss Frances realized that her child had grown into a woman, when, after awhile, Anastasia left off her long aprons and arranged her dress as far as possible in more womanly fashion. The poor girl also collected some old school-books and began to study them, fitfully at first, but afterwards with increasing interest and perseverance. Then, when she was growing more like her old self again, only older, graver, more womanly, the war came on; and for years nothing was thought of, North or South, but battles, but sorrow, but desolation, but death. Young Hathaway hurried home from the West, joined the Confederate Army, and fell at Gettysburg. Poor old Mr. Hathaway, when he heard this fatal news, was seized with a paralysis from which—the doctor told Miss Frances—he could never recover. Then, in less than a month after, Miss Margaret took a fever and died. When peace came, Miss Frances and Anastasia found themselves more desolate and poverty-stricken than ever. All the servants had long been gone, all except Uncle Jack, whose fidelity, not to say his age, forbade such an idea. Miss Frances devoted her days to the care of the poor helpless old gentleman, while Anastasia was cook, housemaid, washerwoman, everything; for Uncle Jack could render but little aid with his shaky, feeble, withered old hands.

One lovely evening, in June, Anastasia found herself more than usually oppressed by the lonely silence of the house. Decay and dilapidation had made rapid progress of late about the premises. The clusters of roses on the lawn seemed to have lost heart, and courage to hold their own, and were yielding place to crowding thickets of slim young locust and alanthus trees, under whose shadows weeds and brambles seemed killing out the grass. In the garden where she and Cousin Charles had loitered together, confusion reigned, except in one little corner which Uncle Jack still tried to cultivate. But the scene was pleasant, nevertheless; nature was looking her best; one could not help being pleased and soothed. Anastasia wandered about the place, lingering here and there. Presently the slow strokes of an axe caught her attention. Looking up, she beheld Uncle Jack feebly chopping on one of the three remaining logs, that formed their scanty wood-pile.

"Hi, lill missis, dat you?" said the old man, pausing a moment as she approached; "I's tryin' ter cut you some wood; I's tryin' my bes'; but dis ole han' so stiff an' trimbly, dat I can't do much. I isn' much mo' 'count fo' dis worl, lill missis. Dis ole nigger mos' used up—dat's so. He—he—he!" He gave a deprecatory chuckle and resumed his work, while Anastasia, seating herself on the grass near by, watched him with pitying eyes. How old, and weak, and tremulous he looked! How inadequate to his task! It seemed a painful effort for him to raise the axe; and the unsteady downward strokes made but little impression. What a pity! What a shame, that he should have to work so hard!

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Why, he would soon be eighty years old, and here he was, trying to chop wood.

Suddenly she sprang to her feet, with cheeks and eyes indignantly aflame.

"Uncle Jack," she cried, laying hold of the axe with her strong young hands, "give me this, and let me cut the wood. I'm strong—I will do it—you are too old for hard work like this. I can see that it hurts you, all the time—here, give it me."

The horror and amaze in the old man's face almost made her laugh. He held on to the axe with all his little strength.

"W'y, lill missis," he said, when his voice came back after the first shock, "now how you is foolishin'. White quality lady like you can't chop wood. You don't know how. I don't 'low dat—no, no."

"I'll learn soon enough, Uncle Jack. Give me the axe, and let me try."

She took it from his feebly-resistant hands, and planting one foot on the log, as he had done, to keep it steady, raised the implement, with a little defiant fling, and began hacking away fiercely; while Uncle Jack dodged around, trying with frantic gestures to dissuade her from what seemed to him the most "low-life" work she had yet undertaken. "'Deed, Miss Stasy," cried he, with a comical accent of mortification, "'deed, now, don't you do dat, missy. W'at fo' you wan' ter do dat work? Gimme dat axe, lill missis; gimme it, an' let dis yeh ole Uncle Jack cut de wood. What else he made fo'? He, he!"

But "lill missis" was not moved by these entreaties, and Uncle Jack grew more and more excited.

"Now you can't do dat," he cried. "Now you don't know how. You gimme dat axe, an' go tend ter yo' par. I hears 'im a-hollerin' fo' you. Now 'deed you cut yo' foot off. Miss Stasy, you cut yo'se'f now—now stop dat—you hit yo'se'f in de eye wid de chip. Oh-h-h! 'deed you hit yo'se'f in de eye—"

She paused in sudden laughter.

"Uncle Jack," she said, with dignified air, "don't you see how much faster I can do this than you can? It doesn't hurt me—I like it. You go see if my father is awake, and stay with him till I come—go."

The old man hobbled off reluctantly, feeling that the world was coming to an end. Anastasia took breath awhile, and resumed her task, getting very red and hot, but unconsciously showing some splendid curves of her tall slender figure. What graceful sweeping motions of her lithe arms and shoulders, as she alternately bent forward and rose upright. With what a fine high-strung air of determination she lifted the dull old axe; and with what an aimless hack it descended; for nature had not gifted her with such a genius for wood-cutting that her first attempt proved a grand success. But by dint of perseverance, she chopped off several sticks before she paused for another rest.

Suddenly, glancing toward the house, her startled eyes beheld a tall gentleman coming from that direction. He looked handsome, erect, well dressed; but there was an indignant flush on his face; and he came swiftly across the sunlit grass, bareheaded, with hand outstretched, crying: "Anastasia."

"Cousin Charles!" she said, quickly; but drew her hands down, and her head up, with a defensive motion.

"Good heavens," he cried, "this is too bad. Is it possible that you have to do such rough hard work? Is it so bad as this? Here, let me do this for you."

He spoke kindly enough, and tried to take hold of her axe; but she held on to it firmly, waving him away.

"You don't know how it hurts me to see all this," he said. "I had no idea it was so bad. If I could have known sooner, or helped—"

"If you had known, what good would it have been?" she cried, almost fiercely. "What could you have done? We are all ruined—ruined. My brother is dead; it broke my father's heart. He will never be like he was before. Aunt Margaret is dead, too. I know it was the grief and trouble that killed her. We are nothing but beggars—beggars. The old place is hopelessly mortgaged. We are living here because people pity us and let us stay." And she broke down in a passion of tears.

The tempest of grief seemed to soothe her. She looked up, and put out her hand graciously. What a strong, shapely, nervous hand it was, Winston thought; a hand used to work, and therefore not near so white as his own, but taper-fingered, with the slimmest wrist in the world.

"Forgive me, Cousin Charles," said she, "I had no right to speak so. It was not your fault. It was nobody's—it was fate."

"And now let me do this for you," he said, glancing at the log of wood at her feet.

"Oh, no!" with a flush; "there is no need—I—I was only amusing myself. Uncle Jack is with us still, and he does a great deal for me."

"Oh, Soft-Eyes," thought Winston, "you are no better than other women. What innocent deceit will you not all practice, for the sake of keeping up appearances." But he said nothing

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in words; and directly they went into the house together.

"Do you want to see father?" asked Anastasia. "He is very much changed since you saw him last. He does not often know people; but he might remember you." She led the way, as she spoke, to the room where Mr. Hathaway sat, propped up in a big chair, staring vacantly in front of him. The kind old man was helpless and motionless now, except that he moved his head and shoulders from side to side incessantly, with an uncertain, restless motion. When his daughter announced their guest, a ghost of a smile lit up his face, and he nodded several times. "Charley Wins'on—of co'se I know him," he said, "of co'se. Why, Charley, it's forty years since I saw you—forty years—forty—yo' son was killed at the battle of Gettysburg, wasn't he? Oh, no—no, it was my son—mine—mine." Poor old man, his mind was gone forever.

CHAPTER IV.

WINSTON was waiting in the tea-room for the re-appearance of Miss Anastasia. How the old times came back, as he looked about. The same quaint engravings of King Lear and Cymbeline hung on the walls. The curtains that had been almost brown, years ago, were now more faded than ever. But all this changed when Anastasia entered; a sudden flood of light, as it were, pouring into the room. She had changed her dress for an old India muslin, exquisitely fine, but now almost threadbare; one that had been her grandmother's, and was made with a baby-waist, and sleeves reaching only to the elbows. Hearing her approach, he turned and spoke, and she stopped for a moment before entering. The door by which she came led down, by a step or two, to the lawn; and she paused on one of these lower steps, and looked up.

Never, to his last day, will he forget the picture she made as she stood there, holding back her skirts with both hands and looking up smilingly at him, to reply. He looked at her so eagerly, and with such evident admiration, that she burst out laughing and made him a little courtesy, her hands still holding back her narrow skirts. Then she checked herself, gravely. How long was it since she had laughed like that? It gave her quite a guilty feeling. The room seemed to him a little Paradise.

Her tea-table was soon arranged—indeed, there was very little to put on it—and going out she presently returned with a rather shamefaced air, bringing a plate of hoe-cakes and a pot of tea. Oh, Soft-Eyes, how it hurt your pride—this poverty-stricken little repast! You stood at the head of the table with lofty air, but the blush on your cheek was not borrowed from the sunset this time. No, indeed. "Come, Cousin Charles," said she, "you must be tired and hungry after your long walk from the station. Won't you have a cup of tea?"

Of course he would. He took his place and watched her pour the tea out. "I'm sorry I can't offer you a teaspoon," she said, "but they're all gone, and the sugar-tongs too," with a gay laugh. "This tea is a great treat to me, cousin; we couldn't get any for a long time, you know. Oh, dear!" with a sudden little start; "I quite forgot—how is your wife, Cousin Charles?"

He gave a little start. "Oh, confound it!" he said, in a great flurry; "I am not married—what put that into your head?"

"Not married?" With her wide-open eyes expressing more mischief than surprise, however. "Why, you told me that you—"

"Yes, I know," he said, and hastened to explain. "I did have such an idea once, but it never came to anything; it was broken off. My sweetheart jilted me; turned me off for somebody else, you know: a millionaire, a great army contractor," with a laugh.

"What a shame!" murmured she, sympathetically. "I beg your pardon for referring to it. But I didn't know. I wonder that anyone should be so cruel."

"But you see I have survived it. I don't look as if my heart was broken, do I?"

That night, as Winston leaned from his bedroom window, enjoying a cigar and the lovely summer moonlight, he thought of them all with an unusual warmth and tenderness. An uncle had lately died, and left him a large fortune. Why not marry Anastasia, if she would have him? Buy this place, and turn it into a cheerful well-kept summer residence? Having resolved thus, he determined to begin the siege as soon as possible. But he waited, all the next day, in vain, for a favorable chance to speak his mind to her; it did not come till twilight, when he found himself alone with Anastasia, on the porch, watching the red moon growing smaller and whiter, as it climbed up over the tree-tops. Then, with many inward thrills and tremors, and some changes of color that were lost upon her in the dusk, he pleaded his cause, stammering a little, but not without some eloquence, after all.

"And now, Soft-Eyes, don't you think," he said, in conclusion, "you can be happy with me? Will you try, cousin—eh?"

The twilight was over her face like a veil; but the hand he tried to take seemed quietly resistant.

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"I'm very sorry," she murmured, soberly, after a little pause. "How did you ever come to think of such a thing? It grieves me so much to have to say no," (he couldn't see her smile,) "but you won't mind it much, I daresay," with a profound sigh.

"Oh, don't say so," he cried, with tender vehemence, and another futile snatch at that elusive hand. "Why, I should mind it more than I ever did anything in my whole life before. Must you say no, Soft-Eyes? Why should it be no?"

"I will never marry anybody, I think. I'll be an old maid, like Sister Frances. But I wonder at your asking me this. You know you wrote how ignorant I was, and how stupid, and—"

"Don't talk nonsense," with a little quiver of impatience. "You know I don't think you either stupid or ignorant. I never did. You quite misunderstood me. You're too sensitive, dear. No other woman can ever suit me so well. I never loved anyone as I do you. Are you thinking of what I told you once? Pshaw, that was all a mistake—a piece of idle folly."

"Idle folly? Can people put love on and off, like an old shoe? Don't think because I am an ignorant country girl that I am quite an—id—idiot." With almost a sob. "If it had not been for that, I might"—another sob—"I might have loved you, I might have been your wife, but now—"

She shook her head decisively, while our hero began pleading, apologizing, explaining. But in the midst of his tirade, she suddenly started up and ran into the house; ran away to her own room, where, shutting the door behind her, she fell into an agitation of tears and laughter; and even in the summer darkness, and all alone, the hot blushes came and went on her face. Foolish, inconsequent Anastasia. Perhaps if Cousin Charles had seen her then, he would not have looked so down-hearted, when he stalked off to bed.

But Winston was not one to own defeat. His usual determination to have his own way was strengthened by a virtuous feeling that in this case at least his way was the best in the world. So, the next day, and the next, he renewed the attack, receiving always the same answer, though a certain expression of her face, that he caught occasionally, made him think she was not so obdurate as she would have him believe. But on the fourth day, something happened that, for the time, rendered love-making impossible. Miss Frances, going into her father's room, found the poor old gentleman dead in his chair, with something of the old dreamy smile on his face, that he used to wear when Winston first saw him. During the next few days of confusion and distress, both women looked to Cousin Charles for counsel and sympathy. They found him as kind as a woman, and the most thoughtful of men. After Mr. Hathaway was laid away in the wilderness of a graveyard, close by, Mr. Winston held long consultations with Miss Frances, and afterward with the creditors, whose indulgence could not last much longer. Miss Frances returned to her old anxious cares for the morrow, and Anastasia went about with a grave face; while Cousin Charles lingered on, day after day. Everybody seemed taking it for granted that he would stay, and meantime there was a certain softening of Anastasia's manner towards himself, which awakened a glow of delightful expectancy, that made him think this place the most fascinating spot on earth.

One morning, while he was busy with some old yellow papers, that Miss Frances had brought for examination, Anastasia came softly into the room, carrying in her hand a great fragrant rose of Damascus, whose color paled in contrast to that which suddenly burned on her face, as he looked up with an ardent glance. An intuitive perception made him aware that she had come to make a confession of some sort.

"Well," he said, with suppressed excitement in his tone.

"Well," she answered, with a little half-frightened laugh, "I—I want to tell you something—I mean—"

She faltered and paled; but seeing him spring up, with a sudden flush and tremor, she instantly grew calm again, (it is the way with women,) and resumed her old dignity of manner.

"Cousin Charles," she said, "you have been kinder to us than we had any right to expect; we never can repay your kindness."

"You can, if you will," he cried, "you know how."

She waved him to silence. "Then you have not changed yo' mind?" she said, very gravely. "You still think you would like me for yo' wife in spite of my being foolish, and ignorant, and high-tempered?"

"High-tempered? I never said it."

She went on without heeding him: "Well, I wonder at your choice. I thought you had more taste. But if you still insist—I want to pay our debt. I can't bear to owe anybody in the world; and I can't pay it anyway but this. That is," demurely, "if you will take me, sir."

"Sweetest—take you, Soft-Eyes—take you?" And he rushed forward, with hands outstretched.

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But she retreated, putting her own hands behind her.

"Don't be absurd," she said, severely; "I feel it my duty to tell you now, that I don't believe in men loving twice. I take you because I can't help it, and not because I believe you love me," dodging behind the sofa as he pursued her. "And I'm high-tempered, as you said," still retreating, and making a motion towards jumping out of the window as he followed; "and am sure to give you a heap of trouble. I know I shan't like any of the people you know; city-bred ladies—and I don't think they will like me; and that will make you feel uncomfortable, won't it?"

"Oh, confound it!" said he, "I don't want you to like anybody but me. Don't be so tantalizing. Give me a kiss. Gracious heavens, don't I deserve it, Soft-Eyes? Don't I?"

She still kept retreating. "You say, though I don't believe it, that you love me better than anything else in the world."

"Good Lord, have I not told you so fifty times?"

"But perhaps sister will object; you must ask her leave," with provoking gravity.

"She does not object at all; she is kinder than you." Cousin Charles was now on the verge of distraction.

Suddenly her whole tone and manner changed. "Am I unkind?" she said; "I did not mean to be. Don't you remember I said once that I would be hard to win? I'll tell you something I would never have told anyone to save my life—but—but *now* I know you are in earnest. I like you—I don't know if it is love, cousin, but I—I have liked you so for a long time—there!"

During this confession she had changed suddenly from a queen to a handmaid; she grew red and pale by turns; her eyes were more lovely than ever, through the tears that filled them; the hand she held out, with palm upturned, in such graciousness of sweet surrender, trembled shyly. The siege had been long; the terms of capitulation were decidedly favorable to the conquered; but it was a surrender, after all; and doubtless Mr. Winston's heart beat with triumphant excitement, as he advanced to take formal possession of this fair fortress. Perhaps, too, it was not only a hand-clasp that she gave; he had said that he deserved a kiss; and perhaps she may have granted him one—just one. Who knows?

Pshaw! Love-scenes are exceedingly tiresome to all but the actors themselves. Nobody likes to feel *de trop;* it's the most disagreeable thing in the world, and not even atoned for by the gratification of one's curiosity. I wonder if Miss Frances felt the sensation when she paused, for a moment, at the parlor door; then, seeing what she did, decided not to go in, but went softly away again.

VENUS OF MELOS.

BY MINNIE IRVING.

Oh, dust of ancient Greece uprise,
And veil your fallen idol's eyes,
That she may not behold the sight
Of ruined beauty, broken might.

Her splendid temples, once that crowned
The hills, lie shattered on the ground;
The ashes of her priests are flung
To every wind that Homer sung.

And weeds spring up within the halls,
Once sacred to the oracles,
And she from her dark hillside tomb
Has come, but none can make her room,

Save in some gallery long and high,
Where she will stand till by and by.
Across the beauty of her face
The spider weaves a veil of lace,

And round her, like a garment, clings
The dust, and o'er her brood the wings,
Like those of some black bat or bird,
Of darkness, heavy, thick, unstirred.

But he who thinks this later time
Has brought the world upon its prime
Should go as in the years agone—
A laureled poet went alone,

And walked amidst the columns, wrought
Long since by men of care and thought.
He wandered there to be apart
From all companions, save his heart.

And that was sad as sad could be,
For lands that lay beyond the sea.
It was that quiet hour when day
Puts on a twilight robe of gray.

The airs about began to stir;
Uprose the star of Jupiter;
And like an eagle in the sky,
The spirit of the Past swept by.

On graceful pillars, once again,
He saw the temples rise as when
From her majestic throne looked down
The city of the violet crown.

The home of law and liberty,
The stately mother of the free,
Whose children, heroes every one,
Fought on the field of Marathon.

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OUR JONESVILLE FOLKS.

No. III.—THE ECONOMICAL COUNCIL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE."

JOSIAH read to me, out of the Jonesville Record, yesterday, that the old Archbishop of Canterbury was dead, and that the new one was going to call another council of Episcopals, they call 'em "Pan-Angling" ones, I believe; and this reminds me that the Methodists, all over the world, as everybody knows, held a big meetin', year before last, also; an Economical Council, as they called it. Josiah brought the news to me after it was all over, for, you see, we haven't a telephone in our house, or Injun rugs, or any of these new-fangled notions.

"I wish we'd heerd of it in time," said Josiah. "Economical Councils are noble meetin's. They are just what wimmin need: they are just what every woman, far and near, ought to go to. I'll tell you what I'd have done, Samantha: I'd have given you a dollar and a half towards it; I wouldn't have begrudged money; for if they teached wimmin half what I s'posed they did, it would have been plenty of cash in my pocket before the end of the year."

Now I knew that the Economical Council had been held in London village, and I knew that a dollar and a half wouldn't have taken me hardly out of sight of land. And I knew that if I had traveled till my money give out, and they put me out of the boat, why then the solemn feelin's would have come to me—how would I get back to shore agin? I knew I couldn't walk on the Atlantic Ocean—I knew I wasn't a miracle. But I kept my thoughts to myself, for I had a reeson for doin' so.

An' Josiah went on:

"Samantha," he said, "I do feel fairly bad that you didn't take this tower."

Says I, cautiously, (principle made me say it,): "What makes you feel so bad about it?"

"Why," says he, "because I heerd Deacon Ebenezer Scrimshaw tellin' old Sowerby all about it, this mornin'; and he said, Ebenezer did, that he'd have given a ten-cent bill if his wife could have attended to it."

"Wal, why didn't she? She knew it in time. But we live in such an out-of-the-way place—we hear nothin'. We'll not hear o' the day o' Judgment till the day after."

"And that'll be lucky for you," snickered Josiah. "Wal, she had a creek in the neck. She ketched it the day she helped mow the hay. She thought it would save the hirin' another man; an' she overworked, an' her doctor bill has cost Ebenezer over thirty dollars, besides the hired girl."

"Wal, it seems to me that Ebenezer had better have gone to the Economical Council himself; he'd have saved money."

"Oh, shaw! Samantha. How simple wimmin can talk. Men are as economical creeters as the world ever see; they don't need to attend Economical Councils. They may make mistakes sometimes. Ebenezer may have made a mistake in overworkin' his wife the first day; but their principles are square an' firm; they don't need no Economical Council, for they are jist as economical an' savin' as the day is long."

"Wal," says I, "I'm glad I didn't go. It would have cost a great deal, an' it would have been a sort of a unnecessary expense."

"But you had better have gone," he said, and he murmured sort o' low to himself: "I should have got it back agin' before the year was out."

Says I: "I wouldn't have gone an' left you, Josiah."

Says he, sort o' mad-like, and flarin' up:

"What? Awhile ago you was all rousted up about goin' to New York village to see Mrs. Lorne and the marquis. You was fairly bewitched to go."

"Yes," says I, dreamily; "I did want to go. I hain't been there for some time. An' I felt that the village might begin to feel sort o' slighted if I didn't go there agin'. But you know well, Josiah Allen, that I didn't want to go unless you went too. Though I should like to have seen the Economical Council."

"But I tell you the Economical Council wuzn't held in New York village," he said, flarin' up. "Don't you s'pose I know? When did you ever hear of a *man* makin' a mistake? Wimmin is allus wobblin' 'round, gettin' into the wrong places, but you don't ketch a *man* doin' it. However, since we didn't go to the Economical Council, I'll take you to New York, for a tower, instead."

Now I wuz glad to get to New York; but I

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didn't like the way he talked. It's the last straw that kills the camel; and the straw that overcame me was "wobblin'." I wuzn't goin' to be called a wobbler; an' be told that my sect wobbled with impunity. I never said another word about where the Economical Council had been held, though I knew it had been in London, an' not in New York village, an' had told Josiah so. But I went to work an' got ready for a tower to New York, and got Josiah ready. For though a man may be a woman's protector in danger, and her strong tower in adversity, an' a bulwark to the nation, he can't get into his best clothes without help, or find his han'kerchief an' necktie an' hat without the aid of his devoted pardner.

His calls to me for help while he was a-dressin' in the mornin', the day we started, wuz loud an' violent. An' his frantic rushes into my room—an' his onslaughts onto my beauro-drawers—an' his wild statements that I had took every article o' his wearin' apparil an' had 'em on at that minute, or else had hid 'em—was frequent, an' harrowin' in the extreme.

But as every married female knows by experience what these sufferin's are, and every man also knoweth it in his heart, I will, in the language o' the poet, "draw a braize veil" over my sufferin's an' his'n. An' suffice it to say, the hour o' 8 A. M., in the forenoon, found us on the train that bore us on swift towards that noble river, the Hudson, on which, at 11 A. M., forenoon, we embarked, and sailed onwards down the peaceful waters.

Some say that wimmin can't help talkin', that if they can't talk they must die; but I can truly say, that though the surroundin' wimmin was numerous and permiscuss, I couldn't speak a word, for the Spirit o' Beauty had laid her fingers on the lips o' Samantha, an' she wuz dumb (for the time bein'); she had laid her fingers on the eyes o' Samantha, and she wuz blind (as it were) to all about her. She didn't see none of the wimmin surroundin' her, only that divine Spirit o' Beauty, whose home is in the glory of the mountains, the glory of the waters.

Sumtimes the water would lay blue an' trankil an' calm-like—an' then the light would lay in long golden ripples; an' the vessels with their white wings a-sailin' by would each one of 'em make as shinin' a track as if they had sot out for the shinin' shore we read about.

Sumtimes the mountains risin' up out of the water would be dark-green, gorguss mantillys, woven of the fresh tracery o' tree-boughs, an' little white villas would peer down on Samantha from green heights as if they felt friendly towards her an' wished she was inside of 'em. They looked dretful friendly towards her, mebby it was because she felt so friendly towards them; she felt dretful friendly towards them, an' towards the villages that were scattered along the side of the river like clusters o' daisies.

Folks generally get paid back in their own coin in this world, or in any other world I know anything about. An' folks will find what they hunt for; if they hunt for faults an' deformities, they will find 'em; if they hunt for beauty and sweetness, they will find 'em.

Why, good land! if a man takes a dog an' a gun an' goes out a-huntin' eagles, he ain't a-goin' to pay any attenshun to little pups a-barkin' at his heels, or at muskeeters a-buzzin' round him, or to ginny-hens a-screechin' at him from barn-yards to "go back, go back." Good land! he ain't a-goin' back because them ginny-hens advise him to—he is out a eagle-huntin'. An' he ain't a-goin' to aim that gun at muskeeters or pups, them ain't the kind o' game he's after, it's eagles he's after. An' he keeps his eyes right up a-lookin' for 'em where they're to be found, up in the heavens. An' if folks want to find beauty an' goodness, why they must go a-huntin' after 'em; they must fix their eye on 'em, aim at 'em, an' expec' to hit 'em every time.

An' if they feel friendly towards other folks, them other folks will feel friendly towards them.

An' Samantha felt so friendly towards them high old mountains that they looked down upon her as if they loved her. It made her feel well, I can tell you, an' she looked well, too—I knew she did. She didn't look into a lookin'-glass to see how she looked, but I knew that sech soarin' emoshuns as she enjoyed couldn't be goin' on inside her mind without her face lookin' as noble as ever a face looked. Yes, I know jist how her mean looked, as well as if I took it in my hand and gazed on it for hours; an' I have watched means for years an' years, an' probably know as much about 'em as anybody o' my size and heft. But I am episodin'.

Sumtimes them high beautiful mountains rose up, mountain after mountain, each one a different color, an' each one purtier than the other one, away off in front of us, so it seemed as if our path must lay right through 'em, as if the vessel must sail right into 'em. But it didn't.

When we got nearer, the river would widen out in front of us, an' the mountains would keep lookin' down on us.

Soft an' tender an' hazy the far away ones looked at me, some as if they was sorry for me—felt sort o' pitiful an' sweet towards me, an' on some o' the highest ones soft white clouds would float down the sides like snowy pennons flutterin'

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out from hands invisible but loving, in tenderest greeting, bidding me: "Courage, dear heart—keep hope—*bon voyage*."

An' then we would float by 'em, an' some high headland would flash into sight, bathed in such a golden glow that it did seem that if you stood there on that shinin' height, you could look up through the waves of glorified light an' catch a glimpse of the towers of the city: that divine sea-port, whose twelve gates are twelve pearls.

Oh, what a time I did have in my mind; one o' the beautifulest times I ever did have.

An' Josiah Allen enjoyed that scene, too. I know he did. His mean showed it as he sot there calmly eatin' sugar cookies an' cheese. His mean looked purty nigh as sweet as them cookies did, though I made 'em more than half-an'-half—a cup an' a half o' sugar to a cup o' cream.

An' his sweetness o' mean lasted all the way to the village; an' he says to me after we got to our tavern, (a good respectable one, though middlin' noisy on the outside,) he says, with that same sweet mean, and that almost dulcet tone:

"Now, Samantha, since you missed that Economical Council, I want you to pick out any other place of amusement you'd like to go to, an' I'll go with you an' pay the bills like a man. Do you want to go an' hear Beecher or Talmage?" says he.

Says I: "I would love to go an' hear them two men, Josiah Allen, for they are as elequent as elequent can be; but it ain't the night for 'em to preach."

"No," says he, "come to think on it, it ain't. You will have to pick out some other place of amusement."

Says I, coldly: "Josiah Allen, stop sech talk instantly and to once," says I. "You talk about them two noble men as if they wuz circuses."

"Wal," says he, "aint they? I talk as other folks do. You know, when folks come here to the village, for a night or two, they'll think to themselves: now if I can't go to a circus, I'll go an' hear some big preacher."

"Wal," says I, coldly, "you needn't foller up sech doins', Josiah Allen, because other folks do."

I wouldn't encourage him by ownin' it, but I couldn't deny to myself that he wuz on the right cut. I couldn't deny that lots o' folks seemed to want to go to church, not to worship God, but to be interested and amused. That they looked upon the holy walls, consecrated to the worship o' the Almighty, same as if it wuz a tent with a big pole in the centre, for jimnasticks an' rope-walkin'. An' they viewed the minister, who stood between their souls an' the Most High, same as if he wuz a brass band or a clown. But jest while I wuz reveryin' this, my companion spoke up bold as brass, or a copper tea-kettle, or anything else hard an' glossy, an' says he:

"Let's go to the theatre."

"The theatre?" says I, risin' right up on my feet, "the theatre? Be you a jimnastick or agnostick, or whatever it is, Josiah Allen, or is it softenin' o' the brain that ails you?"

"I hain't lunied nor softened," says he, bold as that tea-kettle; "I say, let's swing right out for once in our lives, an' go to the theatre."

"Never," says I, firmly, "never." An' says I, coldly: "What would they say at Jonesville? Why, Deacon Scrimshaw himself is in New York. He'd be sure to hear on it, an' tell. He come on last Tuesday, to his niece's weddin'."

"Dumb it," says Josiah, "I forgot that. But he'll never hear of it. His sister lives over in Harlem. Come on, let's go."

But Bunker Hill never stood firmer than Josiah Allen's wife stood up on top of her lofty principles. His entreaties and arguments fell like the pelting raindrops on that noble statue of B. H.; an' didn't melt me no more than the patterin' summer rain melted B. H.

Says I: "You can go, Josiah Allen, if your conscience an' et-cetery will let you; but I shall *not* go. My principles an' my backache both forbid."

"But," says I, in a awful warnin' an' almost camp-meetin' tone, "if your pasture ever finds it out, or the deacon hears it, I shall tell no lie to shield you. An' it would grieve them good old men to the heart, to even dream that either you or I should go to a theatre."

Says Josiah: "They'll never find it out. I'll go along with my head up in the air as if I wusn't a-goin' anywhere; an' then, when I come to the door, I'll dodge in sudden."

"Wal," says I, coolly, "take your own way; I shan't help you any."

Wal, he hadn't been gone more'n an hour, when he come back lookin' kinder meachin' an' kinder tickled, 'bout half-an'-half, or mebby there might have been a very little more tickle than there wuz meach. An' he said he managed jist as he said he should. He had dodged in sudden, an' jist as he dodged in, another man, who seemed jist as guilty an' 'fraid as he did, dodged in too; an' they came right up together, face to face, an' there it wuz the Deacon himself.

I s'pose them two men felt as if they should sink. Josiah said the first thing he did, he says: "I wuz 'fraid I wuz goin' to have the nose-bleed, an' I thought I'd stop." An' he said the Deacon spoke up awful quick, an' says: "I wuz a-sort

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o' lookin' 'round the city, an' I kinder stopped here. My wife wanted me to look for some red woolen wrappers for her—all-wool."

"Wal," says Josiah, "I guess my nose ain't a-goin' to bleed after all; an' I s'pose we may as well go on—"

"Yes," says the Deacon, "of course. I'm all ready. Do you know how much good red woolen wrappers are—all-wool?"

I have allus believed, to this day, that the Deacon did want the wrappers, and got into there by mistake; but Josiah snickers at the idee. He says no man that wuz after all-wool wrappers would go a-dodgin' 'round in that way, even if he thought it wuz a store. "Can't pull that wool over my eyes," he says, tryin' to joke, and laughin', a foolishness I didn't jine in.

It wasn't till we left New York, that Josiah would believe I was right about where the Economical Council had been held; but everybody told him; and he had to believe 'em, though he hadn't believed me.

Yes, I've seen mad men, an' disap'inted men; but I never see a madder or a disap'inteder than Josiah Allen, when they told him that the Economical Council had been held in London, an' not in New York village.

"You can't blame me, Josiah," I remarked, "for I allus said, you know I did, that it wuz held in London, an' that Queen Victory, Albert's widder that is, presided, for they do say she's the most economical body of all."

"Pshaw," says Josiah, "that's only Joneville gossip."

"That's what they say," says I. "I'm sure I don't know nothin'."

"Wal, wal! keep on contradictin', will you?" he says.

An' says I, mildly but firmly: "It wuz all right, for I couldn't have gone. I couldn't have been transported to England in a minute; an' without that I wouldn't have gone. I ain't a miracle, Josiah Allen."

"Wal, wal! who said you *wuz?*"

YOU KISSED ME.

BY JOSEPHINE H. HUNT.

You kissed me! My head dropped low on your breast,
With a feeling of shelter and infinite rest;
While the holy emotions my tongue dare not speak
Flashed up in a flame from my heart to my cheek.
Your arms held me fast—oh, your arms were so bold!
Heart beat against heart in your passionate fold.
Your glances seemed drawing my soul through my eyes,
As the sun draws the mist from the seas to the skies.
Your lips clung to mine, till I prayed in my bliss,
They might never unclasp from the rapturous kiss.

You kissed me! My heart and my breath and my will,
In delirious joy, for a moment stood still.
Life had for me then no temptation, no charms,
No vision of happiness outside your arms.
And were I this instant an angel, possessed
Of the peace and the joy that are given the blest,
I would fling my white robe unrepentingly down,
I would tear from my forehead its beautiful crown,
To nestle once more in that haven of rest;
Your lips upon mine, and my head on your breast.

You kissed me! My soul, in a bliss so divine,
Reeled and swooned like a drunken man foolish with wine;
And I thought 'twere delicious to die there, if death
Would come while my lips were yet moist with your breath;
If my pulses would stop, if my heart might grow cold
While your arms clasped me round in their passionate fold.
And these are the questions I ask day and night:
Must my lips taste no more such exquisite delight?
Would you care if your breast were my shelter as then?
And if you were here—would you kiss me again

AN EASTERN BEAUTY.

BY ALEXANDER A. IRVINE.

As on some night of winter storm,
  A spicy flow'r will bring
The musky smell, the fragrance warm,
  Of gardens lush with Spring—

So when you come, the Orient seems
  Before me with its spell!
Damascus with its groves and streams;
  Rebekah at the well;

The distant caravans that crawl
  Across the desert slow;
The palm-trees standing straight and tall
  Against the sunset glow;

The twilight plains; the dusky heights;
  The burning stars above—
And all the purple passionate nights
  That throb with song and love!

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THE OAKWOOD TRAGEDY.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 392.

CHAPTER VI.

THE next morning, I descended early, before any of the family, I thought, would be up. To my surprise, I found my guardian waiting in the hall, and as I came down the broad stairs, he joined me.

"I have been on the look-out for you, my child," he said. "I am afraid I frightened you with what I said, when we came in from our ride. I saw how distrait you looked at dinner; and how you watched, first me, and then Norman De Lisle. Forget what I said. I don't know what came over me."

"It was nothing," I stammered. "It didn't affect me—except for awhile. You see I don't look the least bit frightened. Do I?" And I smiled up at him with affected gayety.

"You are as blooming as a rose, at any rate," he replied, after watching me for a moment, "and as plucky as Mahomet itself: that is, if I did alarm you. But come, forget it, as I said. In spite of Mrs. De Lisle, we'll have a gay time. I have written to invite some of the brightest people of Gotham here, and for the next six weeks the old house shall be given up to merriment."

"Oh, that will be delicious," I cried, clapping my hands in true girlish delight.

"A lady," he went on to say, "who was very kind to me in Paris, once, when I was sick in a hotel, alone, has come out to America, on a visit: Mrs. La Croix; and she brings her daughter, Eugenie, with her. I am very anxious to make their trip a pleasant one, as far as I can; and so I bethought me, after we all parted, last night, that I would ask her here for awhile, and get a bright gay party to meet her."

At the breakfast-table, however, when this announcement was made, Mrs. De Lisle looked severe, and would have objected, as I saw, if she had dared. Her son, after a surprised look at my guardian, amounting almost to a stare, resumed his meal in silence. I could not help again, as I had the night before, admiring his extraordinary beauty. He was, I thought, the handsomest man I had ever seen. A pure Greek profile; eyes of a deep brilliant blue; chestnut hair, that clustered about a forehead as white as a girl's; and a beauty of feature that would have been almost feminine, but for the tall and powerful, yet lithe, frame that accompanied it. And yet, with it all, there was something in his looks that made me shudder, as once I shuddered when I saw a man-eating tiger, pacing to and fro in his cage, yet keeping his eyes on me all the while, with a look that even now makes me feel like faintfng, to recall.

"I wonder," I said to myself, "if that is what my guardian felt, when he warned me against him. Or does he know anything evil of this leopard-like, Pagan-looking Apollo?" Then my thoughts changed. Suddenly, I began to wonder about those French friends of Mr. Rutherford's. Why had he never mentioned them to me before? A vague feeling of dislike, from that moment, sprang up in my heart towards Eugenie La Croix.

The next day but one she came. Eugenie La Croix was a beauty of the true Southern type, with long almond-shaped eyes; curling lashes, that swept a cheek whose red rivaled that of the most brilliant carmine; a faint touch of languor in her manner; and a bewitching softness in the expression of her face: rendering her, when she thought it worth her while, one of the most fascinating of women. There was a certain *Je ne soit quoi* about her, however, which confirmed me in my dislike toward her. She evidently cared nothing for her own sex, reserving all her charm of conversation and manner for gentlemen.

A certain patronizing manner, that she adopted toward me from the first, and a way she had of addressing me as a child, made me avoid her society as much as possible. She was apparently on the most intimate terms with Mr. Rutherford, claiming his escort, as if of course, in walks and drives, and in an innocent and beguiling way that made me almost hate her. It was unbearable to me, at first, to see my place usurped by a stranger; but as Mr. Rutherford made no effort to change the order of things, I finally affected an indifference I did not feel, and laughed, danced, and flirted with Norman De Lisle, in reckless disregard of any promise I had made.

Oakwood was gay enough during the rest of the summer. A succession of visitors came and

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went. Every evening there was dancing, often until a late hour; while picnics, rides, and drives innumerable filled up the days.

One evening, there was a larger party than usual. In addition to our own guests, a Mrs. Coralie, who owned the country-seat next Oakwood, had driven over with a party of friends. I was sitting in an alcove, waiting for Norman De Lisle, who had gone for an ice, and not far from me Eugenie La Croix stood, talking to my guardian. A faint, sick feeling came over me, as I watched him bending down to listen to this queenly brunette, who looked like some gorgeous tropical flower, in her black laces and brilliant scarlet.

"He has forgotten me entirely," I said to myself. "He has not a single remembrance of that week when we were so happy. But never, never shall he know how much I cared."

So, when Norman De Lisle came back, I chatted and laughed as gayly as if my heart was not breaking with wounded pride. Accepting his arm, we strolled out on the avenue, and remained there for more than an hour. When we returned, I looked around for Mr. Rutherford. But neither he nor Miss La Croix were anywhere to be seen.

Time passed. The summer was drawing to a close. The guests at Oakwood were planning something new and original for the last week of their stay. All were talking of it one morning at breakfast, and everyone had given his or her opinion, save Miss La Croix.

"And what says ma belle?" asked Mr. Rutherford, turning to her.

"The most delightful of entertainments," she answered, "would be a moonlight masquerade in the rose-garden. A dancer's pavilion could be erected near the centre, with various little arbors for the refreshments; you should have a band of music, of course; let there be no unmasking, but let the guests depart as secretly as they came. So, having done everything under the rose, we can call it a rose carnival."

"Capital, capital!" said a dozen voices. "What a witty conceit!" even cried one, though I thought it very poor wit indeed. Forthwith, however, costumes were discussed vigorously, while my guardian and Miss La Croix began making out a list of the invitations.

I sat toying with my teaspoon, feeling more than dispirited, almost angry. Who was this woman that took it as of course to arrange things at Oakwood? Oh, how I wished I could go away. One of the ladies asking me what costume I had chosen, finally called back my wandering thoughts.

"Mariana of the Moated Grange, judging by her disconsolate air," said Miss La Croix, superciliously looking at me with, as I fancied, a sneer.

"There is no lover, so you see Mariana is an impossibility," I answered, essaying to be calm.

"No lover? Do I hear aright?" cried Mr. Russel, one of the handsomest of the guests. "And she does not even blush when she avows it. Ye gods! She shall own the want no longer. Here, on this spot, I swear fealty to her," and putting his hand on his heart, he dropped on one knee before me, in so ludicrous an attitude that all burst into laughter.

In the same gay spirit, for I was reckless, I accepted his vows, and we exchanged rings, amid the badinage of the company. Norman De Lisle looked on with frowning brow; but Mr. Rutherford never raised his head; he seemed entirely absorbed in Miss La Croix. At last, I could bear it no longer, and, rising, proposed a game of croquet. Half a dozen followed Mr. Russel and myself out to the lawn. But after one game, I resigned my mallet, and returned to the house. Half way across the hall, I met my guardian.

"What is the matter, Elsie? You look pale," he said, stopping me as I was passing him hurriedly.

"Nothing, thank you. I am perfectly well," I replied, coldly.

"Put on your habit, and see if a gallop won't restore you," he said, looking down at me in the old way.

I should, in all probability, have done as he said, if Miss La Croix had not made her appearance, just then, on the stairway, in full riding-costume. If she was to go, I would not.

"I don't feel in the humor for riding, thanks all the same," I said, and passed on up the stairway, never looking at Eugenie La Croix, as she brushed past me.

A few minutes after, I heard the clatter of horses' hoofs on the avenue. Then I indulged in a good cry, and made a firm resolve to leave Oakwood the very day the month expired.

"But I will be as gay as the gayest, meantime," I sobbed. "No one shall know how miserable I am."

That night we were all going to a musicale at Mrs. Coralie's. It was to be a full-dress affair; and I resolved to call in all the arts of the toilet, to enable me to outshine Eugenie La Croix, if possible: at least, to show her and others that I could be beautiful, too.

CHAPTER VII.

I SCARCELY knew myself when my toilette was concluded. Ordinarily, I did not care much for

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dress, and generally wore white. I had heard Mr. Rutherford say he preferred it, and unconsciously it influenced me. So, up to this evening, I had not cared to wear the two or three evening-dresses which had been ordered from the city for me.

My gown was a blue silk, cut away from the neck and arms, and edged with a delicate frost-work of lace. A long train, which made me appear two inches taller; a necklace of pearls; drops of the same in my ears; an aigrette confining my curls: these completed my costume.

When I descended to the hall, I found the whole party assembled and waiting. Mr. Rutherford and Norman De Lisle both stepped forward, as I appeared, Norman reaching me first.

"May I drive you over to Mrs. Coralie's, Miss Graeme?" he asked, eagerly.

"There is a seat for you in my phaeton, Elsie," said my guardian, a moment after.

What should I do? For an instant, I hesitated; then bowing coldly to Mr. Rutherford, I turned to Norman De Lisle, and accepted his offer. Mr. Rutherford turned away, without a word.

"How fearful I was that you might feel yourself bound to accept my uncle's offer," said Norman De Lisle, as we rolled down the avenue.

"Bound?" I repeated, scornfully.

"Well, not exactly bound. But I feared you thought it your duty. Mr. Rutherford, as you may perceive, does not bear me any good-will."

"But what difference should that make in my treatment of you?"

"Oh, you know we always seek to mollify the higher powers," he returned, with a half laugh.

"That is not my creed," I responded, coldly; and then changed the subject.

How I danced and flirted that night. Never had I been gayer, yet never had I been more wretched. Occasionally I caught my guardian's eye fixed upon me in displeasure, doubtless at the reckless way in which I was behaving.

Near the close of the evening, Norman De Lisle came up to me. "How would you like to leave here before the rest," he whispered, "and go home by the Witches' Well? It is only three miles further, and you have no idea how romantic it is there in the moonlight."

"It would be delightful," I cried, reckless what I did. "But have we time?" I added, doubtfully, after a moment.

"Plenty. Slip upstairs and get your hat and cloak. I will have the horse at the gate by the time you are ready."

For an instant, even then, I wavered. But looking around, I saw Eugenie La Croix and my guardian together; her eyes were cast down, the long lashes sweeping the perfect oval of her cheek; while Mr. Rutherford, I fancied, was regarding her with all the devotion of an accepted lover. I grew more reckless than ever at the sight. "Yes, I will go," I said to myself. "What if people do talk? What if my guardian is angry? I care little now what becomes of me." Thinking thus, I turned to Norman and said: "Yes, I will go;" and ten minutes later, we were riding in the direction of the Witches' Well.

The Witches' Well was an odd, wild sort of a place. The road to it led through a wood for some distance, when suddenly, without warning, one came upon an open space, partly natural, and partly artificial. In the centre was a great rock, that seemed as if it had been hurled there for the express purpose of protecting the cool waters that gushed from beneath its shadow. The moonlight fell on the broad space, making it as light as day; while the tall trees seemed so many dark sentinels guarding the Spirit of the Spring.

"Did you ever hear the legend attached to the well?" said my companion, as he lifted me from the carriage; and we turned our steps towards the huge rock.

"Never. What is it?" I inquired.

"The fable goes, that when two lovers drink of its mystic waters at the witching hour of midnight, a spell binds them together forever, through weal or through woe."

"How delightful! I wonder if anyone has ever tried it?" I said, carelessly dipping my hand to and fro in the water that bubbled up in the moonlight.

"Let us try the charm; it is just twelve," he said, looking at his watch as he spoke. He took the cup from the shelf, dipped it full of water, and held it out to me.

But I shrank back. This was becoming too serious.

"No! I have no fancy for being bound," I cried, "I am too happy to be free." I spoke laughingly, but turned away from the cup.

"But would it not be happiness to be bound to one who loves you, Elsie?" he said, in his lowest, softest tones.

"Not if I, on my part, did not share his love," I responded, resolutely shaking my head.

"Then love me, Elsie; for I love you. I love you better than anyone else in the world." His voice was dangerously soft and sweet. The glamor of the hour began to take hold of me. The one I loved cared for another. Why should I not grasp the happiness that was within my reach? A moment I hesitated. Then truth won the day.

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"I cannot, for I have no love to give," I said, gently.

"No love? When I lay my heart at your feet?" His voice was husky with emotion.

I shook my head sadly, but more resolutely than ever.

"Then you love that black-browed uncle of mine," he cried, his whole manner changing. "You have only been playing with me. You do not deny it. But," sneeringly, "I happen to know that my uncle proposed to Miss La Croix, yesterday, and was accepted."

"How dare you speak in that way to me?" I said, haughtily.

"You need not turn away. I swear you shall marry me," with an oath I dare not repeat. "If I cannot have you by fair means, I will have you by foul." And he seized my wrists and held them in a grasp of steel.

"Are you ready to go home, Elsie?" said a voice, coolly, at this crisis, behind me.

Norman De Lisle dropped my wrists, at the sound, and we both turned.

There stood my guardian. An angel from heaven could not have been more welcome to me.

"I have a horse here you can take, Norman," he said; "and as for Elsie, I will assume the charge of her."

With a muttered curse Norman De Lisle turned on his heel. I followed my guardian—oh, with what a glad heart.

The drive home was very silent. I longed to know how much Mr. Rutherford had heard, but dared not ask him, his face was so stern and dark. When he parted from me it was without a good-night.

I knew then that I had not been forgiven. Ah! how different it all was from the gay ride, two short months ago. Then I was as light-hearted and joyous as a child; now, my guardian and I were as strangers to each other.

I spent half the night in tears, and was confined to my bed next day with a nervous headache. When I was able to go downstairs again, I heard Norman De Lisle had gone. He gave Adele a note for me, which I burned without opening, thankful to see him no more.

There was much laughing badinage, when I made my appearance, about Norman De Lisle's absence. Everyone knew that something had occurred the night of my foolish escapade, and most believed it to be an engagement. The note Norman had taken care to leave for me, so publicly, confirmed this suspicion. But Mr. Rutherford never noticed the matter, or even me. He was seemingly absorbed with Eugenie La Croix. Need I say that I was as wretched as I could possibly be, when the night of the rose carnival came round?

CHAPTER VIII.

It was after seven o'clock, indeed fast approaching eight, and Adele was putting the finishing touches to my toilette. I had chosen the character of Perdita, taking the picture in Mr. Rutherford's studio for my model. I wore a dress of silver gauze, cut away from the neck and arms, with a blue girdle about the waist; a delicate wreath of rosebuds confined my curls; my breast-knot was of the same; and a garland of delicate white flowers fell a little below my waist, on the left side.

"You look as if you had just stepped out of the picture, miss. If there was only someone to take the other, now," said Adele, as she fastened a knot of flowers on my crook, and surveyed me delightedly.

"No likelihood of that," I said, as I wrapped myself in a long cloak, and left the house by a back staircase, gaining the entrance to the rose-garden unobserved.

It had taken so long to arrange the flowers, that I was a little late, and the garden was already pretty well filled, when I arrived. A brilliant calcium light flashed from the dancers' pavilion, rendering everything nearly as light as day; while myriads of colored lights, beside, shone everywhere; looking like great fireflies, amid the dark-green of the shrubbery. The fantastic figures moving to and fro; the sweet strains of the orchestra; the perfume of the flowers: made it seem like a chapter out of the Arabian Nights. I stood transfixed with delight. It was all so like a dream.

Suddenly a voice spoke, beside me:

"'These your unusual weeds to each part of you
Do give a life: no shepherdess; but Flora.
This, your carnival, is as a meeting of the petty gods,
And you the queen on't'."

I turned quickly. A mask, in the costume of the Florizel in the picture, bowed low before me. For an instant I was taken aback, then recollecting myself, I said:

"'Sir, my gracious lord,
To chide at your extremes, it not becomes me.'

Come, take your flowers," and selecting, as I spoke, a cluster of tea-rose buds from those on my crook, I held them out to him.

"'When you speak, sweet,
I'd have you do it ever: when you do dance, I wish you
A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that. Each your doing
So singular in each particular,
Crowns what you are doing in the present deeds,
That all your acts are queens'."

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sighed forth Florizel, as he fastened my blossoms on his crook.

"'Oh, Doricles,
Your praises are too large. I would be
Wooed with wisdom rather than flattery',"

I returned, determined not to be outdone in quotations, and only wondering who he was, and how it happened that his costume corresponded with mine so exactly.

"'I think you have
As little skill to fear, as I have purpose to put you to't'."

My reply was prevented by a flourish of trumpets, from two heralds in rose-colored uniform, who ran past, crying "Make way for the Queen of Flowers." Five or six young girls, in rose-colored gauze, singing and scattering flowers as they went, preceded a low gilt and white chariot, drawn by four milk-white goats. In the centre of this chariot stood a queenly Flora, her costume of rose-color and silver gauze completely covered with garlands of roses; a chaplet of the same confined her flowing jetty tresses; and in her hand she held a cornucopia, from which she scattered flowers as she passed. A guard of honor, composed of five or six gentlemen, in the garb of Greek warriors, surrounded the chariot. I was certain, from the majestic form, that this clever *chef d'oeuvre* was none other than Eugenie La Croix; and I looked eagerly among the Greek warriors for my guardian, who I was certain would be near her.

"What do your eyes seek, fair Perdita?" said the mask at my side, who seemed to be watching my every movement.

"A mate for the Queen of Flowers," I answered.

"That would be mine host; 'tis said he bows oftenest at fair Flora's shrine."

"'Tis true, 'tis pity, and pity 'tis, 'tis true," I said, half unconsciously.

"Dost pity both, or one alone?" asked the mask.

"That is a riddle for you to solve, mask," I returned.

"Then it must be our black-browed host, with his grim ways; for surely one would envy, rather than pity, a being so bright and beautiful as yon Queen of Flowers."

"Mr. Rutherford is not black-browed; and his ways are not grim," I said. "They are only real: and I would far rather deal with him than Eugenie La Croix's smooth tongue, with no heart to back it." I spoke indignantly, forgetting, for an instant, where I was.

"Oho! I thought you had neither eyes nor ears for anyone beside that pretty Apollo, Norman De Lisle, whom report says is to marry Mr. Rutherford's ward, thereby securing her fortune of a hundred thousand for his own uses, which, let me whisper in your ear, are various, and will not all bear the light of day."

"Report speaks wrong for once. Norman De Lisle is nothing to me, and never will be," I returned, hotly.

A page approached my companion, at this instant, and placed a slip of paper in his hand, uttering the word "immediate," in a low tone.

With a murmured "pardon," the mask drew near to a lamp, a little distance away. The contents of the note seemed to agitate him extremely. After a hurried question to the page, in so low a tone that I could distinguish neither question nor reply, he bowed profoundly to me, and disappeared in the crowd.

I watched him as far as I could see. Who was he, and what did he mean by his last remark? These were questions I asked myself over and over again. That he knew me was evident, and the more I thought over what had passed, the more convinced I was that he had a secret purpose in what he had said.

Tired at length with puzzling over it, I wandered to the other side of the garden. I was lonely and sad, and fairly loathed the gay scene before me. Almost unconsciously I stopped before the dog-rose. I was thinking over all that had passed since my arrival at Oakwood, and especially of the strange mystery that had met me at the very outset, and of which no one could tell me anything, when I was startled by a quick rush of footsteps down the laurel walk, and a man darted out from under the dog-rose and rushed into the crowd.

He was wrapped in a Spanish cloak, and his face was entirely concealed by a large cavalier hat; but a certain peculiarity of height and gait made me think of Norman De Lisle. What was he doing in that forbidden spot? And why did he seem in such haste? Guilty haste, it almost seemed to me.

Yielding to an impulse I could not define, I put aside the flowery screen, and hurried on toward the maze as if in search of something I dreaded, yet expected, to find. But the maze looked quiet enough in the white moonlight, the laurel assuming grotesque forms in the uncertain radiance. More than once I started at some fancied shadow. At last I was on the point of turning back, when, as I passed a thick clump of laurel, I was startled by a low moan. My heart almost stood still as I stopped to listen. Again I heard it. Quick as thought I parted the bushes, and there, in a heap, as if she had been thrust away for concealment, lay the Spirit of Laurel Walk.

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CHAPTER IX.

Real enough was the drooping head I raised on my arm, and real enough the long flowing hair I put aside from the face and bosom, shuddering as I felt the tresses wet and sticky in my grasp. Involuntarily I held out my hand in the moonlight. It was covered with a dark stain. With a horrible dread I placed my hand on her breast. The muslin of her dress was dripping with the life-blood that was ebbing from a wound there.

I shivered. What should I do? She might die there in my arms before help would reach us. As if in answer to my voiceless prayer, the echo of approaching footsteps smote my ear; and regardless of consequences I raised my voice and called. A minute passed which seemed an hour, and then the mask who had left me in the rose-garden stood before me.

"Help! She is wounded, dying," I gasped.

With an exclamation of horror, the mask was dashed to the ground, revealing, to my amazement, the face of Mr. Rutherford.

"My poor Irene, who could have harmed thee?" he cried, stooping over the inanimate form. "God help us! Has it come to this, that you are to die by a murderer's hand?"

There was a slight quiver of the eyelids; the glorious dark eyes opened once more; the lips essayed to speak, but failed; then all was over.

My guardian's tears fell like rain as he pressed his lips to the pale brow.

After a few moments he raised his face, white and set, in the moonlight, and with the words "follow me," lifted the slight form in his arms and walked swiftly through the maze.

I guessed where he was going, and was not surprised when I found myself passing once more through the arched doorway, up the narrow stairway, into the picture-gallery. I followed his rapid footsteps to the same place where the shadowy form that now lay so quiet in his arms, had shaken back her flowing hair and vanished from my bewildered sight.

Touching a concealed spring, the portrait of "Irene, youngest daughter of Neale Rutherford," swung back on concealed hinges, revealing a narrow opening, through which we passed into a large square room, lighted by a single lamp.

"Have you found her?" asked a voice from the far end of the room; and a tall figure staggered rather than walked forward, supported by Mrs. Haslitt. It was Mrs. De Lisle, her usually impassive face drawn and gray with anxiety.

"I have found her, but only to lose her. Some fiend has taken the wrecked life that God alone had a right to end," said Mr. Rutherford, as he laid his burden gently on the bed.

With a low moan of anguish Mrs. De Lisle flung herself by the side of the couch. It was a strange midnight scene. The dimly-lighted chamber, with its heavy old-fashioned furniture and faded crimson hangings; the slight form on the bed, with its blood-stained robe and long black hair sweeping the floor; the weeping woman by the bedside; and my guardian's tall figure, his face sterner and darker by contrast with the festive costume he still wore.

I felt as if I had no right to intrude my presence on their grief, so I slipped noiselessly from the room.

I stopped for an instant in the arched doorway. Afar off, I could catch the faint sweet strains of the orchestra. A step on the stairway overtook me. It was Mr. Rutherford.

"My poor child," he said, as he came up, "this has been a sad sight for you. Forget, if you can, the dark shadow which rests on Oakwood."

I could not speak, but laid my hand on his in mute sympathy.

"I know," he said, after a little, "I know we can trust you to keep the secret of my poor sister's death. As the last twelve years of her life were spent, so must her death be, both buried in utter oblivion."

"And the murderer?" I exclaimed.

"Is only too well known to me, I fear," and he showed me a stiletto, delicate as a lady's toy, which I recognized at once. I uttered an exclamation of horror. How often had I seen the weapon in Norman De Lisle's hand.

"It was entangled in the folds of her dress, where it had been dropped in haste."

I shivered.

"You tremble," said Mr. Rutherford. "No wonder. You should never have come to this ill-fated house. Here nothing thrives but sorrow, crime, and death. I would have made it different. But it is over now. A cloud blacker than night has enclosed it forever. Go. Leave us. Fly away as far as you can. Otherwise it will blast your young life as it did mine. Go, go," he repeated, almost fiercely.

"But I do not want to go," I said, placing my hand softly in his. "I am not afraid of the cloud. It will pass away. You will be happy yet."

"Oh! my darling, my darling, would I dared think so. How I have longed to tell you how I loved you, but dared not; it was not right. Oh! I would give worlds to win yours in return."

"You need not win it; it is yours already," I whispered, drawing close to him.

"This once, only this once. She will leave me when she knows all," he muttered, as he wound his arms about me.

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The tragedy just enacted, the mystery of the place, the silent form above us, were all forgotten. I only realized that my guardian loved me; that his arms were around me; that his lips met mine.

"It will not last. I ought not to accept the sacrifice," he said, directly, and raised his head, looking mournfully down into my eyes.

"In perfect love is perfect trust," I whispered. And for answer he kissed me again and again, as if he would never let me go.

Of course the ordinary guests knew nothing of this tragedy, as most of them had already left when it occurred. It was even kept from Eugenie La Croix and her mother, with the other guests in the house, who were told the next morning that Mrs. De Lisle had been taken suddenly ill, which was true. The hint was enough; they packed their trunks and were all gone before the dinner-hour.

Adele had brought a note to me early in the morning, from Mr. Rutherford, saying that this was the excuse he intended to make for "speeding the departing guests;" but that he, personally, could not be present, as he had taken the first train to New York, on imperative business, and would not return before night-fall. "Would I, as his and Mrs. De Lisle's representative, bid good-bye to the visitors?" he said.

I must confess I rather enjoyed Eugenie La Croix's contemptuous stare as I made my aunt's excuses. In my superlative happiness in the knowledge that I had won where she had lost, I could forgive her patronizing tone, as she bade me farewell.

Before the night fell, the last of the guests had gone, and Oakwood was once more silent: silent now with the gray shadow of death. My guardian had said in his note that the funeral would take place at midnight, and at that hour a low knock came to my door, from Mr. Rutherford. I opened softly, and went out to him, and in a few moments the quiet obsequies were over.

Still keeping hold of my hand, my guardian led me from the cemetery to the rose-garden; and there, with the stars looking down on us, told me how that fair young life had been blighted

CHAPTER X.

"I WILL tell you here, where everything speaks to me of her," he began, "the story of her sad life; and that story will explain why I have always considered that there was an impassable barrier between me and your love. This very garden was laid out under her direction; she selected everyone of these roses herself; the laurel walk and maze were fashioned for her.

"At sixteen, my sister Irene was one of the fairest flowers God ever made. Talented, winning in manners, light-hearted, overflowing in spirits; everyone predicted a joyous future for her. She was our darling, our sunbeam; my father lived for her entirely.

"Jane, that is, Mrs. De Lisle, as you know, idolized her. She was ten years the elder, and strove in every way to fill a mother's place to Irene. To me she was a delicate flower, to be shielded from all ills. Alas! alas!"

He stopped for a moment, overcome with his recollections.

"Her greatest desire," he went on, "was to finish her studies abroad. Accordingly, she was sent to the south of France, where she remained three years. In the meanwhile, Jane was wooed and won by Norman De Lisle, a Frenchman, highly cultivated, with exquisite manners, but a man I never liked. He was as handsome as a Greek statue. Norman is like him, so you know how he looked. They were married in the spring, and as I was to graduate in the fall, it was decided to defer the bridal trip until then, when we could all go abroad together.

"We were growing, meantime, anxious about Irene. Her letters had changed of late: they were constrained and cold; they had no longer the charm of our playful Irene. In connection with this, I afterwards recalled the fact, that, from the first, De Lisle had not favored the trip to Europe. But Jane's mind was made up; and so, finally, we all went.

"Owing to some delays on the road, we did not see Irene until the day she graduated. It was in the crowded hall of the school-room that we first saw our darling. That pale hollow-cheeked creature: could that be our bright beautiful Irene? She did not seem to see us, or take any interest in what was passing, keeping her eyes steadily fixed on the floor.

"De Lisle had not gone with us to the school. Business had detained him; he would join us later, he told us. The exercises were half over, when he presented himself. The noise made by his entrance caused Irene to raise her eyes for the first time. They opened wide with astonishment and horror, and with a shriek she fell senseless to the floor.

"I dashed forward to raise her; but as I passed De Lisle, I caught sight of his face. It was like that of a dead man. Like a flash, it rushed across me, that, in some way or other, he was connected with Irene's swoon.

"For four long hours, Irene lay in a death-like stupor, and when she recovered consciousness, it was to look vacantly around, with a low mocking

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laugh, that curdled the blood to hear. The light of reason had fled forever.

"No one, meantime, was able to tell us the cause. Her teachers attributed it to hard study. When her spirits failed, awhile before, they thought it homesickness, and had paid but little attention to it. But one day, Jane was writing to her husband; for De Lisle had left for Italy, the very day Irene was taken sick, on sudden business, as he told his wife. Accidentally, she let the writing-desk fall. It was one that had belonged to Irene. A spring of a secret door broke, a package of letters fell out, and then a photograph of Norman De Lisle. When I came back from a walk, I found my sister in a dead faint, on the floor, the proofs of her husband's villainy scattered about her.

"Irene had met De Lisle at the house of a friend, where she was spending her vacations. This was before De Lisle came to America, and met my elder sister. Under the assumed name of Rothermel, he persuaded her into a secret marriage, which was only a pretended one. Tiring, soon, of his pretty toy, and obliged to leave the country, owing to his debts, he wrote Irene a heartless letter, telling of the mock marriage, and sailed for America.

"Here he met the elder sister. Jane was heiress to a large fortune, left her by an aunt. Attracted by this wealth, he paid court to her, and won her, too. It was a daring game, but succeeded for a time. He got the control of the property, and had already spent a considerable portion of it, most of it in gambling, when we went abroad. Why he consented, even after all our urgency, to go to the place where he knew Irene was, I cannot imagine: a fatality, I suppose, drew him to the spot; or, perhaps, he hoped that Irene, for her own sake, would remain silent.

"In this he did not wholly miscalculate. Irene had kept her marriage such a profound secret, that no one knew of the terrible disgrace. Nor, but for the discovery of the letters, would we, perhaps, have ever heard of it. We left the place, taking Irene with us to Germany, where we consulted the most eminent physicians. But it was all to no purpose. At last we decided to return home.

"Irene was perfectly harmless, never speaking a word; only wringing her hands, as you saw her, and occasionally uttering a low moan. We left the steamer at night, and reached Oakwood by a night train, unknown to anyone but Haslitt, our faithful old butler, who had dispatched the servants on various errands from the house, leaving the way open for what I had planned.

"For I gave out that Irene was dead. The beautifully-furnished rooms prepared for our darling were closed up, and no one ever went into them but my sister and Haslitt. As I said before, Irene was perfectly harmless, fleeing from the approach of strangers. She loved to wander in the maze and laurel walk, where Jane generally took her at twilight, thereby giving rise to the story of the ghost, which served our purpose exactly. The fear of apparitions had no effect on you, we found, when you came: so we were obliged to keep Irene, after that, more closely confined. Twice she eluded us, when Haslitt had charge of her. Once, on the night I came home: the other, last night, that of her death.

"My father never recovered from the blow, but died within the year, exacting a promise from me never to marry while Irene lived. Jane changed from a bright merry girl into the stern religieuse you have seen, devoted to Irene, her child, and her church.

"De Lisle, in the meantime, had made his escape secure. I searched far and wide for him; for I had made a vow, if I met him, never to part from him alive. At last I found him. It was on a steamer, just sailing from Alexandria. I had dogged him to it, and went on board at the very moment the plank was being pulled in. He knew me at once, and the errand on which I had come. I can see him before me now, with his white terrified face."

My guardian paused, for a moment, and then added, solemnly:

"Thank God, I was spared being a murderer. He had been standing by the gangway, and at sight of me started back, fell overboard, and was drowned. God had avenged us Himself. From that day to this, I have never forgotten the terrified look in that man's eyes.

"Now, my darling," he said, after a pause, "you know all the horrid tale, and I cannot blame you if you shrink from me and mine—"

"Whither thou goest, I will go," I answered, interrupting him. "Where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God. Where thou diest, I will die, and there will I be buried: the Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me."

"Thank God," said my guardian, as he clasped me in his arms. "Oh! thank God."

For a long time we were silent. Then, raising my head, I said: "I know, now, why you went to New York; it was in pursuit of Norman."

"Yes, I got a detective at once, and soon tracked him. Showing him the stiletto, I charged him with the murder of Irene. Taken by surprise, he confessed the crime, alleging he

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had been driven to it by want of money. He knew nothing of the conduct of his father; but he was aware that Irene had money, and fancied that it would revert to his mother, in case of her death. You see the father's character was his to the full. A skeleton-key was fitted to the door; it was unlocked; and Irene, ever on the watch, walked blindly into the trap laid for her. When she was safely in the maze, he stabbed her, and concealed the body, thinking no one would suspect him. He was unconscious of the loss of the stiletto, until he was in New York. For his mother's sake I spared him, and must continue to spare him; but it is on the condition he leaves the country, never to return. My sister has no idea of his crime. It would kill her to know it."

"Oh, my love," he broke forth, after a moment, "how can I tell you what I endured, when I thought you loved this cold-blooded gambler, who was so like his father. Again I beheld a fair young life ruined; though then I hardly imagined Norman De Lisle would be a murderer. His mother's fortune is gone entirely, lost at the gaming-table; she has nothing beyond the annuity I give her."

"I thought you loved Eugenie La Croix," I said. "Norman De Lisle told me you were engaged to her."

"The villain, the double-dyed villain," said my guardian, and he clasped me closer to him. "I little thought," he went on, "that the slight young girl whom I met in the park, the day of my return, would be the guiding-star of my existence. The indignant way you spoke of me first moved me to see if I could not make you like me. You know what followed. At the beginning, I enjoyed your society, as I would that of a bright intelligent child, amusing myself by gratifying every fancy and whim that seized you, and enjoying life with a zest I had not known for years. But all this time, I never thought of falling in love with you. My first awakening was an intense jealousy of Norman De Lisle. Then the recollection of our seemingly doomed family, and of my vow never to marry while Irene lived, rushed over me with overwhelming force. I treated you as indifferently as I could, devoting myself to Eugenie La Croix. Yet I could not let you fall a victim to Norman De Lisle. I must, I said to myself, prevent that.

"When you left Mrs. Coralie's with him, that night, I was afraid he might persuade you into an elopement. Mr. Russel, who overheard the conversation, told me where you had gone. I followed. When I saw him holding your hands in his, my heart died within me. There was nothing for me to do but to put a bold face on the matter, and carry you off; hence the abruptness with which I burst in.

"Before Norman left, the next day, he told me that you returned his love, and had promised to marry him. I told him I could never, as your guardian, consent to it, and forbade him the house, at least while you were in it. The night of the carnival, I determined to warn you of your danger. From Adele I forced the secret of your costume. The rest you know."

The red sun was rising over the distant hills before this recital was finished.

"After the night comes the morning," I said, pointing to the rosy light that was rising, and broadening, and deepening in the sky.

"Amen!" answered my guardian, and he looked at the sky, and then stooped and kissed me reverently. "Please God, our future life shall be as bright as that."

It was now my turn to say "Amen." I said it with tears in my eyes.

C'EN EST FAIT.

BY AURORA VANE.

I LOVE thee, dear, come back to me,
My weary heart cries out for thee,
To see thy soft eyes radiant shine
With their old lovelight, rare, divine;
And hear thy lips so tenderly
Speak low and lovingly to me—
My heart it cries with bitter pain,
For that will ne'er occur again.

The blossoms, beautiful and sweet,
That you so often brought to greet
Me, with their beauty and perfumes,
White roses, lilies, orange-blooms,
And pansies, with their hearts of gold;
The bliss they gave is all untold.
Why brought you not to me the while,
One lotus of the far-off Nile?

That I might eat it and forget
My loss of thee, the toil, the fret,
The cares of life; for I would cast
The memory of the far-off past
Away; for naught can bring to me
Thee, with thy voice of melody—
O God above, alone can know
I loved you so, I loved you so!

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A MODERN MEPHISTOPHELES.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

THE two young men were standing at their easels in the large and rather bare studio, which they shared together, in the artist-favored town of Munich.

Wolfgang Verner, the younger of the pair, a handsome, dreamy-eyed fellow of six and twenty, was deeply absorbed in his work, perhaps spurred on by the consciousness that the winter was passing rapidly, and that during the later weeks his efforts had been more spasmodic and broken than was wise or right. His companion had laid down his palette and mahl-stick, and with his hands in his pockets, was regarding his newly-finished picture through the clouds of smoke emitted from his meerschaum. Sometimes he nodded his head in a satisfied fashion as he studied the details of his landscape, bit by bit; sometimes he frowned, waving a finger threateningly at certain portions as if inclined even yet to pick up his brushes and paint them out. At length, however, the smile which curled his lip under its long drooping mustache showed that he had decided to follow the advice of the old proverb, and "leave well enough alone." The smile was rather sarcastic, though, as if he were mocking his own self-complacency; but then, most people thought that Gilbert Bradley mocked at everything; and he certainly did, at many things.

With far less regular features than his noticeably handsome friend, his face was very striking: full of talent and energy; though in addition to that ironical smile, the dark eyes had a piercing keenness which was not always agreeable. Often it seemed as if he were looking straight through one; and there are few persons who like to feel they are undergoing that operation. He was better-hearted, however, than he looked. He had reached thirty-one now; had acquired considerable reputation in his native land, America; and was held in high estimation among the art circles of Munich.

He had come back, late in the autumn, to the Bavarian capital, after an absence of more than a twelvemonth, and had joined Verner in his studio, an acceptable arrangement for both their slender purses. People considered them intimate friends; but handsome Wolfgang often felt that the intimacy consisted in Bradley's knowing him thoroughly; and deeply as he enjoyed his society and esteemed him as an artist and a man, there were moments when he was puzzled to decide whether he liked or detested his companion. He was romantic and enthusiastic, and Bradley laughed harshly at both qualities—laughed too at generosity, and even friendship.

Yet Wolfgang knew from personal experience that his friend could be kind; for their acquaintance had begun two years before, in Switzerland, by Bradley's nursing him, then a stranger, through a fever.

"I say," exclaimed Bradley, suddenly, as he turned away from the easel and glanced at his watch, "that puffed-up Crœsus, old Keppel, is keeping me waiting, to show his importance. He promised to be here at half-past one, to look at my picture; and it is nearly three—confound his impudence!"

"That's a nice way to talk of one of our leading burghers," said Verner.

"I can tell him one thing: for every five minutes longer he keeps me waiting, I'll add five Friedrich-d'or to the piece."

"I advise you not to frighten him off. You especially want this money. Besides, his ill-will could do you harm—and he can be savage enough when he is crossed."

"And how does it happen you know so much about him? I was not aware you were even acquainted."

"Oh, yes, I know him," said Verner, laughing with a certain bitterness, though his tone and words were playful. "I had once a friendly little interview with him that ended in his turning me, metaphorically, out of doors."

"What the deuce was it all about?"

"It was just a fortnight before you came back from Paris," said Verner, still going on with his work. "He had given a ball, that I was invited to. I had danced a little with his daughter, chatted with her a little more, taken her down to supper—and—and in the end I lost my head a little—"

"Ah!" interrupted Bradley. "His daughter—I'd forgotten he had one."

"She only came home from boarding-school this autumn; she's barely eighteen," answered Verner.

"So! And you fell in love with her?"

"Well, I believe I did. And what was more, I mentioned the fact to her that night."

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"Ah!" said his friend. "And how did she take it?"

"She went to her father, the next morning, and told the whole story," said Verner, painting diligently on, without looking up.

"Oh!" ejaculated Bradley. Then, directly, he added: "Have you followed up the matter?"

"Do you think I have been wrong to try?" asked Verner, anxiously, still looking persistently at his picture, and painting busily away.

"Virtuous young painter!" cried Bradley, striking an attitude. "Why don't you carry off old Crœsus' treasure?"

"God forbid that I should ever ask her to do such a thing," exclaimed Verner, excitedly. "I am as poor as a rat. How could I support her?"

"Let her support you," returned Bradley, cynically.

"Mephistopheles!" cried Verner, half vexed, half laughing.

"Well, yes, for the nonce. I mean to play the part for Herr Keppel's benefit," said Bradley, laughing.

"Not an easy thing, you will find," answered Verner.

"We shall discover," returned the American, nodding his head emphatically.

At this instant there came a knock at the door; it opened; and a quick, rather pompous, but not unpleasant, voice called: "Too hard at work to hear, Herr Bradley; that's right, that's right, so I'll let myself in."

With the words, Johann Keppel entered, with the air of a person who felt that he was of sufficient consequence to enter where he pleased, and be certain of a welcome when he had done so. He was short, but he atoned for this by his breadth; and had a red, rather truculent face, lighted up by a pair of small black eyes, which made amends for their size by their shrewdness. A vain, arrogant, opinionated man in every feature, look, and movement, but as evidently a very intelligent one; not a bad-hearted man either, though assuredly he would be able to show himself very unpleasant to deal with, if opposed or thwarted, or, above all, if any lack of deference were shown; would, too, be much more techy and obstinate in a small matter than a large.

"Good-morning, Herr Keppel," said Bradley, politely enough, but certainly with slight show of cordiality, and less of deference.

"Good-morning—good-morning," rejoined the visitor, affably. "I am a little late. That would be unpardonable in a young fellow like you; but I have earned the right to be excused; besides, if I am ever behind-hand, I have a good reason. Had you given me up?"

"I had not noticed that it was past the hour you set," said Bradley, nettled into a deliberate falsehood by what he considered the other's insufferable air of patronage and consequence.

"I had a note from the Grand Chamberlain to answer; an unexpected visit from the new railway directors; and, just as I was setting out, there came a telegram from the Berlin Bourse," said Herr Keppel, in his turn nettled into more boastfulness than usual, by his host's speech.

"Is it cold out?" asked Bradley.

Keppel had caught sight of Wolfgang Verner, and looked surprised to see him there; not pleased, either. He contented himself with a short nod and a muttered salutation, to which Verner responded by bowing with elaborate courtesy.

"I didn't forget you," said Herr Keppel, turning to Bradley, "you are a rising man—a rising man: an example to all our young German artists. Pity some of them wouldn't imitate you. And now where is this picture? Ha! That is it, eh?" going up to the easel and bringing his gold-rimmed eye-glasses to bear upon the painting. "Pretty—really very pretty! Good feeling. Good tone throughout. Execution excellent. Ah! that group of chestnuts is remarkably well done. I recognize the scene at a glance: Salzkammergut."

"It is a bit from the Stischthal, below Trent," said Bradley.

"Stischthal—Trent? Nonsense! Salzkammergut, plain enough. The hills, the vegetation, the great chestnut trees."

"I have the original sketch, Herr Keppel, that I made in the South Tyrol," persisted Bradley.

"No doubt, no doubt you made a sketch there; but this isn't it. You've mixed up the two in your mind—very easily done—you painter-chaps are always so absent-minded."

"Why!" retorted Bradley, "the chestnuts are proof enough; that kind don't grow anywhere near Salzkammergut."

"Don't grow there? Took my coffee every morning for a month under just such a group!" cried Keppel.

"In a garden or park, perhaps—planted; they don't grow wild there."

They contradicted each other pretty freely for some seconds, then suddenly, old Keppel, red as a turkey-cock, caught firm hold of his dignity, and said, in a series of gasps:

"You are right, of course, and I'm wrong, Herr Bradley! South Tyrol, eh, the scene? Of course, of course. Very pretty, the thing is; only unfortunately it won't do for me. I've half

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a dozen South Tyrol landscapes in my collection already. Send it to Hartel's Permanent Exhibition. I'll speak a good word for you."

He walked away from the infuriated Bradley, waddled up to Verner's easel, stared at the woolly waterfall, and said: "Capital, capital—good feeling—excellent tone—make the middle sweep of the fall darker—good, very good."

In three minutes more he had gone, leaving Bradley choking with anger, and Verner nearly suffocated from laughter.

"He turned the tables on your Mephistophelean plan with a vengeance," cried Wolfgang. "He played with you—he corrected you—and if he didn't use you, he used you up!"

"Did he?" shouted Bradley. "Will you lay a wager, that before three months go by, I don't have him begging, almost on his knees, to have a picture from me at any terms?"

"That's ridiculous," said Verner.

"Perhaps it is," said Bradley, and changed the subject.

Half an hour later, Verner prepared to go out, arraying himself with great care to do so.

"Upon my word, you are a handsome chap," observed Bradley. "Ah, that old turtle said he had to drive out of town. You hope to meet Miss—Marguerite, is it?—on the promenade. By the way, show me her photograph."

"I haven't one."

"Go tell that to the marines. Come, out with it—you can trust me."

He had to coax a good while; but at last Verner produced the photograph from an inside pocket.

"By Jove! she is a lovely creature," exclaimed Bradley, after a moment's inspection of the card. "What eyes, what hair, what a heavenly smile; a Marguerite indeed."

The praises were sweet in Verner's ears, but he had the fear of missing the original, so he caught up his hat and demanded his treasure, which Bradley declared he could not give up yet.

"Let me keep it till you come back; nobody shall ever know. Oh, Jupiter! she is pretty."

It ended in his having his way; and when Verner was gone, Bradley sat studying the face, while a malicious smile gathered about his mouth. "I'll do it," he muttered. "I can get a photo from the shop; I know young Fessel well. I'll do it. Beg on his knees, the old salamander, for a painting? Indeed he shall. What's more, he shall give his daughter to Wolfgang Verner. The pair were meant for each other; such beauties, both. They call me a Mephistopheles, but, by Jove, I'll bring about a happy marriage."

Verner haunted every place where he was likely to meet the young girl, and sometimes Bradley accompanied him; and if he had been in love with the pretty creature himself, he could not have studied every look and lineament more closely than he did. Then he took a trick of coming to the studio late; of going away early; often not coming at all. But Verner was too full of his own matters to notice. Marguerite had vowed that if she could not marry him, she would never marry; and between letters, plans for meeting, hours of dreams, and so on, he had little leisure to spend in observing his friend.

About a month later, Keppel and Bradley met, one evening, at the Artists' Club, the first time they had encountered each other since the old gentleman's visit to the studio, he having been absent for a time, and afterward confined to the house by a bad cold.

"Ah, Herr Bradley," said the pompous burgher, "have you yet learned the difference between Salzkammergut and the Stischthal?"

"Oh, yes," replied Bradley; "and to prove it, I am painting a new Salzkammergut picture on purpose for you."

"Ah, so? Do you expect to force a picture on me?" cried Keppel.

"Force? Oh, no; you will buy it without persuasion," said Bradley; and went his way, leaving Keppel in a rage at such presumption, as he called it.

"The most impertinent puppy I ever met," said he, to an old Professor standing near.

"Got lots of talent to match it," replied his friend.

"If he had double of both, he should never sell me one of his things. The hangman take him—and me too, if ever I were such a fool," fumed Keppel.

A few mornings later, as Bradley and Verner were in their studio, the house-porter brought up a letter for the latter, which he opened, hastily read, and exclaimed:

"From Count Zimmerman. He is one of the Directors at the Polytechnic in H——. A good friend of mine. He says he considers my election almost certain; but he wants me to send a picture for their exhibition. I've nothing, however, but the waterfall."

"Which isn't finished," added Bradley.

"Three or four days' work would do it."

"It would take more time than that to dissolve that wool into water," said Bradley.

"Oh, confound your insolence. But I've nothing else. I must send it; I can't refuse," cried Wolfgang, in despair at once. "Come and look at it; I think I've bettered it. You see it

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is most important I should comply with the request. Now, satire aside, what do you think?"

"Well, it's not one of your best, but it must go, I suppose," replied Bradley. "For any sake, make that water less fleecy."

"I must go and post a letter," said Verner, "but I'll come back immediately, and buckle to it with a will."

He was, however, gone for nearly an hour, during which time Bradley sat working and whistling. Two or three times he paused in the latter exercise, to laugh in a tone of very heartfelt and very malicious enjoyment.

The door opened suddenly, and Wolfgang Verner dashed into the studio with a precipitation which would have startled a nervous person. But Bradley painted diligently on.

"Bradley," exclaimed Verner, his voice half choked with anger and pain; "what have you done—in heaven's name, what have you done?"

"Well, what have I done?" returned Bradley, with a coolness and unconcern which roused Verner to absolute fury. He was close to the easel now, his hand extended in a threatening gesture, as if ready to take his companion by the throat. But Bradley looked up at him with a perfectly unchanged face, and asked again: "What is this I have done, Verner?"

"The most abominable, the most atrocious action any man ever committed!" gasped Wolfgang. "You—you—that picture you have had hung up to-day in Hartel's rooms; a Tuesday chosen, because there's always a crowd on this day, so that the whole town might know about it before night."

He paused, from sheer inability to articulate, so choked was he by passion.

"Oh, the *genre* picture I have been trying my hand at," returned Bradley, unmoved. "I don't see why you should be in such a state of excitement about it."

"You don't see—you don't see?" repeated Verner, absolutely foaming at the mouth. "When you paint a man kneeling at a girl's feet; she holding out a laurel wreath to crown him; and make the faces Marguerite Keppel's and mine, portraits—actual portraits!"

"Do you think the likenesses good?" asked Bradley, quietly.

"Heartless, infamous!" pursued Verner. "To have people join our names; to stare at us, and gossip about us."

"Bah! Let them gossip or be silent. Remember what Goethe says—'a man must never concern himself about the public if he wants to preserve his mind.' And I say, a painter must follow his inspirations. I do it, and care little what is said."

"You don't care, indeed. But Keppel, don't you think he cares? He has already heard; made a horrible scene with Marguerite; vows that I wanted it done in order to force him to consent to our engagement."

"He's an old fool, as usual," responded Bradley.

"And you: you are—are—oh, a malicious, treacherous, heartless, soulless rascal," shouted Verner.

"I'm glad you didn't say I was a poor painter. I should have considered that personal," said Bradley, growing more careless and provoking as the other's passion increased. "Why, when a man could get two such handsome creatures as models, it would have been a crying shame to neglect the opportunity."

"That wasn't your reason. It's a falsehood to give it. You painted it—"

"In order to do you a favor," interrupted Bradley. "You couldn't soften old Keppel's heart; but he will be manageable now."

"Ah, this is too much. You joke—you mock me. You are a miserable egotist. I'll waste no more words on you," cried Verner. "What I demand, what I insist on, is, that you go to Hartel's and order the picture taken down at once."

"It isn't necessary. Before to-morrow noon, old Keppel will have bought it. He shall pay a hundred Friedrich-d'or too," said Bradley.

"Ah, that was your reason; to win your bet; to force him to buy one of your pictures," exclaimed Verner. "Meaner and meaner. To choose such an artifice, regardless of the poor girl's feelings, of the injury you were doing the man you called your friend. Base—base—vile—oh, there are no words to express your conduct."

"Those are strong enough, and you needn't use any more of them, just at present," said Bradley, quietly, as he squeezed some fresh paint out upon his palette.

"If you don't like them, I'm ready to afford you satisfaction, and take it," retorted Verner.

"That sounds rather like a challenge, my young friend," said Bradley.

"Consider it such; it is one," hissed Verner.

"Very well; then that ends the first act," said Bradley, resuming his brush; "the talking part is finished."

Verner dared not trust himself to remain an instant longer in the room. He was actually afraid of committing some murderous assault, before the object of his wrath could defend himself. The pair did not meet again, until they stood face to face, in the early dawn of the next

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morning, armed with the pistols which had been the weapon selected by Bradley. Verner missed his aim; Bradley fired in the air. But, in obedience to his principal's order, Verner's second insisted upon another shot. This time, Verner's bullet passed through his opponent's hat, and he himself received a wound in the left shoulder, and was carried senseless from the ground.

Of course the secret of the duel was kept as all such secrets are: supposed to be unheard of by the officers of the law, but known to half the town before nightfall. Verner's hurt was pronounced much less severe than the physicians at first feared; in fact, they declared that if he could be kept from fever during forty-eight hours, he would be completely beyond danger.

On the third morning after the encounter, Verner was lying propped up among his pillows. The doctor had only that moment left him, satisfied with his condition, and cheering his patient by the information that he should be allowed to leave his bed within a fortnight. The door opened again; Verner supposed the physician had come back, but as he looked down the shadowy room he saw Bradley approaching the bed.

"You?" he exclaimed, more in wonder than wrath. "You here?"

"Why of course I am," returned Bradley, calmly. "The doctor said I might venture in; we had to have our closing scene."

"Closing scene?" repeated Verner.

"Naturally. First the duel; now the reconciliation; then we shall be all in order," said Bradley. "My hitting you was an accident. I tore my hair in anguish. But since you will so soon be all right again, it's no matter—makes you more interesting."

"Mephistopheles!" exclaimed Verner, and for the life of him he could not help laughing, even in the midst of his anger. "Have you taken the picture away?"

"Sent word yesterday to Hartel to take it down. I was so anxious about you I forgot it till then," said Bradley, laughing, but with a little quiver in his voice. "I am, as you said, a selfish, cold-blooded egotist; but I've something that does duty for a heart, when you can manage to touch it. Apropos of pictures, yours ought to have gone before now, to the exhibition at H——."

"It had slipped my mind. It will be too late if it doesn't get there to-morrow!" cried Verner. "Would you ring—"

"I have already put it up in the packing-case; you will trust me to send it?"

"It is very kind of you," faltered Verner. "The address is—"

"Oh, I know. I would have sent it last night, but wanted your permission; it will go at noon." Verner tried to murmur further thanks, but Bradley interrupted him. "Can I be of any use here? I'm not a bad nurse."

"No, thank you; the old woman of the house does everything for me," said Verner. "I—I—can't quite forgive you, Bradley, but I appreciate your showing that you are sorry for the wrong—"

"Don't mistake," interrupted Bradley; "I'm sorry you got hit, but for nothing else. There, there, it's bad for you to excite yourself, so I am off;" and he took his departure.

Verner lay perplexing his mind over the incomprehensible ins and outs of his former friend's character, unable, as he recalled many proofs of his kindness, to be as angry as the treachery in regard to the picture deserved; then fell fast asleep for a long hour.

When he woke and looked towards the foot of the bed, he thought he must be dreaming still, for he saw Herr Keppel sitting there.

"Ah, my boy, you have had a fine nap," said the old gentleman.

"Herr Keppel, Herr Keppel! How good of you to come; how can I thank you for your kindness?" exclaimed Verner.

"I have come to thank *you*," said the visitor. "Only you must keep perfectly quiet, else I can't stop. The doctor made me promise."

Verner stretched out his hand. His eyes were filled with tears, and he tried to speak, but could not.

"There, there, it's all right," cried Keppel, unsteadily. "You are a splendid fellow, Verner; I did you an injustice. I have come to say so. I thought you and that scamp had hatched that accursed picture-plot between you."

"Great heavens, do you think I would have so hurt the being I love better than my life—oh, I beg your pardon, but I must say it!"

"You needn't beg pardon of me," returned old Keppel, with an odd smile. "Let me finish. I thank you; you have behaved nobly. If only that bullet had gone into that rascal's gullet, instead of your shoulder."

"Oh, Herr Keppel, he has been here. He says the painting has been put out of sight."

"No such thing; it still hangs in the gallery."

"Why, then, he is worse than I thought!"

"He couldn't be," said Keppel. "But it's not his fault that the picture is there. I wouldn't let it be taken down."

"I don't understand."

"I do. That rogue thought to force me into

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buying it. No, indeed. Let it be seen. I'll show him that he can't drive Johann Keppel. I say, I heard yesterday that you are pretty certain to get the vacant professorship at H——. When does the election come off?"

"In about a week."

"Good! I have influence there: it will be used," said Keppel. "You may consider yourself safe."

"You are too good to me—too good."

"The salary is a fair one," said Keppel. "You can support a wife on it, and so you and Marguerite shall have your way; and that devil of a Bradley shall see that his malice was wasted."

In his weakened state, the bewildering joy those words gave was more than Verner could bear: he could only cover his face with his hands, gasp broken words, and shake from head to foot, in an excitement which frightened old Keppel terribly.

"But you must be quiet—you'll do yourself a mischief," said Keppel.

"I can't be quiet till—till I have seen her," cried Verner.

"Then I'll go fetch her," said Keppel; and he did.

Ten days later, Bradley was sitting at work in his studio, unusually cheerful from having heard that Verner was able to sit up. Bradley had not repeated his visit. He had done all he could. When Verner recovered, he must himself decide what their future relations were to be. Meantime, Bradley had heard of the engagement between the young couple. On the previous evening, also, a telegram from H—— had apprized him of Verner's election to the professorship.

"After all," said Bradley, half aloud, "Mephistopheles doesn't make a bad friend. I dare say he will never forgive me, and certainly his future wife and her father never will. But that's no matter. I don't know of any other mischief I can do in this dull old town, so I think I shall go to Paris, and perhaps on to America."

His reverie was interrupted by the opening of the door, unheralded by the ceremony of a knock, or any request to be allowed to enter. He looked up. Old Keppel was bouncing into the room, nearly breathless from the haste with which he had mounted the stairs, and so red in the face that he looked as if illuminated by a Bengal light. He flung himself into a chair, without removing his hat; leaned both hands on his knees; bent forward, and stared at Bradley.

Bradley, in return, stared at him.

"You're a devil, Herr American—a regular devil," panted the old gentleman, though he was half laughing, in spite of the fierceness of his words.

"Are you expecting your declaration to bring on an assault upon your person, Herr Keppel?" asked Bradley.

"An assault? No—why?"

"Because you cover your venerable head so carefully," replied Bradley.

"I've something to do besides think of ceremony," cried the old man.

He took off his hat, nevertheless, deposited it on a table near, and continued: "No, no, I didn't come to assault, or be assaulted. You have beaten me, and I have come to say so, and ask for peace. Young man, you have beaten Johann Keppel, and you are the first person who ever did that."

"I am quite in ignorance of having done so, Herr Keppel," said Bradley, with a bow.

"Nonsense!" retorted Keppel. "You said you would force me to buy your picture. Well, you have. I've come to do it. Now, what's the price?"

As he spoke, he took out of his pocket two small rolls, which to the initiated eye evidently held gold pieces.

"I don't happen to have a picture to sell, at present," said Bradley.

"In fact, I have come to pay for two," pursued Keppel, unheeding.

"Since I haven't even one—" responded the American.

"See here, Bradley, it's of no use. I have just come from H——; I went over, yesterday."

"You had a pleasant day for your journey," said Bradley.

Keppel shook his fist at him, and proceeded:

"I went over because the election for the professorship was to take place, and I wanted to use my influence in Wolfgang's favor. I called on my old friend, the President, and he told me I might have spared myself the trouble. The committee had been so much pleased with the picture Verner sent to their exhibition, that they had come to a unanimous decision, in advance, to offer him the position."

"How unlucky that I aimed so badly," said Bradley. "If I'd killed him I might have got naturalized and gone in for the post myself."

"So then," pursued Keppel, with another shake of his fist, "I thought I would stroll into the gallery and have a peep at the boy's picture."

"I hope you liked it," said Bradley.

"I got the catalogue; hunted up the number; went into the second room; and there, with Wolfgang Verner's name in the corner, I found that landscape of yours, that we quarreled over in this very studio, a few months ago. Your landscape!"

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"Verner's landscape. It had become his," replied Bradley.

"And now you must let me pay for it and get it away."

"You can't pay me for what isn't mine, Herr Keppel," said Bradley. "Stop—hear me out—there must be no discussion. The only picture Wolfgang had to send was not worthy of him, for he has a great deal of talent; and it was all your fault. You had driven the poor fellow half distracted by separating him from your daughter; and work, so as to do himself justice, he could not. I knew my picture was a good one, so as Verner was safe in bed, thanks to me, I put aside his woolly waterfall and sent that."

"Will you let me thank you?"

"There's no reason, since I didn't do it on your account."

Keppel rubbed his nose violently, then said:

"But the picture can't stay there. If Wolfgang saw it he would refuse the professorship, and insist on another duel into the bargain. You can see that."

"You've a head for business. I suppose you have a plan?"

"Yes; to pay you for the picture; also to send a check for fifty Friedrich-d'or to the secretary, ordering the painting to be sent at once to —to—well, say Henry Stuart, Glasgow, Scotland."

"Do it," said Bradley. "But let there be no talk about paying me, else we shall quarrel."

His face showed that he was in earnest; and Keppel had to accept the situation.

"Well, what is the price of the figure-piece at Hartel's?" he asked.

"Oh, that," said Bradley. "I painted it in order to secure Verner his wife; and I shall send it to him as a wedding-present."

"Come, don't completely overwhelm me," cried Keppel. "As you are strong, be merciful. I want the picture. Name any price."

"The price is what I set on it at first: a hundred Friedrich-d'or; and in addition, your written declaration that I sold it to you at your urgent request," said Bradley.

"Here's your money," cried Keppel, eagerly, laying down a rouleau of gold. "Give me pen and paper."

He wrote the declaration. Bradley read it and laid it aside. Then the two men stood for an instant looking in each other's face. Keppel's was red and angry, but after choking and puffing in an extraordinary fashion, he said with a laugh:

"I don't suppose I shall ever forgive you, but I thank you heartily, all the same."

The first day Verner was permitted to go out of doors he went to his future father-in-law's house. Before he left, he was taken by old Keppel into the picture-gallery, where, to his unbounded surprise, he saw Bradley's production that had been the cause of so much distress and so much happiness.

"I thought, after all, that as the rogue had done us a good turn, I'd better let him win his wager," said Keppel. "Besides, both portraits are very good."

In a fortnight more, Verner went over to H—— to spend the day; and was received with great deference by professors and pupils. Perhaps the knowledge that within the month he was to become the son-in-law of one of the richest men in Munich had something to do with their enthusiasm. But Verner was too happy to think of that.

"I want to go into the exhibition-gallery and see how you have hung my landscape," he said to the secretary, as he was standing in that gentleman's office.

"It is no longer there," replied the urbane official. "I wanted to write to you, but as we knew you were coming so soon, the President advised me to leave the matter, so as to make a pleasant item in your visit."

"Why, what has been done with it?" asked Verner.

"It is sold, and on its way to Scotland," rejoined the secretary. "The money has been paid in, and is at your disposition, if you will kindly sign this receipt."

"Sold!" thought Verner, as he walked away on air. "Sold! And that old Mephistopheles, who laughed at what he called my woolly waterfall. I'll write to him to Paris, to-morrow, and give him the news."

"FEAR NOT."

BY CATHARINE ALLAN.

The threads, they cross, they tangle, break;
The pattern runs awry.
Yet patience! Web can never make,
But under God's own eye.

The mighty engine throbs and strains,
The cars they jerk and reel.
Fear not! For God, He rules and reigns,
He holds the driving-wheel.

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BRIBED TO BE AN OLD MAID.

BY JENNIE T. CLARKE.

I SAT down on the velvet cushion, at mamma's feet, rumpling her snowy wrapper in the attempt to put my head in her lap.

Mamma passed her soft small hand over my long disordered hair, and parted the curling black fringe across my forehead, to press a kiss there, before she spoke.

"What is the matter, my child?" she asked.

"I think it is this picture," I said, tossing a photograph into her lap. I had just received it in a letter. "I can't look at it without envying Laura Desmond."

"But why? You surely do not envy Laura her appearance?"

"But I do, mother. I don't like to be called dark and piquant. I want to be fair, and calm, and quiet."

"Why, Ada, I am amazed. Don't you know that a certain gentleman admires brunettes? Must I remind you of the lines I heard him repeat, as describing you:

> 'She walks in beauty, like the night
> Of cloudless climes and starry skies,
> And all that's best of dark and bright
> Meets in her aspect and her eyes;
> Just mellowed to that tender light,
> Which heaven to gaudy day denies.'"

She stooped to kiss me. But I hid my face in her dress, like a pettish child.

"Don't quote Theo Rounsaville to me," I said, shortly. "Who cares for his opinion?"

Now the truth was, I did care for his opinion, and cared for it a great deal too much. At one time he had been very attentive to me, and I had been flattered by it, as any girl would have been; for he was not only the handsomest and wealthiest, but also the most accomplished bachelor in the neighborhood. But with the perversity of my sex, I had affected to be indifferent to him, until, tired of my coquetry, he had transferred his attentions elsewhere. A month, now, had passed since he had visited me. A few evenings before, I had met him at a ball, and he had not even once asked me to dance; but had devoted his time, almost exclusively, to Jennie Charlton, who was a great heiress, as well as a celebrated blonde beauty. If the truth must be told, I had been, ever since that night, devoured by jealousy. It was this that made me so miserably unhappy now.

"But we were talking of Laura," I said, changing the subject. "She has every luxury, and I am so dependent."

"You know, my dear," said mother, in a grave, troubled voice, "that Uncle Adam's home is yours, as long as you choose to remain here; and that he never wounds us by speaking of our dependence."

"But he expects me to marry, and it galls me to know that he expects me to relieve him of a burden in that way. Now, Laura Desmond—"

"Hush, Ada, hush. Laura confesses that her father wishes her to marry a man whom she dislikes. There is no such necessity for you."

"Not at present, mother. But Laura is not compelled to marry at all. She has a plenty to support her, and I must have somebody to take care of me."

"I do not wish you to marry, my daughter, except for love."

"Fiddlesticks!" said I, inelegantly. "I tell you, nine women out of ten marry for homes, or for fear of being old maids. I believe Uncle Adam is miserly. If he would die and leave me a legacy, or give me a few thousands, I would live single all the days of my life."

A door opened at that moment, and Uncle Adam walked straight into the room. Uncle Adam was a rather old gentleman, but always good-natured. Even now he did not look the least bit offended, though he must have heard all I had said. I jumped up, thoroughly ashamed of myself. But he only said:

"Come, come, my little girl, this is pretty hard on your old uncle. I'm sorry you think me such a miser."

"Oh, uncle," I pleaded, "please forgive me. I didn't mean that, at all. I'm out of spirits, and that makes me unjust."

"Well, never mind," said Uncle Adam, bustling across the room and taking a seat. "Come here, Miss Ada. I have a proposition to make. I don't want to be poisoned for a legacy—don't interrupt me, my dear—so I am going to give you a little present, instead. Suppose I bribe you to be an old maid, eh? I will settle ten thousand dollars on you now, on condition you live and die Ada Lyon, spinster. There!"

"If you will forgive and forget all my ugly speeches, uncle," said I, "I'll agree to the condition with pleasure."

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"Ada!" said mother, faintly.

"Let her alone, Agnes, let her alone," said Uncle Adam, with a majestic wave of the hand. "She shall take the matter into due consideration. See here, Ada, we must have a clear understanding. There is to be no drawing back. If you sign the necessary paper, the money is yours at once; but should you ever marry, you forfeit every cent. Are you ready to ratify the contract?"

"Yes, uncle, at once; and I will show that I am in earnest."

"Stop, stop—not at once. I'll give you till night to think about it. Don't be rash. In order to escape being called a miser I'll bribe heavily." And Uncle Adam unceremoniously marched out of the room.

I turned to mother, flushed with triumph. She was still sitting by the window, looking pale and troubled.

"Ada, come here," she said, almost in a whisper. "Look out. Isn't that Theo Rounsaville?"

I sprang to her side. An open landau, drawn by two superb gray horses in gold-mounted harness, had just been driven up the avenue. Their master, throwing the reins to a servant, now descended.

"He has come to ask you to drive with him," said my mother; "at least it looks so."

I blushed furiously. "Do you think so, mother?" I said. The moment after, our visitor was announced.

What a delightful day that was! We drove down to the beach; the solemn ocean monotone seemed changed to joyous music. Then we went round through the pine woods. Then we came home, while the western sky blazed with the sunset, and the gray twilight had set in. My accepted lover, for he had proposed and I had accepted him, bade me good-bye at the door and went down the avenue.

I ran upstairs and into my mother's room, stopping only to throw off my hat and gloves.

"Well, Ada?" was mamma's inquiry.

"All's well, mamma," I answered, laughing and blushing.

But when I had finished my little confidences, she said, still smiling, however:

"You will be a portionless bride, remember, my darling."

For the first time, I thought of that odious contract.

"Do you suppose Uncle Adam meant all that?"

"I don't doubt it," she replied; "and you promised to arrange it finally, to-night, Ada."

I jumped up. "I am going now," I said.

"What will you say to Uncle Adam?"

"Never mind, I'll fix it," I answered, gayly. "I'll either coax him or scare him."

I laughed all the way down to the study, until by the time I reached the door my eyes were full of tears. I let them stay, paused to collect my ideas and compose my face, then tapped at the door in a subdued way and, went slowly in.

Uncle Adam had taken the shade off the reading-lamp, laid his meerschaum down by it, and was busily writing.

"Take a seat, take a seat," he said, without looking up. "I'll have everything ready in a few minutes. What is your conclusion?"

I seated myself in a great arm-chair close to him, sighed deeply.

"I'll sign it, uncle," I said, and sighed again.

"Well, what's the matter?" he said, looking round at me.

"I'm afraid it will make me very unhappy," I said, with another sigh.

"Why, Ada," he said, in a puzzled way, "I thought it was the very thing to make you happy. What do you mean?"

"Yes, Uncle Adam," I said, having recourse to my handkerchief; "but then I don't want to live single."

"Oho!" said he. "You've changed your mind. You don't want the money?"

"Yes, I do," I exclaimed, with a hysterical little sob. "I love him; but I won't marry without anything of my own. I'm ashamed."

Uncle Adam never could stand tears. He left his chair, and took my hands from my face.

"Ada," he said, severely, "tell me instantly, straight up and down—whom do you love?"

"Mr. Rounsaville," said I, solemnly.

"You are a foolish child," said Uncle Adam, gently patting my head. "I knew Rounsaville was coming here to-day, and so I wouldn't let you bind yourself by any promise until he came. But what absurd nonsense is this? Come, child, I won't bribe you to live single. If you marry Rounsaville, I'll give you ten thousand dollars."

"Will you, uncle?" I cried, in ecstasy.

"Don't cry any more, then," he said, almost tenderly. "Kiss me, my dear, and go tell your mother."

I ran upstairs.

"Mamma," I called, "I've taken the bribe."

I frightened her dreadfully, but soon explained.

And Uncle Adam gave me, on my wedding-day, the ten thousand dollar check, with which, originally, he had BRIBED ME TO BE AN OLD MAID.

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RULE OR RUIN.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1862, by Miss Ann Stephens, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 413.

CHAPTER XV.

THE great Council-fire was quenched, the assemblage over, and to the north, south, and west, the sachems of the Six Nations made their way homeward, fired with a new war-spirit, laden with presents, and inspired by a new treaty to stand side by side with their English allies to the death.

But the Cayuga chiefs were less contented than their brethren, for the pride of their nation had been left behind; and both Dahionet and Father Meda sat, laden with thought, in their canoes, sad and sorrowful, because of their loss; for Angela and Okalona were to journey down the Hudson, with Governor Clinton and his party.

Even to his own mind, Father Meda could hardly answer for the impulse of self-abnegation that had seemed to enforce his consent to this separation from his grandchild, who was to him as the best blood of his heart. Only the day before Clinton broke up his little court, Grace had come to the missionary, with eager longing in her face, and, though proud to everyone else, was so humble with the old man, that, unconscious of the act, she fell upon her knees by his chair, and with such affectionate pleading as no man could have resisted, besought him to let Angela go with her down to the city, where she might see a little of the world, and, for the time, be with her as a sister.

This fair young patrician did not dream of the shock which this request gave to the old man; but she saw that he turned deadly white, and a gleam of almost angry doubt came into his eyes.

Did he feel, at this moment, as if circumstances were enthralling his will, and forcing him into a path from which every impulse of his nature retreated? How could he refuse this young girl the right to seek happiness in her own innocent way? How could he part with her, or thrall her freedom by his authority? What spirit of good or evil had brought this fair girl to his feet, with a petition that seemed to be wringing the life from his heart?

"Why do you come here to ask this?" he said. "Angela has never been away from me in her life. I tell you she is content in the forest. She loves her duties, and she has always Okalona for a companion."

"But that is not enough," said Grace; "besides, we will take the pretty wild bird also, if she will go. It will be like taming an oriole. By and by you shall have them back again."

"But how? But how?" questioned the old man, with painful anxiety burning in his usually mild eyes. "Is it that you wish to make my child like the English woman who has come among us?"

"Heaven help us, no," cried Grace, with a gesture of passionate disdain. "It is partly to avoid her that I wish to have Angela with us. She is resolved to go with her, back to your home on the lake, and Angela trembles at the thought. She turns pale when my lady speaks of it."

"Well she may," muttered the missionary, under his breath, while a choking sensation came into his throat.

"You are troubled, I see that. You shrink from this lady as she does—as I do. With her, alone in the wilderness, it will be horrible. You could not refuse her shelter in your lodge, nor always be there to soften this unnatural companionship."

The old man listened; he seemed to be making up his mind to something that must be painful, turn which way he would; all the sweet serenity of his character seemed broken up. He was like a man hunted down by some enemy.

"I have always put the idea of destiny aside," he muttered, shaking his head as if the idea stung his brain; "but it is upon me now. It brought me here; it is dragging me out of my solitude: for where she goes, I must follow—will follow, as long as this evil creature is near."

The old man seemed to be wandering. Grace could not comprehend the meaning of his words. He saw her amazement, and sought to compose himself.

"Are you sure this lady means to join the Cayugas in their route home?" he questioned.

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"Yes; she told me so herself. Sir William Johnson has provided an escort for her. John Roach, the fur-trader, answers for her safety, and will go with her."

"He too?" exclaimed the missionary.

"That is why Okalona will be best with us," said Grace, hesitating a little. "If the pretty sprite can be induced to go."

The old man was greatly disturbed.

"Does Angela know of this?" he said. "Is it her wish you are urging?"

"She only knows that I desire it above all things, and that the Governor has set his heart on having her with us for a time."

There was something else the old man wished to say, but he could not force himself to speak of Lord Fausbrook. Perhaps Grace understood his hesitation.

"Lord Fausbrook has tried to dissuade his mother from this undertaking," she said, "but proposes to go with her if she persists."

A look of partial relief came into the old man's face.

"You will let her go with us?" exclaimed Grace, reading the change in his countenance almost as a consent.

"It would be ungracious to refuse, and perhaps unwise. Give me a little time, lady, to think of it. Angela is a fortunate girl in having so sweet a friend. Believe me, I am grateful."

Grace, feeling that her case was almost won, stooped forward and kissed the old man's hand with reverent affection, as if he had been her own father. Then she left him alone, thoughtful and greatly troubled by what he had heard; while Grace Morton, flushed with almost assured success, went at once to Angela's room, where she found the young lady seated on a stiff high-backed settee, cushioned with crimson stuff, and inlaid with different colored woods in the elaborate Dutch style, that is resurrected in fragments by curiosity-hunters up to this day. She looked up eagerly as Grace came in, and a flush of expectation made her countenance beautiful with the strange new life that had dawned upon it of late. She did not speak, but no language could have been more eloquent than that look.

"It is almost settled," said Grace, seating herself upon the crimson cushion of the settee. "The dear old man hesitates; looks perplexed; is going to think himself miserably lonesome; but the Governor will throw in a word of persuasion, and to-morrow or next day we shall be on ship-board, sailing down the great river, on our way to the world which you have only seen in gleams and flashes up here."

"But my grandfather will not go with us?" questioned Angela, and the flush of color died out of her face. "Oh, Grace! I could not let him go back yonder alone. Our cabin on the lake would be like the nest of a dead bird to him."

"But there is Okalona," said Grace, casting a mischievous look on the Indian girl, who lay with her slender limbs outstretched on a rug of beaver-skins that she had dragged to Angela's feet. The pretty savage started, and rested on her elbow, with her bright face and flashing eyes uplifted eagerly.

"Where Angela goes, I go," she said.

Grace smiled, but shook her head as if this idea disturbed her. She knew well enough that any suggestion she might make would arouse opposition in the young creature, and adroitly guided it according to her own wishes.

"That is impossible," said Angela, aiding her friend's tactics with perfect unconsciousness. "Dahionet would never consent."

"And you have no care. It is her you wish to be with; for this you send Okalona, like a wild bird, back into the woods; but she will not go—she will not go!"

The girl sprang up, and stamped her foot on the fur mat with passionate violence. Her eyes flashed through tears; her mouth quivered, and underneath the lips her small teeth clinched.

"But you do not like white people," said Grace.

"No!" answered Okalona, flashing back a look of defiance; "I hate white people. They take Angela from me; they charm us with sweet words, and hide their tomahawks under their blankets, smiling as they strike."

"But not all. You do not say this of John Roach, for instance?"

A flood of crimson swept Okalona's dusky cheeks. She stood a moment with bowed head, and then sank slowly to a sitting posture on her mat.

Angela was so accustomed to the wild flights of this young creature that she scarcely observed this change in her demeanor; but Grace understood it clearly.

"He—I mean this fur-trader—is going with Lady Fausbrook into the Cayuga country," she said.

"With that she-fox?" whispered Okalona, through her shut teeth.

"And the daughter of Dahionet can go with them, and help paddle my lady's canoe," said Grace, relentlessly.

"The daughter of Dahionet goes with Angela down to the white man's city," answered the girl, drawing up her slender form till it looked

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almost queenly. "Without Okalona, she shall not go at all; I have said it."

"Is it certain? Will Lady Fausbrook really venture into the woods so far?" asked Angela, with renewed anxiety. "She does not love my grandfather; why then does she care to follow him or me?"

"That is what perplexes us all," said Grace; "but never mind her motive: it will at any rate take her in one direction while we go another; for go with us to New York you must and shall: for a month at least you shall live in the world."

Grace Morton, as she spoke, reached out her hand, but the Indian girl put hers behind her back and retreated slowly.

"You will say nothing to anyone about the things we have talked of," said Grace, almost provoked by the girl's persistent dislike. "Nothing is sure yet."

"Savages know how to keep silent," was the sullen answer; and with that the strange creature went out of the room.

"I should think you would be afraid of her," said Grace, with a slight shrug of the shoulders. "Sometime when the wild blood in her veins takes fire, she may prove a dangerous companion."

"Afraid of Okalona?" said Angela, with a bright smile. "I should have more fear of the humming-bird that shakes perfume from the wild vines at our cabin window, than of Okalona."

CHAPTER XVI.

It is not strange that both the missionary and Dahionet were grave and anxious, as they joined the little fleet of canoes that made its way up the Mohawk. It is true they had not as yet been joined by my lady and her escort; but that seemed by no means singular, as these had arranged to travel on horseback, and keep a trail parallel with the river. Of course they could not know anything of the progress or number of those who formed my lady's escort, and might not expect to meet them before they reached Skaniateles, or one of the two other lakes on which various tribes of the nation had erected their villages and castles; but down in Albany, the whites assembled there were somewhat better informed. They had been not a little surprised when tribe after tribe swept away into the wilderness, after the great Council; and when all were gone, that one strange girl, bright as a flamingo and wild as a hawk, should be left behind with the missionary's daughter, after the old man himself had gone side by side with Dahionet, and entered the last canoe of the little fleet like mourners at a funeral.

Of course these men fully believed that Lady Fausbrook and her son would set forth immediately on their route for Cayuga; but there was some delay. My lady had her caprices, and was not yet quite ready for the saddle. The presence of Angela and her Indian friend, after Father Meda's departure, puzzled her; and she was not willing to depart on her expedition until quite assured of their destination. It had been Grace Morton's policy to keep this a secret; and it was only a few hours before the two vessels in the river lifted anchor, that Roach became aware that both Angela and Okalona, the two chief objects of his interest, were about to sail for New York, with Governor Clinton and his party. Up to this period, the young man had been greatly occupied in preparing for the expedition to Cayuga; his time had been mostly spent with Sir William Johnson, at his residence, some distance from the city. This made it almost impossible for him to form plans for what seemed accidental meetings with Okalona, or to see the missionary's daughter by real accident, as he had sometimes done when the Council was in progress.

The evening before the Governor had arranged to leave Albany, which was to be the signal for Lady Fausbrook's departure for the Indian country, he lingered about the grounds, almost within the lights of that old Dutch mansion, hoping to catch a glimpse of Okalona.

At last his vigilance was rewarded. He saw her come out of the open hall-door and pause upon the steps, with a light from a lamp, swinging from the ceiling within, falling richly on her picturesque costume and wildly beautiful head. She stood some minutes gazing out into the shadows thrown by a clouded moon, then ran down the steps, startled by some sound that might have been imperceptible to another, but which brought the breath quickly to her lips—a sound so faint that it seemed like the chirp of a nested bird calling to its mate. Swift as the listening bird might fly, Okalona darted into the thick of the shrubbery and found John Roach standing there.

"At last," he said, reaching out his hand, as if to draw her towards him. "At last you have come to me. Night after night I have watched for you, till the moon went down; but you have not cared. You have learned to sleep soundly in the white man's house."

Okalona drew back from the treacherous hand outstretched for her.

"That is not true," she said, with the audacious frankness of her race. "Each night I have been here all alone, wandering through the bushes, calling softly, with no one to answer; for my heart was made heavy by words from the

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white lady in yonder, and I wanted to ask the truth of you."

"What truth is it that you want, Okalona?"

"Is it true that you go to the lands of my people with that white lady, with eyes like a robin's egg that has grown cold in the nest, and a mouth full of whispered lies? That is what I ask."

"I go to the lodges of the Cayugas that I may see Okalona every day; shoot birds with her in the woods; hook fish with her in the lake; read to her when she is tired of that, and love her always, better than any other woman that ever lived. That is why my horses are saddled and my men armed for a journey to-morrow. Will you come with me, Okalona—will you come?"

"Then the white lady is a lie. It was not for her you saddled the horses," said the girl, with a sudden burst of exultation.

"Not for her, no. No, Okalona, she will ride among the men Sir William Johnson has sent as escort for her. You and I will ride by ourselves, in advance or behind. We shall have days and days together, with nothing but the songs of waters and whispering leaves to listen, when I say how much I love you, or you answer back as the birds do."

Still Okalona held herself erectly, and drew back.

"But this white woman has ears."

"Yes; but you and I will keep away from her."

"And eyes that look sideways, like a trout's, when he turns from a bait he does not bite. I will not go with this woman; no, not if she were miles before or behind."

"Okalona, you do not love me."

"Well," answered the girl, haughtily.

"This lady is old."

"Our old women do not travel in the woods."

"She does not love me. Indeed, loves no one but herself."

"Then why does she ride with you, day after day, in the great wilderness, with nothing but whispering leaves to tell what you say, and waters to sing to you?"

"Ah! that is a question I cannot answer. Before we leave the Cayugas, perhaps, we may find out."

"What does the lady seek up yonder?"

"She goes to join the missionary and his daughter."

The man's voice faltered a little as he spoke thus with apparent indifference of Angela. The quick perception of the girl received this change of intonation with a fresh thrill of jealousy, and, forgetting the charge of silence given her, she answered, quickly:

"But Angela stays behind."

"Stays behind? But where?"

Roach forgot to conceal the anxiety he felt. Okalona laughed with savage enjoyment, till her teeth glistened in the moonlight.

"Ah! you thought that she, too, would be on the trail, riding, like Okalona, behind the grand white lady. But Angela knows better. She will go down the great water-path."

"Down the great water-path? When? With whom?"

"With her own people, where she will be a queen."

"Tell me, you mischievous witch, tell me what all this is about. I do not believe you."

"Okalona never lies. She has no white blood in her heart," said the girl, stung into dignity by his words.

"But what you say is impossible. Angela goes with her grandfather, back to Skaniateles. And you?"

"Go with her down the great water-path, in a big canoe that lies down yonder, like an eagle with its wings folded."

Roach seized the girl by the arm, half angrily; but assuming an air of rude playfulness.

"Okalona, you are vexed with me—you are jealous."

"Jealous? What is that?" questioned the girl, shaking herself loose from his hold. "More lies that you find on my lips?"

"No—no. Only all women are alike, and you the most exasperating of the sex. You see that it would break my heart if these white people took you away from me, and love to torture me after the Indian fashion."

"After the Indian fashion? No—no. You white men know how to give a keener pain than we know of. We only torture the limbs. You wring the life out here. That is what you are doing when you take this proud white woman to the lodges of our people, that she may scoff at us among her own."

As Okalona spoke she pressed both hands upon her heart, and her great black eyes were full of the pain she described.

Men do exist to whom the passionate struggle of doubt and hope in a woman's soul is sweet incense to their own overweening vanity. With Roach this feeling was blended with a degree of astonishment that human passions could be so much alike in the palace and in the forest. To him this bright beautiful creature was a marvel of contradictions, that aroused all that was simply human in his own nature to action. If he could have loved any human being on earth better than his own interests, it would have been this

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wild, half-tamed Indian girl, who stood in all her stormy beauty before him. He had told her no more than the truth, when he assured her that her company on his journey would make it a delightful pleasure-trip, and her announcement that she would take no share in it stung him with keen disappointment. Nay, more than that: it threatened to demoralize all the arrangements which had been so adroitly made with Lady Fausbrook. He stood a moment, staring in pale anger at the girl, hardly able to believe her.

"Is this the truth?" he said at last. "Can that sweet-faced girl have been plotting to deceive us all this time? Is she going with the Governor's party—or is all this said because of your senseless anger? Tell me the truth, Okalona!"

Okalona drew herself up and walked away towards the house without vouchsafing look or word in answer to his appeal.

For some minutes Roach stood among the shadows, reviewing the position he was in with swift calculation. At last he resolved on the first step to be taken, and as Okalona disappeared in the hall, he took the same direction himself.

Nothing could have been more composed than his appearance when he addressed a servant at the door, spoke of the hour being late, but desired that Lady Fausbrook should be informed that a person was waiting to deliver a message to her from Sir William Johnson.

The servant disappeared, and returned with a request that Roach should follow him up to her ladyship's apartments. My lady was quite alone, seated by a window and looking out upon the dusky clearing that lay between her and the woods, which lengthened out like a vast black ocean far beyond her powers of sight. She was pale, and looked anxious, for the expedition she had planned might well have taxed the nerves of a braver woman.

"You have come to inform me that all is ready?" she said, with a look that seemed almost to solicit a contradiction. "After all, it is a fearful undertaking. When I look on that weird plain of darkness, that the clouded moonlight only suffices to make more gloomy; when I think that I must sleep in it to-morrow night, it—it almost terrifies me."

"I do not wonder that your resolution gives way a little," said Roach, approaching the window.

The lady looked up, and saw the anxiety in his face.

"No—no, I do not mean that; of course I go—must go!"

"But there is some change—Dahionet and Father Meda have already gone westward with the tribe."

"Leaving the girl and—as you seemed anxious about that—her savage attendant to go on with me. I have managed to arrange that it should be so."

"But, my lady, they do not join our party; but will go down the Hudson to-morrow, with Governor Clinton."

"Down the Hudson? My good man, you must be mistaken!"

"I am afraid not."

"But who told you this?"

Roach hesitated an instant; then a disagreeable smile came to his lips, and he answered:

"I got it from the young Indian girl herself."

"And you have seen her to-night? I understand!" said my lady, with a smile kindred to that still lingering around the young man's lips. "Yes—your information must be correct."

"If the object of your journey was in any way dependent on the movements of the missionary's daughter, I thought perhaps—"

Lady Fausbrook lifted her hand, as if his words disturbed some train of thought that possessed her.

"You are right," she said, after a while; "without this girl Angela, this journey would be miserably lonely, and far more dangerous; for I had depended on her popularity with the Indians to secure their welcome. Still, something can be done. You have the old missionary's confidence?"

"Yes; he almost recognized me as a relative."

"Took you into his cabin, perhaps?"

"Not exactly; the presence of his granddaughter was in the way—but I was there often."

Again Lady Fausbrook fell into thought; the evil spirit within her was hard at work.

"These lodges—are they closed with locks and keys, like our houses?" she questioned.

Roach laughed a little.

"A wooden latch, lifted by a leather string that dangles through a gimlet-hole in the door, is the nearest approach to a lock that I have ever seen among the tribes; and they are only found in the abodes of the missionaries. I remember there is one at Father Meda's lodge."

"Then you have only to knock, and walk in?"

"Or walk in without knocking," answered Roach, who read more in my lady's countenance than appeared in her words. "While Miss Angela is absent, the cabin will be almost always empty; for her grandfather has established schools, not only in Skaniateles, but in other villages on the two lakes, and sometimes is away from his lodge days together."

"When the young lady is absent, he might,

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perhaps, invite you to share his lodge," suggested the lady.

"I have no doubt of it."

"And you read Italian?"

Roach hesitated.

"Oh, I see," continued my lady; "that is an accomplishment we do not often find among the trading-classes; but without that you might perhaps save me from this long ride in the wilderness."

"Pray explain. I would do anything on earth to oblige you," said Roach, drawing a chair close to the window where my lady sat, and leaning toward her with a degree of familiarity that made the patrician blood mount to her cheeks.

"Oh, it is only a caprice," she answered, with a light laugh, but drawing herself back a little. "I have been told that this old missionary brought a quantity of rare books into this country, especially a splendid old Bible and some illuminated missals, such as cannot be bought anywhere. I have a passion for such things; they interest me as nothing else in art can. It was to examine these books, and offer the old man a sum large enough to give broader scope to his Christian charities, that I intended to make this journey among the Cayugas; but now that the only white woman among them stays behind, the danger seems too great. If I could only get a competent person to undertake the risk, and examine this rare collection for me, I too would accept Governor Clinton's invitation, and go back to New York, for a time at least."

John Roach listened to all this with downcast eyes and a faint smile on his lips. The lamps in those days shed but imperfect radiance through the rooms, even of a palace, or my lady might have seen gleams of triumphant consciousness come and go in his eyes, as if her words were opening new ideas to him.

"For my brother's sake—" he was beginning to say, but she interrupted him:

"Your brother would have found me a liberal patroness had he known how deeply his future might have been blended with my interests—may be yet."

The look which accompanied these words brought a singular smile to the young man's lips.

"My brother and myself are as one person."

"I know it!" said the lady, with a swift flash of the eye.

"So far as your ladyship is concerned, I mean to say."

"Oh, certainly."

"I may not possess all the knowledge requisite to a just estimate of the antique treasures you wish to possess, but all that I have is at your service. The escort is ready. At daybreak I can be at its head, anxious to do my best in your behalf."

"And you will take all this trouble to please me?"

"Oh, that will be nothing. Remember I am at home in the woods, and have no greater ambition than that of serving you."

Lady Fausbrook held out her hand; its slender fingers wound themselves closely around his.

"It is of no consequence that you are ignorant of the language in which these books may be written," she said, in her sweetest accents. "There will be writing in them—annotations, perhaps—that will indicate the subject and authorship. Besides, you sketch with the pen, and can copy the old black letters of the title-pages, but more especially every word of the writing."

"Yes; I understand."

"And you will do this?"

"By daylight I will be in the saddle."

"One thing more: there may be papers—old fragments of manuscripts, for which I have an equal value—"

"Which I will copy or bring to you."

"Such things men like the missionary keep without understanding the value more cultivated people put upon them; but to me they would prove treasures."

"There shall not be a scrap of paper that will escape me."

"Ah, how can I thank you?"

"Be my friend, as I will be your slave—devotedly, blindly—by forgetting the immeasureable distance between us that makes even a slave's homage presumption."

The faded coquette neither took her hand from the clasp that held it, nor frowned upon the man. Such women feed on flattery with greater eagerness as they feel all claim to genuine admiration passing out of their meretricious lives.

The young fur-dealer scoffed at her puerile vanity in his heart, but bent reverently over her hand as he resigned it. When he was gone, Lady Fausbrook rose from her chair and moved up and down the room, rearranging her plans, and sometimes laughing softly to herself.

"There has been some underhand movement here," she thought, with a thrill of satisfaction that she had escaped the necessity of a long and perilous journey, which had taxed all her courage in anticipation, and secured a certain espionage over the girl she both feared and hated, amid scenes far more congenial to her taste than a series of camp-fires in the wilderness.

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"Yes, they will find me of their party," she thought; "an unexpected delight to some of them, I dare say. Ah! that is Fausbrook's step."

The lady was right. Fausbrook came into the room, with a clouded and anxious face, which changed but little when his mother came forward with both hands extended, bright and smiling.

"I have come to take your commands," he said. "At what hour will it please you that we should be ready to start on this wild expedition?"

"My dear Arthur, and you really intend to be my escort? I shall never, never forget this; for it proves that you really love me still. But you do not care to go. It is a great sacrifice you are making for your mother."

"No, no. Let that pass," answered the young man, dropping the hands she had offered him, with a constrained bow.

"But you think me selfish, exacting, stubborn in my own self-will."

"Why should you say this, mother? No one accuses you."

"In your heart you condemn all that I am doing. This longing to see the Indians in their own homes seems like a madness."

"Something like it, I must confess," answered the young man, softened by her caressing manner so far that a faint forbearing smile came to his lips. "I do assure you, mother, the danger is great."

"For you as well as for me."

"Soldiers are not apt to calculate upon danger to themselves. It is of you I am thinking."

"How good of you; but all the more reason that others should think of the danger that must not extinguish a great race for this caprice of mine. No, my son, I will not exact this of you. My heart is stronger than my fancies, and love of my only son more powerful than anything else. I will neither drag you through the fatigue and peril of this wild project, nor encounter them myself. For once, dear, your judgment has conquered mine. To-morrow morning the young man Roach, who was to lead our Indian escort, will depart without me."

The cloud was swept from Fausbrook's face; his eyes brightened, his lips smiled; this time his hands sought those of the mother.

"Are you in earnest? Have you really seen the madness of this project?"

"I have seen how impossible it is to set up my own will against yours, my Arthur. Oh, how much more would I give up to be sure that you love me as you did before that awful night."

As she said this, the woman's voice was full of tears; her arms stole around the young man's neck, and she held up her mouth to be kissed, as a sensitive child seeks conciliation.

Fausbrook's heart warmed toward the woman he had once loved so dearly; he kissed her with something of the old tender reverence, and when she withdrew softly from his arms, tears stood in his eyes.

CHAPTER XVII.

Again and again that great roomy coach, with its white body and painted panels, its deeply-fringed hammer-cloth, and heavy wheels, went up and down that long steep street that ran from the Governor's temporary mansion, on the hill, to the wharf of heavy logs that ran into the Hudson, where the Huron, a noble vessel, for the times, lay, dipping her bow to the stream, ready to convey Clinton and his guests to the Empire City.

As the carriage, with its four proud horses curveting under their crested harness, drew up on the wharf, and the gay inmates came tripping down its iron steps, that rattled like chains under their light feet, a boat lay ready to transfer them to the Huron. Then, with a great dash of hoofs, and groaning of wheels, the ponderous vehicle swept around on the wharf and dashed up the hill for a fresh load, followed by curious eyes from the citizens gathered on the door-steps and at the windows, open-mouthed with admiration of this great display. Last of all, the coach came lurching and swinging down the hill with Governor Clinton in the back seat and Lady Fausbrook by his side. The middle seat was occupied by Grace Morton and Angela, and in front Okalona crouched, laughing gleefully as the jerk or upheaval of the coach sent her headlong into the lap of my lady's maid, who sat, prim and majestic, in another corner of the seat, with her back to the horses.

On either side of the carriage an escort of mounted horsemen from Colonel Fausbrook's regiment fairly kindled up the street with their scarlet coats, and lent a wild clatter of hoofs to that of the four horses in harness.

At the wharf Lord Fausbrook dismounted and stood ready to escort the ladies to a barge. A few words of whispered farewell to Angela, which Miss Morton took good care not to interrupt, and Lady Fausbrook beheld with cold, sidelong glance, and he saw the barge put off with a purpose in his mind that one person in the boat, at least, comprehended; for Grace answered the farewell gesture of his hand with an encouraging smile, and waved her handkerchief long after she joined the merry group on ship-board, that hailed their approach with silvery laughter and

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waving hands. Fausbrook stood on the extreme edge of the wharf, following the barge with wistful interest, till Governor Clinton stepped on board the Huron. Then came the thunders of a salute from the fort; the "yo, heave'o" of sailors lifting the anchor; and the hoisting of sails that quivered and flapped like eagles' wings as they took the wind.

When the Huron gave her bow to the stream a crowd of the citizens stood upon the wharf, and groups were scattered along the street, watching her progress down the river. Foremost of all, Grace Morton and Angela, who had kept their place, at the stern of the vessel, saw a gleam of scarlet against the black surroundings, and knew that Fausbrook was watching them to the last.

Grace looked at her friend as the crowd melted away in the distance, and saw that her eyes were full of tears, then turned away, smiling at her own thoughts. Lady Fausbrook, also, who had found a seat close by, and was made comfortable under the folds of an India shawl, carefully arranged by her maid, eyed the girl's face with soft, cautious glances, such as a patient cat gives to the mouse that she is not quite ready to pounce upon.

Then the Huron glided down the dense solitude of the stream, as a swan breasts the crystal waves of a lake fed by mountain springs, with the forests on either side opening out here and there in slopes of grass and ferny hollows, each a picture in itself, or broken up by clearings, in which a few houses were scattered, which now form the towns and villages that people the great river to its source. The season was very beautiful; for, though the Indian summer was only approaching with its balmy breath and dropping nuts, the early frosts of September were each day burning bright tints among the trees.

As the vessel came sweeping past the Catskill Mountains, clothed with grand old trees, and lifting their peaks from the dark bosom of the forest to the blue of the skies, a cloud of smoke, issuing from a ravine that cleft two vast hills asunder and sloped roughly down to the water's edge, broke up their solitary grandeur; for there a tribe of River Indians had built their rude castle of logs and crowded their wigwams up the ravine, in a straggling village, wild as it was picturesque.

Governor Clinton was on deck when this nest of savages came in view, and was turning to summon his guests, when his arm was grasped by two eager hands, and the dusky face of Okalona, all aglow with enthusiasm, was lifted to his.

"Look, look! they are wigwams. That is a castle. Some of our people are up yonder; you can see them moving. They are wondering over this big canoe with its great white wings. How little they know that the daughter of Dahionet is here. Ah, if I could but leap ashore."

"But you cannot," said the Governor, looking down upon the wild eagerness of the girl with good-natured admiration. "You belong to us now."

"No, no. I am an Indian, all Indian; a savage—that is what the lady calls me, and I hate her."

"Hate my lady? Oh, Okalona, that is bad taste. I cannot permit you to hate my lady, for she is too sweet-tempered to avenge herself; besides, she takes great interest in your people."

"Oh, yes! she wishes to go among them and learn their ways. Just make this canoe shut its wings, send her up yonder, tell them that she delights in taunting Okalona, and they will teach her their ways, never fear."

Here the girl broke into a fit of laughter, and her little feet began to move upon the deck, taking the first steps of a war-dance. while she flung her hands out towards the Indian village as if eager then and there to begin the education of Lady Fausbrook.

The Governor was a little shocked, but could not deal severely with the mischievous creature, and only shook his head in smiling reproof, while he went to the top of the cabin-stairs and called out:

"Come—come on deck, my lady; here is something you are longing to see!"

The bevy of ladies who were amusing themselves in the cabin came swarming up the steps, eager for any novelty that might present itself; and among the foremost was Lady Fausbrook.

"There, my lady," said Clinton, pointing to the ravine, "you have all the romance of savage life at a single view. Yonder uncouth square of logs you can see just within the jaws of that mountain gorge is an Indian castle, and those conical affairs that look so much like hay-stacks, with smoke coming out of the top, are the dwellings you were so anxious to occupy."

Lady Fausbrook shaded her eyes with one hand while she looked towards the mountains in search of the objects that Clinton was pointing out to her with a glow of good-natured sarcasm on his kindly face.

My lady gazed a moment on the wild scene, then drew back shuddering, but proudly refusing to admit the consternation she felt.

"It was for a sight like this that you were willing to travel days and weeks in the wilderness: crouching in canoes; jostling through swamps and trees, on horseback or on foot;

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through an undergrowth full of serpents, and by the dens of wild beasts."

"No, no! I did not expect to encounter all that!" said my lady. "Besides, other women have taken such journeys."

"From a sense of duty, and in order to aid their fellow-men," said Grace Morton, glancing at her friend Angela, on whom my lady's eyes had fallen invidiously. "Such women stake their lives on the issue."

"But they are safe—always safe," cried Okalona, dashing into the little crowd. "The medicine-men of our tribes are not more sacred than the missionaries that come among us, when they are good—when they are good. The wild beasts seem to know about it, and keep away from them. Angela is never afraid; but this lady—wouldn't the rattle of a snake make her jump? Wouldn't the sight of a hungry wolf, loping over the sward with his eyes on fire and his blood-red tongue swaying from his mouth, frighten the life out of her? Or a great bear, ready to hug her to death? They would swallow her, red-heeled shoes and all!"

Lady Fausbrook turned upon the little savage, pale and frightened, but with a proud lift of her hand, thinking to awe the creature into silence; but suppression with Okalona was impossible; her eyes danced with malicious joy when she saw that these words had frightened the blood from the woman's face. But, just then, a soft hand was laid upon her arm, and turning she saw the face of Angela bent on her with a look of almost stern reproval. Under that light touch the girl lost all her savage fire, and shrunk away from the group.

The Huron had drifted by the ravine, and the Indian village was out of sight; the group of guests broke up and was scattered about the deck; when Okalona was discovered in the seat Lady Fausbrook usually occupied, with the shawl, that had been carelessly left there, gathered around her like a blanket, out of which her dusky face appeared, audacious and bright with rebellious laughter.

Grace Morton saw this and turned away her head, that no one might see a smile that hospitality to her uncle's guest forbade. Lady Fausbrook saw it also, and, for a moment, was struck dumb with astonishment; then with a faint scornful smile she turned to her maid.

"When that young person has done with my shawl, you can cast it overboard," she said, and descended into the cabin, without appearing to give the subject another moment's consideration.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"MIO PASSIONE INFELICE."

BY WALLACE LYON HUBBS.

SMILE again, thou cold deceiver,
Just one sweet smile ere we part.
Smile on thy poor weeping lover,
Thou alone canst heal his heart!
Smile again, thou cold deceiver,
For all love your soul denies.
Hide, oh, hide, the word heart-rending,
Under friendship's kind disguise.

You say, sweet girl, "I've insulted!"
Is it insult to love thee?
Let me worship thee, my angel,
I'd die for thee, happy be!

But this heart, warm in my bosom,
You delight to torture so;
Smile again, oh! cruel maiden,
On this sad heart, then 'twould glow.

Not the bird upon the heather,
Proudly flies o'er sunny toon;
Nor the small wee dancing fairy,
Underneath the autumn moon;
Nor the poet, when the blindness
Of successes fills his e'e,
Feels divine and saintly rapture,
That your smiles would furnish me.

WHY?

BY MINNIE C. BALLARD.

I CANNOT tell you why I love you.
Ask the dewdrop on the rose
Why it falls and rests so softly,
Ere the lovely leaves unclose.

I cannot tell you why I love you.
Ask the bird who sweetly sings
Why he trills his tender carol,
List the answer which he brings.

I cannot tell you why I love you.
Love were lost if it could speak.
But your voice is as the bird-song,
As the dewy rose your cheek.

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EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

No. 1—Is a morning-dress, of plain and checked sateen, trimmed with muslin embroidery. The jacket of the checked sateen has a waistcoat of the plain sateen, and is trimmed with a ruffle of the plain material, edged with the embroidery. The skirt is of the checked material, with flounces, edged with the embroidery, and with knife-plaitings of the plain.

No. 1.

No. 2—Is a walking or house costume, made of black striped grenadine. The skirt is trimmed with many narrow knife-plaited ruffles; and the jacket-basque, which is plain in front, has drapery at the back, which is looped up and confined by bows of black satin ribbon and jet buckles. Steel, pearl, or gilt buckles would look very well, but not really so stylish as the jet. The collar is of black lace, beaded with jet.

No. 2.

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No. 3—Is a walking or house-dress, of gray batiste; the skirt is laid in lengthwise plaits, and at the bottom is trimmed with embroidery; above this is a band of the batiste, then a

No. 3.

band of narrow insertion, which is laid in with the plaits; a very narrow knife-plaiting should be placed under the embroidery at the bottom, to protect it from the dust. The tunic is closed part way down the front, is then drawn back and carelessly looped at the back; it is edged with embroidery; the waist is round and plain, and a leather belt and buckle is worn with it.

No. 4—Is a house or visiting-dress, of white pine-apple gauze; the skirt is trimmed with a gathered ruffle, above which are two full-quilled or shell-trimmings; the tunic is apron-shaped in front, and is edged with one of the many pretty and inexpensive laces so much the fashion now; a second row of the lace is placed on higher up, to simulate a double tunic; the drapery at the back is very long, and then doubled up to show the wrong side: this should be lined with silk or satin, either white or of some delicate color; the waist, which is pointed back and front, is fastened with small round pearl-buttons, and

No. 4.

trimmed with lace, which narrows down at the point.

No. 5—Is a frock, for a little girl, and is made of cream-white or of colored bunting. It

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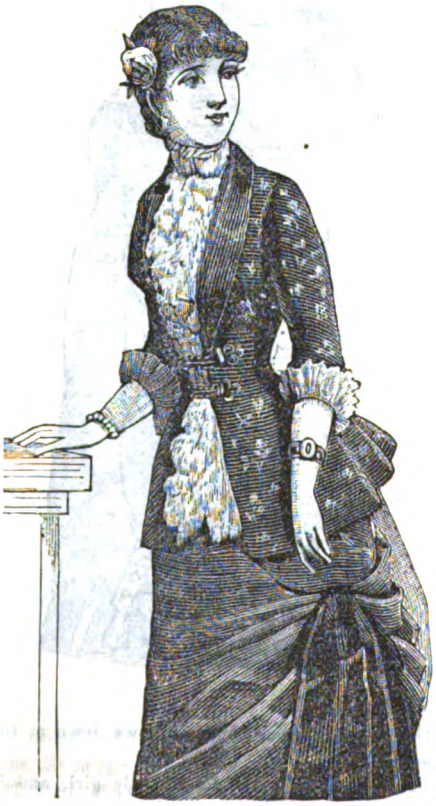
No. 5.

is trimmed with bands, on which pink and blue flowers are embroidered. These bands ornament



No. 6.

the front of the frock, form the sleeves, and a bertha around the neck, and two frills around the skirt. With this dress, a high white bodice, with long sleeves, should be worn underneath.

Nos. 6 and 7—Are the front and back of a bodice for house and evening-wear. It is made of summer brocatelle, opening in front over a waistcoat formed of rows of lace, and is confined in front, at the waist, by two straps; the collar-revers are of plain silk or satin, to correspond with the color of the dress with which the bodice

No. 7.

is worn. The sleeves reach to below the elbow, and have a lace ruffle which is turned back from the arm. The back of the bodice is laid in short, broad plaits; or it can be made to open in the back, over a puffed skirt. A bodice of this kind is economical: as with it, old skirts may be rearranged and worn; or it itself may be made of an old dress-skirt. If not of good material, however, but little lace should be used in front. In that case it might be made quite close, or else made with a plain silk or satin vest.

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No. 8—Is a summer-suit, for a little boy. It may be made of any color, but blue flannel is exceedingly pretty for cool days. Hollands, piqués, and plain chintzes are very suitable for wash-dresses. The skirt is kilt-plaited, and trimmed with several rows of white worsted braid; the very long blouse buttons down the front, and the collar and cuffs are trimmed with white worsted braid; the skirt-piece underneath has crosswise trimmings of the braid.

No. 9—Is a boy's suit, of red, blue, or cream-

No. 8.

colored serge, or of white piqué; it has a plaited skirt, a blouse-waist, and a sailor-collar, which is very deep at the back, and is trimmed with five rows of braid. The collar in front comes in a deep point down to the bottom of the blouse-waist, and opens over a striped Jersey; or there might be a piece of the serge inserted, and braided *crosswise*, not lengthwise.

No. 10—Is a frock of white jaconet, for a little child; the skirt is almost formed by the two rows of embroidery. The front, collar, and cuffs are trimmed with the embroidery.

No. 11—Is a costume of blue albatross, for a little girl; the upper garment is just long enough

No. 9.

to reach the embroidered ruffle at the bottom of the dress; or the ruffle can be attached to the bottom of the albatross garment. It is made to

No. 10.

fall straight but closely in front, and at the back has several seams to fit it to the figure. The

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collar is of linen, edged with embroidery; and there is a wide bow of ribbon at the back of the skirt.

LADIES' PATTERNS.

Any style in this number will be sent by mail on receipt of full price for corresponding article in price list below. Patterns will be put together and plainly marked. Patterns designed to order.

Princess Dress: Plain,	.50
" " with drapery and trimming,	1.00
Polonaise,	.50
Combination Walking Suits,	1.00
Trimmed Skirts,	.50
Watteau Wrapper,	.50
Plain or Gored Wrappers,	.35
Basques,	.35
Coats,	.35
" with vests or skirts cut off,	.50
Overskirts,	.35
Talmas and Dolmans,	.35
Waterproofs and Circulars,	.35
Ulsters,	.35

CHILDREN'S PATTERNS.

Dresses: Plain,	.25	Basques and Coats,	.25
Combination Suits,	.35	Coats & Vests or Cut Skirts	.35
Skirts and Overskirts,	.25	Wrappers,	.25
Polonaise: Plain,	.25	Waterproofs, Circulars and Ulsters,	.25
" Fancy,	.35		

BOYS' PATTERNS.

Jackets,	.25	Wrappers,	.25
Pants,	.20	Gents' Shirts,	.50
Vests,	.20	" Wrappers,	.30
Ulsters,	.30		

In sending orders for Patterns, please send the number and month of Magazine, also No. of page or figure or anything definite, and also whether for lady or child. Address, Mrs. M. A. Jones, 28 South Eighth Street, Philadelphia.

No. 11.

GERMAN LINEN-THREAD EMBROIDERY.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

We give, in the front of the number, a double-size pattern, printed in colors, for a Quilt in German linen-thread embroidery. This old German linen-work recommends itself by its rich, glossy effect, produced by a variety of stitches, as well as by the simplicity of the materials employed. The materials required are Russian crash of very coarse texture, white linen thread, and silks of various colors. The designs are worked in a variety of stitches, comprising stem-stitch, feather-stitch, cross-stitch, all the various stitches known, background-stitches, crewel-stitch, satin-stitch, French knots, and their combinations. By altering the direction of the several stitches, and also by a modified arrangement of them, entirely different effects can be produced in the same design, and every opportunity is thus given to a clever worker for displaying taste and ingenuity. It is not necessary, however, to use all these stitches; excellent effects can be produced by a very few; you need not know all these fancy stitches to secure nice work. Besides being of thorough artistic appearance, this linen-work stands any reasonable amount of washing and hard wear, and is, therefore, specially suitable for quilts, toilette-covers, sideboard-cloths, chair-backs, and similar articles.

We give only a portion of the Quilt in our colored plate, but enough for the purpose, for it is worked in separate squares (one of which we give complete), and joined afterwards by insertion of drawn-work. On two subsequent pages, at the tops of the pages, we give two designs for borders for this Quilt, to be executed in repeats, and the whole finished by a smooth or knotted fringe made of unraveled threads. For stitching the thick and coarse material, which it is necessary to use for the foundation of the quilt, a very strong and well-tempered needle ought to be chosen, and the thread used double. Notice where the drawn-work comes in, around the centre of each of the squares. It should be borne

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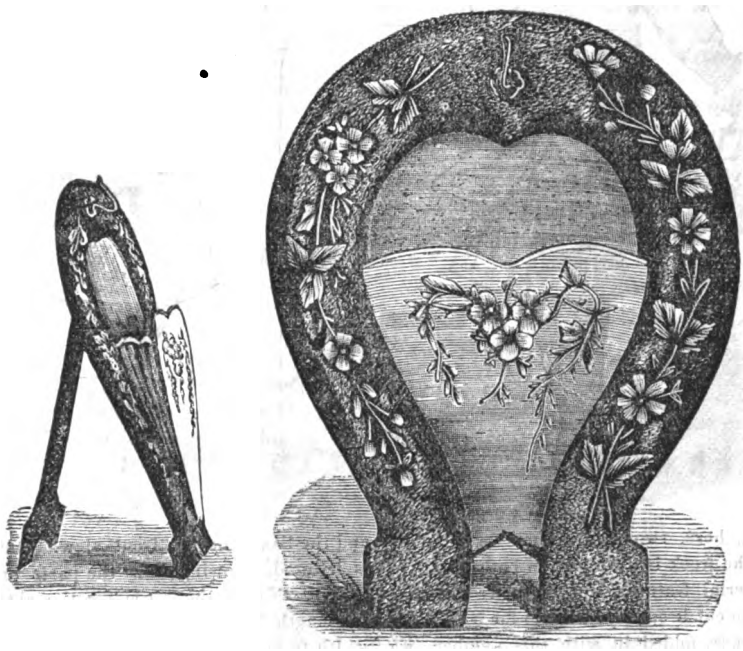
in mind that the lines of drawn-work and the borders of continuous design contribute much to the artistic appearance of the work, if their positions are judiciously chosen.

The same style of work can also be adapted to silk embroidery on fine linen, as shown in the two designs for D'oyleys, on the same page as the borders. Colors may be introduced in the D'oyleys if wished, at the taste of the person working them. The silk must be very fine and smooth, and the colors ingrain. Squares worked in this manner, and on various colors, can be joined to small coverlets, mats, chair-backs, and intersected by strips of drawn-work, or of lace, if preferred.

The articles thus composed present a very refined appearance, and, if furnished with a stout lining, wear well.

HORSE-SHOE WATCH-STAND.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



The frame of this novel and tasteful watch-stand is in plush, either crimson, peacock-blue, or moss-green, embroidered with trails in colored silks or gold thread. A hook receives the watch, and a cardboard panel, fitted into the hollow, is covered with silk, and finished by an embroidered pocket, set on with flutes, as shown in the side view of the watch-stand.

DESIGNS ON SUPPLEMENT.

On the SUPPLEMENT, folded in with this number, are two very new and beautiful designs for the work-table.

I. BUNCH OF PINK GERANIUMS in embroidery. The geraniums are of the hue termed Christine, pink with white centres; the green leaves are of the brightest golden-green; and the zonal stripes of a shade darker. The stems a green-brown tint; the veinings of the leaves green and brown; the latter to match the stems.

II. BORDER FOR CURTAIN. The birds are to be worked in Kensington-stitch, or satin-stitch. The scroll-work may be in braiding, or Kensington-stitch, or outline-stitch.

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GIRL'S FROCK: WITH SUPPLEMENT.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, here, two illustrations for a Girl's Frock. The frock is the same, in both cases, in all its material features, and therefore the same patterns, to cut it out by, will do for both. On a SUPPLEMENT, folded in with this number, we give the patterns for it, full size. They are six in number, viz.:

No. 1.—FIRST PIECE FOR FRONT.
No. 2.—SECOND PIECE FOR FRONT.
No. 3.—FIRST PIECE FOR BACK.
No. 4.—SECOND PIECE FOR BACK.
No. 5.—HALF OF SLEEVE.
No. 6.—QUARTER OF WIDTH OF SKIRT.

The two frocks are called respectively the Princess frock and the Saxon frock, the latter from the ornamentation in front resembling that worn by the old Anglo-Saxons. They are suitable for a little girl of from six to eight years of age.

The Princess is illustrated by the back view, and the Saxon by the front view. Our pattern is lettered, showing how the parts are put together. No. 5, the piece for the skirt, shows the length from G to H, and one-quarter of the width from H to K. Of course the length of the skirt must be determined by the size of the child. Make a two-inch hem on the skirt.

For the Saxon frock the plastron is a straight piece fulled on, and it is ornamented with feather or honey-comb stitches, worked in silk; or in-grain cotton if for a wash-dress. The sleeves are done in the same manner. Cashmere, serge, surah silk, pongee, are all suitable, as well as all washing fabrics. Of the latter, the self-colored satins or fine-checked ginghams are the prettiest. A wide sash of the material ties in a large bow and ends at the back.

We also give, on the SUPPLEMENT, two beautiful designs in embroidery, which are described in another place.

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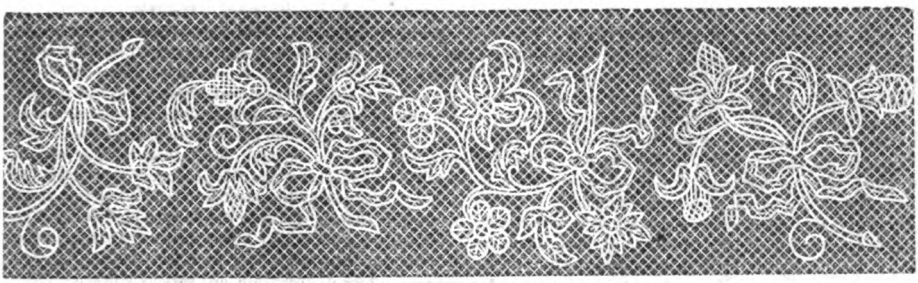
PATTERN IN RUN LACE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Run lace, as it was called, was a favorite trimming with our grandmothers, and has of late made its reappearance amongst fashionable laces. It is easy of execution, the threads being run through the meshes of machine-made net to form the outline of the designs, which afterwards can be embellished by a few fancy stitches and fillings, as indicated in our wood-cut. Colored thread or silk has also a good effect on a white or black net. The pattern we give, by being repeated, will make a strip of lace of any length; it is a very effective one.

EMBROIDERED TRAVELING-BAG.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

Summer is approaching, and traveling-bags will be more than ever in use. We give, here, a design by which an old traveling-bag, if not broken, may be "made as good as new." This is done by covering it with dark-faded green plush, on which a suitable bunch of flowers is worked in cross-stitch over canvas, which is afterwards drawn out. The case is cut to fit the bag, and when embroidered, joined together, so as to slip the bag in. Small straps fasten the case across the top. Leather handles can be bought and attached to the rings on the steel or iron band. During the past two years we have given several designs, any one of which would do for the bunch of flowers, and we shall give others during the present year.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

Hints On How To Dress.—A famous London doctor said, in a recent lecture, that "dress should be to the body what language is to the mind." In other words, it should be, to a certain extent, the exponent of one's individuality. Slavishly to copy the fashions, we have always condemned. Our advice has been to learn, in the first place, what the prevailing fashions were, and then, in the second place, to adapt them to your person, style, complexion, etc.

To achieve this object, a lady must study two things, viz: form and color, at least as regards herself: form, in reference to her height and breadth, as compared with others; and color, in respect to complexion, hair, eyes, etc. In regard to form, there are certain rules which must never be neglected. Thus, a stout woman should avoid perpendicular stripes in dress, as, although they give height, they increase fullness; and horizontal stripes should be avoided by short or very stout people. Large patterns should be discarded by short people, and left to the tall ones, who can manage to carry them off gracefully. The former must also beware of wearing double skirts, or tunics short and bunchy in shape, and also of lines made across the figure by flounces or trimmings, which cut it in the centre. The short and stout must also dress the hair high: at least, as much so as the fashion of the time will allow.

A dress cut high behind, or high on the shoulders, gives the benefit of the whole height of the figure, and a horizontal line of trimming across the neck, bust, or shoulders decreases the apparent height of the wearer. Full and puffed sleeves are an improvement to most figures, except very stout ones, to which the plain coat-sleeve, not cut too tight, is more suitable. Very light colors should be avoided by those who are stout, as their size is thereby much increased, whereas by wearing black materials it is diminished. Any attempt to increase the height by a very high or large head-dress should be avoided, as such an enlargement of the head dwarfs the figure. A lady with a prominent or large nose should beware of wearing a small bonnet, and no one over thirty years of age can afford to have a shadow thrown on her face from too large a hat or bonnet, as that increases the apparent age.

In making dresses for young girls, when they happen to be very thin, great attention should be paid to the fact, and every endeavor made to hide deficiencies by means of extra fullness of trimming in the bodice and skirt. They are often made fun of for this, as they are for a little extra stoutness, which is very cruel and foolish. One of their great troubles is usually very skeleton-like arms. This defect shows itself in a very painful manner, and both elbows and shoulder-bones are "quite too" visible, even in a thick dress. This was remedied by a wise mother of our acquaintance by placing a little layer of wadding between the lining and the material of the dress, which gave an extra thickness to the sleeve, and hid all deficiencies of contour. In the opposite case, that of over-stoutness, the young girls' dresses should all be made in the "Princess" style, as the long, straight, flowing lines downwards reduce the apparent breadth. The back-drapery should be full, but very narrow, and not too high up.

With these general rules borne in mind, any lady, who takes a good fashion magazine, can always dress well; for she must, of course, know first what the fashions are, before she can adapt them to herself.

Decorating Supper Tables, Etc.—We are often asked, by subscribers living remote from the great cities, what is the latest style for decorating supper-tables, dinner-tables, etc. We answer that there are almost as many ways as persons, and that individual taste is often better than mere fashion. Nevertheless, we mention a few styles, which, at least, may serve as hints. For example: low baskets, with or without handles, may be placed down the centre of the table, filled with white flowers and maidenhair, each basket tied round with white ribbon. Between the flowers, high dishes with fruit and fancy cakes may break the line. Or a table may be arranged with maidenhair fern, laid flat on the table round the base of every dish, and various flowering plants standing in glass or china vases down the centre. Wreaths of roses of every color may encircle a plateau of looking-glass, on which baskets or vases are placed; and if the table is very large, baskets filled with flowers are certainly the prettiest decoration; but for effect the flowers should be of the same sort and color. A white table, with masses of yellow blossoms, alamanda, chrysanthemums, or even daffodils or primroses, is most effective. Violets intermixed with the latter are admissible. White azaleas, or bright rose-colored rhododendrons, look well until the summer season provides the queen of flowers, when roses can be used *ad libitum*. A single flower, for the buttonhole, at each plate, is a pretty attention to the male guests. If flowers are scarce, the fine trails of the small ivy can be trellised all over the table with excellent effect; but to insure success in all table-decoration, there is no doubt that one color alone should be chosen and kept to. It is wonderful how prettily a table can be dressed with the blue and white china now so easily procured at small cost, provided good shapes are chosen and suitable flowers used. Bowls full of pink roses, common garden-flowers, or wild ones, are alike effective. Blue china goes well with wall-flowers or chrysanthemums. Laburnum blossom may be very well arranged as a fringe to baskets or bowls, and if white china be used, lilac blossom looks well, though its shade is not really bright or gay enough for a wedding breakfast. Wild-flowers, especially, are very pretty, and if gathered immediately before being used, will generally last through the entertainment. The great point in using these, as in everything else, is to be original and individual, provided always taste reigns paramount.

A Permanent Pattern For a Dress is what every lady should have. Every girl, especially, who makes her own dresses, should have one. Such girls, in some respects, are greatly to be envied. They almost invariably fit themselves well. We think all those, however, should have a "permanent pattern," and make all their own bodices at least. The skirts can be bought ready-made, or can be given to a dressmaker to make and trim. But what is a "permanent pattern?" you will ask. It is a bodice of thick linen, cut to one's exact measurement, and made to fit perfectly, and then all taken to pieces ready to serve as a pattern for all future dresses. Of course, a good dressmaker must make it first for you.

A New Volume of this magazine begins with the July number. To those, not wishing back numbers, now, therefore, is an excellent opportunity to subscribe. The copyright novelet, "A Romance of Fifth Avenue," will be begun in the July number.

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Our Unrivaled Premiums for 1883.—Our premiums for getting up clubs for this year are unusually fine. One is the steel-engraving, (27 inches by 20,) "Christ Before Pilate," *the most wonderful picture of the century*, as is everywhere admitted. The enterprise of "Peterson," in engraving this magnificent work of art, at a cost that would stagger ordinary publishers, is conceded, on all hands, to be beyond precedent. *Every family in the land ought to have a copy of this superb engraving.*

But as there are some persons who already have their walls covered with engravings, or may prefer something else, we offer, *in place* of the "Christ Before Pilate," either our Illustrated Quarto Album, a very beautiful ornament for the centre-table, or a handsome Photograph Album. In all such cases, however, say which Album is preferred.

For many clubs, an extra copy of the magazine will be sent. For others, and larger ones, a copy of the engraving or either of the Albums. The inducements to get up clubs were never before so great, and probably will never be so great again. See offers on second page of cover. Specimens are sent, gratis, if written for, to get up clubs with.

Old Lace Is Much more valuable than new, for this reason, among others, that it is generally all woven in "lost" patterns. It is frequently as fine as a spider's film and cannot be reproduced. The loss of patterns was a severe check to lace-making in France and Belgium, and was occasioned by the French Revolution. Before that time whole villages supported themselves by lace-making, and patterns were handed down from one generation to another. They were valuable heirlooms, for the most celebrated weavers always had as many orders as they could execute in a lifetime, and they were bound by an oath taken on the Four Gospels to work only for certain dealers. When the Reign of Terror began, all business of this sort was interrupted for a time. After the storm subsided, the dealers and workers were far apart—some dead, some lost, and some escaped to foreign lands; and such of the women as remained, were bound by their oath to work for but one. And this oath, in spite of Robespierre's doctrines, was held by the poorest of them to be binding, and there are instances where they suffered actual want, rather than break their word. Some, however, taught their children and their grandchildren, and many patterns were in this way preserved. Some of the daintiest and finest patterns were never recovered, and to-day specimens of these laces are known to be worth their weight in diamonds.

Ornaments For The Hair are of all kinds. Large jet butterflies, mounted on quivering wire, are among the latest novelties for fair hair. Very little ornament is worn in the hair, however, as a general rule, and the fashion of frizzy heads is slowly vanishing. It has been the custom, lately, for young girls and ladies to cut their hair short, and very slightly wave it, if there is no natural curl or wave. There is usually the centre parting; but the hair is cut on the forehead. It may be a good thing, when the hair is weak and thin, but it is not a generally becoming fashion, and the eye turns with pleasure to a shapely head, with its rich coils of hair low on the neck.

Compare the Colored Fashions in this magazine with those in any other. Ours are engraved on steel, and printed from the steel-plates, and then afterwards colored by hand. The rest of the magazines either give no colored fashions, or give lithographed ones, or colored wood-cuts, in every way inferior to ours, and not costing half as much.

It Is Impossible to give all the patterns, etc., etc., asked for by subscribers. We would have to print a magazine ten times as big to do it. But we give those that seem to be most in request, thus obliging as many as possible.

Additions To Clubs may be made, at the price paid by the rest of the club, *at any time during the year.* And when enough additional subscribers have been sent, you will be entitled to another premium, or premiums, precisely as if it were a new club. Go on, therefore, adding to your clubs and earning premiums. Back numbers, to January, inclusive, can be had, if desired.

"Sparkling and Brilliant."—The Horticultural (Col.) Press says of the last number of this magazine: "It is sparkling and brilliant as usual, every page full of just the kind of reading to make glad the heart of the weary wife and mother, when she sits down for the evening to rest, after the little ones are safely tucked in bed."

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

The Admiral's Daughter. By Mrs. Alexander. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. New York: Henry Hoyt & Co.*—It is a little curious that a lady who has written two such capital novels as "Her Dearest Foe" and "The Wooing O't," could write—or even having written, could consent to publish—so prosy a story as this "Admiral's Daughter." The plot, in the first place, has no originality, but is substantially the same old one that has been worn thread-bare long ago. In the second place, granting the author had worn out her inventive faculty, and had no new material, she would have made a much more tolerable novel if she had told her tale in half the compass. Her last story, "The Freres," inferior as it was to her earlier ones, was yet vastly better than this, which is really spun out beyond all example, and has hardly a redeeming feature in it.

Gideon Fleyce. By Henry M. Lucy. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. New York: Henry Holt & Co.*—We have here a new claimant for popular favor, and one who may be said to have "won his spurs" in his very first tourney. The plot of the book is quite novel. It turns on the secret assassination of an old miser, but is so artistically managed that the reader does not suspect the real culprit until the very end. Considering how difficult it is to invent anything new in the way of a plot, this is very high praise; but it is not the only merit of the book, for the characters are forcibly drawn, and some of the scenes are depicted with great power. We recall few things, in fact, so powerful as the chapter in which the dead man sits in his chair alone all night, with the dagger sticking in him. It is quite in the manner of Dickens.

Book of Health and Humor for the Million. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Baltimore: The Charles A. Vogeler Co.*—A very excellent compilation, by Mr. H. D. Umbstaetter, of original, copyrighted, humorous articles from such racy writers as "Uncle Remus," the editors of the "Texas Siftings," "Spoopendyke," of the Brooklyn Eagle, etc., etc. It is copiously and characteristically illustrated, and is in every way a noteworthy publication. The taste, in fact, which can put together a collection like this, is almost as rare and enviable a quality as the original humor itself.

Home Gymnastics. By Professor T. J. Hartelius, M. D. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.*—This is a treatise on the Preservation and Restoration of Health in Children, and young and old of both sexes. It is profusely illustrated, which adds greatly to the value of the text, because it enables the reader more thoroughly to understand it. The work originally appeared in Swedish. It seems to us quite the best of its kind.

Fauchette. "Round Robin Series." 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.*—The scene of part of this tale is laid in Washington; the rest of it on the Eastern Shore of Maryland. The story is full of vivacity, and is carried on from beginning to end without break, as Wilkie Collins, no mean judge in such matters, says all novels ought to be.

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OUR ARM-CHAIR.

NOT FOR YEARS has the demand for "Peterson" been so active as this year. We are in receipt of hundreds of letters explaining this. One lady sends a club, and adds: "This makes twenty-three years I have got up a club for 'Peterson.'" Another says: "There is not anything else which can take its place." Another: "We thought we would do without 'Peterson' this year, but find we cannot, so I send a club again." Another: "I now enter on my twenty-ninth year of subscription to your magazine." Other so-called lady's books are merely the advertising sheets of New York or Philadelphia dry-goods dealers, or dressmakers. "Peterson" is the only one that is really what it professes to be, and has no pecuniary interest in recommending any particular styles. What it says, therefore, about the fashions, can always be relied on.

IMITATION BAKING POWDERS.—*To The Public:* The public is cautioned against the practice of many grocers who sell what they claim to be Royal Baking Powder, loose or in bulk, without label or trade-mark. All such powders are base imitations. Analyses of hundreds of samples of baking powders sold in bulk to parties asking for Royal have shown them all to be largely adulterated, mostly with alum, dangerous for use in food, and comparatively valueless for leavening purposes.

The public is too well aware of the injurious effect of alum upon the system, to need further caution against the use of any baking powders known to be made from this drug; but the dealer's assurance, "Oh, it's just as good as Royal," or "it's the genuine Royal, only we buy it by the barrel to save expense of can," etc., is apt to mislead the unsuspecting consumers into buying an article which they would not knowingly use in their food under any consideration. The only safety from such practices is in buying baking powder only in the original package, of a well-known brand, and a thoroughly established reputation.

The Royal Baking Powder is sold only in cans, securely closed with the Company's trade-mark label, and the weight of package stamped on each cover. It is never sold in bulk, by the barrel, or loose by weight or measure, and all such offered the public under any pretense are imitations.

If consumers will bear these facts in mind, and also see that the package purchased is properly labeled, and the label unbroken, they will be always sure of using a baking powder perfectly pure and wholesome, and of the highest test strength in the market. J. C. Hoagland, President, Royal Baking Powder Co., N. Y.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE in seasickness, is of great value. Its action on the nerves of the disturbed stomach is soothing and effective.

TESTED BY TIME.—For throat diseases, colds and coughs, Brown's Bronchial Troches have proved their efficacy by a test of many years. Price twenty-five cents.

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

☞ Everything relating to this department should be addressed "Puzzle Editor," PETERSON'S MAGAZINE, Lock Box 437, Marblehead, Mass.

No. 195.—CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

Words of three letters.

1. A morsel. 2 An animal. 3. Ancient. 4. A vessel. 5. An insect. 6 The goddess of revenge. 7. A female. 8. A marsh.

The centrals, read downward, name an opera.

Marblehead, Mass. GEEBEE.

No. 196.—HIDDEN TREES.

1. Did Mr. Melrose woo Dora?
2. Where is the map? Let me see it.
3. Pshaw! I'll owe it to you.
4. A bee chased Carrie all around the garden.
5. Tom, spin Enoch's top for him.

Brooklyn, N. Y. MARTIN H. MARCHANT.

Answers Next Month.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MAY NUMBER.

No. 193.

1. Dover, Doter.
2. Brave, Breve.
3. Delay, Decay.
4. Revel, Rebel.
5. Creak, Croak.

VALVE.

No. 194.

L O C O M O T I V E S
S A T I R I C A L
M I N A R E T
C O T E S
R O D
R

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

MEATS.

Irish Stew is an economical dish, yet it is not everyone who thinks of making the stew of the remains of a joint; that is to say, of the bone when nearly all the meat has been taken from it. Cut the meat off in as neat pieces as may be, fat and lean together. Break up the bone and put it with the meat, then put all into a saucepan with plenty of sliced onion, twice as much raw potato peeled and sliced, and cold water or stock to cover. Simmer all gently for two or three hours, season liberally with pepper and salt, and serve in a soup tureen. If necessary, a little flour may be added to thicken the stew, but it is probable that this will not be required.

Mutton-Steak Pie.—Cut the steak in small pieces; to two steaks, put one pint of water, salt and pepper; stew until the meat is tender; keep it tightly covered; add one onion sliced. When the meat is done, stir in the gravy two tablespoons of butter rolled in one tablespoon of browned flour. Cut up one large-sized Irish potato into small pieces, and slice two hard-boiled eggs. Pour this into a dish lined with crust; cover with crust that has a small hole in the centre of it; bake for half an hour, and serve.

To Fricassee Old Chickens.—First stew them until tender. With a sharp knife remove the largest bones; flour the pieces, and fry them a light-brown color, and pour into a frying-pan a tumblerful of the broth they were stewed in. Dredge in an even tablespoonful of flour, cover the pan with a lid, and stew until the gravy is thick enough. Pour this over the fowl, and serve hot. Onion shred fine may be used if the flavor is relished, and parsley chopped fine.

VEGETABLES.

Potato Loaves.—Potato loaves are very nice when eaten with roast beef or mutton, and are made of any portion of the mashed roots, prepared without milk, by mixing with them a good quantity of very finely minced raw shallot,

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powdered with pepper and salt; then beating up the whole with a lump of butter to bind it, and dividing it into small loaves of a conical form, and placing them under the meat to brown, that is, when it is so nearly done as to impart some of the gravy along with the fat.

Fried Tomatoes.—Wash and halve your tomatoes. Dredge each half with a little flour, pepper, and salt. Have the lard hot, and fry them brown on both sides. Place the tomatoes in a dish, pour the grease from the pan, add cream or milk, and let it boil up like fried chicken gravy. Pour over the tomatoes, and serve hot.

Cucumber Purée.—Peel the cucumbers, cut them into dice, and put them on the fire, very early in the morning, with vinegar, cayenne pepper, salt, a small onion, and a few celery-seeds. Stew gently until dinner-time.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Bread Sauce.—Pour half a pint of boiling milk on a teacupful of fine breadcrumb, add a small onion stuck with three cloves, a small blade of mace, a few peppercorns, and salt to taste; let the sauce simmer five minutes, add a small piece of fresh butter, and at the time of serving remove the onion and mace.

FASHIONS FOR JUNE.

FIG. I.—VISITING-DRESS, OF FIGURED PURPLE FOULARD. The bottom of the skirt is trimmed with surah silk of the color of the foulard, and edged with écru lace; the deep-pointed tunic is edged with two rows of lace, and above these are two other rows to simulate a second tunic; the waist is Princess, with paniers edged with écru lace, and the drapery at the back falls in soft puffs; the vest is made of surah silk, slightly gathered, the bodice being trimmed with écru lace; bonnet of purple straw, trimmed with écru lace and yellow roses.

FIG. II.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF FINE PLAID PERCALE. The bottom of the skirt is trimmed with a narrow ruffle; the left side of the skirt falls in long straight plaits; the dress is Princess, the bodice buttoning from the right to the left side, and the skirt opens over the plaiting, and is gathered high up on the hip on the left side; the straight side is finished with large buttons, which form a continuous row from the neck of the dress down to the bottom of the skirt; the Princess back is laid in large full plaits underneath, like an ulster; the open-pointed neck of the bodice has a large cut-work collar, and the half-sleeves are trimmed with the same kind of embroidery.

FIG. III.—WALKING OR HOUSE-DRESS, OF BLACK AND WHITE SHEPHERD'S PLAID. The bottom of the skirt is trimmed with one deep gathered ruffle, ornamented with three rows of black velvet ribbon; the rounded apron-front is trimmed in the same way, and the drapery falls low and loose at the back; black silk jacket-waist, finished with a series of tabs around the bottom, and ornamented down the front with brandebourgs.

FIG. IV.—WALKING-DRESS, OF CHAMOIS-COLORED SATEEN, figured with small cocks in a darker shade. The dress is Princess, and falls in a long point in front, and is gathered high up on the hips; at the back it is in looped drapery, which does not fall very low; the underskirt is of plain sateen, kilt-plaits. Hat of dark-blue straw, trimmed with a grayish-green feather.

FIG. V.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF WHITE ALBATROSS. The skirt is edged with a narrow box-plaited ruffle; above this is an appliqué design in emerald-green silk—embroidery in Kensington or satin-stich would look beautiful on such a dress; the plain over-dress is rather short in front, and falls in long drapery at the back; the waist is trimmed with emerald-green silk; the chemisette is of soft India muslin, and is gathered at the waist; the bands at the throat and across the bust are of the silk, as well as the pointed cuffs.

FIGS. VI and VII.—BACK AND FRONT OF DRESS, OF BLUE SATEEN. The bottom is edged with two narrow knife-plaitings of the blue sateen; the skirt is trimmed with three kilt-plaitings edged with lace, embroidered with blue; the paniers are slightly crossed in front, and the drapery at the back falls in double loops and ends, edged with the lace; the round bodice has a plaited basque like the skirt; cream-colored fichu collar, worked in blue; the lace-trimming extends down the front of the bodice; the sleeves terminate with puffings to match the collar. Cream-colored torchon lace would trim a dress of this kind beautifully. We have also seen this style of dress in dark-red.

FIGS. VIII and IX.—BACK AND FRONT OF A BLACK GRENADINE DRESS. The skirt is laid in wide kilts; the short round tunic is draped as a scarf, and falls in a point at the back; the panier body is edged with black French lace, and has a lace plastron gathered at the waist; the sash ends at the back are trimmed with lace, like the paniers; the lace on the sleeves is carried to the elbow; a thick double ruche of lace encircles the throat. Nun's-veiling or albatross-cloth, of any color, trimmed with lace or embroidery, looks well made after this pattern.

FIGS. X and XI.—BACK AND FRONT OF JACKET, MADE OF THIN WHITE LADY'S-CLOTH. The close-fitting jacket has a plaited basque added, which is headed by a band of myrtle-green velvet; the same material is used as a band, front and back, and also forms the collar and cuffs.

FIG. XII.—HAT, OF LIGHT-BROWN STRAW, trimmed with feathers of the same color, and faced and trimmed with satin of a much darker shade.

FIG. XIII.—MARIE-DE-MEDICI JACKET, OF ALMOND-COLORED LADY'S-CLOTH. The basque is cut in quite long tabs, which are lined with chestnut-brown velvet, and turned up to form loops; the sleeves and cuffs are of the brown velvet; large brown-velvet buttons. Hat of almond-colored straw, and plumes of the same color, faced with chestnut-brown velvet.

FIG. XIV.—BASQUINE JACKET, OF BLACK BROCADED SATIN, trimmed with black lace. The basque is laid in plaits, where it opens, up the centre of the back; the collar and cascade in front are of lace, put on as a jabot, and the pockets and cuffs are of gathered lace.

FIG. XV.—HAT, OF COARSE WHITE STRAW, trimmed with apple-green surah silk, and apple-blossoms.

FIG. XVI.—BONNET, OF WHITE ENGLISH STRAW, trimmed with clusters of large variegated pansies, the elastic stems of which pass under a band of the lilac ribbon which trims the bonnet, and which is tied in a bow back of the right ear; a quilling of the ribbon is placed at the back.

FIG. XVII.—GARDEN-HAT, OF COARSE STRAW, either brown, white, or black, trimmed with field-flowers, poppies, and daisies; a large gauze veil to match the straw covers the hat, and is fastened to the hat or hair behind.

FIG. XVIII.—BONNET, OF MYRTLE-GREEN STRAW, covered with rows of cream-colored lace. The trimming consists of two loose rosettes, one of myrtle-green, and the other of cream-colored satin ribbon, which are formed by loops and notched ends; these rosettes are placed nearly on the top of the bonnet; strings of myrtle-green satin ribbon.

FIG. XIX.—HAT, OF COARSE BLACK STRAW, trimmed with lace and yellow daffodils.

GENERAL REMARKS.—There is nothing absolutely new in the fashion to chronicle at this season of the year. The thin dresses have the ruffles usually gathered, rather than plaited, but this fashion is optional. "Pinking," which was so very fashionable a few years ago, is again coming in favor. This is a particularly pretty finish to the flounces of summer silks; it is done usually by machinery, often at an umbrella store; some ladies can do the simpler patterns themselves. Still, if it is not neatly done it has a very ragged look. Earlier in the season short over-dresses seemed to prevail,

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but now long ones are dividing popular favor, and these latter are usually more becoming to short persons.

But see, for general fashions, our Paris letter.

OUR PARIS LETTER.

RUE DES PETITS CHAMPS.

I do not think I have ever seen a season in which there were so few marked changes in the fashions. Perhaps this arises from the fact that the styles, for at least a year past, have been eclectic; that is to say, every lady has worn the shapes and colors that best suited her particular physiognomy. The most prominent difference, so far, has been in the shape and size of the new hats and bonnets. The very large hats are rapidly disappearing, though one sees here and there, at a fashionable milliner's, a very big Gainsborough in colored straw, elaborately trimmed and loaded with ostrich plumes. Such hats are less and less seen on the heads of the elegant Parisiennes, however. The baby, or Kate Greenaway shape, is still worn, but with the warmer weather even that is being replaced more and more by the close coquettish capote, which is made smaller than ever. It now fits the head as closely as a nutshell does its kernel. Colored straws are the rage, comparatively few white ones being worn. They are of the fine English braid, and are shown in all the fashionable dark colors, such as navy-blue, olive-green, garnet, and seal-brown. They are usually trimmed with flowers in contrasting hues, massed around the edge of the bonnet both in front and at the back. Some of the newest braids show a mixture of dead-gold or old-silver that is very tasteful. A braid of gray silk and old-silver, trimmed with large rosettes of pale-blue velvet ribbon, has a very stylish effect. Fruit is a good deal used on the small-sized poke bonnets, cherries and plums being the most fashionable, though small lemons and oranges are used with good effect. Velvet geraniums, arranged in shaded wreaths of three shades of red, are exceedingly effective and rich-looking. They are placed around the crown of a straw bonnet in a band three flowers deep, the top row being of the brightest shade of red. Gold braid bonnets are shown for evening-wear; the gold is bright and glistening, and the bonnet is trimmed around the brim with single loose-petaled roses in crimson and scarlet velvet, the strings being in dark-red corded ribbon. A very novel style of bonnet is made of a thick bias piping, or rather cording, of dull-pink surah. The cording is sewn round and round on the small capote frame till it meets the front, which is formed of two ruffles of narrow white Spanish lace over dull-pink surah. A cluster of ostrich-tips, in the same color, is placed at one side of this very odd and coquettish little headgear. A new kind of tulle, called Persian net, has been introduced for summer bonnets. It is firmer and more durable than the ordinary tulle. A capote made of this net, put on very full over the frame and trimmed with white lilacs around the brim, forms a delicious dress-bonnet. The strings are plaited scarfs of the tulle. Black Spanish lace is a favorite material for dress-bonnets for elderly ladies. These bonnets are now ornamented with the head and neck of some brilliant tropical bird, usually with bright orange plumage, which is placed at one side. Clusters of marigolds or of dandelions are also employed, yellow being the favorite hue for such trimmings.

Worth is employing some very small figured brocades with changeable grounds, and also small-patterned brocaded satins for his recent costumes. Long straight polonaises in black silk, with trimmings of jet in the sleeves and corsage, are worn over elaborately-trimmed skirts in black brocaded surahs or gauzes. One curious style that he has introduced is that of confining the plaits of a short full overskirt around the waist with points of velvet like those on the interior of a backgammon board, a similar series of points extending upward on the waist. He is now making the trains of ball-dresses in brocade and satin with a breadth of brocade extending down the centre of the train, which is cut square at the end, the side-breadths being in satin. The corsage is in brocade, and the skirt-front in graceful scarf-draperies of brocade and satin. The corsage is made with very deep points, well stiffened with whalebone, and half-long coat-sleeves, fitting the arm closely. Very full draperies of velvet and lace, or of satin and lace, border the square opening.

Worth's favorite colors for evening-wear this season are a new faint-lilac which he trims profusely with white lace, a delicate reddish-mauve which he combines with the new Alicant-red (a shade much resembling the hue of old sherry), and a brilliant gold-yellow. This last is, of course, only suitable for brunettes; but in tulle, embroidered with silver and made up with a satin train of the same color, it is extremely effective.

For walking-costumes, full plaited skirts in cashmere, with flat breadths of velvet set under the plaits, are much worn, as are also full plaited cashmere skirts made short enough to show three rows of satin gathered flounces set under the edge of the plaits. A band of écru embroidery forms a handsome finish for the upper skirt.

Mantles in jetted silk gauze, or in brocaded gauze, trimmed with Spanish lace, are very fashionable. A very beautiful new trimming is a finger-wide silk lace in pale tapestry tints, intermixed with gold and silver.

The new fans of the season are large, with plain violet wood sticks, the leaf being on gold gauze edged around the top with gold lace. A spray of flowers is fastened to one of the outer sticks.

The newest parasols are very large, are dome-shaped, and are composed of black or white lace put on very full over a colored silk lining, and edged with a frill of lace. A cluster of flowers is attached to one side. A rather absurd novelty is the unlined parasol of white lace, which is dome-shaped, has an ivory handle, and is decorated at the top with a large bow of cream-white satin ribbon. Of course this pretty dressy trifle makes no pretense at sheltering the lady who carries it. Sometimes the lace is dotted with pearls, and the satin bow fringed with pearls.

Besides the Alicant-red (which is a tint between brown and crimson), the new colors are the hanneton (cockchafer), a delicate bistre-brown, with silvery reflections, and the Gobelin pinks, blues, and greens, which are faded old-tapestry shades of those colors.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—BOY'S SUIT, OF DARK-BLUE FLANNEL. The trousers are rather close-fitting to the knee; the blouse is confined below the waist by a narrow leather belt; the long collar is fastened by a ribbon at the point in front; the vest, which fastens at the side, is of the flannel. Blue Scotch cap.

FIG. II.—GIRL'S DRESS, OF WHITE AND DARK-BLUE BUNTING. The lower part of the skirt is of the blue bunting, plaited; above this is a kilt-plaiting of white bunting; the long blouse-waist is of white bunting, with collar and cuffs of the dark-blue bunting, trimmed with white braid; the vest is of blue and white bunting, striped crosswise. White hat, trimmed with white feathers and faced with dark-blue silk. Dark-blue stockings.

FIG. III.—GIRL'S DRESS, OF PINK PERCALE. The skirt and waist are cut in one, and the dress is gathered front and back to fit the figure loosely; at the bottom of the skirt are two ruffles of the percale, edged with white embroidery; above these ruffles is a sash or band laid in loose plaits, and tied at the back, with the ends trimmed with the embroidery. The large collar and cuffs are also trimmed with the embroidery. White chip hat, trimmed with white feathers and pink surah.

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A JOYFUL GREETING.

Hello! How are you? I am glad at last your eyes have fallen upon me. Now that we have met, pray cultivate the acquaintance; for it is my purpose to interest and to serve you. Between you and I, though only a magazine article, I am ambitious. Having a portentous message for all mankind, if it be cordially received, its import truly realized and acted upon, I shall be considered a world's benefactor. Could have no higher ambition, you will admit.

A misanthrope, of ample means, determined to end his life by drowning himself. Going to the banks of the canal, found the time not favorable for the purpose, a number of persons being in the vicinity, and daylight still present. He concluded to walk along the tow-path until it was dark. While doing so, he heard piteous cries issuing from the door of a hovel near by, and unconsciously walked over to the place, and found a poor family, consisting of a mother, surrounded by several children, who told him of their sufferings for food. He took from his pocket his wallet, and handed it to the woman, reasoning with himself that he would not need it. The grateful thanks and praises that he received from the recipients of his bounty awoke emotions within his breast, of such a pleasurable character, that he changed his suicidal intent, and decided to live for others. His future life became replete with good deeds; many a dark home and heart were made bright by his presence.

Well, my appearance in these columns springs simply from a desire on the part of those I represent to benefit your news-devouring race. My province is to help you, your friends, your relations—aye, even your *mother-in-law*, if that interesting lady be not already far beyond the pale of good influences.

I am sent among men to bear tidings of a discovery that marks an epoch as important to the health of mankind as Newton's apple and Franklin's kite were to natural science. The sick, the discouraged, the dejected, the broken down, and the despairing, may now all find a cure, certain as the Jordan proved to the Syrian leper. It is only necessary, as in the case of that sufferer of old, *to follow directions*.

The agent which I herald builds up the system, sweeps the cobwebs from the brain, and sends pure invigorating blood dancing through the arteries, to the music of happy laughter.

The gloomy, worn-out man of business, by proper use of this wonderful medicine, will be enabled to meet trouble and reverses *like a man*. Then, in perfect health, he will not have abnormal views of the "Vicissitudes of fortune, which spares neither man nor the proudest of his works, which buries empires and cities in a common grave."

The weak and nervous woman, just able to drag herself, in "moping melancholy," through duties of the day, may steal the bloom from blush-roses, and have eyes bright and sparkling as the dewdrops nestling in their leaves; and the poor little baby, now disfigured with pimples and scabby sores, may be made sweet, cool, and wholesome as—"that youngster of Mrs. Blank's, across the way, whose family is always in a glow of health." Don't you know the reason? "No." Then I will tell you. For years, your neighbor has *never been without* Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

This remedy is a medicine, not a beverage, and is to be taken according to full and perfectly plain directions accompanying each bottle. It is specific, but not a patent medicine, and contains no vile narcotics, or viler liquor. It is a prescription, used for years by the well-known physician, Doctor R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., whose name is a household word in innumerable homes all over our own and foreign lands. The Golden Medical Discovery is prepared and offered to the public by the World's Dispensary Medical Association, a body corporate, existing by and under the laws of the State of New York; its president is Doctor Pierce, the great specialist in chronic diseases. The doctor has devoted the best years of a very busy and wonderfully successful life to the relief and cure of his suffering fellow-men; and at a time when high political honors lay broadly open before him, Doctor Pierce resigned his seat in the Congress of the United States, simply from a sense of duty towards others. His associates in the great sanitarium represented to the doctor that the immense business of their Association demanded that his personal attention should be paid to the great army of patients crowding upon them from every clime. Doctor Pierce is also the founder of the Invalids' Hotel, at Buffalo, N. Y. This establishment, possessing all the comforts and luxuries of a first-class American hotel, has in addition the daily attendance of a large faculty of eminent specialists, whose practices collectively cover the whole field of surgery and chronic diseases. The laboratory in which Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is prepared is an object of interest and wonder. It has a frontage of one hundred feet, a depth of one hundred and twenty-five feet, and is six stories high. In this mammoth and palatial workshop, two hundred persons are constantly employed in putting up Doctor Pierce's medicines.

While the Golden Medical Discovery's curative effects are almost immediately felt, it is not merely a temporary stimulant, but is as certainly a safe and complete cure, in all cases for which it is recommended, as it is that certain misery and death will follow their neglect. Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery *will not* cure club-feet, will not refurnish armless or legless unfortunates with new and perfect limbs, and it is not guaranteed that even a dozen bottles, applied to any stray portion of a second-hand skeleton, will develop such member into an animate human form divine (?). In brief, it is not asserted that this medicine will, or can, counteract the decrees of Providence. But in all cases where a high state of civilization and cultivation has engendered disease and suffering, whereby God's natural man has become a nervous artificial being, the Golden Medical Discovery *will positively* restore to him the strong, vigorous, self-asserting life, from which, almost unconsciously, he had drifted far, and perhaps hopelessly

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away. It *is* claimed, and guaranteed, if this medicine be used as prescribed, and faithfully persevered in a reasonable time, *it will permanently cure* liver complaint, and the various blood disorders consequent upon torpor of the liver, in all their various forms and ramifications, including bronchitis, consumption, which is scrofula of the lungs, dyspepsia, costiveness, sick-headache, skin diseases, fever and ague, malaria, and other disorders arising from poisoned or deteriorated blood.

This wonderful medicine cures all humors, from the worst scrofula to a common blotch, pimple, or eruption. Erysipelas, salt-rheum, fever-sores, scaly or rough skin—In short, all diseases caused by bad blood—are conquered by this powerful, purifying, and invigorating medicine. Great eating ulcers rapidly heal under its benign influences. Especially has it manifested its potency in curing tetter, boils, carbuncles, scrofulous sores and swellings, white swellings, goitre or thick neck, and enlarged glands. Consumption, which is scrofulous disease of the lungs, is promptly and positively arrested and cured by this sovereign and God-given remedy, if taken before the last stages are reached. For weak lungs, spitting of blood, consumptive night-sweats, and kindred affections, it is a sovereign remedy. For indigestion, dyspepsia, and torpid liver, or "biliousness," Golden Medical Discovery has no equal, as it effects perfect and radical cures.

To all suffering from lassitude, weariness, despondency, lack of vigor or ambition—be it man, woman, or child, Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will speedily impart new tone, vigor, and life to the whole system. The haggard face will grow round, ruddy, and beam with the expression of long-lost confidence. The step will be firm and elastic, and the relieved sufferer will once more enjoy in common with fellow-men that feeling of proprietorship in earth, air, and being, only fully realized by those in perfect health.

The Golden Medical Discovery will not make drunkards or opium eaters. On the contrary, any unfortunate, driven by trouble, adversity, or inherited appetite, to the use of insidious stimulants, will find the Discovery of great assistance in efforts to break the chains binding him to a shameful and miserable existence.

Those feeling only "out of sorts," with no predominant symptoms, and who, if asked, would find it difficult to explain their sensations, will find a sovereign remedy in the Golden Medical Discovery.

Those who are irritable, petulant, or fretful, ever seeing the gloomy side of life; who imagine "the time is out of joint"; to whom life is a heavy burden, not a blessing; who think the whole world is arrayed against them, and anticipate calamity at every turn; to all such let this message be full of encouragement and joy: Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will radically cure them, when it will be found, to their lasting benefit, that life and the world have not changed, but that disease had thrown clouds of misery and woe about them, through which all things were seen as "through a glass darkly."

Let no sufferer be discouraged because he or she has tried other medicines without benefit. In fact, these are the cases the World's Dispensary Medical Association particularly desire to reach through their Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. *When all other medicines, fail let this be tried*, and no one will be doomed to further disappointment.

The Golden Medical Discovery is a prescription of a physician with a wide-awake reputation, and an honorable position to maintain. It is far beneath the dignity of Doctor Pierce to lend his name to any vile nostrum or catchpenny preparation, whereby the public may be deceived. Having used his Discovery for many years in his unprecedented private practice, he is convinced it is indeed a specific in diseases mentioned. Desiring this marvelous cure shall benefit not only those with whom he comes personally in contact, but that all mankind may be embraced in his grand plan for the amelioration of human suffering, the Doctor, through the World's Dispensary Medical Association, earnestly and most confidently recommends his Golden Medical Discovery to the public at large, assured the most skeptical will be thoroughly convinced of its worth by a trial of a single bottle.

In stubborn or long-seated affections, and where the bowels are very costive, the gentle though certain action of the Discovery will be more rapid and satisfactory by supplementing Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets in small daily doses of one or two. These pills (the original and only genuine Little Liver Pills) are *purely vegetable*, sugar-coated, and very small; yet by the peculiar process used in their preparation, they possess the strength and virtue of larger and unpalatable pills. Pleasant Purgative Pellets will speedily remove all ill and disagreeable effects arising from over-eating or drinking, and are recommended as a cathartic, at all times, being perfectly safe, sure, and unattended by the griping pains usually experienced in the use of purgatives less carefully prepared. Promptly resorted to, these little Pellets will radically cure indigestion, biliousness, and sick-headache, thus saving the patient from serious and lingering disorders. Doctor Pierce, the President of the World's Dispensary, and his faculty of twelve skilled specialists, can be consulted by letter or in person in any case of chronic disease, requiring either medical or surgical treatment, free of charge. For those desiring more exhaustive information than can be imparted through correspondence, the Doctor has written a book, called "The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser, in Plain English; or, Medicine Simplified."

This work alone is a goodly harvest for an ordinary life, and stamps its author a profound scholar and a very remarkable man. The book contains nine hundred and twenty-two pages, illustrated with two hundred and eighty-six wood-cuts and colored plates, and makes plain as a, b, c, anatomy, physiology, materia medica, practice of medicine, hygiene, temperaments, psychology, etc., and answers in plain, easy-to-be-understood terms all questions that may arise within their range, especially those questions the would-be inquirer is deterred by fear or modesty from asking the family or other physician. That all may be enabled to acquaint themselves with matter so vital to health, happiness, and success, the price of this great work has been fixed at one dollar and fifty cents, post-paid by mail to any address, while smaller and far inferior books, purporting to cover the same ground, have sold at five dollars a copy. It being the aim of the proprietors of the Common Sense Medical Adviser to reach not only the affluent, but also those in moderate, and even straitened circumstances, the price of the work places it within the reach of all.

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WILD ROSES AND JASMINE: IN CREWEL-WORK

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THE REAPER.

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"WITH HER GROOM." [*See the Story, "Her Summer At Long Branch."*]

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CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR JULY.

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SUMMER MANTLES. CLOAK FOR EVENING.

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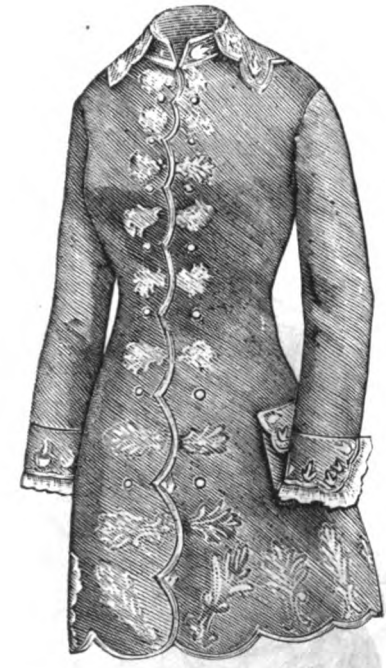

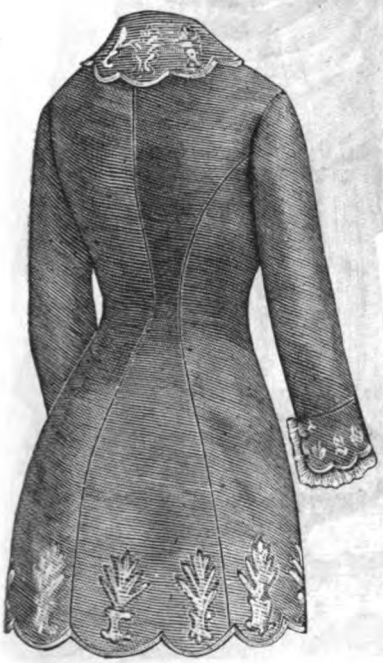

FRONT AND BACK OF MORNING JACKET. SUMMER COSTUME.

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HOUSE-DRESS: FRONT AND BACK.

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DRESS FOR GARDEN-PARTY. MOURNING-DRESS.

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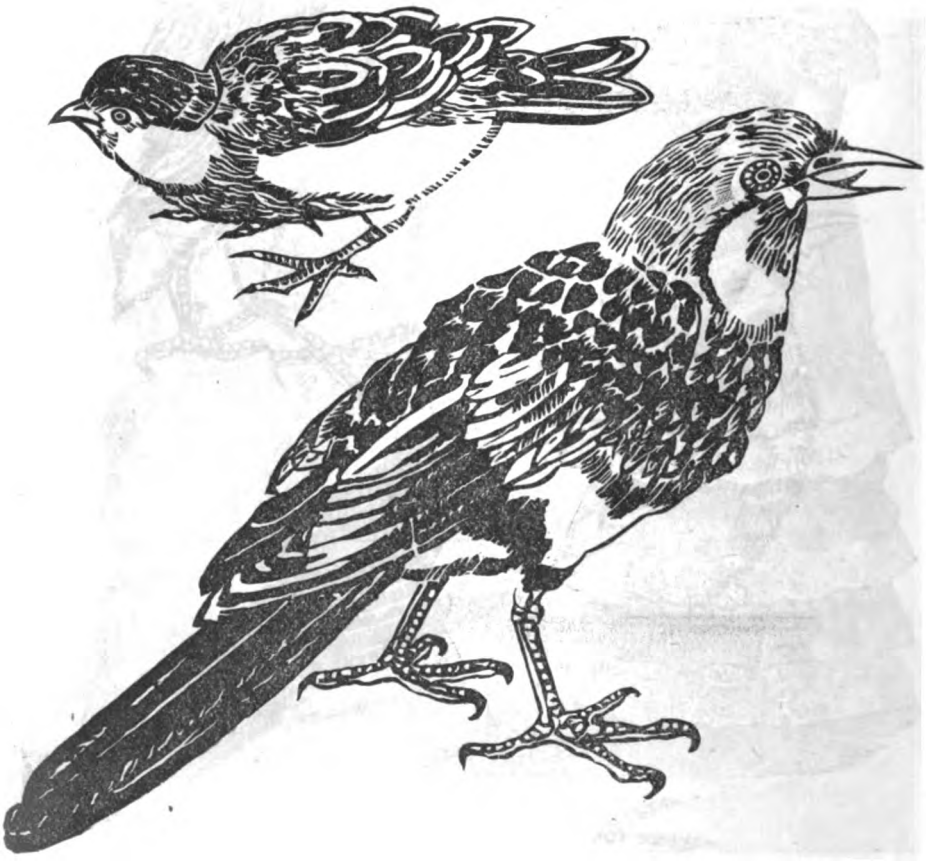

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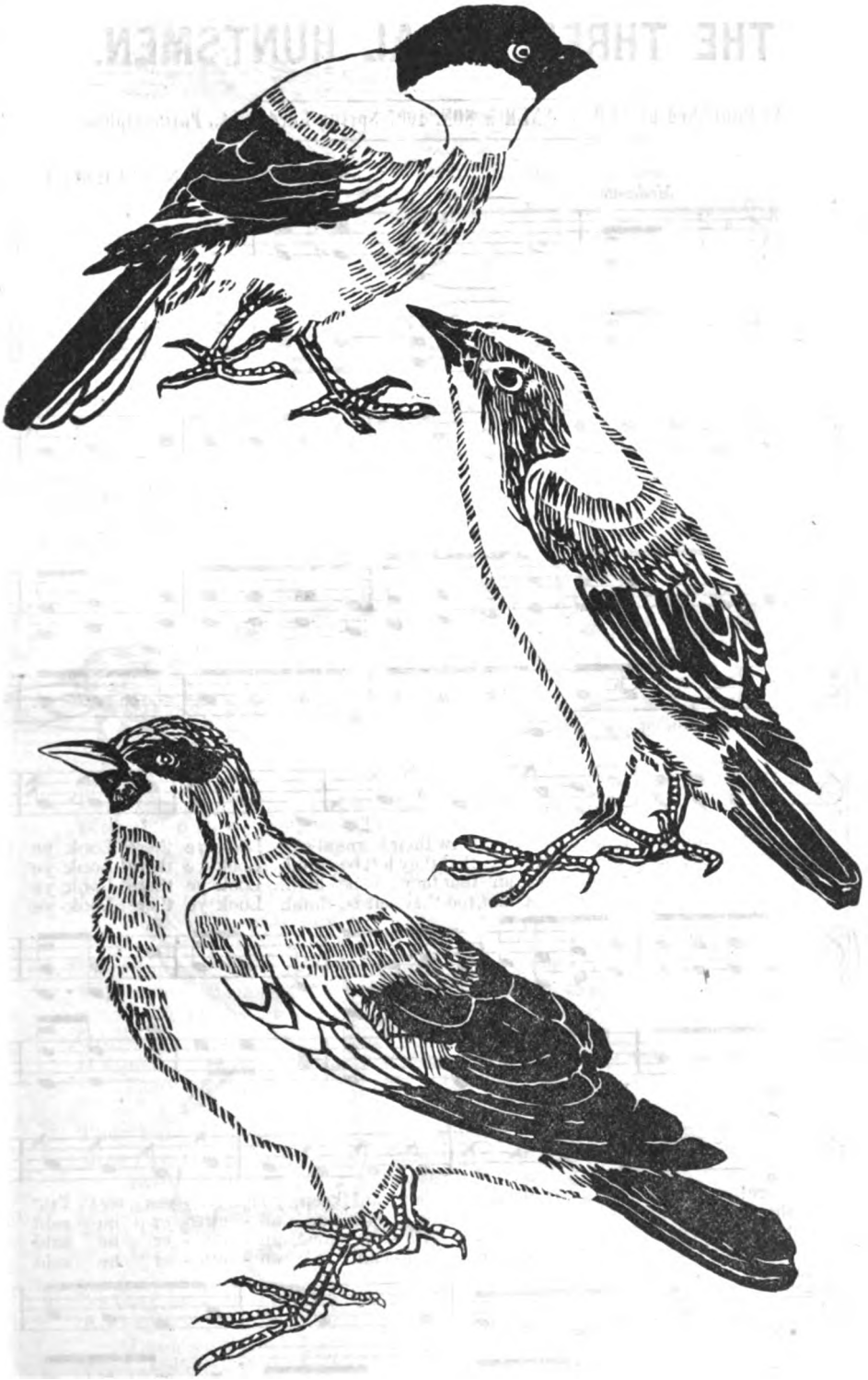

BIRDS FROM JAPANESE DESIGNS: IN PAINTING OR EMBROIDERY.

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THE THREE JOVIAL HUNTSMEN.

As Published by SEP. WINNER & SON, 1007 Spring Garden St., Philadelphia.

Music by JOHN FARMER.

Moderato.

mf

1. It's of three jo - vial huntsmen, an' a hunt - ing they did go; An' they
2. They hunt - ed, an' they hol - lo'd, an' the next thing they did find Was a
3. They hunt - ed, an' they hol - lo'd, an' the next thing they did find Was a
4. They hunt - ed, an' they hol - lo'd, an' the next thing they did find Was a

hunted, an' they hollo'd, an' they blew their horns al-so. Look ye there! Look ye
tatter'd boggart in a field, an' that they left be - hind. Look ye there! Look ye
gruntin, grindin' grindlestone, an' that they left be - hind. Look ye there! Look ye
bull-calf in a pin-fold, an' that, too, they left be - hind. Look ye there! Look ye

there! An' one said "Mind yo'r e'en, an' keep yo'r no - ses reet i'th'
there! One said it was a bog - gart, an' an - oth - er he said
there! One said it was a grin - dle - stone, an - oth - er he said
there! One said it was a bull - calf, an' an - oth - er he said

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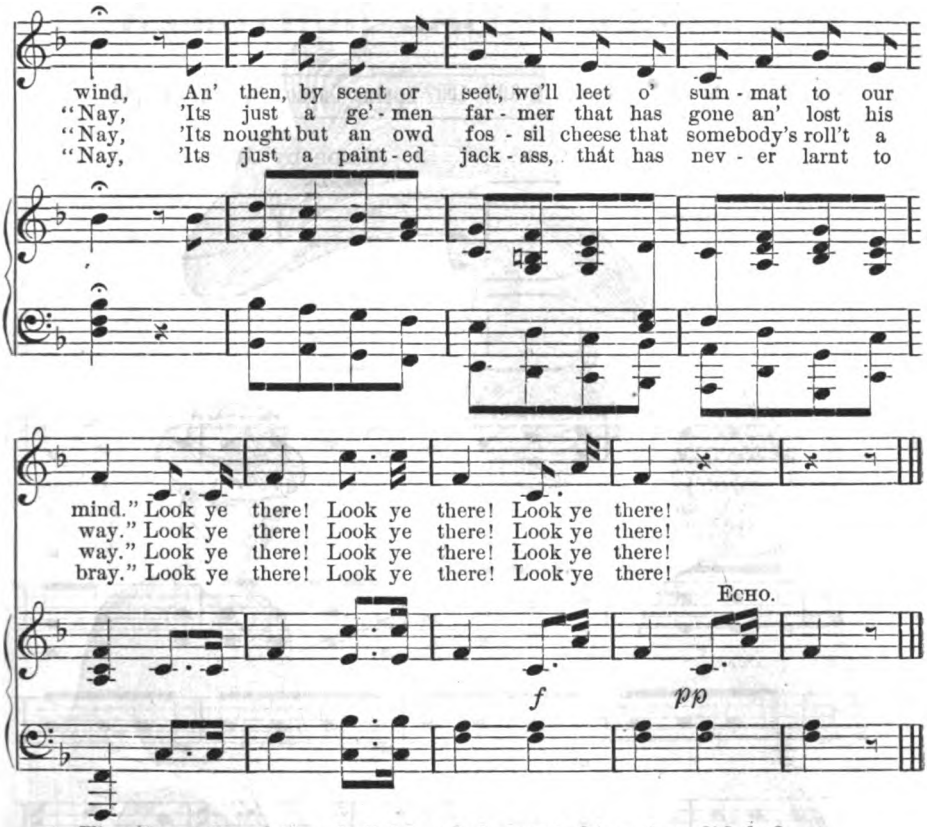

5. They hunted, an' they hollo'd, an' the next thing they did find
Was a two-three children leaving school, an' these they left behind.
Look ye there! Look ye there!
One said that they were children, but another he said "Nay,
They're no' but little angels, so we'll leave em' to their play."
Look ye there! Look ye there! Look ye there!

6. They hunted, an' they hollo'd, an' the next thing they did find,
Was a fat pig smiling in a ditch, an' that, too, they left behind.
Look ye there! Look ye there!
One said it was a fat pig, the other he said "Nay,
It's just a Lunnan Alderman whose clothes are stole away."
Look ye there! Look ye there! Look ye there!

7. They hunted, an' they hollo'd, an' the next thing they did find
Was two young lovers in the lane, an' these they left behind
Look ye there! Look ye there!
One said that they were lovers, but another he said "Nay,
They're two poor wandring lunatics, come, let us go away."
Look ye there! Look ye there! Look ye there!

8. So they hunted, and they hollo'd, till the settin of the sun;
And they'd nought to bring away at last, when th' huntin' day was done.
Look ye there! Look ye there!
Then one unto the other said, "This huntin' doesn't pay;
But we'n powlert up an' down a bit, an' had a rattlin' day."
Look ye there! Look ye there! Look ye there!

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BATHING-DRESSES. STRAW HAT.

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXXXIV. PHILADELPHIA, JULY, 1883. No. 1.

WHERE COLONEL NEWCOME DIED.

BY HENRY J. VERNON.

STAIRWAY: CHARTER HOUSE.

THERE is no more pathetic passage in English fiction than the death of Colonel Newcome, in Thackeray's novel of "The Newcomes." It has but one rival, in the literature of its day: the death of the Chancery prisoner in "Pickwick." And the two descriptions, each so different, yet each so perfect in its way, illustrate very strikingly the opposite methods of the rival authors.

It is told of Lowell, that, being in London when the "Newcomes" was approaching its conclusion, he met Thackeray in the street. The novel had been appearing in serial numbers, and everybody was waiting eagerly for the end. Thackeray looked so serious, even sorrowful: "as if bowed down," says Lowell, "by some personal grief," that the poet asked, kindly, what had happened. "Come into Evans's," answered Thackeray, "and I will tell you all about it; *I have killed the Colonel.*" They went into the well-known eating-house—that famous resort of the wits of thirty years ago, but now, alas! no longer existing—and took seats at a table in a secluded corner. Then the novelist drew a manuscript from his pocket, and read that pathetic chapter, over which thousands and tens of thousands have since wept sympathetically. "When he reached the end," says Lowell, "it was with a broken voice; and the tears were in his eyes." Those who know Lowell, himself one of the most tender-hearted of men, know that the tears must have been in his eyes also.

The "Gray-Friars" of the novel, where Colonel Newcome is supposed to have died, is the old Charter House, originally a Carthusian monastery; but for the last two hundred and seventy years, a charitable foundation for decayed gentlemen. Attached to it, however, and part of the foundation, is a grammar-school for boys, and here, as we are told in the story, the Colonel was educated. At the other end of the foundation, among these decayed gentlemen, he sought refuge, in his old age, when his fortunes were wrecked. The spectacle of the gray-haired veteran, laying aside his pride of birth and rank and accepting alms as a bedesman, is, as I have always thought, one of the most heroic, as well as affecting, in fiction. "Should I ever go to

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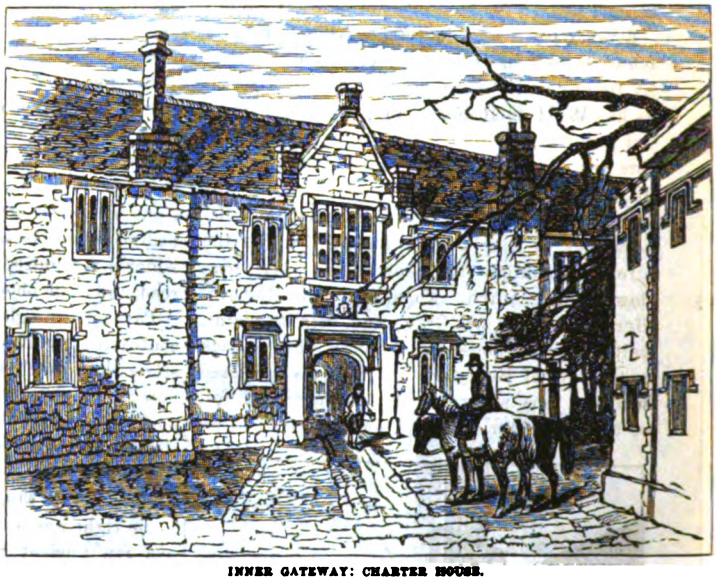
London," I used to say to myself, "one of the first things I shall do will be to hunt up the Charter House, and see where this tender-hearted yet brave old warrior died."

I suppose I am not alone in thus connecting the incidents of fiction with the places where they are supposed to have occurred. The blasted heath near Dover is but little to us, if not the one over which poor mad Lear staggered. At Holyrood Palace we do not look merely for Mary, Queen of Scots, but instinctively also for Flora MacIvor, and Rose Bradwardine, and for all the gallant throng that gathered, in the pages of "Waverley," around "Prince Charlie." I shall never forget driving all round Russell Square, in London, for the first time, in quest of the house where Nora, the heroine of that charming novel, "Quits," is supposed to have lived with her uncle; and I am quite sure I found the very one; and just as sure, if the great hall-door had been open, that I should have seen Nora herself coming down the staircase, dressed in that famous black velvet gown, her only one, radiant with youth and beauty.



INNER GATEWAY: CHARTER HOUSE.

But when I found myself, at last, in the great British metropolis, it was some time before I met anyone who could tell me exactly where the Charter House was. Everybody had heard of it, but nobody had ever taken the trouble to look it up. I am not the first American, I suspect, who has been surprised at the strange indifference which Englishmen, even highly-cultivated ones, exhibit towards the historical localities of their island. This indifference, too, is frequently accompanied by an ignorance, which increases an American's astonishment. In the rush and struggle of this nineteenth century, all reverence for the past seems to have been lost. I know, personally, one eminent author, who goes, every summer, to climb the Alps, yet who has never cared to visit Dartmouth, whence the Armada sailed, or to see Stratford-on-Avon, where Shakespeare was born and died. Few, even of the great dignitaries of the Church, are familiar with more than their own cathedral. Charles Kingsley once said to the writer of this article: "You Americans, at least some of you, have seen more of our great minsters than I have, or anyone I know." Dean Stanley spoke in the same strain. "The man, in all England, who knows most about Westminster Abbey," he said, "is an American. I myself do not know, in some particulars, half so much as Colonel Chester." (Alas, both Stanley and Chester are now dead.) Burleigh House, Hatfield House, Hardwicke Hall, Arundel Castle, Raglan Castle, Naworth, Leeds, Knole, Penshurst itself, are but names, and very vague ones, to nine out of ten, even of educated Englishmen. I had to pilot the way, for some London acquaintances, to Crosby Hall, where the crown was offered to Richard III, none of them knowing, at that time, (twenty years ago,) where the old mansion stood, though it was, and is, one of the finest existing specimens of the domestic architecture of the fifteenth century. In a like manner, I found, that, if I wished to see the Charter House, I must discover its whereabouts for myself.

So, one morning, I set forth. Now I know nothing more delightful than to ramble about the streets of London, on some such quest as this. You are aware, in a general sense, which way you ought to take. But you have to stop, every now and then, to make sure you are right; and all the time you are stumbling on famous localities, that had been no part of your errand: but

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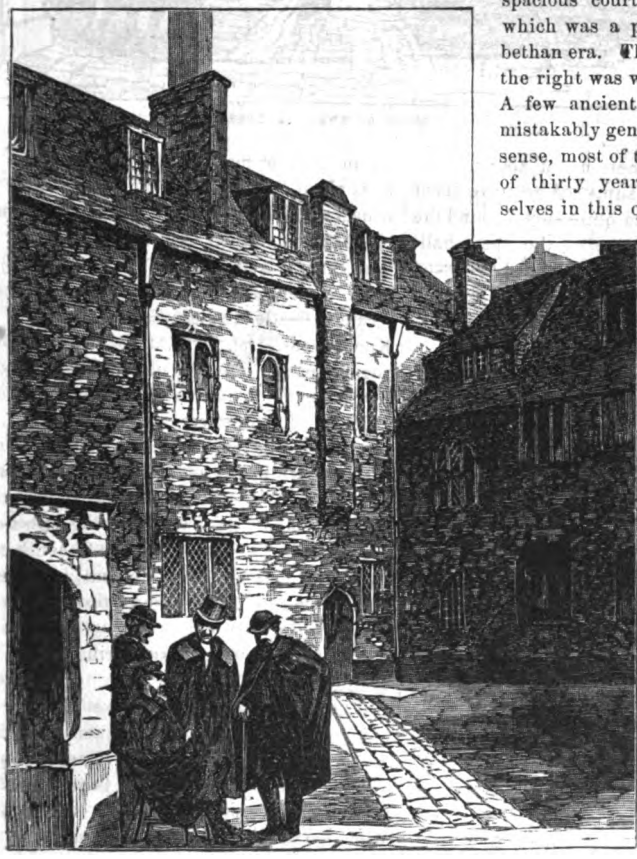
which start up and look you in the face, as it were, and compel you to make their acquaintance. More than once I had gone out, after a late breakfast, to visit some particular spot; but the dinner hour had overtaken me, in consequence of such interruptions, before my purpose had been achieved.

It was very near so on this occasion. First, I found myself in Oxford Street, made immortal by DeQuincey; "stony-hearted Oxford Street," as he calls it: and immediately the whole splendid panorama of his "Opium-Eater" passed before me: the night drive in the stage-coach, after Waterloo; the awful phantoms of his fevered dreams; the angels ascending and descending, to his childish imagination, in the stream of sunlight from the stained-glass windows of the church. Then I came to Holborn. Here, on my left, was Gray's Inn, with its quaint, half-timbered, gable-fronted houses, that go back to the days of Henry the Eighth. Its cloistered seclusion was so great, its atmosphere so full of bygone centuries, that I half expected to see not only Coke, in his black skull-cap, coming across the green, but Littleton, or Glanvil, or Fitzherbert himself. A sharp turn, after awhile, brought me into an open space, surrounded by other tumble-down buildings. This, I knew, must be Smithfield, where so many of the martyrs had suffered. For one moment, hearing a step behind me, I started, and turned, almost sure it was John Rogers, with his wife and nine little ones, coming to the stake. After this I lost myself, for nearly half an hour, in a labyrinth of narrow, tortuous lanes, until, suddenly, I came upon one of those old-fashioned squares, so common in London; and before me rose a stone gateway, gray with age, and bearing a pediment supported by two lions with scrolls, which I recognized from the descriptions I had read, to be the object of my pilgrimage.

Passing through this gateway, I found myself confronted by a range of Tudor buildings, two stories high, with a gable and a mullioned window in the centre. Beneath this window was another gateway. This led into a comparatively spacious court-yard, on the opposite side of which was a picturesque edifice of the Elizabethan era. This I knew must be the Hall. To the right was what I supposed to be the chapel. A few ancient gentlemen, and they were unmistakably gentlemen, even in the conventional sense, most of them wearing cloaks of a fashion of thirty years before, were sunning themselves in this quadrangle. They seemed to be quite at home, and bowed courteously in welcome, as I appeared; and I took it for granted, from this, that they were the bedesmen, such as Colonel Newcome had been.



QUADRANGLE: CHARTER HOUSE.

The history of the place had long been known to me, with all the stormy vicissitudes through which it had passed. How Sir Walter de Manning, in the fourteenth century, had founded here a Carthusian monastery, following the fashion of an age that found expression for its piety or its patriotism in establishing such institutions, where now, under similar influences, we endow colleges, hospitals, art-galleries, public parks, or free libraries. How, at the Reformation, the old Charter House shared the fate of all the other monasteries, and

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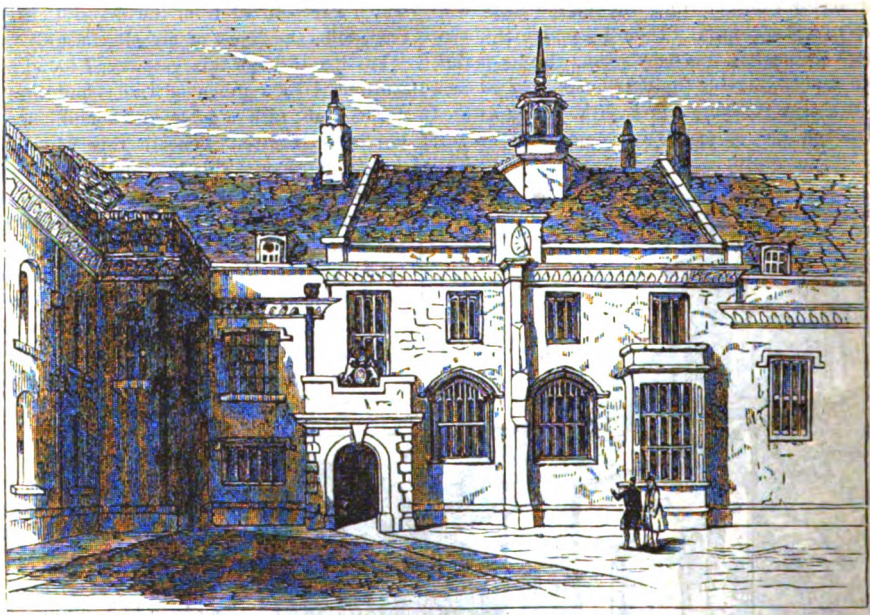
was dissolved, its estates being confiscated to the king. How a pathetic tragedy was enacted at this dissolution; for the prior, being unable, as he thought, conscientiously, to take the oath of supremacy, knew he must share the fate of Bishop Fisher and Sir Thomas More; and so, foreseeing his doom, called the brethren together; solemnly bade them farewell; begged pardon if he had offended anyone; and gave and received forgiveness, the whole assembly being dissolved in tears. How other tragedies, almost as sad, gathered about the gray old walls. But how, for a little while, there was mirth and feasting here. First, when Elizabeth, in the early weeks of her reign, spent a few days within the old walls; and afterwards, when the place came into possession of the fourth Duke of Norfolk, the grandson of that accomplished Earl of Surrey who fell a victim to the rage and jealousy of Henry the Eighth. This duke it was who rebuilt large portions of the edifice, occupied it as his palace, and lived there in great splendor, until, being entrapped into a conspiracy to place Mary, Queen of Scots, on the throne, he too was sent to the block. How, after various other mutations, the place was finally bought by Sir Thomas Sutton, a successful merchant in the reign of James the First, and converted to its present use. It was in the school belonging to the foundation that Thackeray himself was educated, and the recollection of this, doubtless, led him to select the place as the scene of Colonel Newcome's last days.



HALL AND CHAPEL: CHARTER HOUSE.

A custodian came forward, on our entrance, and civilly offered to show us through the buildings. He took us first to the great dining-room. This was not, however, the one used by the monks, but one built by the ill-fated Duke of Norfolk, in the sixteenth century. It is in the Tudor style: stately and magnificent, as all such things in that day were; richly wainscoted throughout, and the wainscoting adorned with most elaborate carvings. Next, he led us up the grand staircase, ornamented with massive balusters; and lighted, at the first landing, by five tall lancet windows. After this, he showed us one of the chambers for the old bedesmen, that just then had no tenant. He apologized for not taking us into one that was occupied, by saying: "They are all gentlemen here, you know: real gentlemen, though decayed in fortune, and it would hurt their pride to see themselves on exhibition." We were conducted, next, to the cloisters, which are those originally belonging to the monastery, and are the oldest portions of the buildings. Finally he asked if we would like to visit the chapel, and on our answering in the affirmative, led the way towards it.

We had to pass through a long, narrow corridor to reach the chapel; and in this corridor I saw, on the left-hand wall, a tablet of marble, apparently recently erected. "Why, that is in memory of Thackeray," I said, stopping to read the inscription. "Yes; it has just been put up," replied the custodian, "and is in Latin, they tell

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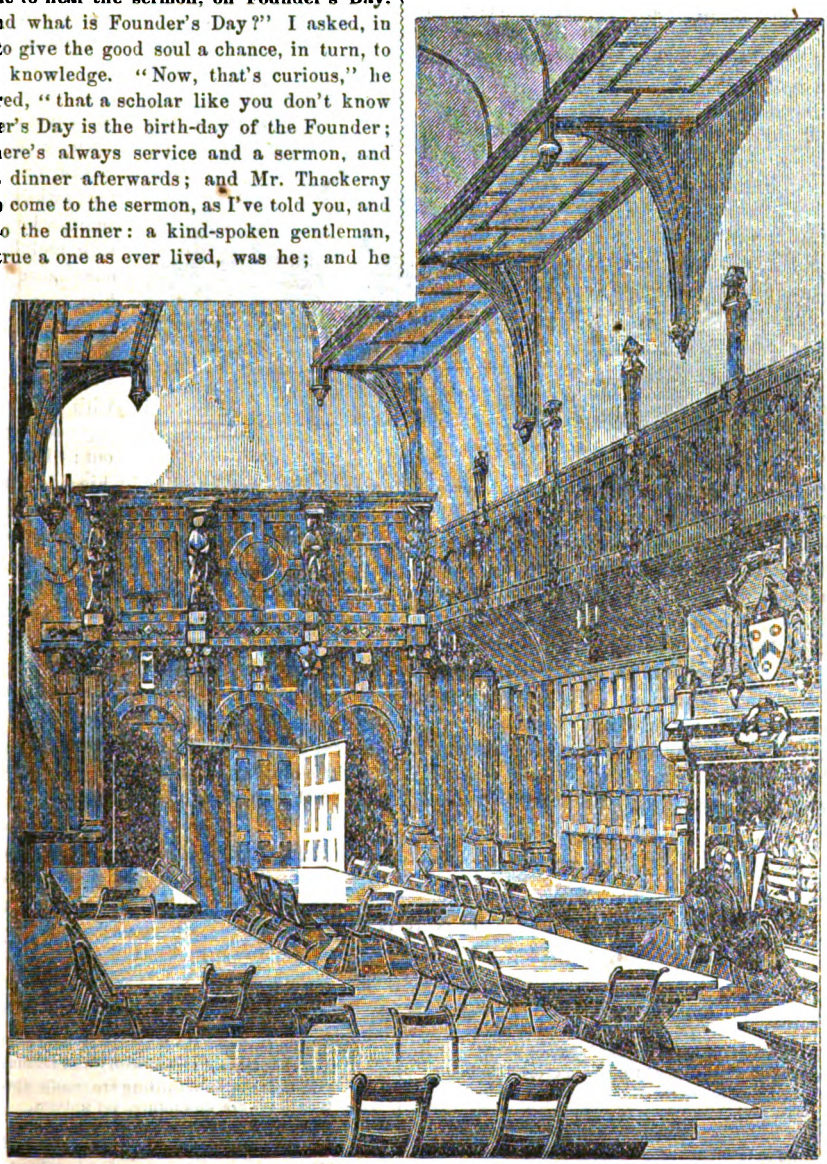
me; but as few visitors come here I have found no one yet to explain it. Can you do it, sir?" I remembered enough of my college learning, fortunately, to construe the very simple inscription, and interpreted it for him, at which he seemed greatly pleased, appearing to look upon me as some learned scholar, if not a veritable Oxford don in disguise. In the chapel he pointed out, almost directly opposite Sutton's tomb—for the rich merchant was buried here—a seat, which he said Thackeray always occupied when he came to hear the sermon, on Founder's Day.

"And what is Founder's Day?" I asked, in order to give the good soul a chance, in turn, to air his knowledge. "Now, that's curious," he answered, "that a scholar like you don't know Founder's Day is the birth-day of the Founder; and there's always service and a sermon, and then a dinner afterwards; and Mr. Thackeray used to come to the sermon, as I've told you, and staid to the dinner: a kind-spoken gentleman, and a true a one as ever lived, was he; and he has written quite a book about us, I've been told, though I've never seen it."

I had been looking at the seat, saying to myself that Thackeray must have had it in his eye when he described the Colonel at chapel. "As true a gentleman as ever lived," I repeated to myself, thinking of the Colonel; and suddenly, before me rose the vision of the old soldier. I saw him come tottering in, take his seat, and reverently bow his head in prayer. My eyes were dim with tears, nor am I ashamed to tell it. Then



DINING-HALL: CHARTER HOUSE.

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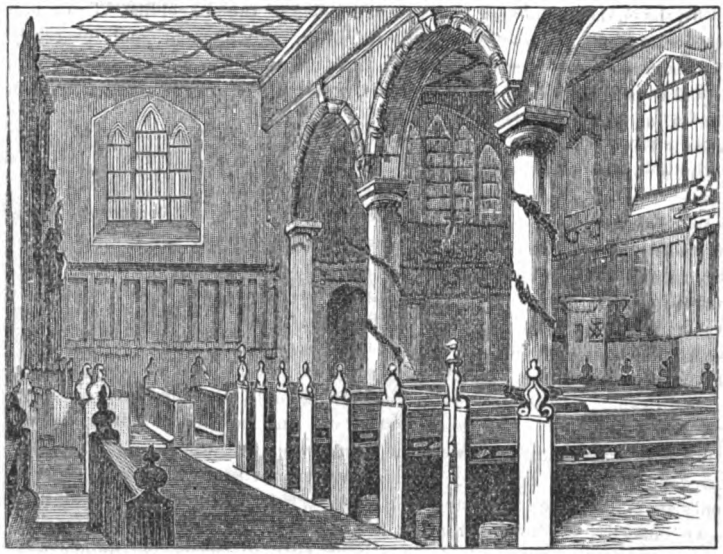
the scene changed: in imagination I was in the little room upstairs, with Clive and Ethel, and the old man's early love, Madame de Florac; and the old man was dying, and beginning to wander in his mind. But I must go to the book itself for the rest.



CHAPEL: CHARTER HOUSE.

"Thomas Newcome began to wander more and more. He talked louder; he gave the word of command, spoke Hindoostanee as if to his men. Then he spoke words in French rapidly, seizing a hand that was near him, and crying: '*Toujours, toujours!*' But it was Ethel's hand which he took. Ethel and Clive were in the room with him; the nurse came to us, who were sitting in the adjoining apartment; Madame de Florac was there, with my wife and Bagham.

"At the look in the woman's countenance, Madame de Florac started up. 'He is very bad; he wanders a great deal,' the nurse whispered. The French lady fell instantly on her knees, and remained rigid in prayer.

"Some time afterwards Ethel came in, with a scared face, to our pale group. 'He is calling for you again, dear lady,' she said, going up to Madame de Florac, who was still kneeling; 'and just now he said he wanted Pendennis to take care of his boy. He will not know you.' She hid her tears as she spoke.

"We went into the room, where Clive was at the bed's foot; the old man within it talked on rapidly for awhile; then again, he would sigh and be still; once more I heard him say hurriedly: 'Take care of him when I'm in India,' and then with a heart-rending voice he called out: 'Leonore, Leonore!' She was kneeling by his side now. His voice sank into faint murmurs; only a moan now and then announced that he was not asleep.

"At the usual evening hour the chapel-bell began to toll, and Thomas Newcome's hands, outside the bed, feebly beat a time. And just as the bell struck, a peculiar sweet smile shone over his face, and he lifted up his head a little, and quickly said: '*Adsum!*' and fell back. It was the word we used at school, when names were called; and lo, he whose heart was as that of a little child, had answered to his name, and stood in the presence of The Master."

UNREST.

BY CLARENCE H. URNER.

Oh, when the heart is full of strange unrest
With idle cares, which reason cannot bind,
And all the world seems faithless or unkind,
The fancy wanders on in eager quest
Of realms where there is nothing to molest
The brilliant visions of the dreamy mind!
And it is sweet, if but in dreams we find
A balm to soothe the longings of the breast.
And thus for each, when weary and forlorn,
And all the words of love are comfortless,
Within the far, dim future, yet unborn,
An Eden of the heart springs up to bless
Yet, few alone shall ever hail the morn
Which brings a day of perfect happiness.

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FROM A PRETTY GIRL'S NOTE-BOOK.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

JULY 15th. I felt irresistibly attracted towards Mrs. Ramsay the first time I set eyes on her, and she felt the same towards me—that's a whole fortnight ago—and now we are the truest and most intimate friends. She is twenty-four: or five years older than I, and so pretty and graceful, and our styles suit; we show each other off to advantage, and though that is of course a trifle, it is very pleasant all the same.

She has come here to pass several weeks, and her husband is to join her shortly. She has told me all about her troubles. She adores her husband, but he is careless and cold, and spends an awful lot of money: she is sure he gambles. She has taken some nice lodgings near our house, and we spend our whole time together. She says we don't want any stupid men to come disturbing us, and I quite agree with her.

We mean to devote ourselves to esthetic art, and she has given me a wonderful vase, and I have given her a heavenly set of tea-cups; and as she said so prettily, we must live up to the lessons they teach: the deep, deep lessons; and we will!

Aunt Susan is as unsympathetic as she always is: so very practical, and has such a dreadful habit of reminding one of one's disappointments, and calling them faults. She declares that my darling Nora and I will quarrel within six weeks, and when I told her that she ought to have a little regard for my feelings, because I considered such talk really sacrilegious, she burst out laughing in my face.

"You are nineteen," said she, "and you've been engaged to four different men, not to mention flirtations innumerable, and have had at least a score of female friends to whom you were devoted in turn, and—"

"I shall not condescend to defend myself," I interrupted. "It is my misfortune, if I have occasionally mistaken base metal for gold. This time I have made no blunder. I have found the friend my soul pined for."

"Oh, gracious," cried Aunt Susan, and flounced out of the room. To seek comfort, I threw a veil over my head—Nora and I don't mean to wear hats this summer—and went to visit my darling. We had a long cry together, and then we read one of William Morris's poems, and a sonnet of Rosetti's, and told each other that, though misunderstood and persecuted, we would struggle up still to that higher plane where we yearn to dwell.

AUGUST 1st. Mr. Ramsay has come. He is very different from what I expected. Exceedingly handsome, but so cynical in his conversation that one longs to guide him towards the light. I am afraid Nora is not quite so devoted a wife as she believes herself. The new rector arrived last week, too; he is a young widower, very eloquent and interesting; and it seems Nora knew him somewhat in Baltimore. She had told me that Mr. Ramsay would detest me, because I was her friend. So for a few days I avoided him; but the other evening I went to the house, and Nora was out, and he said she had gone to walk with Mr. Temple, and proposed that we should stroll out and meet them. It seems we went the wrong way; but the moonlight was so delicious, that we rambled about for a good while, and he talked very freely to me. He confessed that his life was terribly empty and aimless; he was fast losing faith in everything human and divine. He begged me to be his friend as well as Nora's; and I promised. I told Nora: told her I hoped to be the means of rendering them both happier; and she kissed me, and whispered that she was very, very glad.

AUGUST 15th. I am so disappointed in poor Nora. She is changed towards me. Her husband says it is because Mr. Temple admires me, but I won't believe that. How she can misunderstand Ramsay as she does, is a marvel; he has the soul of a poet, and he is very, very unhappy. Well, I shall be faithful to them both. In spite of their faults, they are my friends, and I must and will live upward; and I mean to lead them with me.

SEPTEMBER 1st. Two whole weeks since I have opened this book. Weeks only? Why it seems years. No length of time can obliterate, or even dim, the memory of their suffering. As I told Mr. Temple, this morning, I feel as if the black spectacle of human turpitude, the deceit, the treachery, the ingratitude, which has been forced upon my shrinking gaze, had blotted out my youth forever. Then, with that inexpressibly sweet, caressing manner of his, he led me to a mirror, before I knew what he was doing, and bade me contemplate the vision I beheld

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there, quoting some lines about cheeks with a wild sweet-briar tint, and gazelle eyes.

Nora Ramsay—oh, it is like touching an adder to write her name—has suddenly revealed herself to me, in all the depth of her diabolical wickedness, and showed that from the first she had been full of envy and hatred, and all malice. She had treated me very ill for days; but I held my peace and still went to the house, because poor Ramsay begged me to do so for his sake. My visits and my friendship, he said, made the one sunny spot in his desolate life. How could I refuse after this? Especially as Aunt Susan had gone, for no reason whatever, into one of her sour moods, and declared I should not flirt with a married man under her roof.

Well, one day I met Mr. Temple out walking. I did not know he had an engagement to read Italian with Nora, that afternoon; he only said he was going to see her later; and then he forgot all about it; and it was sunset before we got back; and whom should we meet but Nora, face to face, up in the grove beyond their place.

It never entered my poor innocent head that she could be angry. I was rather tired, so I said I would go on down the hill and rest in her house; and off I ran, leaving her and Mr. Temple together.

I found poor Ramsay at home. He was very glad to see me; he said he had been searching for me, all the afternoon; Nora and he had had a terrible quarrel about nothing. So I tried to comfort him; to counsel patience; and he called me his dear little sermonizer, his blessed Consuelo; and it was sweet to me to feel that I could be a consolation and an aid to any human being.

Then Nora came in, as white as a sheet with anger, for (though I did not know it till afterwhard) Mr. Temple had told her frankly he was interested in me, and had visited her for the pleasure of meeting me (foolish fellow!) and she accused me of deceit and flirting—and heaven knows what all—every charge the exact kind of fault of which I am utterly incapable.

Ramsay left the room when she entered, so there I was alone with her, like Van Amburgh, or Daniel, with the lions. She made me weep, but quarrel I would not; and at last, after a torrent of horrible abuse, my womanly dignity and self-respect forced me to say:

"I am going now, Nora; I cannot enter these doors again until you tell me you regret your conduct."

"I suppose you think you can meet Mr. Ramsay somewhere else?" sneered she.

That unworthy taunt somehow calmed me at once; I dried my eyes: I rose.

"I am sorry for you, Nora," I said. "I pity you from the bottom of my heart. Our friendship is at an end. I grieve for it, but not for you; it is not you I have loved: it is the ideal I created and called by your name. Farewell."

I was too miserable to go home, so I strayed off into the wood again, and there was Ramsay; and when I told him what had happened, that I had given Nora up forever, he begged me, if I had any mercy, any pity, not to deprive him of my friendship. When I saw how necessary it was to his peace, to any hope of his amending his life, I promised that I would not. I would see him occasionally, I told him, and I would write to him; for he talked so mysteriously of some dreadful temptation, from which my counsels alone could preserve him, that I could not refuse his pleadings.

Mr. Temple went away on business, a couple of days later, and I saw nothing of Nora; but Mr. Ramsay was constantly writing or managing to meet me, in a way which I see now was cruel and wicked, since it might have exposed me to gossip. But I did not think—I was too sorry for him, and too anxious to soothe his wretchedness to remember myself.

And oh, how he repaid my kindness and sympathy! Still, I do not condemn him as I must his wife. He had, at least, the excuse that his heart led him astray. Only he should have been stronger, and hidden his secret from me—he, a man!

It is only three days since the thunderbolt fell, since the earthquake shook the universe—only three days! Aunt Susan had been very harsh to me; Walter Faucett had been writing me upbraiding letters, because mine were of late, he said, infrequent and unsatisfactory; and besides these cruelties I had to bear my terrible disappointment in regard to Nora.

Well, last Tuesday—oh, I shall loathe all coming Tuesdays while I live—I had a portion of the afternoon to myself. I wanted to be alone, and refused to accompany Aunt Susan, who was going to drive over to Mrs. Edwards' with some friends; and was not to return till evening. She had lectured me so severely about Mr. Ramsay, that I determined not to leave the house for fear of meeting him. Indeed, I promised her I would not. So I just went out into the garden, and who should come but Ramsay. It had not occurred to me to forbid it. He told me that it was not friendship he felt for me, but love; the deepest, maddest that man ever felt for woman. I was so frightened, so grieved, so indignant—it was such a base return to make for my sympathy and my self-sacrificing friendship, by whose aid I hoped to lead him onward, upward, out of the dull Slough of Despond into which his life has drifted.

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I told him this. I wept tears that seemed to scorch my cheeks. I said that he had completed the work his wife began; had forced me to believe that it was my destiny never to meet a spirit lofty enough, or pure enough, thoroughly to comprehend me.

"You must go," I moaned. "We must not meet again. You have put it out of my power to aid you. Go."

Then he said such horrible things: and oh, he went down on his knees and caught my two hands, and would not release them; and at that instant a voice cried:

"What a touching tableau! We are just in time, Mr. Faucett. Isn't it pretty?"

Yes, there stood that wicked, vile Nora—the woman I had trusted and loved—and beside her stood Walter Faucett, black as a thunder-cloud, and glaring at me as if ready to cut my throat; oh, I was always sure he had a fiendish temper. In the first days when I believed in Nora, I had trusted her with my secret. I had told her how in the spring Walter Faucett had come to Eastlake, to make some sketches for a book he was illustrating; how he had chosen to fall in love with me; and how I had allowed myself to become engaged to him, with the strict proviso that neither Aunt Susan nor any other human being was to be informed, until I gave him leave.

I told her, too, how these later weeks had shown me my mistake; that I knew that I ought not to have yielded to his entreaties; still I meant to hold firm to my promise, and to marry him whenever he could claim me. But really, though I detest money and everything connected with it, and am a model of economy, though Aunt Susan does grumble at my little income of twelve hundred dollars a year not covering my dress, and trifling expenses of that sort—really, since two people can't live like robin red-breasts, there did not seem much hope of a penniless artist being able to marry for a long while—

But all these philosophical reflections are out of place here.

Yes, there stood Nora and Faucett. She had actually written to him; she had persuaded him to come; and she had found out that Ramsay was at our house—oh, the meanness, the degradation of spying!—and so brought Walter there.

I wonder I did not die outright. Nothing supported me but the consciousness of my own motives. Yet even in my horrible anguish, there was a strange feeling almost of exultation, for I told myself it was only rare, elect natures that were called to such suffering as this.

Well, up sprang Mr. Ramsay: and Nora said: "Now that you are on your feet, let me make you and Mr. Faucett acquainted. He is engaged to Nina. He's an artist, too; so he might take your portraits as you were—rehearsing for a tableau, I suppose?"

Then—oh, it seems incredible—but they all three turned their wrath upon my devoted head. Ramsay vowed that I had deceived him from first to last. Faucett upbraided. Nora joined in.

I was speechless for a time; I wept, oh, the bitterest tears I ever had, or ever can shed, and that horrible, horrible Nora cried out:

"I had read that crocodiles could weep, but it was a fact in natural history which I always doubted until now."

Then those two coarse-grained, narrow-souled, earth-bound men laughed. I said, in response:

"I weep for you—I am overwhelmed with shame—for you! The woman whom I loved as my own soul; the man to whom I had given the keeping of my heart; this other man whom I had called my friend."

As I spoke, I pointed at each in turn. They stood struck absolutely dumb. Ah, perhaps when it was too late, some perception struck their dulled senses of the real nature of the girl they had wronged. They could catch faintly through the immense distance which separated our spirits, some faint ray of the supernal light about the path where I tread, despite misconception, despite opposition, despite everything; always onward, upward.

"You cannot speak," I said. "No wonder. I pity you all; to each I say farewell. Conscience and remorse will awake one day, then remember my last words—I forgive you."

I turned and left them standing there, and presently, from my window, watched them go.

As I stood, I heard the sound of wheels. I looked through the shrubberies and saw Mr. Temple driving past. He had just returned. The sight of him was like an inspiration. I knew what to do—where to turn for guidance.

I walked straight out of the house. I hardly took time to glance in the mirror, though I remember the fleeting vision I caught, of a pale girl, with her great dark eyes unnaturally dilated, her golden hair falling in heavy masses across her shoulders; a close-fitting robe of Nile-blue sweeping the floor in heavy folds.

I took the path through the meadow, that led into Mr. Temple's garden. I knew I should find him alone in the rectory, for his housekeeper had told me, that morning, he would not return till the last evening train, so she and her small handmaiden were going to spend the day out.

I gave myself no leisure to think. I flew along as if I had wings, crossed the garden, mounted

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the steps of the veranda at the side of the house, and just then Mr. Temple came out of his study, looking oh, so strong, so noble, so able to give the aid I required so sorely.

"Miss Rothmore!" he exclaimed.

Then my calmness forsook me. The tempest swept with awful might over my soul, and I could only stretch forth my two hands and moan:

"Help me, give me comfort; no human being ever needed it as I do. The world has crumbled at my feet. I am all alone in the dark, and I have come to you."

I suppose I was near fainting. He caught me, half carried me into the house, and when I could speak again, I told him everything. He was so kind, so gentle—oh, I can never be grateful enough for the impulse which bade me confide in his goodness and wisdom.

I kept nothing back. I told him how the fear of giving pain had induced me to engage myself to Walter Faucett. I explained what my motive had been, where that wretched pair, the husband and wife, were concerned—to help them up and on. He understood. He spoke so wonderfully, I almost felt as if he were inspired, and I said so; and I took his two hands and kissed them; and in a humility of which I am proud, I sank on my knees before him, and cried:

"Give me your blessing; make me worthy to be your friend!"

He uttered more soothing words, and lifted me up. He was pale, and he trembled; and when I said I feared that I had distressed him, and that I would rather die than do that, he put his hand before his eyes, for an instant, and answered, in an odd, choked voice:

"You are too beautiful, too beautiful."

Just then I heard his neighbor's voice in the hall; that tiresome old Mr. Handley, who is always getting in everybody's way.

"I say, Temple," the voice was calling, "come to my house; I knew your servants had gone out, so I've had some dinner got ready for you."

I ran off down the porch, and through the back gate, because I did not want the stupid creature to see me. As soon as I got home, I wrote Mr. Temple a note, trying to thank him, telling him I supposed that false trio would say evil things of me; but I must bear it; the consciousness of my own right motives would give me strength, that and his friendship.

He said, afterward, it was a beautiful letter. I think it was; I put all my soul in it, and even Aunt Susan acknowledges that I have a genius for letter-writing. Dear, quaint Aunt Susan. Only that same night, she came to me and said:

"Nina, I was cross with you when I went away, this afternoon, but I can't go to bed without kissing you. Oh, my poor child, if you weren't such a bundle of inconsistencies. You have brains enough, if you would but use them; imagination, beauty, coaxing ways, that one can't resist. Still, you drive me so frantic, that I long often to break your neck; some *man* will, someday, as sure as fate, if you ever hold fast to one long enough to marry him."

It was useless to try to make her comprehend me, so I only kissed her, and sent her off. I was already in bed. Just then the maid knocked at my door, and aunt opened it.

"A note for Miss Nina, from Mr. Temple."

Aunt Susan brought it to me, and stood for an instant looking in my face, with so troubled an expression, that I quite pitied her for her inability to understand me.

"Mr. Temple is my best friend," said I.

Aunt Susan shook her head; sighed; then laughed.

"Poor fellow," said she, "poor fellow!" and walked straight out of the room.

Such a dear letter. He had seen the Ramsays. He had, mercifully, some sort of hold over them, and assured me that I need fear nothing from their malice. Walter Faucett was gone. By the by, I got a very cruel tirade of eight pages from him; the next day I burned it, as I did every note I had received from Nora or Ramsay.

So ended that dismal experience, whose suffering I shall exult in, if only it can help me onward, upward.

SEPTEMBER 9th. And it has. I am happy at last—happy. I have had a glorious treasure bestowed upon me—Gerald Temple's love—Gerald Temple's heart.

Oh, how full of peace and rest my life is. I go to early service, at six, every morning. I visit the poor with him; I am studying Greek as his pupil. I have had several simple gray costumes made, that everybody raves over, and I think their very simplicity renders them elegant.

The old life has come to an end. In fact, I never lived before: it was all a feverish dream. I am awake now, out in the full sunlight, and I am happy, because I [illegible]d myself necessary to Gerald. Personally, my happiness or suffering is of no consequence. I only wish to live for others.

OCTOBER 14th. I was interrupted, this morning, by a message from Gerald. He was downstairs, and desired to see me. It was not his hour for coming, and a sudden presentiment of evil struck me, like a blow; alas, only too dolefully verified! He came to tell me that he was

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called away, at once, by a telegram, informing him that his mother was very, very ill.

There was scarcely time for him to explain. He had to catch the express. Oh, who is it speaks of "madness of farewells?" I realised the world of misery those words hold. What I suffered. I wonder if I can be the same happy creature who sat, only a few hours since, letting my full heart out in the pages of this book Hours? No, centuries. Time counts by heart-beats, not moments.

How courageous I was. I bade him go; not to heed me, but to go. I would not, for the world, even have hinted that I thought it selfish, on his mother's part, to send for him; to summon him from his all-important duty, the care of human souls. But the ideal mother would not have done it. What are one's personal longings and desires, that they should be allowed, for an instant, to interfere with the good of humanity at large?

He will write to me daily, and I shall write to him, so I shall have no leisure for scribbling in this little volume. I shall close it till he returns. He will be gone a week—an entire week; oh, it is like talking of eternity.

NOVEMBER 2d. A fortnight has elapsed, and still Gerald has not returned. His mother yet clings to her sick-bed, with the obstinate determination to get no better, which weak, selfish natures so often display. I will not allow the least sign to appear in my letters, that I am disappointed to find he can allow anything, anybody, to come between him and his great work. So I open this book again, to pen here, in secrecy, the dark thoughts and forebodings which steal across my soul, lest I may be forced to discover that Gerald is not, in all respects, my ideal.

I am feverish, restless, almost ill Even Aunt Susan noticed the change in me, though not a word of complaint had escaped my lips; and she insisted, yesterday, on my seeing a physician. Old Doctor Somers is not well, so his nephew, who came to visit him a couple of days since, called on me in his stead.

What a gifted creature. And what a beautiful temple his soul is enshrined in. Not tall and robust, like Gerald; pale, delicate, with such wonderful eyes; and a smile which is all the sweeter because it visits his sad mouth so rarely. He perceived, at once, that my indisposition was mental, rather than bodily, and we had a long, elevated conversation, which did my soul good. He had seen me already, and been anxious to know me; and we do, already, know each other; he said so as he took his leave, holding my hand so respectfully, yet with such a firm, tender grasp. He showed that he saw I suffered, and let me see that he longed to comfort me.

NOVEMBER 10th. My good, noble Harry Somers. It seems incredible that it is little over a week since we met. We are brother and sister. We have confided the secrets of the past to one another; we have shed tears over each other's sufferings. Oh, even love is not so thoroughly satisfying as friendship. Love is restless, full of sweet pain, but friendship is perfect rest.

Harry fears that I allowed Gerald to lure me too quickly into an engagement He thinks it was selfish, on Gerald's part. But I cannot admit that. I will not even own that I think him wrong to leave me, as he has done: though that he can neglect his duties, as he is doing, pains me beyond expression. His mother is better, out of danger (if ever she was in it), and he only stays because she elects to believe that his presence is necessary to her recovery, and the doctors are weak enough to agree with her.

NOVEMBER 20th. Gerald came last night. Alas, he came too late for my peace and his! Harry was with me, when I received the telegram informing me that Temple would arrive in the evening, and in his trouble, the secret of his heart escaped his lips. He has given it to me, that noble heart. He deceived himself in thinking that he had bestowed only a brotherly affection upon me—poor Harry.

DECEMBER 1st. Here we are in New York. I could not longer endure the life I was leading, and, fortunately, Aunt Susan had business which summoned her to town; and she has promised me that we shall remain till spring.

Men are so selfish. I tried so hard to act aright, to be consistent, to make both Gerald and Harry happy. The fortnight after Gerald's return was too terrible. Both were so unreasonable, so jealous. Oh, now that I am away, and can judge the pair calmly, it seems to me that I was utterly mistaken in their characters Their practice shows so petty, so narrow, compared to their theories.

A most charming person dined with us to-night; an old friend of Aunt Susan's, though I had never seen him, as he has only lately returned from Europe, where he has spent many years. Such cultivation, such elegance of manners. Any young man, whatever his talents might be, must appear very crude and unformed compared with Mr. Montagu; and his years—he is fifty, though he does not look it—enables a girl like me to feel that in him I may find a real, true friend, upon whose judgment I can repose and be at rest And I need rest: I am so tired, so worn.

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He is a widower, with no children. His first marriage was very unhappy. Ah, he talked so beautifully about wedlock; about the danger of yielding to the wild impulses of an undisciplined heart: of the peril of a gifted girl wedding a man of her own age, because nine times out of ten her soul, within a decade, will so far outstrip the husband's in its growth, that a long life of agony must be the penalty she pays for her folly.

He possesses immense wealth, and is lavish with it. He has asked Aunt Susan's permission to offer me a set of wonderful Indian ornaments he bought in Calcutta, saying so prettily that he had always regarded me as a sort of god-daughter.

JANUARY 15th. Six whole weeks are gone. A great change, a beautiful stillness has entered my life. I am engaged to Everard Montagu. We are to be married in a month.

This is how it came about, the event which has turned me suddenly from a foolish, dreaming girl, into a matured, reasoning, reasonable woman.

Mr. Montagu found me weeping the other day; I had just received such a troubling, selfish letter, from each of those men at Eastlake; and he persuaded me to confide in his sympathy. I told him how they had both persecuted me. I could conscientiously say that I had never been engaged to either, because there had been no definite talk about marriage.

Well, it ended in his asking me to become his wife. I should be child and wife both in one, he said; and he painted glowingly the future that awaited me, with unlimited means at my command to aid suffering, to help others to live onward and upward—oh, even if I did not care for him, my duty would be plain.

Aunt Susan has been most generous in regard to my trousseau. It is all ordered in Paris. The days fly. I shall not write either to Mr. Temple, or the doctor; I have no desire to humiliate them by showing how they disappointed me, or how egotistical and narrow their lives look. Though they made me suffer bitterly, I wish to spare them pain.

FEBRUARY 7th. I am the most wretched creature alive. My heart is broken—and oh, worse, the heart of the only man I ever loved, and within a week I am to be married—married!

Let me try to write it all down as clearly as I can: I have a presentiment that I cannot live long. When I am dead, Aunt Susan and Mr. Montagu will find these pages. They will learn what I have suffered. I only hope they may feel no remorse.

It was yesterday evening only; I was sitting alone in the boudoir. The door opened suddenly; a voice called: "Nina!" I looked up, and saw Robert Cashel, my cousin: my first, my only real love.

Three years since, we had parted. He went to South America to make a fortune, but had now come back, hoping that at last we might be married. He came, alas, to learn that I was to be the bride of another, of a man who grows more odious to me each day, as his character unfolds.

My Robert, my poor Robert! What a meeting, what agony; for I told him everything—everything, and I know that during all these years I have never loved any man but him; and now it is too late—too late.

Aunt Susan had gone out to dine; Mr. Montagu was engaged; so we were left alone till nearly midnight—oh, those hours! I have begged him not to come again; my task is clear; I must sacrifice myself for the sake of others. I could live cheerfully on a crust, in a hovel, with Robert; but then I could not aid my kind; and that must be my destiny, my sole aim, no matter though I crush my bleeding heart.

BALTIMORE, FEBRUARY 11th. It is all like a blessed dream. We have been here since yesterday, Robert and I—we are married.

Two days passed, after his first visit, without my seeing him. I had been out, that afternoon, and when I got home Aunt Susan met me in the hall—oh, so pale and angry.

"I hope you are satisfied now," she cried, in that brutally abrupt way of hers. "Mr. Montagu is in the drawing-room. Gerald Temple is there." (I groaned.) "And somebody else is there—Henry Somers. And how many more madmen may come before evening, is beyond me to calculate. Perhaps you can."

She turned, and walked upstairs. I stood still. I could hear the angry voices of those dreadful men. I thought I was dying. Just then my maid came down the corridor and put a note in my hand. I saw it was Robert's writing. I tore it open—oh, I was saved, saved.

He begged for one last interview. He was at his lodgings, waiting for my answer. I ran out of the house, closing the door softly behind me. At the corner of the street I saw a carriage; I sprang in, and away I drove. Robert met me at the door. He had come downstairs to see if there was any sign of his messenger. We went to the Park together.

He pleaded with me to escape all my troubles and persecutions by eloping with him. I had owned that I loved him still. He had a right to direct my future. I saw that, I felt that; but I was firm. I told him I could not be a drag and a weight; I was ready to work day and night:

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to suffer privation, any and every evil; but for his own sake I must leave him. I would not marry Montagu, I promised that; I should enter a sisterhood and—

But I could go no further. He was holding me to his heart, and telling me of his success in Brazil. "Didn't you know, dear," he said, "I am a millionaire? I knew you cared nothing for mere earthly dross, or I would have told you this before. But now, this money can make life bright and beautiful to you."

"Only your love can do that!" I interrupted. It seemed sacrilege, at that moment, to hear a word about filthy lucre.

Well, he arranged everything, for I was helpless. He took me back to his lodgings, and I lay half insensible upon a sofa, while he was absent making the necessary preparations.

Mercifully, before the last remnants of my over-tried strength forsook me, I was able to write a little note to my faithful maid. I knew that I could trust to her ingenuity to find a way of bringing me such articles of wearing apparel as were indispensable; and at this crisis in my life I could not allow physical weakness to overpower my distracted mind, while any task remained unfulfilled.

We were married, that evening, and started by the midnight express. And here we are in Paradise.

My Robert, my idol, my king. I will not deny that I am a little afraid of him. He could always control me. But oh, it is sweet to be guided by a hand at once firm and gentle, a will strong as a rock, but all hidden beneath the fair blossoms of tenderness, and the ever-green vine of sympathy.

We sail directly for Europe. We are to live in Italy. We shall have a villa on the Lake of Como, and an apartment in one of the grand old palaces of Florence. For Robert's sake, I am glad that he is rich; for my own, it would have been pleasanter to endure sacrifices, to struggle, to toil, in order to prove the might of my devotion. But I must not repine: it would seem a wilful rebellion against Providence.

I have just had a telegram from Aunt Susan. She is really very kind and thoughtful. My good Clarice will be here, to-night, with the rest of my wardrobe, and aunt says I will find my trousseau awaiting me in Paris. Of course, all these things are trifles. Still I naturally wish to look my best, on my husband's account. Besides, it is a comfort to feel that Aunt Susan, with all her failings, is above the pettiness which so many of our sex would have shown, under similar circumstances.

Ah, I hear Robert's step. I close this book, and in so doing, shut out forever all vestiges of my former life.

Aunt Susan's Reflections: Married—married; heaven be praised. I feel as if I had got rid of the charge of some strange, inexplicable creature, who was a compound of Undine and a white kitten, a beautiful flower, and a bird of prey, and half a dozen other beings and things, never meant to be joined.

It sounds incredible, but I believe the child is safe now, and will finally develop into a tolerably sane, rational woman. Robert Cashel loves her dearly, but his letter to me shows that he understands her character perfectly, and he always had a will like adamant. He can manage her, and he is the only created mortal who ever could.

I shall miss her. In spite of her silliness, her caprices, her mad vanity, and all her hosts of faults, there was a fascination about the girl, which few women, and no men, were able to resist. Yes, I shall miss her. But thank goodness she is gone.

THE GARDENER'S ADIEU.

BY MINNIE IRVING.

Adieu, my roses, red and bright,
My stately lily, tall and white,
I've tended thee in storm and sun,
But now my labor all is done.

Henceforth, for others thy perfume
Thou'lt breathe, for others thou wilt bloom;
And eyes of others will behold
The sunshine in thy hearts of gold.

And some, perchance, may come and cull
Thy buds, and call them beautiful;
And some may trample under foot
The fairest bloom and branch and root.

But oh! if any in these bowers
Years hence should say, "How fair these flowers!"
Upon the gardener's grave, a spray
Of thee, my roses, let them lay.

Gay honeysuckle, reach not out
Thy sprays to clasp my form about;
And violet, look not at me,
With thy blue eyes, so pleadingly.

Oh, heart's-ease, thou from all the rest,
For thy sweet omen on my breast
I'll lay, then leave, in passing through,
The garden gate unclosed, adieu.

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HER LONG BRANCH SUMMER.

BY LUCY H. HOOPER.

When Miss Blanche Newland, having been left an orphan and an heiress at fourteen, chose, some four years later, to bestow her hand and fortune on Mr. John Blantyre, popularly known as "handsome Jack," people shrugged their shoulders and predicted that no good would come of the match. The young lady was a fragile, tender, delicate little creature, the type of woman that is born to be petted, and watched over, and cared for, all the days of her life. The gentleman was a handsome, jovial, dissipated young fellow, with a taste for fast horses, and all that it involves. Everybody said that Miss Newland was making a great mistake. The marriage, nevertheless, took place, and with much pomp. The bride wore a marvelous combination of point lace and white satin. The church was packed to suffocation. But everybody, after all, was right. In less than four years Blanche found herself a widow, with shattered nerves and a diminished patrimony, and the vision always before her of those last days of her husband, when he shrieked his life away in the agonies of delirium tremens.

She buried herself in the seclusion of a New England farm-house, during the summer months, and in lonely seclusion in Florida, during the winter; and continued this until old Dr. Macleod, who had known her from a child, interposed.

It was the second summer of her widowhood.

"You will die," he declared, "if this goes on. You must go to the sea-shore, and you must take rooms at a good hotel. No cottage life, or quiet boarding-house for you. If you continue moping in this way, you won't live a year. You must drive and ride; you used to ride superbly; where's that splendid Arabian? Turned out, you say. Have him in at once, and go out on him every day. You must see people, too; and you must bathe. There is the West End Hotel, at Long Branch. Just the place for you. I know the proprietors. They are nice fellows, and will, with a line from me, give you good rooms, and I'll run down to see you every week or two."

Her feeble protests were of no avail. She was speedily overpowered by the vigorous will of the old doctor; and before June had expired, she was comfortably installed, with her maid, in two front rooms at the West End Hotel; had brought her saddle-horse down, and was to be seen riding, every day, with her groom following at a proper distance behind.

She rode, however, without any desire of display; and lived as quietly, in all other respects, as possible. She took her meals in her own room, and admitted no visitors, except one or two intimate friends. But she was as passionately fond of sea-bathing as of equestrianism, and sea-bathing had been enjoined on her particularly. Long Branch, however, is not a place where a lady ought to bathe unassisted. The shore is very steep, and the under-tow often terrific; and even the strongest and bravest women are sometimes unable to keep their feet. When Blanche proposed bathing alone, her friends said: "Nonsense, you must not think of it. You must take a professional bather, my dear. There are lots of them here, attached to the hotel." So she told her maid to engage a bather for her.

"I've got an iligant one for you," said this young lady, who professed to be French, but who spoke a fine Hibernian brogue, as most French maids in America do. "I towld him to be a-waiting for yez, jist fornenst that rock, and it's there that ye'll find him, while I hang up yer dress, and get out yer towels."

So Blanche sallied out from the bathing-house, and sure enough, in front of the big boulder that Bridget had designated there stood a solitary man, in bathing-costume. Blanche liked his looks at the very first glance. Tall and powerfully built, with a broad chest and sinewy arms, he seemed fully capable of bathing the heaviest of weights, much less such a fragile creature as Blanche. "He has a good face, too," she thought, as she glanced at him. "Not too young; there is already a hint of gray in his black hair and his big dark bushy beard; and he has nice dark eyes, and looks as if he would take good care of me."

So she accosted him with a certain degree of courage, for one so timid as herself. "Are you one of the bathers?" she asked.

"I am, Madam, at your service," was the reply.

"Then, will you bathe me, if you are not engaged?"

"With pleasure—most certainly," was the

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reply, though with a little hesitation, which Blanche did not notice.

So, in a few minutes, Blanche found herself immersed to the shoulders in what Mr. Richard Swiveller was accustomed to call "the briny." It was a glorious day. The sea, warmed by a week of hot weather, was delicious as to temperature; and the surf was in one of its milder moods, and absolutely bewitching: so, at least, thought Blanche. Nor had she, she said to herself, ever fallen into kinder or more considerate hands. Her bather showed her how to grasp the rope, and how to avoid the stronger waves, while he supported her in the rougher places with the firmest yet gentlest hand.

"What is your name?" she asked, when her bather had brought her safely to land.

"Murphy, Madam."

"Well, Murphy, you have bathed me exceedingly well, and I should like to engage you for the entire season. Always meet me here, in front of that great stone, where I found you to-day. And if I am as well satisfied with you always as I am to-day, I shall make you a handsome present when I leave."

He bowed, and turned away; and Blanche did not notice the smile that he tried in vain to repress, and that curved a very well-shaped mouth under his bushy black beard. She was too tired to do more than to rest herself, that day. But as she lay in a delicious dreamy repose, half sleeping and half waking, she thought with a vague pleasure of the strong, firm, and yet gentle hand that had guided her steps amidst the breakers. For the first time almost in her life, she felt as if there was some one in the world who would look after her and protect her, if only for the space of some fifteen minutes, every day: and this feeling of protection is a necessity, even to the bravest and most self-reliant of our sex.

For nearly a fortnight the fine weather continued, and Blanche took her daily bath with ever-renewed, and indeed increasing, enjoyment.

The bather, Murphy, turned out to be even more admirable than she had at first supposed. He was the most punctual of men, never failing to be at his appointed post at the appointed hour. He never allowed her to prolong her bath unduly, if the water was cold or the waves too high. Once she remarked to him that she had never seen a star-fish, and that she was quite curious to see one; and two days later, he brought a very lively specimen, in a small bucket, for her inspection. She often observed him, also, watching her as she rode out with her groom, and once or twice she nodded to him, of course a little patronizingly, but still kindly. "Poor fellow," she said, "it would be cruel to ignore him altogether. He is human, after all."

So Blanche gained strength and health with every passing day, and began to take into serious consideration the possibility of going downstairs for her meals, and of staying on the porch of evenings, to look at the moonlight and talk to her lady-friends. But she shrank from making the change, with a morbid avoidance of everybody and everything, which is one of the traces usually left behind by a great mental shock. However, youth and a good constitution were silently at work to repair the effects of her recent trials; and she soon reached that point when a very small impetus was needed to send her forth from her seclusion.

That impetus came, one day, in the shape of an old school friend, a lively young married lady. Mrs. Granger was a year or so older than Blanche. She had married a distinguished member of the New York bar; had spent a summer in Europe, and a winter in Washington; and was bent upon enjoying life with all the zest of a healthy, happy nature. So she pounced upon Mrs. Blantyre, the day after her arrival at the West End. "My dear," she cried, in her impulsive way, "this shutting yourself up is all nonsense. I insist that you go down to dinner. No? But you ride on horseback every day. Why should you shrink from the other? Nonsense." So she superintended Blanche's toilette, and finally chaperoned her downstairs.

I do not think that Blanche quite enjoyed, at first, this sudden plunge into the midst of things. But dinner once over, she found it very pleasant to sit beside Mrs. Granger, on the wide, airy piazza, exchanging salutations and desultory chat with such of her friends as came to greet her, and watching the numerous equipages that drove up, belonging to the guests of the house.

Suddenly she started, and flushed crimson.

"Well, Kate," she remarked, indignantly, to Mrs. Granger, "I had no idea that the proprietor allowed his professional bathers to come and establish themselves on this piazza, in the very midst of the guests."

"No more he does. What do you mean, Blanche?"

"That man over there—the one with a full dark beard, wearing a blue suit—that is one of the bathers belonging to the house. His name is Murphy."

Mrs. Granger put down the fan she had been toying with, and looked at her friend in amazement. Then she began to laugh.

"Blanche Blantyre," she cried, "have you taken leave of your senses? Why, that is one

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of the most distinguished members of the United States Senate. It is Senator Murphy, of ——. Don't you remember hearing of the brilliant speech he made, on the tariff question, last winter?"

Her bather! A man named Murphy! To whom she had promised a present! Good heavens! Blanche shrank back in her chair, pale as a ghost, and quite overwhelmed. She looked so ill, that Mrs. Granger suggested that she should go upstairs. This Blanche refused to do, however; and the lively Kate, shortly after, having rushed off to speak to a newly arrived acquaintance, Blanche rose, with a sudden resolution.

Senator Murphy, having finished his cigar, was now awaiting the arrival of his splendid thoroughbred grays, which had been the wonder of the Branch for some days past. Suddenly, the light touch of a lady's fan caused him to turn around. Behind him stood Mrs. Blantyre, looking very much distressed, very penitent, and also, it must be confessed, very pretty.

"Oh, Mr. Murphy—Senator Murphy, I mean —how can I ever apologize enough for my foolish mistake?"

"Don't say one word about it," answered the genial Westerner, taking in the situation at once, and folding her little white hand in his firm, energetic clasp.

"I do not see how I could have been so absurd as to mistake you for—"

"A professional bather. Ah, Mrs. Blantyre, all men look a good deal alike, if deprived of broadcloth and fine linen, and dressed in blue flannel bathing-suits. I only hope that I acquitted myself to your satisfaction."

"Please do not talk so. Won't you forgive me?"

"With all my heart—but on two conditions."

"And what are those?"

"The first is, that you will let me bathe you daily, as long as I remain at the Branch. You ought not to trust yourself to unskilled or careless hands. And the second is, that you go upstairs and get your bonnet and shawl, and let me take you out for a drive. You are fond of horses, I know. I see it by the way you manage that thoroughbred of yours, which, by the bye, not one lady in a thousand could ride. Now I, too, like horses, and am rather proud of my span, and really wish to know what you will think of them."

Mrs. Blantyre hesitated a moment. She had never gone out, with a gentleman, since her widowhood. But the brown eyes that looked down into her own were so sunny and genial, and the clasp in which her hand still lay was so firm and kindly, and there was such an atmosphere of manliness and goodness about this great strong man, that she blushed, hesitated, and finally consented. For were they not old acquaintances, having been presented to each other by that mighty conqueror, the sea?

Mrs. Blantyre enjoyed her drive immensely, and came back feeling greatly benefited by it. The grays had more than justified their reputation, and so had the Senator, so far as his conversational powers were concerned. That memorable drive, needless to say, was not the last. In a few days, a saddle-horse—"fit for a general," as everybody said—came down from New York; and thereafter the Senator accompanied Blanche, almost daily, in her rides. Mrs. Blantyre was much interested in all that Senator Murphy told her respecting his earlier days, and of the young wife he had lost just as the future was opening, brilliant with prosperity, before him. He told her of his career in Washington, its cares as well as of its triumphs; and related to her sparkling anecdotes and interesting incidents of the social life of the capital. Baskets of superb hot-house grapes and bouquets of exquisite flowers found their way to Mrs. Blantyre's private parlor. And so the season wore on, till the early days of September came, and even the latest lingerers at the sea-side prepared to depart.

"Our last drive together, to-day; not a ride, this time, glorious as the saddle is," quoth Senator Murphy to Mrs. Blantyre, as he handed her up to her seat beside him on the drag. She assented with a little involuntary sigh; and an unusual silence reigned between the pair for some time. Just as the drag turned into the beautiful Hoey Grounds, the Senator spoke at last.

"Mrs. Blantyre," he said, half interrogatively.

"What is it, Senator?"

"Do you remember what you promised Murphy, when you first engaged him to bathe you—"

"Oh, please do not speak of that silly affair any more."

"But I must. You promised Murphy a present if he fulfilled his duties well. Now I think that I have been everything that a good bather ought to be—punctual, careful, etc., etc. And I want my present."

"What shall it be?" And somehow her voice fell.

The afternoon had proved chilly; and a soft carriage-rug had been thrown over their laps. Under its friendly cover the Senator sought and clasped Mrs. Blantyre's trembling little hand.

"Blanche, will you give me this?" he said.

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There was no articulate response, but it may be presumed that the answer was a satisfactory one, since Mrs. Senator Murphy has been quoted, this past season, as a distinguished leader in Washington society.

Sometimes the Senator thinks his wife looks a little pale. "These continued gayeties are too much, I fear, for even you," he says. And then to bring the blushes up to her cheeks, he adds, teasingly: "You are pining, my dear, for Murphy, your bather, and your SUMMER AT LONG BRANCH."

GOOD-BY.

BY FANNY DRISCOLL.

ONCE 'twas summer warm and sweet—
Good-by!
Love, he coursed with panther-feet;
Then came jealousy so fleet;
Lo, between came rain and sleet—
Good-by! Good-by! Good-by!

Once you gave me roses red—
Good-by!
All their flame and perfume fled,
What's a flower when it is dead?
I twined the rue about my head—
Good-by! Good-by! Good-by!

I do not know what changed my heart—
Good-by!
We were so bitter far apart,
Between us toiled a boisterous mart,
Scorn pierced me with a poison-dart—
Good-by! Good-by! Good-by!

The summer lay 'neath pallid snow—
Good-by!
Where were the stars, the bloom, the glow?
My love chilled in the winter-woe,
I buried it down deep and low—
Good-by! Good-by! Good-by!

Nay, kiss me ere you turn away—
Good-by!
My heart broke on that ruined day,
When I found love had turned to clay,
I curse the cruel gods that slay—
Good-by! Good-by! Good-by!

AN OLD LEGEND.

BY ALEXANDER A. IRVINE.

THE good monk, pacing sad and slow
Beneath the pine-trees tall,
Watched wearily the sunset-glow
Creep up the convent wall.

"Ah me, Eternity's so long,"
With hopeless sigh he said.
When lo! a bird burst into song,
A strange bird overhead.

He stopped entranced: not long, he thought;
The moments went so fleet.
No nightingale, with love distraught,
Had ever sung so sweet.

The ev'ning star shone forth serene,
The vespers rang to prayer.
He sought his stall. What did it mean?
For all were strangers there.

The brethren looked. He knew not one.
Abbot and monks were dead.
Since first that bird its song begun,
A hundred years had fled.

REMEMBRANCE.

BY FOREST WILDE.

NAY, do not think of me in festal hours,
Nor with proud strains of triumph link my name;
And blend not with the sensuous breath of flowers,
The thought of one who asks no wreath of fame;
For then, as raindrops on a troubled sea,
Would prove the passing memory of me,
Nor sweet, nor long.

When o'er the wave the night broods solemnly,
As if it watched above some tender dream;
When far-off whispers of the murm'ring sea
Like dreamland-echoes to thy spirit seem;
When thou art sad, and grief thy brow hath shaded,
Like the faint breath of violets that have faded,
Remember me.

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A FIFTH AVENUE ROMANCE.

BY MARY V. SPENCER.

I.

FIFTH AVENUE.

THE train glided into the Jersey City depot, and a moment after, Ethel was being kissed and welcomed by her pretty little cousin, Loue; while a footman, in a livery that fitted him like a glove, obsequiously advanced, and touching his hat, took the wraps and traveling-satchel of our heroine.

"You dear, darling thing," said Loue, "it is so nice to have you. I knew you would feel lost and strange, so I came over here to meet you."

They landed at Desbrosses Ferry, and were soon rolling over the Belgian-block pavement, on their way up Fifth Avenue. In half an hour or so, they reached their destination. The carriage stopped; the footman jumped down; the bell was rung; the door opened; and almost before she knew it, Ethel found herself being greeted by her aunt, in the wide, warm hall.

"So glad to see you, my dear," said Mrs. Malvern, a well-preserved, middle-aged matron. "Welcome to New York."

"You shall go at once to your room," said Loue, "and have a cup of tea there, dear, and then you must lie down; for we are to have a dinner-party, to-night; and you must look your prettiest."

The chamber to which Ethel was conducted gave her the impression, as the hall and staircase had already done, of unbounded wealth; and what was more remarkable, of a taste that was absolutely perfect. It was papered and draped in Pompadour pink, with chairs and other furniture to match.

"Did you say you were to have a dinner-party, to-night?" asked Ethel, in a half-frightened voice. "I'm afraid, Loue, I'm not up to that. You'll excuse your simple country cousin, won't you? Besides, my trunks haven't come yet; and dinner, I suppose, is even now ready."

"Oh! you simple little innocent," laughed Loue. "There's plenty of time, for we don't dine till eight o'clock, and it is not yet five. As for your trunks, that don't matter. You were all so kind to me, last summer, when I went to you, out of health, that papa said he must welcome you with a gift of some kind; and so mamma and I suggested this—quite the most delicious thing in frocks—which you are to wear, to-night. How do you like it?"

As she spoke, she stepped to the bed, and lifting a light covering, disclosed the loveliest dinner-dress possible: "a perfect dream of poetry," as Ethel enthusiastically declared. It was made of a light surah silk, ornamented with *flots* of white satin ribbon, with a bunch of blush-roses, tied with white satin, to be worn on the shoulder. For the neck and arms there was Valenciennes lace. For the hair there was a cluster of blush-roses. There were also fan and shoes, to match.

"Oh! how lovely," cried Ethel.

"Yes," said Loue, "it is quite too too."

A little before eight o'clock, Ethel was ready, attired in this bewitching costume, when suddenly Loue burst into the room:

"Oh! how awfully lovely; how fearfully beautiful," cried that enthusiastic creature. "Mamma, did you ever see anything so ravishing?" For Mrs. Malvern had followed her daughter, ostensibly to give Ethel a second welcome, but really to see if this "country niece" of hers was at all presentable.

We have not yet described our heroine. Let us say, then, that Ethel was rather above medium height, with a slim but well-proportioned figure; and that she carried her head with a certain stately air, that reminded you of a born princess. Her complexion, thanks to her country breeding, was clear and transparent; her hair was abundant, and of the true yellow gold; her eyes were of a deep violet blue, but shaded with such long dark lashes that they often seemed absolutely black. The eyes were large and open; spiritual eyes, almost mystical ones in certain aspects. In truth, the beauty of Ethel's face, great as it was, was chiefly in its expression. When she became interested in conversation, when a smile lit up her features, it was like sunlight suddenly flooding a landscape.

"I shall be very proud of my niece," said Mrs. Malvern. "What remarkably beautiful arms you have, my dear. And speaking esthetically, how much these long gloves set off a beautiful arm. But there, I won't spoil you by too much praise. Don't be jealous, Loue."

Ethel's cousin shrugged her shoulders in reply, but said nothing; and linking her arm in our heroine's, led the way downstairs. She was not the least bit jealous. Why should she be? She was an only child, a great heiress, and in the

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best set in New York. Though, perhaps, not so beautiful as Ethel, she was, in a different way, quite as noticeable. Dark-haired, dark-eyed, with a skin of ivory; plump, rosy, always laughing, excessively fond of dancing; quite a finished adept in "the high and mighty mystery" of flirting: why should she, though a head shorter than Ethel, fear the latter's rivalry? Her cousin was very nice, she said to herself: really beautiful, and the dearest girl alive. But then Ethel was only the daughter of a poor country parson, and Loue had lived too long in Fifth Avenue, and was too thoroughly saturated with its spirit, not to know what all this meant. It was true that the Rev. Mr. Sinclair was of good descent; that he was learned, refined, and socially cultivated; and that, in his self-sacrificing piety, he was a type, if ever there was one, of his Divine Master. But he was poor, and would always be so, because he cared nothing for money in itself; and the Malverns had never forgiven him for marrying Miss Malvern, or even her, for that matter, for marrying him. "He hasn't a cent," Ethel's grandmother—a second Lady Kew—had said, when her daughter married; "and before long they'll all be coming back here starving."

But they never did come back. Mr. Sinclair had a small fortune—a very small one, but it enabled him to do as he pleased. His people, for nearly a hundred years, had been iron-masters, in one of the southern counties of Pennsylvania; and here, partly at his own expense, he built a church, and gathered together a congregation.

For nearly twenty years his wife's people continued to ignore him. But at last, at a General Convention of his church, in New York, he made a speech, on one of the topics of the day, that became the talk of everyone. "Why, that must be my brother-in-law," said the rich Mr. Malvern. "I never did quite go with mother in casting off my sister; I must call on Sinclair: by-gones had better be by-gones."

Mr. Malvern had followed the traditions of his family, we must here say, in marrying a great heiress. His fashionable wife demurred a little at this proposal, but finally consented to "take up" his "country cousin." She was a good church-woman, however, and the fact that Mr. Sinclair was a clergyman helped; so, after a little hesitation, she called on Mr. and Mrs. Sinclair, for Mrs. Sinclair had accompanied her husband to New York; and thus the old family feud was healed.

The summer after this reconciliation, Loue fell into ill-health, and was recommended country air. "Why not go to your cousin's?" said her father. And to her cousin's she went. In the quiet parsonage, under the shadow of the Blue Hills, she rapidly regained strength and beauty. The two girls, as young girls so often do, fell desperately in love with each other; so that when Loue left, in the fall, it was with the understanding that Ethel should pass the winter in New York. Hence this visit.

"There are really some very nice people coming to-night," said Loue, as the two cousins left the chamber, Loue's arm around Ethel's waist. "The Secretary of State is to be one, General Wynne another; he is talked of, you know, as a candidate for the Presidency. Then there will be Bishop Dalmatica, such a love of a man, writes such beautiful poetry, and wears the divinest stockings and low-quartered shoes. But these are all old," rattled on Loue, "and, however distinguished, can't, I suppose, interest you. For us giddy girls there are, luckily, younger guests. First is Mr. Lyttleton, a rising young lawyer, a very brilliant talker, when he condescends to talk at all, which isn't often, at least to such silly chits as myself. He is sure to be Senator, if not something greater, papa says, before he dies. Next is Mr. Fostnett, who always leads the German at our best balls; who inherited an immense fortune; who drives a four-in-hand; who keeps a yacht; and who is too utterly, utterly nice. Last is Lord Avalon, who is to take me in to dinner; an awful swell; the heir of an old English earldom; only he will say 'you know, now,' and drawl, when he talks, till one almost laughs in his face."

"A lord," interrupted Ethel, "a real, live lord? And you say he is to take you in to dinner. Oh! I should be so frightened if it was I." For she had never seen "a real, live lord," and was rather awed at the idea.

"Pooh," said Loue, contemptuously, "they're not different from other people, only perhaps a little more stupid. We see lots of 'em here, in New York, every winter. They come out to pick up the rich girls. And this Lord Avalon, in spite of all pa says, and though he is too rich to be a fortune-hunter, is a dreadful bore; at least I think so. He's always asking for statistics, and keeps a little book in which he jots them down. You must take care what you say to him, my dear, for he'll print it on you, some day, like a newspaper reporter."

"Surely, he is too well-bred for that."

"Oh, you dear delicious goose," cried Loue, with a laugh and an affectionate squeeze, "I was only in fun. Still, he *is* a regular encyclopedia of facts. Lyttleton says he knocks you down with a fact as his Viking ancestors used to knock people down with their battle-axes. But

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here we are. Let me arrange your train. Oh! your dress is lovely, quite too too. What do you think of our house? Pa had it all remodeled, while I was away in the summer. This room is Queen Anne; the middle parlor is Tudor; where we dine is Renaissance."

The Queen Anne room, so called, had a high, white, wooden mantelpiece; a white, paneled dado; and gilt chairs, covered with light-blue silk damask. It was very pretty, Ethel thought, but looked dreadfully stiff and cold. The other drawing-room had an ebonized dado, with rich, old-gold tapestry on the walls. The floor was of inlaid woods, on which was thrown a Persian carpet, as exquisite in tone as a cashmere shawl.

The company assembled punctually on the stroke of eight. Ethel was so curious to see the "live lord," that she had eyes for nobody else at first. His lordship entered, faultlessly dressed. He wore a spotless and elaborate shirt-front, an immaculate white cravat, a coat that could have come only from Poole, and patent-leather shoes with scarlet stockings. He was tall, straight as an arrow, and powerfully built, yet not in the least awkward; on the contrary, the ease of his every movement, the grace of his bow, was, as Ethel thought, almost rhythmical. He had tawny hair, and gray-blue eyes, but very expressive ones. His manner was perfectly easy and self-possessed: Ethel said to herself she had never seen anything so exquisite of its kind.

She was still covertly examining and criticizing Lord Avalon, when her aunt came up and lightly tapped her on the arm with a fan.

"My dear," said Mrs. Malvern, "let me present Mr. Lyttleton to you. Mr. Lyttleton, my niece, Miss Sinclair."

Ethel looked up, and saw a pair of dark eyes regarding her with evident admiration, as the gentleman thus announced deferentially bowed.

II.

THE DINNER-PARTY.

A MOMENT after, the pompous butler, in a black dress-suit and white cravat, appeared at the drawing-room door.

"Dinner is served, madame," he said.

Ethel took Mr. Lyttleton's offered arm with something of a flutter, and followed the procession of guests to the dining-room. She had never before dined anywhere, except at her father's simple table, or at the tables of his parishioners, none of whom were richer than himself. The dinner-hour, on such occasions, was early in the day; the fare was of the simplest; the meats were carved on the table; and an unpretending maid, in a white apron, was the only attendant.

But here everything was different. The dining-room was large and sumptuous, wainscoted in oak, and with a decorated ceiling to correspond. A superb Oriental carpet was on the floor. The chairs were in the fashion of Charles the First, and covered with gilt Spanish leather. There were two elaborately-carved sideboards; one loaded down with silver urns, cups, and flagons; the other crowded with rare porcelain.

The table was set for twenty-four guests. In the centre was an oblong bed of moss, where calla-lilies nestled, amid their cool green leaves. At every other plate was a bouquet, for the lady who was to sit there. There were half a dozen wine-glasses for each guest, most being Venetian, blazing with color. A card, beautifully decorated by hand, lay ready at every plate, with the name of the person to occupy that particular seat.

Ethel's flutter, however, lasted only for a moment. She was constitutionally self-possessed; she had been brought up in an atmosphere of refinement; and by the time she had settled herself into her chair she was thoroughly at ease. She found that Lord Avalon was on her right-hand, with Loue next to him, and beyond Loue, Mr. Fostnett.

"You have been often in New York?" began Mr. Lyttleton, interrogatively.

"No, never before."

"Indeed! But may I ask if you like it."

"I only came this afternoon. All I know of it is a drive from the ferry to my uncle's. Judging from that, New York is a dazzle of street-lamps and a ceaseless roll of carriages." And she smiled up at him as she spoke.

At this moment a waiter at Ethel's left said: "Sauterne?" She looked around. The man was pouring into one of her glasses a straw-colored wine. Just before, another servant had placed before her a majolica plate, on which were three or four small, bluish oysters. She never drank wine herself, but she noticed that as the gentlemen ate their oysters they sipped the Sauterne.

It seemed to Ethel, at first, odd that there should be nothing to eat on the table; but she remembered to have read that in fashionable society it was the custom to dine *a la Russe;* that is, to have everything served from a side-table. Confectionery and rare fruits, however, were arranged at the four corners. Of course, to dine in this way, there had to be a servant for every three or four guests; and in fact the army of waiters quite appalled our heroine.

After the oysters, came a soup; two soups, in fact, so as to give a choice. "White or brown?" said the footman, as he proffered them, at Ethel's

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left-hand. She answered "white," at random; and was served with something so exquisitely flavored that it seemed a dish of the gods. Then the ever-returning attendant asked: "Sherry?" and filled another of her glasses. After this came fish, with, "Hock, miss?" Then a succession of dainty dishes, each more delicate than its predecessor.

Ethel tasted only a few, there were so many; quite too many, she thought. The porcelain was principally Sevres, beautifully thin, and exquisitely decorated; but for the game there were Haviland plates, with paintings of grouse and quail; while the dessert was served on Dresden china; and the coffee, though this was afterwards, appeared in Japanese cups, thin as eggshells.

The dinner lasted a long while. Indeed Ethel would have been tired out, but for the novelty of everything, and for its grace, refinement, and elegance. It seemed to her, sometimes, only a dream; she wanted to pinch herself to be sure she was awake. The footmen moved about noiselessly; there was no clatter of knives and forks; no doors were banged by the waiters going out or coming in. Mr. Malvern and his wife sat, serene and cool, on either side of the table, in its centre, without any of that anxiety which Ethel had often seen, at the simplest entertainments, in her native village. "If the ceiling was to fall," she said to herself, "they would ignore it." The guests conversed in low, well-bred tones; a light ripple of laughter, from some one of her own sex, tinkling in like silver bells, occasionally. The glow and glitter of the glass; the kaleidoscopic colors of the flowers and china; the bright dresses of the ladies; all seen under the soft light of the shaded wax-candles, quickened unconsciously our heroine's pulses, and called a color into her cheeks that made her lovelier than ever.

At least, so thought the young man at her side. It was in a pause, towards the close of the meal, and just as the canvas-back ducks were being served, accompanied by Burgundy, "the wine of kings," as Ethel remembered to have read, that Mr. Lyttleton said, his dark eyes smiling at her:

"By the bye, everybody, now-a-days, is esthetic. Are you so, Miss Sinclair?"

"What do you mean by esthetic?" she answered, smiling. "I don't wear a sunflower in my corsage. Nor do I dress as the women do, at Mrs. Cimabue Brown's, in Punch."

"That is scarcely answering my question," replied the young lawyer, while he said to himself: "She reads Punch, does she?" He spoke in the soft caressing tone in which he always addressed women, and which made him so popular with them. "One can love the beautiful, can't one, without making a fool of one's self?"

"That is what my dear father always says," replied Ethel, lingering on the word "father."

"Your father is a clergyman, I hear," said Lyttleton. "It is the noblest of professions. I should like to know him. I have heard Mr. Malvern speak so highly of him. What is it that he says about the beautiful?"

"He says that the earth was not clothed in verdure, or the heavens spangled with stars, without a purpose. That purpose was the mission of the beautiful." She blushed, in her eagerness.

Yet she had not raised her voice above its usual low, quiet pitch. Nevertheless it thrilled Lyttleton with its suppressed earnestness. It even attracted the attention of Lord Avalon. "By Jove," the latter said to himself, "here's a girl who is not ashamed to be enthusiastic, in this critical, sneering, unbelieving age. I should like to know her better." Loue, for the moment, happened to have turned from him, in order to engage in a passing flirtation with Mr. Fostnett, so that he had heard all that Ethel had said.

"I'm glad you think so, Miss Sinclair," he said, for he had been introduced to Ethel just before. "We really do need to regard the beautiful more, and—and—live up to it." He stammered, and blushed, and came to an abrupt pause, as if he fancied his hearers might think he wanted to harangue them. Evidently he was quite ashamed of his eagerness.

"Then you think," said Ethel, mischievously, "with Matthew Arnold, that 'light and sweetness' are to redeem the world." After what Loue had said of this young Englishman, she did not suppose he had ever heard of Arnold.

"Oh, I know Arnold," replied Lord Avalon, coolly; and Ethel felt as if she should sink through the floor. "He's not half a bad fellow; looks a little too precise and Puritanical, perhaps; sort of 'prunes and prisms,' as Miss Malvern would say; but honest and true, and not a fool at all, let me tell you. Yet in this matter, it seems to me, he's awfully out. Some of the worst rascals I've ever seen have been all 'sweetness and light'; cultivated, you know," with a merry twinkle of the eye, "up to the very parting of their hair, like that fellow, Oscar Wilde. No," with quick earnestness, "the beautiful refines, it does not regenerate."

"What do you say, Mr. Lyttleton?" asked Ethel, turning to that gentleman. With natural good-breeding she did not wish him to feel as if he was left out of the conversation.

"Nero was an esthetic—the most cultivated

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man of his day," he replied; "yet a wild beast, nevertheless. Isn't that an answer? And Marcus Aurelius, if you want more proof, died of a broken heart, because culture failed to redeem his generation, and because he did not know where else to look for aid."

"Just so, just so," said my lord. "I believe it's Froude that says, somewhere, that 'intellectual culture never touches the conscience.' I've known better men and women among the simple peasantry down at our place in Wilts, than in the highest circles in London: for the one have faith, and the other," with a touch of sly sarcasm, "believe only in themselves; and that is believing in poor trash, you know."

Ethel glanced shyly up at the speaker. This was not the kind of man she had been told young nobles were. But she recalled the words her father had once said: "Don't let us be narrow—a man is not necessarily the worse for being born rich, or to a title, my dear. The best of the English aristocracy recognize that wealth brings duties; it is those suddenly made rich, who, most often, live only to enjoy."

As the conversation went on, most of it in this high strain, Ethel said to herself, that the whole talk was quite different from what, up to this time, she had supposed took place at fashionable dinner-parties.

At this moment, the butler himself, more pompous than ever, appeared at Ethel's left-hand. "Blue Seal?" he said. As he spoke, he began to pour into a small glass of the rarest crystal, delicately arabesqued in gold—a glass that Ethel had been silently admiring all the evening—an amber-colored wine, that diffused a subtle fragrance around, impossible to describe.

"Ah! Blue Seal? That is something priceless, Miss Sinclair," said Lyttleton. "Notice, it has the aroma of Milton's 'Araby the blest'—the sunshine of a thousand summers has been distilled into it. It is the very poetry of wine. It comes from the most famous vineyard on the Rhine: that of Johannisberg. The choicest grapes are selected for it: 'Auslese,' as the Germans say."

"Yes," interposed Lord Avalon; "what princes you Americans are. When Louis Napoleon, while Emperor, dined with the city of London, only two bottles of this wine were produced for all the vast assemblage, and that was thought marvelous. Still, there was enough to drink fraternity between the two countries. So, Miss Sinclair, you see, the wine is historical."

"I never drink wine," said Ethel, "and so I must forego it, poetry and history to the contrary notwithstanding." And she laughed lightly.

"Ah!" ejaculated my lord. He was too well bred to say more, but accustomed as he was to English habits, he thought her conduct, in refusing wine, to say the least, was strange.

"Doubtless he looks on me as silly and opinionated," reflected Ethel, and she colored; but it was not with shame, it was only with courage.

As for Lyttleton, he honored her for her refusal. From that moment he was irretrievably in love with her. "She has the courage of her opinions," he thought. "How few have. What a plucky girl!"

III.

THE LADIES' BALL.

It was about a fortnight later, when Lyttleton made his way to Mrs. Malvern's opera-box, at the Academy of Music. It was the winter that Gerster first came: to-night she sang Lucia.

He had met Ethel more than once in the interval. In fact, he had gone to various entertainments, much against his usual habit, for the express purpose of meeting her. Her face haunted him. It seemed the realization of all his dreams. "She is mind and soul united, to make a perfect whole," he said to himself; and involuntarily he quoted Wordsworth: "a woman, yet an angel too." But he was not happy. For he never met her, without finding Lord Avalon at her side. People even began to say that she and the young nobleman were engaged. Nor could Lyttleton conceal from himself that this was probable. "My lord," he said, not without secret bitterness, "has everything to offer her: I have comparatively nothing: she would be more than mortal, more than woman, to refuse him."

Yet he could not keep away from her, as most people would have said he should, if he had been wiser. To-night he came to the opera, solely that he might see her. But he was not wholly to blame for coming. Although Lord Avalon was almost invariably at her side, Ethel always received Lyttleton with evident pleasure; and on more than one occasion, when they were alone for a moment, there had been a tenderness in her tone, and a droop of the eye, that made his heart beat high. Could it be that she cared a little for him? Was it possible that, in spite of the superior advantages of Lord Avalon, she was not insensible to his devotion? Of all women, she seemed to be the least of a coquette: the least likely to say or look what she did not mean.

But these delicious *tête-à-têtes* were rare. Nor were they always happy ones. Sometimes Ethel appeared cold and indifferent, almost haughty; and then Lyttleton went away in despair. This very evening, after seeing that Lord Avalon was

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in Mrs. Malvern's box, evidently as an invited guest, he determined not to approach Ethel. "I am not wanted," he said, bitterly; "how she smiles on him." But he could not keep to his resolution; and at the end of the second act he knocked at the door of the opera-box.

The first greetings were hardly over, when Ethel turned again to Lord Avalon.

"It puts me," she said, "quite out of conceit with amateur performances when I hear these airs sung in this way. It is not only that they gain so much when heard in their proper setting, but that the execution is so far ahead of that of any private vocalists. What do you think, Mr. Lyttleton?"

"You are frank, at any rate," was his laughing reply. "No one of my sex would have dared to say as much. It goes, without asking, that a lady, singing in a drawing-room, has to be praised."

"Frankness is one of the greatest of Miss Sinclair's many charms," said Lord Avalon, bowing gallantly to Ethel. "But she is always gracious with it, which frank people rarely are."

The smile had propitiated Lyttleton, at first, but then he remembered that Ethel smiled on everybody; and now this compliment, so openly addressed to her, seemed to imply that she and Lord Avalon quite understood each other; for Lyttleton knew that, in England, girls did not accept such compliments, nor did gentlemen ever dare to pay them, unless the parties were engaged, or on the point of being engaged.

"I suppose it's because Miss Sinclair is naturally *sympatica*, as the Italians say," he observed, bowing to Ethel, with a gallant attempt to conceal his feelings.

But she detected his chagrin, nevertheless.

"Come, come, gentlemen," she said, "you both know I don't like compliments. And see, the curtain rises."

As she spoke, Ethel turned to the stage, and leaning forward, listened breathlessly, apparently unconscious of anyone except Lucia. The curtain fell, at the close, amid a hushed silence, which, after a moment, was broken by tumultuous applause. Ethel drew back as this burst forth, with a sigh, as if from the tension of excessive emotion.

"Oh! how beautiful," she exclaimed.

No one answered at first. Loue had been carrying on a flirtation, during the whole act, with Mr. Fostnett, in the back of the box; and she did not even look up now. Lord Avalon smiled as if half amused at this enthusiasm. At last Lyttleton spoke:

"Yes, very beautiful. But you should hear Patti, or Nilsson, Miss Sinclair."

"Ah! I had forgotten them. Which do you like the best, by the bye?"

"If you had ever heard Nilsson as Margaret," replied Lyttleton, "you would not ask me. You would realize how inferior, at least dramatically, Patti is. Of course, as a mere lyrical artist, as an executant, Patti cannot be excelled; she is the perfection of a musical box; but that is all; Patti has no soul."

"I see what you mean," reflectively. "No soul. Yes, but you, my lord," turning to Avalon, "do you think so, too?"

"Patti," replied the young lord, "is not up to the part of Margaret. She never is; it is not in her, as Mr. Lyttleton says. She is best as Rosina, in the 'Barber,' you know; that gay, coquettish part suits her exactly. She's a great lyrical genius, no doubt; but she hasn't any real dramatic power; she never makes you shiver, you know, as Nilsson does—or this wonderful Hungarian. Ah! I never shall forget one performance at Drury Lane, some years ago, when Nilsson and Capoul sang in 'Faust.' They were both inspired that night; it was above even themselves, and quite beyond applause; we listened breathlessly; it was all we could do. No, in the way Mr. Lyttleton means it, Patti has no soul, and Nilsson has."

He looked at Ethel as he spoke, as if he knew another who had a soul, and whom he would like to tell so, if he dared; and again the angry, jealous flush rose to Lyttleton's brow; and again Ethel saw it.

"Do tell me about the opera in London," she said. "It must be so much finer than here. And yet," with some hesitation, and a soft blush, "this has seemed to me absolutely perfect. I am such an unsophisticated little rustic. You must have heard all the great singers, my lord?"

"Most of them, at least those of this generation. I was too young to have heard Grisi, or Mario, or even Sontag. But my father remembers them, and even Pasta. Ah! you should hear him talk of those old times."

And then he told some anecdotes that he had heard from the Earl; and mentioned having himself, when a boy, first seen Wachtel, at Dresden; and how, only a few years before this very night, he had been at Naples when "Aida" was performed for the first time there, Verdi himself personally superintending it. "I have never witnessed such a sight in a theatre, nor seen quite such a get-up," he said. "There were more than four hundred persons on the stage; and Verdi was called to the curtain thirty times."

Lyttleton was thrown wholly into the background. He had none of these reminiscences to

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tell, and was forced to sit silent and see his rival carrying everything before him. In a momentary pause he rose to go.

Mrs. Malvern had noticed his chagrin, and now came to his aid, with that kindly feeling that always governed her.

"So soon?" she said. "But of course we shall see you at the Ladies' Ball to-morrow night?"

"No, thanks. I have been neglecting my duties quite too much lately. You know what the great Sir Edward Coke said of us lawyers, that, if we wished to succeed, we must work like dray-horses and live like hermits."

Was Lyttleton mistaken, or did a disappointed look, a half wistful one, come into Ethel's eyes? But she said nothing. That look, however, haunted him all night. He rose in the morning, half resolved to go to the ball, in spite of what he had said. "But I will only make a fool of myself; I shall only be snubbed," he thought.

The Ladies' Ball was to be the great event of the season. To go to an ordinary public ball, in New York, would entail loss of caste, as we all know. The Charity Ball is an exception. The Patriarchs' Balls are hardly public balls; neither are those of the F. C. D. C., for only some threescore subscribers, or thereabouts, are invited to these: and the lists are as jealously watched as the pedigree of a suitor to an Infanta's hand. Ethel had already attended each of these balls, in company with her aunt and cousin. But this Ladies' Ball was to surpass, it was said, all others. The Malverns were going, of course, and of course Ethel was to accompany them. At the very last moment, Lyttleton decided to put in an appearance. "I must see her once more," he said. "Did she really look wistful last night, or was it imagination?"

The ball was held at Delmonico's. The ladies who managed it had taken care that the rooms should look as much like private drawing-rooms as possible. The walls of the ante-chamber were covered with ferns and palms. The reception-room was toned down by yellow shades. The ball-room was splendid with countless mirrors, that reflected and intensified the hundred lights. All this, with the rich screens, the superb hangings, the Oriental rugs, and the wealth of flowers everywhere, made the scene look like an Aladdin's palace. Ethel could not help crying out: "This is fairy-land itself."

"The only fairy here," replied Lord Avalon, softly, on whose arm she leaned, "is at my side." And he smiled down at her.

"But did you ever see anything really so beautiful?" repeated Ethel, choosing to ignore the compliment, yet blushing in spite of herself.

"Oh! yes," said my lord.

"Ah! of course, at Buckingham Palace. But I didn't mean that."

"But it was not at Buckingham Palace. It was here in America. In fact, it was at Philadelphia; and only two weeks ago. It was at what they call there the 'Assembly'. A good old name. There were Assemblies at Bath, you know, in Beau Nash's time; and I am told these Assemblies, in Philadelphia, have been held continuously for nearly a hundred and fifty years."

"Yes, I have a dress that my great-grandmother wore at one, a century and a quarter ago," said Ethel. "My dear father was a Philadelphian."

"Indeed! How glad I am to hear it. I knew you were a little aristocrat at heart, as they say all Philadelphians are," he added, playfully, "though you do talk, at times, almost like a red republican. But to come back to that ball. It was the prettiest sight possible. The Assembly was held in the foyer of the Academy of Music there; and I think I never saw a room better fitted for the purpose. The supper was served on the first floor—that is, just as you go in from the street, in the outer lobby, directly under the foyer. From this lobby, at either end, broad staircases lead up to the floor above, and these were crowded with the loveliest girls, tier above tier, who sat there, waited on by their partners. Of course," apologetically, "if you had as nice a room in New York, your pretty girls would look just as well."

"Oh," cried Ethel, laughing, "you needn't fear to offend me by praising the pretty girls of Philadelphia. I consider myself a Philadelphian, as I've already said."

"Just so. Then I may say that I found the Philadelphians charming; warm-hearted and generous, and excessively hospitable. I thought Philadelphia, too, your really most English city. Mr. Freeman, our Norman Conquest historian, holds the same opinion, by the bye; and he is a better judge than I am. I knew there was something different in you from the other young ladies I have met."

"Oh! there is Mr. Lyttleton," cried Ethel, glad to stop this flow of compliment. "What a surprise: for he said he wasn't coming; and I believe he looks down on this sort of thing."

Ethel's greeting to Lyttleton was so warm, that the young lawyer felt himself in the seventh heaven. He engaged her for as many dances as he dared. He begged to be allowed to take her down to supper. But she was already engaged, she said, with rather a blush, and looking over towards Lord Avalon, who had courteously left her to Lyttleton for the moment.

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"How stupid of me not to have asked you first," said Lyttleton.

"Yes," she replied, demurely; "very stupid. And not only you did not ask me, but you said, last night, you were not coming." And then Lord Avalon returned and claimed her for a waltz, and after that other partners; so that it was an hour later before Lyttleton could speak to her again.

At last his turn arrived, and for a delicious quarter of an hour he had Ethel all to himself. What rapture it was to float down the room with her in his arms; to have her hair, now and then, touch his cheek; to feel almost the beating of her heart.

"Mr. Fostnett is to lead the cotillion with your cousin, I hear," he said, during a pause.

"Yes. Shall you stay for it?" Her eyes, he was almost sure, said: "Do!"

"You are to dance it with Lord Avalon, I hear," was his evasive reply.

"Yes." Again demurely: "No one else asked me."

"He has frightened everybody off."

"Why should he?" She looked down at her fan, the least bit embarrassed.

A mad impulse seized Lyttleton to speak out, even there, and tell his love. But he knew it would hardly do: the place was too public. Yet he longed inexpressibly to learn the worst. "Put everything at the hazard of a die." The words seemed as if spoken by some good angel, in his very ear.

He was still hesitating, when a telegram was brought to him.

"Oh!" cried Ethel, turning pale with that dread which all women have of telegrams; "I hope nothing is the matter."

"Excuse me," he said, "while I see." And leading her a little to one side, he hastily read the missive.

"No," he said, "nothing is the matter—in one sense, at least. But I must leave you, I fear, at once. I am summoned to Chicago. The fact is," answering her questioning eyes, "there is a great lawsuit going on there: the old story of a rich corporation, wholly in the wrong, trying to ruin a poor man. They have really stolen his patent, the fruit of years of study: and his funds have been exhausted to the last penny, in fighting them. His lawyers have thrown up his brief: I am sorry to say there are venal men in my profession as in all others: and in this strait he appeals to me, I suppose because I happen to know something about the case. Only he says he has no money to pay me. What do you think, Miss Sinclair?" He stopped suddenly, and looked her full in the face. "Would you go?"

"I know what you will do; you will go," she said, enthusiastically. "Won't you?"

"Yes. And I must be off by the next train. So, you see, I can't stay for the German," with a smile. "Will you wish me 'God-speed?'"

Before she could reply, the music struck up for another dance, and Lord Avalon came forward to claim her again. But as she turned to go, she threw a parting look over her shoulder at Lyttleton, which went with him all the way on his long journey, like a benediction. Never, to the day of his death, did he forget that smile.

"She knew what I meant," he said to himself, as the cars rattled on, through the dark hours of the night; "and did not rebuke me. Oh! if I could only have gone back and have followed it up. Duty and honor, however, first. But Lord Avalon now has the game in his own hands, and I can hardly hope. Only when I return, especially if I succeed, and so get my foot fairly in the stirrup, I will—"

IV.

THE FOUR-IN-HAND.

THE flirtation between Loue and Mr. Fostnett began to look serious. Whether it was from pique at Lord Avalon's indifference to her, or whether Loue had always secretly liked Mr. Fostnett, it is certain that, after the Ladies' Ball, she was unusually kind to him.

The reader already knows that Mr. Fostnett not only led the best cotillions, and kept a yacht, but also belonged to the Four-in-Hand Club. He was very proud of his horses, and was always talking of them. Not that he really cared much about driving; but he imitated everything that was English; and to have a four-in-hand was excessively English. When he found that Lord Avalon was not going to be his rival, he took immensely to that nobleman—whose dress he aped, whose drawl he imitated, and whose opinion about horses he was continually asking.

"You must come for a drive, some day," he said. "The weather has broken, and the roads are now fairly good. I want you to see my leaders. We'll make up a party. Miss Malvern and her cousin, I hope, will honor me: and I should be delighted to have you also."

It was a bright, bracing morning, with Spring already in the air, when the coach-and-four drove up to the Malvern mansion. Lord Avalon handed Ethel to a seat on the roof, behind its owner, who sat in front to drive, with Loue by his side. It was a very gay party. Ethel had paused a moment before mounting to her seat, in order to admire the sleek, well-groomed horses, with coats

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like satin. She had even ventured to pat the neck of one of them, to the great delight of the natty groom, who was holding it by the head.

"Take care," said Lord Avalon, however, following her. "That beast looks vicious; notice how redly he rolls his eye; he may snap at you." But Ethel replied that no animal that she had ever petted had resented it; and this one seemed no exception; for after that single wicked glance, he submitted with evident pleasure to her caress.

"What a beautiful turn-out it all is," said Ethel. "I must climb away up there, you say, on this funny little ladder? Nobody allowed to sit inside? Why, among the mountains where we live, a few old ramshackle things, that must have been very much like this when new, still survive, under the name of Troy coaches, and are used as stage-coaches; but everybody pays two prices to get inside, so as to escape a wetting in case of rain; while here, you tell me, only the servants are put there; how odd it all is."

When they were seated, Fostnett gave a signal, the grooms let go the horses' heads, and the great lumbering vehicle rattled off, amid the shouts of a crowd of little boys who had been watching the proceedings.

They went up the Avenue in superb style, the wheelers pulling steadily enough at the pole, but the leaders biting and snapping at each other, and keeping their traces well taut, tossing their heads, at every step, high in the air.

"What pretty dears they are," said Ethel, "and how playful. Just like kittens."

"Yes, and I'm afraid as tricky also, especially that nigh one," said my lord. "I don't like his looks at all. But Fostnett assures me that he has driven them a score of times, and that they are perfectly safe. He ought to know. Of course, had it been otherwise, I should have begged you ladies not to come. But I ought not to have spoken. I hope I have not frightened you."

"I don't think I ever felt fear in my life," said Ethel. "Certainly I feel none now. Father says I am reckless. I ride the wildest colts; break them in, in fact."

"Then I hope to see you ride to hounds, some day."

"Yes," innocently, or else ignoring his evident meaning. "If you stay till summer, perhaps you will. I am going to Newport, with aunt, and they have fox-hunting there."

"I shall certainly stay for Newport then," gallantly bowing.

"But you will hardly see the real America at Newport," interrupted Ethel, ignoring the compliment. "Newport is too cosmopolitan. The true type of America is to be found elsewhere; in our inland cities, or out West."

"I expect to go out West. I must shoot a buffalo or two before I go home."

"Shoot a buffalo or two! What murderous wretches you Englishmen are. As the French wit said, you are always crying out 'let's go and kill something to-day.' I often wonder," with gay raillery, "you don't shoot your wives."

"Oh! come now," cried his lordship, "that is rough. We are not so blood-thirsty."

"I don't know," said Ethel, more saucily than ever. "You blew the Sepoys out of guns, in India. I heard a Colonel Blank telling the story at dinner, only the other day."

"Colonel Blank. Oh! yes, I know him, or of him. He's not a fair specimen of my countrymen, though; as bad a one as some fellows here are of yours."

"Well, yes," laughed our heroine, "we have some rather poor types, especially in New York, among our so called 'dudes.' But you Englishmen, when you come to 'study America,' as you call it, stop in New York for a few weeks; perhaps run on to Boston; possibly stay a day in Philadelphia, Baltimore, or Washington; afterwards go out to the plains and shoot buffalo. Then you return home, and are prepared to talk all night in Parliament, or write a book of a thousand pages, about us, telling the world that you understand us a great deal better than we understand ourselves."

My lord could not help laughing at this half-satirical sally, but he was forced to admit there was some truth in what Ethel said. But as they had now reached the wilder parts of the Park, the conversation ceased for awhile. Ethel had never been so far in that direction before, and was occupied in looking about her. Presently they turned out of the Park, and after clattering over rough pavements for a bit, came out upon a broad avenue, below which, at a vast distance, as it seemed to Ethel, the Hudson was to be seen: the sailing vessels, and even the steamboats, dwindled apparently to pigmies; while on the other side of the broad deep river rose the precipitous Palisades, their crested tops stretching in long black silhouettes northward.

Fostnett drove out this avenue to its end, and then wheeled and came back by the same way. There was a different road, by which they could have returned, he took pains to inform them, across Washington Heights, and so by Spuyten Duyvel Creek, but it was steep in places, and hardly to be ventured on with such spirited horses, "especially as they are pulling," he added, "like the very deuce, to-day."

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The pace, when they came back, as if to verify his words, was even quicker than it had been in going. Ethel had never, in all her life, so thoroughly enjoyed any drive. The rapid beat of the horses' feet, the rattle of the heavily-mounted harness, the merry sound of the horns: on one side the river, far below; and on the other green woods, or occasionally villa lawns: the bright sunshine, the exhilarating air, the road slipping by under them as if it was running off a reel: all this quickened her blood, gave added brilliancy to eyes and complexion, and made her clasp her hands, like an impulsive child, in an ecstasy of delight.

"I feel as if I should like to go on forever," she said.

"And I should like to go on with you," replied her companion, in a tone half jest, half earnest.

"Oh, no, you wouldn't, my lord," she said, glancing at him mischievously; "you'd soon get tired. You'd want your cigar, and your mutton-chop, and your glass of ale—do *you* drink so vulgar a thing as ale?—and you'd yawn dreadfully after the first two hours."

"'Pon my honor," began my lord. He was a little afraid of her, to-day; she was in such a gale of spirits. She could always say such sharp things, though always good-naturedly; but to-day she had said sharper things than ever.

"Oh! you needn't protest. As Shakespeare says, 'you protest too much.' You know, that, after four hours, you'd wish your companion at the bottom of the ocean; at the end of the sixth, you'd hate her worse than if she was the Old Man of the Sea: and by the eighth, you'd contrive in some way to upset the coach, if there was no other method of getting rid of her. And there, I do declare, you're doing it now in spite of your asseverations." She half rose from her seat as she spoke, and added quickly, with sudden conviction: "Surely, we *are* going over!"

They had reached the Park again, and were bowling along at the same rattling pace, everybody and everything making way before them, when, suddenly, a bicycle had come racing around a corner. The leaders, unaccustomed to the strange sight, and with their blood now thoroughly up, so that they only wanted an excuse to bolt, had shied, snorting wildly, and plunged into a mad gallop, that tested, far beyond his exhausted power, their owner's strength and skill. It was at this moment that Ethel spoke.

"For God's sake, sit still!" cried Lord Avalon, laying a detaining hand on her. "Jerk your nigh horses sharp!" he shouted to Fostnett. "It's your only chance. Great heavens, she will be killed!"

The coach, as he spoke, swerved to one side, the off wheels going into the gutter; vibrated; hung in the balance for a moment; and then fell over, hurling the occupants of its roof headlong.

Lord Avalon tried, in this extremity, to save Ethel by interposing his own person between her and danger. But she was on the side nearest to the gutter, and went over first. She had realized her peril, for her face turned white as death. But she gave no cry. Then there was a dull thud, that went through her companion's heart like the thrust of a rapier; and when the young man staggered to his feet, himself bruised and half stunned, it was to see Ethel lying prone on the stones, motionless, and with the blood trickling from under her hat.

"She is dead—she is dead!" he cried, with a choking sob, as he knelt beside her. "Oh, my God! she is dead."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WEARY MOTHERS.

BY ADELAIDE HALLECK PIERCE.

Tired mothers, do you think
When standing on the brink
Of the broad river, flowing to the sea,
That after the farewell,
The long, the sad farewell,
That by the little ones we may forgotten be?

Sometimes with folded hands,
Weary of life's demands,
We mothers, in our infinite unrest:
With heart-ache, and the strife
Of a worn-out wasted life,
Only yearn, as mothers can, to be at rest.

The tender, clinging arms,
The many nameless charms
Of childhood, are forgotten in our cares;
And then impatient, we
Oft check the childish glee,
And hasty words will meet them unawares.

No wonder as we sing
Of Christ, the Prince and King,
The well-beloved of God—the undefiled:
How to the eager crowd
He spake of Heaven aloud;
And likened it unto a little child.

So teach the dear home-band;
So guide the yielding hand;
So strengthen them by prayer on bended knee;
So gird life's armor on,
That when the victory's won
Her love will be a cherished memory.

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SIR PHILIP'S RING.

BY AGNES JAMES.

CHAPTER I.

"TINKLE, tinkle, ting—ting—ting!". Slowly, faintly, falteringly, the quaint old tune goes on. There is a note wanting here and there—a little pathetic silence, as if the feeble little song had forgotten something, or a sigh had stifled the singing. Poor old tune! It has wandered a long way down the centuries! It is so old that nobody knows it.

Years and years ago, when Sir Philip Faulkner was a gallant young man, and this seal-ring, with its tiny hidden musical box, sparkled on his finger, the tune was young too. More, it was a tender love-song, and lovely ladies sang it at their harpsichords, with gay gallant gentlemen bending over them, and murmuring words as tender as the song's.

The ring lies on the palm of a pretty young girl, whose lovely eyes are fixed dreamily upon it. Such a pretty girl: with eyes like great purple pansies, waving auburn hair, and cream-white throat; and cheeks tinted with the color of a sweet old-fashioned damask-rose. She makes an exquisite picture—at least, so thinks the young man who sits beside her.

The scene is the "Lover's Walk," at the White Sulphur Springs.

"Ting, ting." The tune is not finished, but it stops; and does not begin again.

"Oh, poor little thing," murmurs Kathleen, "it is so tired."

Philip laughs, and asks: "What has it made you think of?"

"Oh, of all that long time ago, and the people who listened to it, and are dead and gone. It has such a lonely, sorrowful sound."

"'Also their loves and their hatreds are no more,'" Philip quotes, musingly.

Kathleen turns the ring about, silently.

"What is the motto? I cannot decipher it," she says, presently. "It is Latin, I suppose; but what does it mean?"

"It means 'Honor before all things.' Those old Faulkners were pretty high-strung fellows. They threw away property, life, everything, rather than break their word, or forfeit their honor."

"It is a good motto," Kathleen says, simply, as she puts the ring in Philip's hand.

Philip nods an assent, but he does not speak.

"And Sir Philip your ancestor," Kathleen says, "what was he like, I wonder, when his mother had this ring made for him, and gave it to him on his twenty-first birthday?"

"Uncommonly like me, they say—only a better looking fellow. We have his portrait at home. I seem to have fallen heir to his straight black brows and his gray eyes, as well as his name and his ring. But he wasn't blessed with quite such a prominent nose, or such an Egyptian darkness of complexion as mine—"

"Is it possible that anyone thinks you are like him?" she interrupts, with pretty sauciness, looking up in his dark face, and smiling mischievously.

"H-m! Yes. There have even been persons so blind as to think me rather a 'pretty fellow,'" Philip answers, twirling his mustache, and looking daringly into her eyes.

"Ah! poor things," she murmurs, pityingly; and then they laugh—lightly, gayly, like two children.

"I should like you to see the portrait of my ancestor—our 'greatest-grandfather,' as my sister Lil calls him. Perhaps some day you will come to 'Oakwood'; and if you want specially to please my father, you will say that I am strikingly like the old governor."

"I should like to please your father, but, do you know, I think I should be a little afraid of him," the girl says, with a little hesitation.

"You would not, indeed," Philip protests, warmly. "He is the grandest old fellow on earth; and then, he would like you, I know. You are just what he most admires. He would fall in love with you at first sight, as—as I did."

"Did you?" she asks, in a tone of intense surprise, and with the prettiest innocent opening of her blue eyes.

"Of course," Philip says. His tone is a jesting one, but there is something in his eyes that makes hers drop again, and brings a deeper color to her cheeks.

"Yes, I plunged in at once, heels over head; and faith, I believe the water gets deeper and deeper every day."

"Is he jesting, or not?" Kathleen looks at him in uncertainty, for an instant; then with a charming blush and laugh she holds out her hand, and says: "Are you afraid of drowning? Shall I help you out?" It is the gesture of a second,

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then she is about to withdraw her hand, but it is too late: Philip has started from his attitude of graceful lounging ease, stretched out his hand and clasped hers—his so brown and strong, and firm, yet slender, and aristocratic to the finger-ends—hers so small and soft, white as milk, with little taper fingers, and round, blue-veined wrist.

So these two hands meet, and before Kathleen knows what he is going to do, Philip bends his head and kisses her hand impetuously.

Then he looks up with a strangely white stern face.

"'Till death us do part'!" he says, solemnly, with his dark eyes fixed upon her face.

Kathleen trembles, colors, and tries again to withdraw her hand. He goes on eagerly.

"Heaven knows I have tried hard to keep from telling you—but I do love you, my darling—better than my life." There is a strange bitterness in his voice as he says this. It is so evident, that Kathleen turns and looks at him wonderingly with her soft swimming eyes. Then she smiles, and half whispers, with a trace of mischief in her voice:

"Is there any harm in loving me, then?"

Her hand is still tightly clasped in his, her lovely face is turned towards him, and her dewy innocent eyes and soft sweet lips are so near him.

"It will all be right, my darling—if only—you love me!" he whispers; and he reads his answer in the dark lashes that fall over her eyes, and the quiver of the sweet silent lips, that in another instant he stills with his kisses.

The days went by, the "long serene midsummer days." These two, Philip Faulkner and Kathleen Burke, lived in a beautiful dream. The sweet sunny weather, the lovely mountain land, the glory of gorgeous sunsets, the cool shade of deep woods, all seemed fairer and sweeter because of the love that transfigured their lives.

Of course "people talked" at the Springs, and guessed the secret of their engagement, and envious people called Philip "that lucky fellow who is going to marry 'old Jim Burke's' pretty heiress," and sneered at "old Jim" himself. "Old Jim Burke," whose father had been an Irish laborer, and who had worked with his own hands till he "struck oil," and made a vast fortune. It was true, yet there was nothing vulgar or common about the quiet, gray-haired man with strong rugged face and keen dark eyes, a kindly, but a reticent man, with one grand passion—love and adoration for his beautiful young daughter. He was quite willing that she should marry Philip. Philip was a gentleman, an "aristocrat," but that was not much with Mr. Burke; for was not Kathleen a lady, lovely and graceful and gracious enough for a queen?

So Kathleen's father did not care a jot for the strife of tongues—and certainly Philip and Kathleen did not. And the days went by in a happy dream, until one evening, to his surprise, after he had left her, a note came from Kathleen to Philip, saying she must see him early the next morning.

CHAPTER II.

So he enters the little sitting-room of Mr. Burke's cottage, and finds Kathleen alone.

"You sent for me, 'mavourneen'?" he asks, gayly, and then stops, startled, shocked. Can this be Kathleen—his rosy, smiling, radiant little Kathleen—this woman who rises from her seat and stands white and still before him, her eyes dark and dilated with indignant pride?

"Yes, I sent for you," she says, in a low steady tone. "I have had a letter I wish you to see."

Wondering Philip takes the letter she holds out.

"Oh! From my father," he exclaims, and opens it eagerly. What he sees there makes him clench his hand, and brings a hot angry flush to his brow.

"My son is a traitor," writes the proud, vehement old man. "Pledged to another woman, he had no right to ask you to marry him. If he persists in marrying you, I disown him forever. And you, madame, what happiness can you expect with the man who can deceive you, forfeit his honor, break another woman's heart, and incur his father's curse?"

Philip reads the letter through, crushes it in his hand, and turns away with a groan.

"Philip! Is it true?" Kathleen cries, passionately.

"What?" he asks, hoarsely.

"That you are pledged to another woman?"

"It is true that I was. I am not now," he answers, flushing deeply.

"You were when—when you told me you loved me?" she asks, her voice thrilling with wounded love and pride.

"Yes. See here, Kathleen! Let me tell you about it all," he exclaims, going towards her eagerly.

But she draws back, white and haughty.

"No, sir! I do not wish to hear. No explanation can—"

"Kathleen! You don't know anything about it. You have heard me speak of her, but I never told you how—devilish—she can be!" he says, vehemently. "Why—"

"No matter what she is," Kathleen interrupts,

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"You had promised to marry her, and your honor was pledged. How dared you—"

"Oh, don't talk about honor to me now," Philip breaks in. "I tell you the dishonor was in my ever asking her to marry me. She is my cousin, Addie Faulkner. She is my father's ward, and she has bewitched him somehow. She is as beautiful and as artful as a fiend, and in an evil hour I gave in to my father's persuasions and asked her to be my wife. Heaven knows I meant to keep my word, but I met you, my darling, and I found out what love really is. Dear little girl, you don't know how hard I tried to keep from telling you I loved you. Every one of your sweet innocent looks and tones urged me on to treachery and dishonor; and when I knew my danger, I was not strong enough to fly from it. Then when I yielded I did the most honest thing that was left me. I wrote to Addie and told her about it, and asked her to release me. She did do it. She wrote as if she did not care—"

"Your father says her heart is broken!" Kathleen breaks in, impetuously.

"She has made him believe so. She is artful enough to do it. That is her revenge, I suppose. Kathleen! I have been wrong—wicked—dishonorable—but I loved you so dearly! Will you not forgive me?"

But she draws back again, with a proud gesture, while her white cheeks are stained with sudden crimson.

"I cannot," she says. "How do I know that you will not deceive me? You have deceived me! Go now! Your love was an insult. I do not wish to see you again."

And without another word she turns from him, and goes away into her own room. At the sound of the closing door Philip stands for an instant petrified. Then he turns and hurries away in a fierce tempest of anger and wounded love, of bitter self-reproach and shame. But though he knows that he has fairly forfeited Kathleen's love, he cannot quite believe that she will give him up.

"I will see her this evening, and she will be more reasonable. She cannot really mean to leave me," he thinks, as he pulls his hat over his eyes and strides away towards the mountain. But when evening comes she is gone.

He hears that "Mr. and Miss Burke left on the early train," and knows that people think Mr. Burke was summoned away on business.

He does not know where they are gone, and there is no note or message for him. So Kathleen Burke vanishes utterly out of his life, and leaves him to torturing memories, bitter regrets, and vain longings. And so:

"The light of a whole life dies
When love is done!"

Meantime, outward-bound, on the deck of a great ocean steamer, Kathleen sits, and listlessly gazes out over an ocean, smooth and placid as a mirror. She pretends to read, and forgets to turn the pages.

She smiles and speaks brightly when her father speaks to her, or when she feels his anxious eyes upon her; but she falls back again, presently, into listlessness, pallor, silence.

"The girl is breaking her heart," her father thinks, with anxiety. "She is just the girl to give up something—make some sacrifice for some high-strung reason—and then die of it afterwards." But what is in her heart he does not know. He only knows that one day he found her sobbing in her room, and that she clung to him and begged him to "take her away."

"What is the matter? Is it—Faulkner?" he had asked, with sudden fierceness.

"Oh hush! Don't blame him. I have done it! Take me away, father—now!" she pleaded, and he had obeyed. He had hoped a sea-voyage—a trip to Europe—all the change and stir and novelty of foreign travel, would make her herself again. But it has not. His happy, radiant little Kathleen is gone, and in her place glides this white silent pathetic ghost. Kathleen's mid-summer days are over. For her there has been:

"A brief warm season, and a fond brief love,
And cold, white winter, after bloom and bliss."

Over the ocean and over the land they go. The months pass on, and Kathleen is fading, failing. In fair sweet Florence, when the violets bloom in the early spring, she is so white, so languid, the lids lie so heavily on her violet eyes, that her father's heart is torn with anguish.

One day he can bear it no longer. As she sits by her open window, still and white as an angel on a tomb, he puts his arms around her, and cries with an exceeding bitter cry: "Oh! my daughter! My dear little girl! Don't leave me. Child, you will not be so cruel as to die."

With a sudden flush on her pallid cheeks, she sits panting a moment, then she puts her arms around his neck, lays her cheek on his bowed gray head, and says, softly, pityingly: "Poor father! Do you want me so much? I will get well for you: if God will forgive me, and let me."

CHAPTER III.

"WHAT a queer old ring! How heavy it is!"

"I wonder if those are diamonds round the seal?"

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"Can you decipher the motto, Alice?"

Two young girls are talking together in a bric-a-brac shop, in New York; and the shopman takes out the old ring to show it to them. Presently there is a faint little sound—musical, but wavering, faltering—stopping, at last, with the tune unfinished. A peal of merry laughter from the girls follows the last faint note. Then they go away, lightly and gayly.

"Will you let me see that ring, if you please?" a soft voice says.

The shopman puts the ring into the lady's hand, and then stands looking at her, thinking how pretty she is, and how pale. He has touched the spring, and the patient little tune goes sadly, brokenly, through its few faint notes again.

And the lady, on whose white hand it lies, looks down upon it, with her violet eyes full of tears. For it is "Sir Philip's ring," and it is in Kathleen Burke's hand it lies, as it did three years ago. Three years ago! Yet as she listens to the faint notes, she is again a girl of nineteen, thrilling at her lover's voice, and the clasp of his hand.

"Oh, I hoped I had forgotten," she thinks; "and now a note of music brings it all back again; and I love him still: as faithfully, as dearly as ever."

But by what strange freak of fortune has "Sir Philip's ring" strayed into this collection of bric-a-brac and antiques? Has it been lost, stolen—sold? That seems impossible. The merchant can only tell her that he picked it up, amongst other curios, at a pawnbroker's sale, some weeks ago; and the broker (for Kathleen finds him out and questions him) professes to have no memory whatever of the person who, months ago, sold it—not pawned it—to him.

So "Sir Philip's ring" passes into Kathleen's possession; and alone in her luxurious room she ponders over it, with passionate tears, and wild regret for "the days that are no more," and the lost lover of whom she knows nothing—whether he is married or single, living or dead: whether he loves her or has forgotten her. Yet fate wills that she shall hear of him soon.

One day, amidst the murmur of soft voices at a fashionable lunch-party, a name suddenly smites her ear as a lightning-flash darts across the eyes: "Philip Faulkner!" Kathleen starts, and listens intently, though she does not turn her head.

"'Sir Philip' he is, if he cared to claim the title," Mrs. Lispenard is saying.

"Ah, indeed! You have met him, I suppose?" asks Miss Bentley.

"Yes; to-day. We called to see him, Mr. Lispenard and I, at the Westmoreland. He is on his way South. He is an old friend of my father's. Is quite infirm now, and alone, he tells me, since the marriage of his daughter Lilian." ("My sister Lil," as Phil used to say. How Kathleen recalls the very intonations of Philip's voice as he used to speak this name.)

"The only child?" Miss Bentley inquires, languidly; and Kathleen holds her breath to listen.

"Yes—oh, no! Of course, there is, or there was, a son. He is dead, or—no, married—or—well, I dimly remember that he had a son Philip. There has always been a Philip Faulkner. By the way, the old gentleman was telling us a story of a ring he lost, or had stolen, months ago. A very curious seal-ring, an heirloom. He seemed inconsolable about it. It was lost at Saratoga, and though he offered a large reward, it was never heard of."

"Ah, indeed!" This was Miss Bentley's usual languid exclamation.

"These aristocratic Southern families always have such charming heirlooms. Did you ever see Miss Le Noir's exquisite old Mechlin lace? Oh, heavenly! Yards and yards of it." So the conversation gently meanders into another channel, and Philip Faulkner's name is called no more.

"There was a son." "Dead, or married."

Over and over, through the silent night, the words ring on in Kathleen's brain.

"Dead, or married." Lost to her at any rate, but still she must know how. There is a way to find out, and Kathleen resolves to take it. And besides, she has the missing ring, and she must restore it to the owner: to the stern, proud old man, whose just, yet cruel, words had separated her from her lover, and broken her heart. Yes, he had been just. Kathleen knew that she had been just, too. Only Philip had sinned, but oh, how she loved him, spite of that, and how she longed to hear tidings of him.

CHAPTER IV.

"A LADY to see you, sir," announces a servant.

The old man rises hastily, and comes forward. A tall grand old gentleman still, though stooping a little and walking feebly, with snow-white hair, a soldierly white mustache, and piercing dark-gray eyes—Philip's eyes.

He meets Kathleen with a courtly bow, and an inquiring but kindly glance at her face.

"To whom have I the honor of speaking, madame?" he asks, courteously.

It is not all lip-courtesy either, for he thinks in his heart that this is the loveliest woman he

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has ever beheld. Fair and sweet and pale she is, with eyes like a purple pansy. And her dress is pansy colors: rich dark-purple velvet, with pale-lilac plumes in her hat, and lilac ribbons about her pure fair face.

When she speaks, the one touch needed to complete her loveliness comes with the soft bright color that tinges her cheeks.

"I have come," she says, gently, "to bring you news of a ring you lost—in fact, I feel sure that I bring you the ring itself."

"Madame! Is it possible?" he exclaims, eagerly. "How—"

Then he checks himself suddenly, too courteous to question this elegant young creature. She shall only tell him what she pleases. So he brings her a chair, with old-fashioned gallantry, and seats himself near her.

Kathleen opens a tiny velvet case, takes from it a ring, and puts it in his hand.

"It *is* your ring, is it not?" she says.

The old man does not speak. With trembling fingers he holds the ring, turns it over with a touch that is actually a caress, and finally touches the spring, and sits listening to the faint notes of the old, old tune.

Kathleen sees the white mustache quiver over the firm set mouth, and when his eyes meet hers, both pair, the proud brilliant gray and the soft violet ones, are dim with tears.

"I first listened to that on my father's knee," he says, simply. Then impulsively he exclaims: "Madame, I have not words with which to thank you, for restoring to me what I value so much!"

"Do not thank me," says the gentle winning voice. "I found the ring at a shop for antiques. When I heard some one speak of your ring, yesterday, I knew this was it—and so I brought it back."

"But—pardon me," courteously, "will you not tell me how you knew it was mine?"

There is just an instant's hesitation: then Kathleen goes on steadily.

"I had seen it in the possession of your son—I recognized it at once."

"You knew my son, then?"

A slight flush comes to the old man's cheek, and his eyes search her face eagerly. Kathleen bows her head in assent.

"I met him at the White Sulphur Springs, three years ago." She speaks calmly, steadily, though her heart is throbbing. "I hope he is quite well?"

Mr. Faulkner does not see how her little hands clasp each other tightly, does not hear the quick suffocating pulsations of her heart.

"He is quite well, thank you."

"Not dead! Not dead, then! Oh, thank God for that!" she says to herself. But outwardly she is silent. She has not learned all yet, however, she sees. With an effort, she speaks again. The question she puts is, apparently, a careless one.

"And his wife," she asks, "she is well?"

"My son is not married, madame," the old gentleman says, gravely.

"Pardon me. It is some years since I heard of him. I imagined he was married."

The soft voice is a little hurried now; but there is no other sign of the tempest that stirs her heart.

"Did you know my son well?" says the old man, after a pause.

"I knew him—I saw him often—during the six weeks I was at the White Sulphur," Kathleen answers, and then she rises to go.

But Mr. Faulkner hurriedly interposes.

"Pardon me, madame, I am under pecuniary obligations to you also. The price you paid for this ring—"

"Was very small, compared with its actual value," Kathleen says, with her pretty winning smile. "We will not discuss that."

Mr. Faulkner bows in apparent acquiescence.

"But I may at least inquire the name of the lady to whom I am so deeply indebted?"

Kathleen hesitates, feels the piercing gray eyes looking down into her soul; and colors deeply.

"It is not necessary," she falters.

"No, but a lonely old man may be pardoned for wishing to know who it is that has been kind to him."

The pathetic ring in his grave sweet voice makes her lift her eyes to his face.

"Why are you so lonely?" she asks, quickly. "You have your son."

"I have not my son," he says, sadly. "He is gone from me. I have not seen him for three years."

"Three years," she murmurs. Her heart almost stops beating. "Oh, is it possible?"

The old man shakes his head, silently.

"But you had a niece, I remember—who was like a daughter. Where is she?"

Kathleen's voice is very low and scarcely steady as she asks this question.

"She is married. She was married while my son was away, three years ago. I never see her now."

Kathleen looks up into his face. Her violet eyes are full of pitying tears.

"Oh, it is cruel, cruel to leave you all alone!" she says, impulsively.

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The old man suddenly takes her hand, holds it gently, and smiles sadly down into her face.

"My child," he says, softly, "you must tell me who you are, now."

Kathleen turns away her face, and a sob rises, in spite of herself, as she answers:

"It was my fault. You cannot forgive me, I know. I am Kathleen Burke."

"Kathleen Burke!" cries Mr. Faulkner. In his astonishment he has released her hand; and Kathleen, with her head bowed, is moving towards the door.

But in another moment his hand clasps hers again:

"Kathleen! Oh, stay, my child! It was you my boy loved. And it was my letter that drove you from him. No wonder he could not forgive me for parting him from that sweet face. Will you forgive me, my daughter?"

Kathleen turns, looks at him wonderingly for an instant, smiles through her tears, and puts both her little hands in the outstretched ones of the old man.

CHAPTER V.

In the Faulkners' far-away Southern home, Kathleen strays through the great hall—with its dark polished floor, its oak wainscot and cornice, and its massive antique furniture.

At last she pauses before one of the old family portraits hanging there. It is Philip's self that looks down upon her; Philip in court-dress: lace ruffles and powdered hair; Philip's own dark-gray eyes, smiling into the violet ones that smile back at them.

Kathleen does not move, when a quick, firm step crosses the hall, and a hand is laid on her shoulder.

"What do you think of him?" asks a laughing voice: Philip's voice.

"'A very pretty fellow'," Kathleen quotes, demurely.

With her lover's arm around her, she stands looking up at the picture, and Philip gazes down at her face: the fair sweet face that has come to him only in dreams during these long, weary years of absence.

Through the open hall-door comes a sound of voices. Two gray-haired men sit on the wide portico in quiet talk. They are fast friends; and Kathleen is the light of their eyes.

"It was 'Sir Philip's ring' that brought you back to me, mavourneen," Philip says, suddenly. "What a lucky thing for me it was, that my father lost it, and that you found it."

"Would we never have met again without that, Philip?" she asks, with her sweet, questioning eyes on his face.

"I don't know. I was getting very tired of life without you. I think, in a little while, when I had made something more of myself, and felt worthier of you, I would have set out to look for you. But you—proud little darling, I don't believe you would have looked at me again, if my father had not interceded for me."

Kathleen smiles and shakes her head doubtfully. She has drawn "Sir Philip's ring" from her lover's hand, and is trying it on her own slender fingers.

"And you see, Addie did not break her heart for me," says Philip. "She is quite comfortable with her millionaire; but she has never forgiven me. Small blame to her, for I own I sinned against her—and you too. Oh, my little love! I wonder you ever forgave me."

Kathleen does not say a word in answer. Looking down and smiling, she sings, softly:

"And he knows it! Oh, he knows it!
That I love him faithfully!"

She is holding the ring on her rosy palm, and like a soft echo of her singing comes the sound of the quaint, sweet old tune. It tinkles on—faintly, musically; pauses; goes on again; and stops, at last, before it is finished.

"Poor little tune!" Kathleen says. "I suppose someone in heaven knows how it ends."

"LITTLE MISCHIEF."

BY JAMES H. DANA.

"Little Mischief," bright and gay,
Laughing, dancing all the day.
Scuttling down the staircase: hark!
Singing like the morning lark.

Such a racket, dear, you make,
Grandpapa starts up awake.
Beating fast your loud "tattoo"—
What else, poor man, can he do?

"Little Mischief," soon you'll be
Mistress of all witchery,
With your archness and your smiles,
And your thousand other wiles!

Now advancing, drawing back;
Beating still your drum: alack,
'Tis on hearts you'll play "tattoo:"
Ah! poor men, what can they do?

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"ELIXIR."

BY FLORA ELLICE STEVENS.

"AU REVOIR," he said, lightly.

"Good-day," she responded, gravely. But for all her manner was so calm, she watched him hungrily, as he went down the narrow, rocky path, misnamed by the towns-people a street; watched him, this light-hearted, blonde young fellow, and when she could no longer see him, the bit of color died out of her cheeks, and her head drooped forward.

Strange to have called her Elixir, whose life had known so little of it. Perhaps her babyhood had been glad and sunshiny, but now she was only a pale quiet girl, looking older than her two-and-twenty, with a crown of heavy dark hair, and gray eyes with underlying shadows.

She was merely Elixir Heath, the school-teacher at Silver Gulch, whose pupils were rough, untaught, and trying; the children of the miners of that rough camp.

He was Benton Howard, the assayer at the Emperor Mine, and nephew of the superintendent. The Emperor was the richest mine about. The town, with this mine as a focus, straggled up the gulch for probably eight hundred yards. Beyond it was another gulch, effectively known as Dead Mule Gulch. Back of it were the Bloody Mountains, and through the lower part of the camp ran Satan Creek; for the average Silver Gulcher was not a man of great piety or delicacy, and named surrounding objects accordingly.

The houses were small and unpainted, excepting the "company's" buildings, the shaft-house, the mill, the office, and the superintendent's residence, which were distinguished by a coat of red-brown color. There were two or three hotels: the Emperor House, the City Hotel, and the Grand Central. One of these was only a tent, but it gave the best fare of any. There were a couple of general stores in the town, eight saloons—to be exact—and a dance-hall. By the subscription of work, lumber, hardware, etc., a building had been reared called Miners' Hall, which was used for public gatherings, parties, a church on the Sabbath—when a minister happened along—and as a school-house during the week. It was here Elixir presided.

The houses were guiltless of plaster; the poorer ones were lined within with brown building-paper, merely tacked on; those with more pretensions had the walls covered with coarse, unbleached muslin called canvas, over which was wall-paper. The canvas that formed the ceiling was kalsomined, and, except when the wind blew, and it flapped accordingly, one might, by a judicious use of the imagination, convert it into firm plaster.

Society was divided into but two classes: the low and the high; there were no medium grades of respectability. To the latter belonged the superintendent's wife and daughters, the hotel-keepers' and storekeepers' wives, the book-keeper and mine foreman's wives, and some ladies who had seen "better days," but had now come West, where their husbands hoped to find a fortune. There were twenty, probably, in all, and to this class was admitted the school-teacher, Elixir Heath.

There were more gentlemen, for one finds among Western miners Harvard graduates, men of scientific and literary attainments of no mean order. There were the two young lawyers of the town, and the single doctor, and there was the young assayer, Benton Howard. So much was this sex in the majority that at social gatherings, where there was dancing, Elixir always danced: not that she cared to, but simply because it seemed selfish for any lady to refrain. She found her slender wardrobe sufficient for Silver Gulch gayeties, where buntings and cashmeres, or a silk that had stood the wear and tear of several Eastern seasons were the most magnificent worn. There were no burning, envious glances over toilettes, no endeavoring to outvie in regal entertaining; none lived luxuriously: but all entered with zest into the delights of the time, and all were presumably happy. They had a literary club too, as well, and wrote papers, recited poems, had music if they met at the superintendent's house—where was the only piano in the town, except that at the dance-hall—or if a member came who could play some other instrument. They gained not much knowledge, perhaps, but they were learning that cheerfulness and happiness may be attained under the most uninviting circumstances.

Well was this for Elixir Heath. Since her sixteenth year she had battled with the world, until the tender lips grew proud, the mobile features set and determined; but now, despite the rude surroundings, the toiling to teach ignorant, un-

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cared-for children, the delightful simplicity and warmth was going straight to her heart. The mountains, too, had something to do with it, and the breath of the straight sweet pines; the big rocks, among which she scrambled sometimes in the afternoons, after school was out, to gather some peculiarly fascinating flower, laughing at her flushed face and tossed hair as she saw them in some little pool. All these were making her braver-spirited, less brooding; and something else was helping: could it be the pleasant, sturdy face of Benton Howard?

The people in the little camp thought so, and talked it over merrily among themselves, especially the women, who had not much new to talk over; and then to women a romance is always interesting.

She began to read works on chemistry and metallurgy, and found a sweet new comradeship in these; she had the practical illustrations before her eyes, the blow-pipe and the ore-heaps; the giant mill, crushing, crushing the rock, grew pleasant to her. In some way they entangled themselves in her mind effectively with a young bronzed face—softly she blushed at the thought.

Ah, Elixir, you were but two-and-twenty, and the books and the ore specimens betrayed you to the friendly scrutinizing eyes; they betrayed you, and the fresh ribbons, and the wild mountain-roses in your belt.

Benton Howard, coming to the little house where she had her rooms, one evening, found her strangely, delightfully agitated.

"Georgy is coming," she said, hurriedly.

Then, catching sight of his face, she recovered herself a little.

"I forgot—you do not know, she is my one sister; she is five years younger than I. She thinks a visit to me here will be charming. She is at the age to enjoy the novelty."

"But then," with a little defiant change in her tone, as if defending her idol from an imputed charge, "she is not a hoyden. My uncle, who adopted her, has given her every possible advantage, and she is a very pretty and graceful girl, Georgy is."

"Why did not this uncle share the treatment with you," said Howard, bluntly.

"Oh, it was enough—all that could be expected of him, to do for one. I was the older, and could make my way better," she answered, simply.

She was almost pretty that night. The wood-fire light threw a soft glow on the delicate features, her simple black dress fitted exquisitely the really fine figure, some wild scarlet honeysuckles were fastened in her belt. At any rate, one person, and that was her visitor, thought she never had looked so well.

"Why, she is really beautiful," he said to himself, as he went away.

About a week after, Georgy came. She had scarlet lips; a velvety, olive skin; proud, blue-gray eyes; and yellow, magnificent hair, curling over the pretty forehead and around the little ears in charming abandon. Her dress was only a black one, but it was coquettish in every detail; a long lace scarf was wound round the white throat; the black Gainsborough was fairly covered with soft curling plumes, that drooped down almost to the wide handsome eyes: and long tan-colored gloves reached nearly to the elbows.

She was quite disgusted, however, with the poor little house into which she was led. With a shrug of the pretty shoulders she sat down in the one easy-chair, her big trunks filling half the two tiny rooms, and let her sister change the boots for easy slippers, pull down and brush the lovely hair, and put on her a lace-trimmed blue wrapper.

She was too tired, she said, pettishly, to go to supper, so Elixir cooked with her own hands, and brought her a tray of dainty edibles.

But she recovered herself enough to be wonderfully bright and fascinating when in the evening a few persons came in, among them Benton Howard, whom she pronounced, at once, the most attractive of all the gentlemen.

She became a belle easily, for she knew the arts of fascination pretty well, even at her age; and she had no rivals. There was no school-house waiting daily for her; there was nothing but to dress in charming fresh costumes, that were the revelation of a new existence to most of Silver Gulch, of an almost half-forgotten one to others; to look her prettiest; to take horseback rides up narrow winding trails, with half a dozen different admirers, in turn. Picnics were planned, and impromptu hops in all sorts of romantic places, in her honor.

And Elixir? It was an exquisite pleasure to her, at first. But by and bye, when she began to fancy that Benton Howard had no eye for anyone but Georgy: when she saw him growing more and more attentive, her heart sank within her. Many a bitter tear she shed. For her dream was broken; and though she did not blame Georgy—she loved her sister too well for that—she, nevertheless, suffered intensely. Yet, once or twice, poor human nature asserted itself. This was the case, one evening, when Georgy and Benton had seemed more than usually engrossed with each other, so that Elixir could bear the sight of it no

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longer, but rushing into her chamber, flung herself on her knees by the bed, buried her face in her hands, and sobbed out: "Is she to have all, and I—oh! heavens, to have nothing?"

Meantime, matters were going badly at the Emperor Mine. No money had come from the Eastern capitalists, for some weeks now, to pay the workmen. Within the last three days, the superintendent had gone away with his wife and daughters, leaving in his place the assayer, Benton Howard. This maddened the men, who feared he would not return. The situation became worse when a story was started that the money was in the safe, and that Benton Howard was in fault for not giving it to them.

"We'll make him," said a fellow who was a sort of leader, with a fearful oath, to a group of men who were gathered about, sullenly. "We'll make him, or," in a low, fiendish voice, "we'll hang him. Honest men must have their dues."

"That's it," said another; "honest men must have their dues, even if thieves hang."

Then followed something about "Dutch Bill's" cabin up Dead Mule Gulch, and a whispered conference, that decided upon "eleven," and the angry men dispersed.

None of them had noticed the trembling little teacher, hidden behind a great boulder, who had heard all this, with a wild, scared face. It was well for her they did not. She knew that Howard did not have the money; but she knew, too, that this mob, in their present excitement, would not believe him; and so the threat of hanging was no idle one. Benton was at his tent, up the gulch, she knew; for she had watched him, and his raven horse, as they took that way, that morning. With sudden determination she stood up, as soon as the men were out of sight.

"I will save him for Georgy," she cried, heroically.

She planned it all out, as she walked home rapidly. She must wait till night, for she did not dare to trust the day. She did not utter a word of it to Georgy, who sat lazily in her chair, with a smile on her lips, waiting for Elixir to prepare their little supper.

After the meal was through, she said, calmly:

"I am going to Mrs. Bent's, to see her sick child. I may be a little late, so don't sit up for me, dear; Joey will come home with me."

"You are always going to visit old women and babies," returned Georgy, pettishly; "but if you like it, you may do as you please."

If Georgy had lifted her eyes, she could not have failed to see the appealing look in Elixir's face, or that she wrung her hands as if in great emotion.

But she did not raise her eyes, and Elixir went softly out into the night.

She had a thick dark shawl over her head, and she moved rapidly and firmly for a time. But the moon was not shining, and the road was a mere Indian trail, hardly distinguishable even in daylight. Soon she slipped upon the rocks, or pricked her hands by the rough bushes or clumps of cactus. The pines rose about her, dark and appalling, like the forms of gigantic savages. The stillness of the night was terrible. Sometimes she literally crawled over the rough way; for Satan Creek flowed near, and she feared to slip into its depths. Then, with torn and aching feet, she walked slowly—oh! so slowly, it seemed to her nervous senses. Sometimes a tree waved in the wind, and she shrank back, thinking it was a human being: one of the mob, perhaps. Then after a few minutes, she gathered courage, and went on. Once she saw something white in the distance, and she joyfully thought it was Benton's tent; but it was only a bare, white pine-tree.

It might have been hours, but it seemed to her that nights had passed, before she fell exhausted at Benton Howard's feet; told hurriedly her story, and urged him to fly ere the mob came.

"Go," she cried, as he stood irresolute, "go, for Georgy's sake! They will be in their right minds to-morrow, and you can return and face them. To-night they are only so many wild beasts."

When Elixir uttered that appealing "for Georgy's sake," a hot flush came upon the young fellow's cheek; and yet, when the girl had finished her appeal, he put his arm about her waist, drew her to him, and said, softly:

"Why for Georgy's sake? Georgy is but our sister. What can you mean, dear?"

His surprise was so unaffected, his anxiety for herself so great, that Elixir saw, as by a flash, how greatly she had been mistaken. With a flush of shame for her jealousy, mingling with one of ineffable content and love, she hid her face on his shoulder.

"I—I," she stammered, "had thought—"

"Foolish child," he said, kissing her hair tenderly, for her face was still hidden, "I never suspected this. I talked and rode with Georgy, dear, because she was your sister and your guest; and I thought in doing it I was pleasing you. And you have run all this risk for me? And your dear hands are all streaked with blood, and oh! so bruised." And he kissed her: a great love, such as he had never felt for any woman, surging up into his heart.

And the girl who loved him lifted her head, at last, and their lips met.

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THE CURL OF HAIR.

BY ANNIE L. ADAMS.

"WELL, I'll have the first peep at him, or break my neck in the attempt," said Christie Bayard. So, down upon her knees she leaned, and looked over the iron railing that ran around the top of the upper verandah.

Keith Hasler, her brother's friend and guest, and the subject of her curiosity, sat on the third of the broad stone steps below, with one elbow resting on the step above. He was quietly smoking, and gazing, half dreamily, up at the full harvest moon.

"So that is the Great Mogul, is it, whom all we girls are expected to fall down and worship?" she said, with a mock little grimace. As she spoke, she gave her head a decided toss of contempt, and tripped back through the hall to the room of her cousin, Edith Saunders.

Not waiting for a reply to her tap on the door, she entered, with her hand upon her heart, and made a profound salaam, giving her eyes a tragic roll.

"Edith *chere*," she said, "I have seen him; and yet I live! You should but gaze upon him: 'Hyperion's curls—the front of Jove himself.' Entrancing. But I'll not tell you another word. I'll punish you for not going with me to look at him. And so, Miss Saunders, I bid you good-night." And with an affectionate kiss and a gay little laugh, Christie vanished into her own apartment.

That saucy, determined toss of Christie's head, as she left the verandah, had not been without result; for it displaced a bunch of crimps, loosely pinned to the top of her head, and as she tripped off into the house they went floating down straight toward the gentleman on the doorsteps, and brushing over his eyes, lodged across his nose and mustache.

"What under heaven!" exclaimed Hasler, taking hold of the airy, golden mass. "Bless my stars! if it isn't blonde hair. Why, the air must be full of angels; and one of them has lost a curl. I'll put it in my pocket."

Only an hour ago Keith Hasler had arrived at Bramleigh, for a visit of a week or two, to his friend, Gerrold Saunders. It was so late that the ladies had retired to their rooms, so, after a hearty supper, he had gone out on the front steps, to enjoy a cigar in the moonlight; while Gerrold went to the library to write important letters for the early mail. But though the girls had disappeared, they had not yet gone to bed, as we have seen.

The sun was just an hour old, next morning, when, from out the shrubbery at the east of the house, came a clear sweet voice, merrily singing: "Carnations too, all wet with dew," and Christie Bayard appeared, rosy and fresh, from her customary morning walk.

"There's Cousin Gerrold in the hammock, as usual," she cried, suddenly; "and dozing, I'll venture." Her eyes were full of mischief. "I'll just slip up and give him a swing that will forbid sleep a seat upon his eyelids. It will be such fun to see him start up."

In a moment more the hammock-rope was given a tremendous jerk; and the hammock itself went swinging so high up that it completely capsized, depositing, not Gerrold, but Keith Hasler, almost at Christie's feet.

The ludicrousness of the scene, for a moment, overcame every emotion, except merriment, on the part of the young transgressor. So, when Hasler picked himself up, his wrathful countenance enhanced by a pain over one temple, where, on putting up his hand, he felt a huge lump, he was met by Christie's peals of laughter. For a moment his anger got the better of his good-breeding.

"Children who do not know how to behave should be kept in the nursery," he said, scarcely deigning to give Christie a second glance. "Your brother told me you were always playing pranks at others' expense when you were not in the school-room; but he failed to warn me that you were absolutely vicious."

He clapped on his hat as he spoke, and strode out of sight, before Christie, in her surprise and amusement, could speak a single word of explanation.

"What a goose," she laughed. "He evidently thinks that I am little Daisy: he didn't look long enough at me to find out; and he supposes I upset him purposely." Her face grew sober. "But what will he think when he finds that 'I be I?' Mercy! He will tell all of them at the house; and then what a row there'll be; for they've all warned me to be on my good-behavior. He is so dignified, they say. Poor me!"

Christine had reached the house, revolving

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these things, and now met Gerrold at the front door. Keith Hasler was coming up the walk.

Now Keith was, usually, a man of complete self-control. He had already recovered from his anger. So the most acute observer could not have detected the intense surprise which he felt when he was presented to "Miss Bayard," and recognized in her the transgressor whom he had thought only a child.

Christie's heart beat quick enough, we may imagine, at Gerrold's astonished exclamation: "What on earth, Keith, have you been about, to get that ornament over your left eye? Are you going in training for a prize-fighter?"

A quick, timid little half-appealing look, from the blue eyes, determined Hasler's answer.

"Oh," he replied, with easy indifference, "it is of no consequence. In attempting to reach my hat, while I was lying in the hammock, I leaned too far over on one side; and so came down, as you see, on my head."

Never was story invented, or told, with easier readiness, or greater semblance of truth, than the one just uttered. Christie gave the speaker one fluttering, grateful look, and then, murmuring some excuse, hurried into the house.

A number of other guests arrived at Bramleigh, that day; and during the gayety and tumult of the next week, not a single opportunity was given Christie to speak with Hasler alone, and explain her mistake.

At length, one evening, she was sitting on the verandah, listening, with disinterested ears, to the lavish compliments of a very short, fat gentleman, with a red face, who was just declaring that her society was "so delectably charming," that he was never so happy as when at her side. Suddenly, Keith Hasler stepped out from the library window opposite, and advanced towards them.

"Excuse me," he said, "but the mail is on the library table, and I noticed a letter for you, Mr. Lanham. It was marked 'important,' so I thought I would hunt you up, and tell you. Miss Bayard, I know, will excuse you, under the circumstances."

"Ah, yes; thank you. You will excuse, Miss Bayard, will you not? So sorry. So very sorry." And Mr. Lanham bowed himself away, never suspecting that Keith Hasler himself had marked "important" on the very unimportant epistle that he went to seek.

Now was Christie's opportunity, and she availed herself of it at once.

"Oh, please, Mr. Hasler. I have been wanting so much," she said, "to say how sorry I am that I upset you from the hammock, and to thank you, over and over again, for not telling on me."

"I am the one to apologize," interrupted Keith. "Can you ever forgive my rude speech? I—I mistook you for your little sister—that, I know, was as bad as the other—but really, at that moment, I hardly knew what I did, or said—indeed, I did not."

"Well, I think it was worse to take me for a school-girl than to berate me," said Christie, with a saucy look, but one, nevertheless, that did not wholly indicate unrelenting anger.

In the hour's talk that ensued, matters were arranged most satisfactorily, in fact; and in the days that followed, Fate seemed making atonement for her first cruelty; for it gave the pair constant opportunities of being together, and enjoying many happy hours.

It was a fortnight later, when the last rays of the setting sun fell upon a gay group, at the Bramleigh mansion, gathered upon the steps, gazing over the fair Kentucky landscape.

The girls had been chaffing each other, and the gentlemen; and Christie finally told how she had lost her best crimps.

"It is absolutely marvelous," said Christie Bayard, with a gay laugh, "what became of those crimps of mine. I have not laid eyes on them since the night before you all came. I am quite sure I took them off in my room."

If Christie had looked at Keith's face, she would have seen a curious expression come over it. But she was looking at her cousin instead.

"Why don't you advertise them, and offer a rousing reward?" asks one of the girls. "A sufficient inducement, no doubt, would persuade the thief to return them."

"A capital idea," responded Christie. "I'll carry it out at once."

She ran in for a card, wrote something hastily on it, tacked it to one of the columns, and then read aloud, gayly:

"Miss Bayard will give to the finder of her crimps, that were lost two weeks ago, 'whatsoever he shall ask,' 'even to the half of her kingdom.'"

"We will institute diligent search," chorused half a dozen voices, in reply. In fact, only one voice in the group was silent. But that voice was the voice of Keith. There was a thrill in his heart, and an intelligent gleam in his expressive brown eyes, which no one, however, knew of, or saw.

Later in the evening, Christie had stolen away from the joyous throng in the parlors, and had seated herself in a remote bay-window. One pretty little hand was over her closed eyes; the other lay idly open in her lap. She was thinking of Keith Hasler.

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Suddenly something touches her, and looking down, she finds a tiny slip of paper in her lap. But how did it come there?

No one is in sight. "What can it mean?" she says. She rises, and goes to the piano, on pretense of looking over some music. There she reads, written on the slip of paper:

"If Miss Bayard will come to the clematis summer-house, at 8.30 o'clock this evening, her lost curl will be restored to her."

"How strange!" she said. "It is only a trick. No, it reads as if in earnest. Yes, I will go."

As she utters this, involuntarily she looks up, and her eyes are met by those of Keith Hasler. His wear such an expression that, for an instant, she half guesses he is connected with the paper in her hand.

"No, it can't be," she reflects. "He has been talking to that same young lady, with the high white forehead and the blue-black hair, ever since I slipped behind the curtains of the bay-window. No, it is impossible!"

The moon has just hidden her light behind a passing cloud, as Christie reaches the summer-house. She enters its shadowy door, half timidly, half boldly. No one is there. She is about to turn back, when a detaining hand is laid upon her arm and Keith Hasler stands by her side, the golden crimps in his hand.

"Why, Mr. Hasler, where did you come from?" she cries. "And where did you find my curls?" And Christie, who had begun bold enough, finds her eyes sinking beneath his ardent look, and half averts her blushing face.

"Never mind either of those questions now," he said, coolly. "The first thing is my reward. I am going to claim what most I desire in the whole world. It is your own sweet self, Christie. You know I am to have whatsoever I shall ask."

He slips his arm around her waist; his handsome face is bent down to hers; his earnest eyes are full of tender pleading; and he is saying: "You will not refuse me, darling?"

We can guess Christie's answer from what we know of her already. An hour later, they walk slowly back to the house; and he is laughingly saying to her:

"Christie, mine, I still think I was right in supposing an angel was overhead, that night. Yes, it came from an angel," he said, "that precious CURL OF HAIR."

"PROVOKING."

BY FANNIE M. PARKER.

Oh, what is so provoking,
So tantalizing too,
As to be in destitution
Of a neat and tidy shoe?
To see yours daily going,
In sole, and heel, and toe,
With not a single blessed cent
To buy you more, you know?

Oh, what is so provoking,
I always get the blues
To see the new spring dresses,
Such lovely shapes and hues—
Yet know your poor old black one,
Is all that you can sport,
With its trimmings out of fashion,
And half a finger short?

Oh, what is so provoking,
When all along the street,
In every shop and window
You see such bonnets sweet—
Such exquisite dress-patterns,
On all the counters new,
When knowing they'd look better
If only worn by you?

Oh, what is so provoking
As an ugly turned-up nose,
Or hand and foot tremendous?
This everybody knows.
But, ah! 'tis worse and sadder,
To wish for raiment fair—
Yet poor as Job's old turkey,
With not a cent to spare!

THE PREHISTORIC MODERNIZED.

BY C. S. WILLIAMS.

In place of ornamental brooch
Of precious gems and metal's glint,
She wears an arrow-point of flint
At her fair throat.

A relic of the time-lost past,
Chance-brought to light of present days,
Of savage men and savage ways
And ruthlessness.

And as the olden owner sought
To draw within the hidden toil,
Quick to the death, and quick despoil
Unwary man:

So now a present snare is spread;
A snare of bright-lit laughing eyes,
Of downcast glance, of half-hushed sighs
And innocence.

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RULE OR RUIN.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

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CHAPTER XVIII.

SOME little confusion remained on the deck when Lady Fausbrook left it, with such lofty disdain. The maid was in no haste to dispossess Okalona of the costly blanket, in which she had huddled her bright little person. This worthy estimated, in her professional way, the value of this rare article, and with an eye to some possible future possession, she saw, with a sense of reprieve, that the Indian girl was still sheltered under the disputed garment.

Okalona's sparkling face, in the meantime, looked out from its gorgeous surroundings, now and then, casting half timid, half defiant glances at Angela: who received this appeal with grave displeasure. Grace Morton laughed, under her breath, as she observed the scene; but turned her face away, that no one might observe how much she enjoyed it.

Lady Fausbrook still remained below. She had borne her husband's death, as we have seen, with sublime fortitude; but it is not in the heart, even of the most unfeeling woman, to consign a first-class Persian shawl to oblivion without thrills of regret. She had spoken too hastily, she said. This thought soon made the cabin too close for endurance. She arose, controlled herself into an appearance of gentle lassitude, and went on deck again. Once there, her eyes fell on the maid with a glance of approval for the disobedience that had already given that person a slight trembling-fit. Then they turned on Okalona, who received the look with a flash of swift comprehension, which intensified the spirit of mischief already fiercely aroused within her. Leaping from her seat, she gathered up the shawl, and dragging it across the deck, flung it overboard with all the strength of her young arms. Then, turning upon my lady, she allowed her triumph to explode, Indian-fashion, in a most emphatic "Ough!"

For once Lady Fausbrook's eyes flashed, and her lips turned white, but she controlled herself. She even smiled, as the Indian girl swept by her.

"You should be grateful. Parsons, that she did not compel you to touch the thing," she said, carelessly, to the waiting-woman, who had run to the bulwarks, with a cry of dismay, and was frantically gesticulating for some of the deck-hands to leap overboard and recover the fast receding shawl.

"It cost a thousand pounds, if a penny," wailed the maid.

All this uproar, however, had made the Governor aware of what was happening. He gave orders that the vessel should lie-to, and a boat be lowered. But alas! by the time a boat touched the water, and four sturdy men were in it, the object of their search had drifted out of sight.

"If it was a human critter now, we'd pull hard enough to find him," said one of the men, slacking his oar and wiping his forehead with the sleeve of his flannel shirt, "but a woman's shawl ain't wuth the trouble that four men would be st to fish it up. Supposin' we take one more observation, and then give up? There ain't no use in us cruisin' about for nothin'."

They did take another observation, which was of no use whatever; for a side-current had seized upon the shawl and carried it around a curve in the shore. Here a fisherman saw it, and hauled it lazily in.

"Reckon some Injun has shed his blanket, about here," he muttered, dropping the sodden mass into the bottom of his rickety boat. "S'pose one might as well take the find hum ter the old woman. She'll fix it up into sumthin' wuth while, jist as like as not. It's in her to du a-most anything that's smarter'n common folks. Anyway, it's no more'n fair tu give her a chance."

With these words, he took up a string of fish from the bottom of the boat, and made a bee-line for his log-cabin.

Here, a cheerful little woman—who had migrated, with him, from the borders of Connecticut—stood in the doorway, with a morning-glory vine trailing its late purple blossoms overhead, and a chubby little boy pulling at her linsey-woolsey apron.

"Jist in time," she said, beaming with good-nature, as she reached out both hands for the

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string of fish; "the fire's burnt down tu a red-hot bed o' coals. Give the fish here, and we'll have 'em sizzlin' on the gridiron in less than no time. But what on 'arth have you there?"

"Sumthin' I kiffder fished out o' the river—an Injun blanket, I reckon."

"Goodness me! wet as sop," said the wife, eyeing the sodden mass curiously.

"It was when I first hauled it in; but stampin' it down with my feet, and wringin' the water out, has made it purty considerably dry. If you hang it afore the blazin' fire, mebby we can make out what it is good for."

"Wal, bring it in yourself: you can't be no wetter than you be now," said the little housewife, reaching out her hand. "You've got a first-class catch, anyhow."

The husband surrendered his string of fish, and, while the brisk little woman was preparing them for the gridiron, spread his prize over the backs of two splint-bottomed chairs, and stretched it before the hot blaze of the hickory-wood fire.

When the little housewife came into the room again, holding a gridiron before her with both hands, a faint cloud of color had become visible through a haze of steam that hovered about the shawl—colors that an artist would have studied with interest; but their exquisite harmony was far from obtaining the approbation of the practical Connecticut woman, who planted her gridiron on the coals and began to inspect the shawl.

"Jist a faded-out old Injun blanket," she said, with a gesture of disgust; "not much fustic or logwood about when that was dyed; no heft to it, either. I don't call that much of a find, Silas."

"I reckon the thing was wuth pickin' up, anyhow," answered the good man, a little crestfallen. "Them colors are mixed up considerably, but you might give it a dip in the dye-tub, and kinder ekalize 'em."

"Jist as if I'm a-goin' tu waste indigo on a slazy old thing like this," exclaimed the woman, gathering the half-dry fabric in her arms and sitting down in her rocking-chair. Then she said:

"Jist hand me the shears; I'll settle what it's good for while the fish is br'ilin'."

"What are you a-goin' ter du?" questioned the husband, bringing the pair of shears.

"You hold the concern out full-length, till I see what it's capable of."

The former obediently extended the shawl between his outstretched arms. The wife shook her head.

"Too long for a kiver for Dick's trundle-bed, and too narrer for anything else," she said, despondently; then, all at once, she brightened up.

"Look-a-here, Silas, I'll cut off this end, right here, for a cradle-quilt: the rest will be a capital fit for the trundler."

"Jist so," was the satisfied answer.

"Hand over the shears, then."

Silas placed the ponderous instrument in her hand. It gave a few vicious snaps, that would have brought a cry of anguish even from the marble heart of my lady, had she been given the torture of hearing them. In a single minute, the deep border that formed one end of a fabric, that contained the whole life-work of more than one human being, lay jagged and worthless at the woman's feet.

"There," she said, holding the fragment up. "This'll be first-rate for the baby's cradle; Dick can have the rest of it—"

"Wal, now I du think you're jist the smartest, as well as the han'somest critter—"

The little woman cut down this gallant speech ruthlessly:

"There, now don't, Silas; sich words was sweet enough afore we got married; but with Dick standin' 'round tu listen, they're enough tu make me feel ashamed of myself, and you too. Jist carry that heap o' stuff away, while I set the table for supper."

The husband obeyed her; and that night Dick and the baby slept sweetly under the fragments of Lady Fausbrook's shawl.

CHAPTER XIX.

But if my lady regretted her loss, no one was made aware of it; for when the boatmen returned she received their report with smiling indifference.

Then the Huron was put under way again and went sailing, under a light, steady breeze, down the purple and golden shadows of sunset, as they settled on the river and kindled up the forests till the tree-tops seemed on fire. Then the stars shone out, and tint by tint the tender greens and shades of delicate pink merged into a cloud of hazy opaline. This died out when the moon came up, round and clear, as it seemed, out of the very depths of the far-off wilderness, changing the whole aspect of land and sky. The stillness was so intense that the ripple of waters and the sighing of leaves was heard like a vague dream of music—ethereal and sweetly solemn.

Gayety in a scene like this seems inharmonious to a sensitive person; for something grander and full of the subtle essence that gives poetry to thought finds inspiration in its very silence. Two persons seated upon the deck that night felt this influence to a degree that was almost painful. It seemed to Angela as if she were drifting away from everything that had formed

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the purpose of her life. The broad expanse of woods took her heart back to the forests and silver waters of the lake country—to the lodge which her grandfather must enter alone, and the duties that she had cruelly abandoned to him.

In this way the girl's heart went back to her old home, and if it sometimes lingered around one other person, whom she had last seen standing on the dock at Albany, it was with a pang of self-reproach that took all happiness from the thought.

"How silent you are, and how sad your face looks in the moonlight," said Grace Morton, who had been watching the changes in that sweet face with the tender sympathy which sometimes makes perfect friendship between women.

"Not sad," answered Angela, "but such strange thoughts are in my mind. It has seemed to me, of late, as if in some way I had died and changed all my being."

"One may change a great deal without dying," said Grace, whose broader knowledge of the world gave an explanation to feelings that were as yet a mystery to the other girl. "There may be times in every woman's life when all existence takes a new form."

"But does it last? Does the dreamy sleep that seems to fall on one, and the sweet unrest of waking, become a part of the after life?"

"I am inclined to think," said Grace, "that everything we do or say has its part in the destiny we weave for ourselves."

Angela seemed puzzled by the word.

"Destiny—what is it?"

"Ah," said Grace, with a faint laugh. "That question would bring us into an endless tangle of conjectures."

"To me everything seems conjecture," said Angela. "Even my own grandfather: the change in him, since we left the lakes, is greater than that of anything else."

"In what way?" questioned Grace. "To me a more charming old man never lived. He seems goodness itself."

"And so he is," said Angela, with a thrill of tenderness in her voice. "I never saw him so silent, so reserved. Oh, Grace, he is no longer the same man: I was very wrong to leave him."

"But he consented at last."

"Yes, as men declare themselves ready to die. I tell you, Grace, it was like tearing body from soul when that dear old man placed his hands on my head and blessed me, in parting."

"It was hard. My heart ached for him, Angela; but in spite of that, you did right in coming, and he understood it."

"Yes, to the wringing of his heart, and almost the change of his whole character. It hurt him when I first spoke of going into the world and meeting people of my own race. I could see that, and seldom expressed a wish beyond our forest life; but he seemed to watch me closely, and read the very thoughts I hoped to conceal. If a white man came to the lakes, he grew restless, and I could see gleams of anxiety coming and going in his features, otherwise so tranquil. This would sometimes amount almost to anger."

"It would be a strange thing to see your grandfather angry," said Grace, with a questioning smile.

"It was strange. His patience and sweetness of temper had been so perfect that nothing could disturb them, and it troubled me greatly when I first saw his mild eyes gleam with distrust. Perhaps it was this that occasioned the unreasoning dislike that I have always felt for Mr. Roach, the young fur-trader."

"I think there might be better reasons than that," answered Grace, whose prejudices were strongly against the young man.

"Possibly only such as my own imagination supplied," answered Angela. "But there was something in his manner that seemed to put me on guard against him."

"A cool, silky softness, as unlike the benevolence of your grandfather as pinchbeck is unlike real gold. That man is a fit associate for my Lady Fausbrook—not for you, my Angela, and much less for the wild Indian girl out yonder."

"Okalona! Ah, poor girl, I had almost forgotten her. Where has she crept to in her disgrace? Okalona!"

A figure came creeping out from the dark shadows cast by the sails, and Okalona stood before the two friends, with her arms folded on her bosom, and her head drooping in shamefaced humility.

"Did you call, Angela? I thought it was your voice that came to me through the whispering of the pine-trees."

"Yes, I called. Okalona, where have you been hiding all alone?"

"Angela's heart had turned to stone for Okalona. How could she look into her eyes when they shot arrows at her because of the white woman?"

"My eyes have no arrows in them when you are good," answered Angela, with the sweet patience always manifested for the girl.

Okalona's bosom heaved under her folded arms, and tears, such as seldom appear in the eyes of an Indian, were very close to hers. She did not speak, but her lips were pressed together with passionate force, that no sob might break from them.

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Angela turned her troubled face toward Miss Morton.

"How can one help loving her?" she said, with a pleading smile. "You see how thoroughly human she is."

Before Grace could form a reply, Okalona lifted her dusky face into the moonlight, and, seizing Angela's hands, kissed them passionately.

"The Great Spirit knows Okalona, and how she loves you. He whispers it to your heart; but hers is shut."

"No, no, Okalona. she is my friend, and would like to be yours."

At these words, Okalona stepped forward, and reached out her hand. Miss Morton took it, kindly.

"Okalona opens her heart to the white lady," she said, "since she is told to do it."

"I shall always be your friend, Okalona," was the gentle reply.

After this the Huron glided down its broad pathway of silver, now passing through shadows, now quivering its wind-shaken sails in the moonlight, like the pinions of some great bird, keeping time to the soft symphony of music that came from the waters parting before her prow, and the whispering pine-trees on shore. The gay party that had enlivened the deck till late in the evening disappeared one by one, leaving these young persons quite alone; for neither Angela nor Miss Morton felt disposed to retire. As for Okalona, the habits of her forest life were strong upon her, and curling herself up under the shawl that Angela had cast over her, she slept soundly as a fawn in some thicket of the woods. Thus left quite alone, the two girls conversed together in low voices, until all the contending feelings that opened a new life to Angela were better known to her more experienced friend than they could be, as yet, to herself.

CHAPTER XX.

If the Hudson had been beautiful, at night, it was lovely in the morning, when a first gleam of the dawn sent its soft pink and purple through the waning gray of the horizon, floated down among the pines, and seemed to scatter rose-leaves upon the river, which the graceful Huron was ploughing up in rifts and tossing back in a rain of foam. But when the sun appeared, shooting millions on millions of its arrowy rays through the woods and over the waters, till they were ablaze with it, the great river seemed, for one glorious minute, to glide over beds of rubies and sands of gold. Then everything melted away into a sea of pure radiance, and a strangely interesting landscape was clearly defined.

On the eastern bank of the Hudson, sloping down, as it seemed, from the very bosom of the forest, appeared a broad expanse of cleared land, from which the signs of recent redemption from its wild state had been removed with more care, for effect, than was bestowed on the smaller clearings up the river. Far back on the verge of the woods could be seen the stubble and ruddy coloring of a gathered harvest, and, nearer to the view, were several orchards of young fruit-trees, not yet in full bearing. On the rising slope of the foreground stood a large white building, more spacious and ornate in its architecture than any dwelling, at the time, to be found between New York and Albany. A fine lawn, green as emerald and soft as velvet, swept down from this mansion to the river, where a small wharf and boat-house seemed to invite passing vessels to fold their sails and lie-to awhile.

"Ah," said my Lady Fausbrook, regarding the scene with delight. "This is like a glimpse of old England—dear old England! It almost brings the tears to my eyes. Of course this has been the work of some one from our own country."

The Governor, to whom this enthusiastic little speech was addressed, smiled pleasantly as he looked down upon the speaker, and answered, carelessly, that since the time of King Charles, Englishmen had generally managed to obtain the largest and best grants of land in the Colonies, and this was one of the finest and most cultivated of them all.

"How I would like to see it closer," said my lady, really interested. "One might almost dream herself at home again, behind those white pillars—or indeed, in Italy."

"It is possible that we may secure your wish," said Clinton. "I see that Livingston has his flag out, and that is always an invitation to his friends. "The truth is, we are to be guests here for a day or two. That was arranged before we left Albany."

"How exquisitely delightful!"

"We could not afford to let your ladyship return to England without seeing a little of our Colonial home-life. You will find it in perfection here."

While this brief conversation was going on, the Huron was turning with her prow to the shore; then came a sound of slackened cordage, the rattle of sails running down the masts, and the cheerful tumult of sailors' voices, while they brought the vessel in.

Before the passengers of that pretty craft could leave the deck, the master of the manor-house came hurriedly down the lawn and stood upon the wharf, ready to receive them, and with him,

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much to the surprise of everyone except Miss Morton and her uncle, was Lord Fausbrook.

A frown disturbed the face of my lady, as she saw him standing there, serene and greatly pleased, as if his presence had been expected; but it passed away like a shadow; and turning to Miss Morton, she said:

"I thought it would give you a little surprise; this dear son of mine never contents himself away from his mother. There is really not so very much difference in our ages, you know; I was so very young—"

Before the sentence could reach its complete untruth, Fausbrook had leaped on the deck and was shaking hands with everybody there except Angela, to whom he only bowed, with some embarrassment, and Okalona, who turned her back upon him in a fit of jealous ill-temper.

Perhaps no two men, occupying nearly the same rank in life, could have been found in the Colonies more unlike, yet each great in his way, than this master of the manor, and the sea-bred Governor. One frank and hearty in his bearing; prompt in action; and strong in his prejudices, at the expense of some minor accomplishments. The other, equally as strong, equally generous, but so gently courteous that the refinement that gave to his presence a sort of reserved dignity concealed something of the great intellectual strength, which, once put forth, was maintained with a vigor not the less powerful because it was always toned down with the restraints of high-breeding.

As these two men shook hands on the wharf, their characteristics might have been decided by this act of greeting. The slender hand of Livingston was almost lost in the firm grasp which Clinton gave it, while, without regard to rank or precedence, the ladies were introduced; and the whole party proceeded across the lawn toward the manor-house, in a state of gay confusion.

Under the high portico a lady stood ready to receive her old friend, and welcome the strange ladies who had been attached to his party when the Council-fires were broken up. She had known of their coming in time for ample preparation; and directly each lady was placed in the care of a particular colored slave, who was to be her maid during the visit.

It was so arranged that Okalona was permitted to share the room of her friend Angela, into which she crept with the timidity of a fawn hiding itself in a strange thicket: and here Angela herself felt all the shrinking fear of her own ignorance; for her life in Albany had been scarcely more than a grand picnic, through which she was guided by the care of her grandfather and the gentle kindness of Miss Morton. In the grandeur of this strange place, and with all these people about her, she shrunk within herself, and would gladly have fled with Okalona back to the woods, content with the wild life that had become so distasteful to her of late.

Okalona appeased her savage curiosity by an unscrupulous examination of everything around her—the carpet on the centre of the floor, which served the purpose of our Indian-rugs in the present day, and the tent-bed, with highly decorated chintz curtains, standing upon it like a throne. She handled the tall candlesticks on the mantelpiece, and bewildered herself with a French clock, surmounted with flying Cupids, that seemed to utter strange noises from their lips. She touched the pretty creatures with her fingers, and tried to bend their wings back; and after holding her ear close to them, made a wild appeal to Angela, awestruck and trembling.

"They talk—they are singing to each other, like bees in a tree-hive. Oh, Angela, make them fly—make them come out and flutter as birds do; they have wings—why not?"

Angela was standing by the window, gazing out, with a keen homesick longing that brought tears to her eyes. Why had she come there? Why was it, that, just then, among all these strange people, she should again meet Lord Fausbrook? And he had not spoken to her—had scarcely lifted his eyes. What had she done? What could she do? It would break her heart to stay there and see all the rest so happy, and caring so little about the form of things that made her own ignorance terrible. If she had only persuaded her grandfather to come. He knew everything—but how could she learn in the woods, where so few white people ever came?

While these thoughts were stinging the girl like wasps, Okalona spoke as we have said.

Angela allowed herself to be drawn near the clock; spite of her sadness, she could not help smiling when Okalona explained her delusion.

"They are not birds," she said, "but such creatures as live in the white man's heaven, good people tell us. No such beings are ever seen alive on earth."

Oklaona's eager glance fell upon the clock in swift wrath.

"Then it is a white man's lie," she sneered. "Let me tear the wings off. Let me strangle the music in their throats!"

"You should not wish to do this, Okalona. It is a pretty thing, which pleases the white people; but you and I cannot understand it. Some day we shall know, but just now we are only wild ignorant creatures, more alike than you think, and cruelly out of place here."

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Tears stood in Angela's eyes: she was heart-sick with dread of her own incompetence.

Okalona softened into tenderness at once. She would not permit herself to cry, but her lips quivered.

Just then, the low notes of a bird-song came from the window. Okalona looked around, opening her eyes wide.

"They are alive—they sing out loud," she exclaimed, looking at the clock, half afraid of it.

Angela pointed to the gilded cage, around which the sunshine was playing.

"No. It is that beautiful yellow thing yonder. You can see music swelling up through his throat."

Okalona approached the songster, and listened to his clear, fine notes in open-mouthed wonder.

"We hear nothing like that in the woods," said Angela, equally delighted with the pure thrill of notes she had never heard before.

"No, no—it is a flower singing."

Angela smiled; the dainty conceit pleased her.

"Give it to me—let me feel it stir in my hand," pleaded Okalona.

"No, no—it would fly away."

"What then? The woods were made for birds; let us see it fly."

"But this one belongs to some person who loves it."

"And keeps it here?" said the Indian girl, to whom confinement seemed a terrible cruelty. "Oh, I did not remember—we are in a white man's house. If I were the bird, they could not make me sing. Angela—Angela, I wish we were back among our lodges. We do not chain the things we love there."

Okalona, changeable as the wind, seemed at once to lose all the ardor of curiosity that had possessed her; she threw herself on a cushion that filled the deep recess of a window, and, with her face to the sash, looked despondently out upon the landscape.

"I wish we were in the great canoe," she thought, "or on the lake—anywhere, if only Angela and I could be alone. Why did the young white lord come here to make her sad?"

A knock at the door disturbed the wayward creature, who turned petulantly, and hid her face on the cushion.

A trim mulatto girl, who had been consigned to Angela's service, came into the room, almost frightening the poor girl with her presence. Her simlpe but not unpicturesque garments were so easily arranged, that the very offer of assistance was a cause of embarrassment. She stood blushing before the young woman, who stood near her, calm and smiling under the folds of her gorgeous Madras turban, like some detected criminal, hardly knowing how to dismiss her.

While she was hesitating, Miss Morton came into the chamber, full of generous animation.

"This visit has taken you by surprise," she said, dismissing the maid with a wave of the hand, "and, of course, you were quite unprepared for it. Such things always happen when one's uncles, father, or brothers take it upon themselves to meddle with society affairs. Now, my uncle had no more idea of the trouble he might give, when planning this really delightful surprise, than the man in the moon. Here is to be a superb dinner, given in his honor, and all sorts of hospitalities invented, and you have nothing but this dress to be presented in. Of course, it is easy to arrange all about your toilet after we reach New York; but this break on the way takes us all at a disadvantage."

Angela listened to this hurried announcement with absolute dismay. The very idea that her presence would be expected at a formal dinner on that day, checked the breath upon her lips.

"But I cannot—I cannot," she said. "Only think how lately it is that I have left a people who never saw a well-served dinner-table in their lives—the very thought terrifies me."

"Nonsense, Angela; there is nothing mysterious in the ceremonials of dinner in a gentleman's house that need trouble you. It is only of the toilet I am thinking. Let me see—ah, now I remember—there must be dresses among the luggage, that can be made to fit you perfectly. Wait a minute."

"No, no!" protested Angela, in eager haste, following her friend to the door. "I will remain in my room with Okalona. Make some excuse for me. Say that I am ill—heartsick, homesick, and it will be the truth," she muttered, under her breath, when she saw that Grace would not even pause to listen.

"Are you afraid? Have these white people anything so grand or good, that the daughter of a wise man like Father Meda may not have a part of it? Is not Okalona the child of a great chief, whom the Governor of New York meets at the Council-fire, when he wants help for his armies? Why should she hide away from white people, because they are not all chiefs like her father?"

As Okalona stood in the middle of the room asserting her rank with so much energy, Grace Morton returned, and was followed by two men-servants, who carried a large box, of camphor-wood, heavily mounted with brass, which they placed upon the floor.

"It is my grandfather's coffer," said Angela,

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looking down upon the box with something like awe in her face.

"Still, it contains many things necessary to a young lady's wardrobe," answered Grace, inspired with sudden curiosity. "That was what your grandfather told me when he had it taken from Sir William Johnson's wareroom, and sent down to the Huron."

"It belonged to my mother," said Angela, with mournful gravity. "Ever since I can remember anything, it has been unopened."

"Whatever its contents may be, they are evidently ill-adapted for life in the wilderness," said Grace, examining a curious lock that seemed to be without key-hole. "There is a spring somewhere here, the precious old missionary told me—ah!"

This last exclamation was occasioned by the shooting of a bolt under the pressure of Miss Morton's fingers, which startled the young lady a little by its sudden action. After a moment's hesitation, she pushed the box from her, and opened the lid.

A faint smell of imprisoned perfumes stole up from the folded garments within the box: something that seemed to produce sudden faintness in Angela, for she turned deadly white, and put a hand to her forehead, either dazed with a confused rush of thought or oppressed by the strange odor.

Miss Morton did not observe this; but full of eager curiosity, was lifting the articles, one by one, into notice.

"See this—and this, and this!" she exclaimed, holding up, first, a handful of antique lace—fine as cobwebs, and yellow with age; then an Indian scarf, rich with Eastern embroidery; and after that, a dress, of rare old brocade—trailed with vines, and glowing with life-tinted flowers on a ground of azure blue. "Ah, Angela, you are a lucky creature, to fall into an inheritance like this, just as you are going into the world. Why, this brocade is worth its weight in gold. A queen might be proud to wear it."

Angela looked at the rare fabric thus held up triumphantly before her, with a strange feeling of bewilderment. The halo of some vague memory seemed to hover over its sheen, and, after a moment, she was conscious of seeing it through gathering tears; for between her and the silk came the faint outlines of a human face—dark, dreamy, and beautiful—a face that somewhere in her lifetime she must have seen.

"This, too; so pretty, but so strangely foreign," cried Grace, shaking out the folds of another garment, made of some soft Eastern texture, fashioned into the dress of an Italian peasant-girl, but so delicate in all its appointments, that it could never have been worn by a person of that class. "Okalona might wear this with but little change from her own holiday clothing. The deep crimson of it suits her sparkling style; but it will never do for you, my Angela. And this," she added, touching the brocade, that lay heaped in glittering billows on the floor, "is too gorgeous for anything but a grand court reception, such as the Governor will give soon after we reach New York. We must search further for something that will answer for a dinner-dress. Ah, here we have something that will do exactly."

The garment which Miss Morton's choice had fallen upon was, indeed, far better adapted to the quiet elegance of a dinner-table in that country house than either of the sumptuous dresses already unfolded. A soft lilac sheen lay upon the satin; and as fashions in dress, at the period we write of, changed in decades, rather than month by month, as they do now, the form and garniture of this costume varied but little from those prevailing in the Colonies at the time.

"This will do. Nothing can harmonize with your complexion more perfectly," said Miss Morton, fully engrossed by the contents of the box; and, with the dress in her arms, she ran to the door and called to the mulatto maid, who waited patiently in the hall.

"Come here, Celeste—that is your name, I think. We have found plenty of work for you."

The girl, who had been depressed by a sense of baffled curiosity, threw off her injured look and came into the room, smiling blandly under the gorgeous folds of her turban, which was worn as a badge of caste by the personal servants in a Colonial household of the times.

After giving the girl a few brief directions, Miss Morton went on with her researches in that marvelous box; for, with all her great kindness of heart, she had a womanly interest in its rare contents that made her forgetful of the sad emotions naturally uppermost in the bosom of her friend. Nearly at the bottom of the box she found a silver casket, oxidized till it had almost lost the semblance of precious metal. Lifting it up between both hands, she turned her flushed face toward Angela, who had been standing by, pale and distressed, while the articles that had no doubt composed a portion of her dead mother's wardrobe were thus exposed.

"Shall we open it? say, shall we open it?" said Grace, still holding up the casket with such eager interest that the distress in her friend's face was entirely overlooked.

"It must have been my grandfather's wish, or

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the box would not have been here," answered Angela; and conquering her emotion, she knelt down by her friend, who had untied a little key attached to the handle of the jewel-box, and with eager fingers was pressing the lid open.

"Oh, Angela, Angela! here is something superb," she exclaimed, looking down into a bed of purple satin, from which came a sparkle of precious stones and the gleam of a string of large pearls tangled among them.

Okalona, true to her race, with whom surprise is looked upon as a weakness, kept her seat in the window, clasping her hands over both knees with apparent unconcern; but Miss Morton's sudden exclamation, and the look of delighted astonishment that kindled up her features, rendered further resistance to the feminine instinct impossible. Still, she rose from the window-seat leisurely, and moving forward, with an air of supreme indifference, looked over Miss Morton's shoulder.

"Ough! White man's wampum," she said, and, without deigning to examine anything else, sauntered back to the window again.

Angela did not seem to know that the girl had left her seat, or remark the excitement under which Grace was laboring, but stood there mute and still, her eyes fixed upon the jewels, and the color slowly receding from her lips. Then she reached out her hands, took the casket from her friend, and examined its contents with intense interest. To her those rare stones could be nothing more than as many shining wampum-beads, but they sent a thrill of strange yearning through her whole being, and her eyes, when she turned them on Grace, were full of wistful questioning.

"They are real," said Grace, smiling; for she mistook the nature of that expression.

"I have seen them before; it must have been in a dream, for they bring back the face of a woman which was like that of an angel—but we do dream of the angels, and she may have been one of them. Don't you think so, Grace?"

"At any rate, the jewels are no dream," answered Grace, turning her glance from them to the rare articles of apparel scattered about her. "At any rate, I should like to drop into a delusion just like it; but the whole thing seems to me more inexplicable than dreams. Now, my dear girl, we have no time to lose in conjectures. Let us get this mysterious finery into the box again, and attend to the dress Celeste is arranging for you."

Angela allowed the jewel-case to be taken from her without having formed the least idea of their value, or that of the costly articles Grace was folding into place. That young lady, having more prudence than most of her class, refrained from explaining what was indeed a puzzle to herself, and proceeded to bestow all her thoughts on the arrangements of Angela's toilet, which Okalona was watching from her cushioned lair in the window with vigilant and somewhat sarcastic criticism.

"Now," said Grace Morton, after Celeste had done her graceful work, and stood regarding it with open-mouthed admiration, "come and see how you like yourself."

When Angela found herself in front of the mirror, which reflected her figure from head to foot, she shrank back, blushing crimson, for it seemed as if she had rudely presented herself before a strange lady whom she had never seen before.

A merry laugh from Grace made her hesitate and turn back, when she found that the strange lady looked bewildered and blushed also; but a beautiful creature she was, in spite of her embarrassment. When a shy smile stole over that charming face, the girl smiled also, quite ignorant that she was answering the reflection of her own dawning consciousness. When at last she did recognize the similitude, it was to see a fair girl, made taller by some inches by a pair of high-heeled shoes, and robed in a delicate lilac-hued dress, cut low and square at the neck, and with tight sleeves that terminated at the elbows in a shower of the old gossamer lace found in her grandfather's box. A wave of the same delicate material lay like a shadow, enhancing rather than concealing the fine slope of her shoulders and the exquisite whiteness of a neck that, for the moment, held the fairest rose-tint left by the flood of crimson, now dying out, that had overwhelmed it after Angela's first glance at the mirror.

But the change that really transfigured her lay in the bright hair, waved and puffed around her face after the fashion of the time, but so showered with powder that its gloss and color could only be detected at the curling ends.

A strong temptation had beset Miss Morton to disentangle that string of pearls from the casket, and twine them about that slender white throat; but some innate feeling of caution prevented this, and when Angela descended to the drawing-room she wore no ornament either on her arms or bosom. But Okalona, who had been somewhat disgusted by the powder, the lace, and the soft-tinted dress, so opposed to her savage ideas of splendor, made up for what she considered an abandonment of rank, in her own abundant ornamentation.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

No. 1—Is a walking-costume, of self-colored nun's-veiling, in a very delicate shade of pearl-gray. Albatross, pongee, or sateen would be equally suitable material for this model. The

No. 1.

skirt has a deep kilted flounce, (say eighteen inches.) The tunic has an apron-front, edged with lace or open-worked embroidery, and the back is simply draped to form irregular puffs. The basque is quite long and close-fitting, like a coat, buttoning on the right side with small bullet-shaped buttons. The edge of the basque, the rolling collar, and cuffs are trimmed to correspond with the skirt. A plaited vest, with close

No. 2.

standing collar, is fitted to fill in the open neck of the basque made by the rolling collar; or, if preferred, a plain round plaited waist with tight sleeves may be added to this costume for house-wear; and for the street, the coat-basque worn

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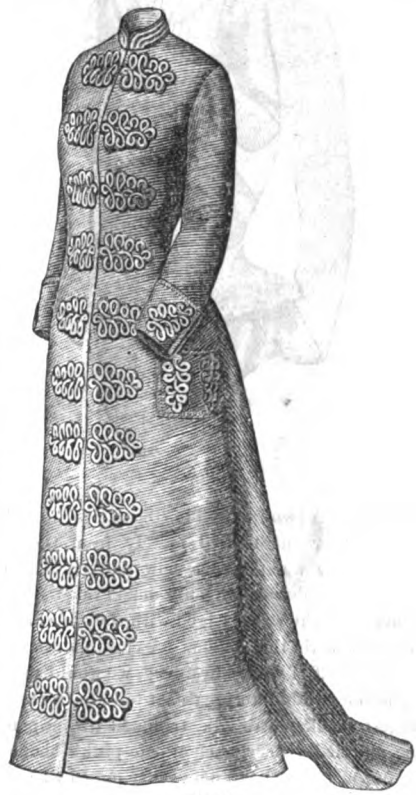
over the plain waist. A belt, with rosette and long loops of satin ribbon two inches wide, will be required to finish the round waist. Any of the embroidered sateen robes, made after this

No. 3.

model—as it is simple—would be more stylish than the elaborate designs which usually come with such dress-patterns. Eight, nine, or ten yards of double-fold goods will be required.

No. 2—Is a costume suitable for either house or street. Our model calls for a surah silk skirt of electric-blue, (silk skirts, with overdress of cashmere, or other soft woolen material, are the latest novelty,) with overdress of summer cashmere of precisely the same shade. The skirt is kilted from a yoke, which just escapes the point of the basque; over this, from the waist of the yoke, the side panels of the cashmere are arranged plaited in wide plaits at the waist, and all these six wide plaits fulled into a narrow point at the end of the panel, as seen in illustration. One width of the cashmere is slightly puffed to fill in the back drapery. A wide open guipure muslin embroidery edges the front of these panels, turning the point, and is lost under the back drapery. A closely-fitting basque, pointed back and front, with close sleeves, has cuffs and deep collar made of the embroidery. Plain self-colored sateen, made up in this style, trimmed with Hamburg or open-worked embroidery, would be equally stylish, although not so elegant. Maroon sateen, with écru embroidery, or dark-blue, with white embroidery, would be very effective. Seven yards of surah silk for skirt, and six yards cashmere, will be required. Three and a half yards, of four inches wide embroidery for panels and cuffs; one and a quarter yards of wider for



No. 4.

collar, or two yards of the four inch, using two rows, shaping the collar over a paper pattern, cut to fit.

No. 3—Is a dressy breakfast-costume, of

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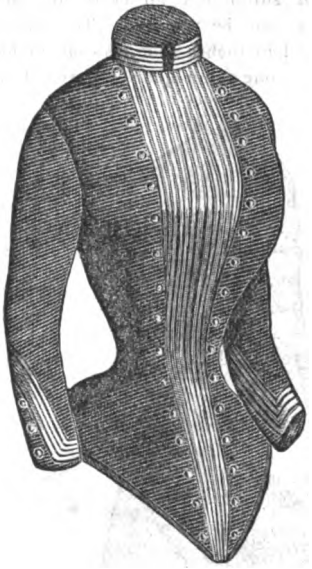
white nainsook, linen lawn, or any white goods having sufficient body to lay in kilts for the trimming of the skirt. A plain round skirt, with a deep flounce, kilted, reaching to the knee, is all of the skirt. Two flounces of embroidered muslin head this kilted flounce. The long basque, or matinée, as it is called, is made tight in the back, and not entirely so in front. The length of it is adjusted so that the embroidered flounce which edges it may exactly meet the upper one on the skirt. This requires careful cutting, fitting, and trimming. Some modistes put all three flounces upon the matinée. A row of the embroidery is put on down the front in a full ruffle, so that it may fall in a jabot. Pockets, collar, and edge of sleeves trimmed with the em-



No. 5.

broidery. A two-inch-wide ribbon ties the collar, and a wider one is tied loosely from the side seams at the waist, also a bow and ends at the back. The sleeves in our model are slightly gathered at the wrist, edged with the embroidery, and tied with the ribbon. A close sleeve, with a simple cuff of the embroidery, we would prefer. For a more elaborate breakfast-toilette, we would suggest black surah silk, trimmed with Spanish lace, and tied with crimson or pale-pink ribbons, or else one of those cheap pongees trimmed with écru embroidery or lace—ribbons of the same color or contrasting. Twelve to fifteen yards of embroidered ruffling. Ten yards of yard-wide material.

No. 4—Is a morning wrapper, of flannel or cashmere, of any useful color. The form is Princess, and half-fitting. The ornaments are either braiding or appliqué. Lace or em-

No. 6.

broidery may be used for trimming, if preferred.

No. 5—Is a corsage of cashmere, with plastron. The corsage is of marine-blue cashmere,

No. 7.

cut with a long point in front and a petite basque in the back. The plastron is composed of rows

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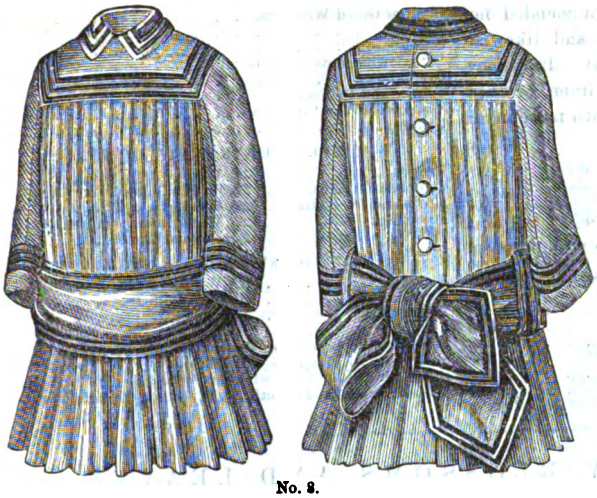
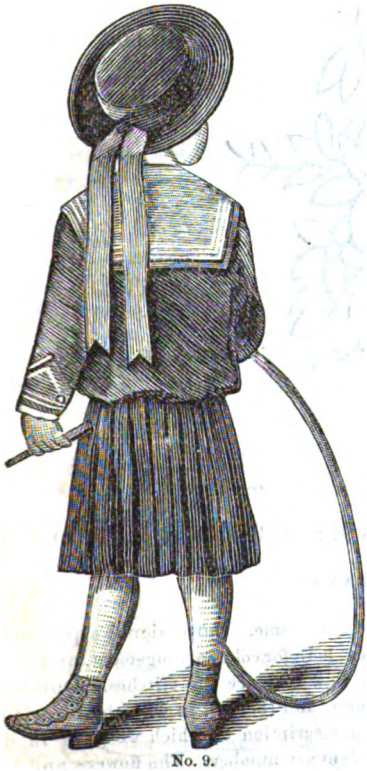


No. 8.

of gold braid, laid on a foundation of the cashmere, shaped to fit. Tiny gilt buttons ornament both sides of the plastron. The right side buttons



No. 9.

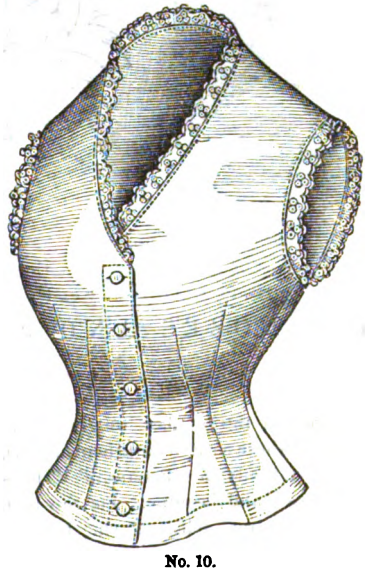
over. The sleeves are trimmed to correspond, and ornamented with buttons. Collar standing, covered with rows of the braid.

No. 6—Is a pretty little costume, for a girl of four to six years, made of white piqué. The ruffles which trim the skirt are of nainsook, and are mounted upon a petticoat-waist. The little coat-basque cuts off in front, at the top of the second ruffle, ending in square coat-tails at the back. Ball buttons of pearl or ivory are the only trimmings. A deep linen collar and cuffs are worn with this costume. For the seaside or mountains, make of navy-blue or white flannel.

No. 7.—Pelisse, for a baby of two to three years. Cashmere, flannel, or piqué, trimmed with open-work English embroidery. A simple sacque, with deep collar.

No. 8—Is a blouse-dress, for a child of three years. Made of Turkey-red twill or flannel, and trimmed with black braid, it is a most useful garment for a child to play about in. Made of cashmere or white flannel, and trimmed with black velvet ribbon, it is a very stylish and dressy costume. It is simply a skirt plaited into a yoke, and belted at the waist; being tied loosely by a sash made of the material, and trimmed to match.

No. 9.—Sailor-frock, of blue serge, for a boy of three years. Kilted skirt. The sailor-waist



No. 10.

has a deep collar, edged with red or pale-blue braid. Cuffs to match.

No. 10—Is a high-necked petticoat bodice.

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These bodices are very much recommended for preserving the linings of dresses, and likewise they are a protection to the corset. They may be made either of fine long cloth, linen, or cambric muslin, and trimmed either with torchon or Valenciennes lace.

LADIES' PATTERNS.

Any style in this number will be sent by mail on receipt of full price for corresponding article in price list below. Patterns will be put together and plainly marked. Patterns designed to order.

Princess Dress: Plain,	.50
" " with drapery and trimming,	1.00
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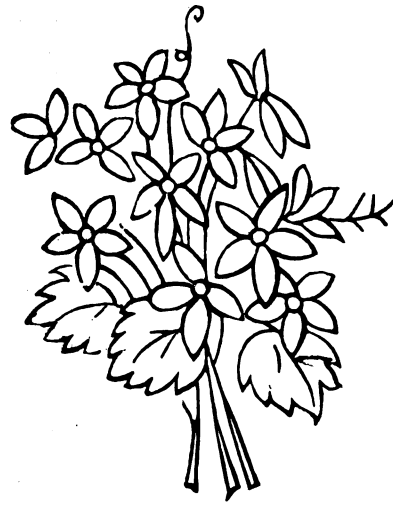
Ulsters,	.30		

In sending orders for Patterns, please send the number and month of Magazine, also No. of page or figure or anything definite, and also whether for lady or child. Address, Mrs. M. A. Jones, 28 South Eighth Street, Philadelphia.

STRAWBERRY BLOSSOMS AND LEAVES: IN CREWEL EMBROIDERY.



WILD ROSES AND JASMINE: CREWEL WORK.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give a colored pattern, one of those costly embellishments which are to be found only in "Peterson." The subject is wild-roses and jasmine. For the foundation, use cloth, flannel, felt, or linen. If designed for a chair-seat and back, gray linen or cloth is best; for a baby's blanket, use soft cream-white flannel; for tidy, use gray or écru linen. Select the colors; in crewels, the English ones keep the colors best, but our American ones are very good: both cost the same. Our design is a particularly good one, both for color, arrangement, and to show exactly how to place the stitches. Outline the stems first, and then fill in with the Kensington-stitch, a description of which we gave in detail in our January number. The flowers and leaves are worked without outlining. After the work is done, it must be pressed with a hot iron, on the wrong side, and over a damp cloth. This pattern is exceedingly tasteful and elegant.

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NEW-STYLE WRAP: WITH SUPPLEMENT.

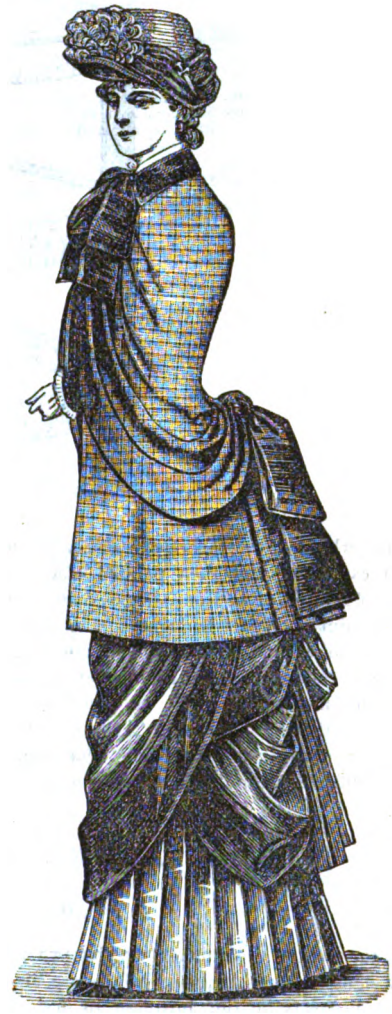
BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, here, an engraving of a pretty new-style wrap, suitable for the season. Folded in with the number is a SUPPLEMENT, with full-size patterns of the different pieces of which it is made, by aid of which any lady can cut out the mantle for herself. They are, as will be seen, four in number, viz:

No. 1.—HALF OF FRONT.
No. 2.—HALF OF BACK.
No. 3.—HALF OF CAPE.
No. 4.—HALF OF COLLAR.

This wrap is made of small-checked cloth, and forms a *petite visite*, or jupe. The letters, on the SUPPLEMENT, show how the pieces are put together. The front and back pieces are to be cut two inches longer in the skirt part (our paper would not allow the entire length). The notched edge of the back, J to J, is to be laid in large plaits forming the postillion. The back seam of the cape is to be sewed into the back seam of the garment as far as the waist-line, which is indicated by two round dots; then the plaits, from K to K, are made; and the remainder of the seam of the cape is joined, and arranged over the plaits of the back of the garment, where it is ornamented with a bow and ends of wide ottoman ribbon. The dotted lines at the neck of the cape show where seams are to be made, fitting to the shoulder, and the plaits, from P to P, fit into the neck. The collar is of either silk or velvet, and tied with ribbon a trifle narrower than that at the back. Our illustration shows the effect of the entire wrap, and how the plaits of the cape are disposed: also the ribbons.

We also give, on the SUPPLEMENT, various designs to be worked on d'oyleys, and one larger design, for a tea-table cloth.



DESIGNS FOR TIDIES, ETC., ETC.

We give, on the SUPPLEMENT that is folded in with this number, several new and charming designs, to be worked in outline-stitch or Kensington-stitch. They are for d'oyleys, and other napkins, except one, which is larger, and which is suitable for a tea-table cloth. Red is a good color in which to work these designs, though almost any color would be appropriate.

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WHAT-NOT, OR ETAGÈRE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

This what-not or etagère can easily be made by a carpenter, and then painted black, with lines of gold paper laid on. Three coats of good black paint must first be painted on as smoothly as possible, each coat to dry before putting on another; then the lines of gold paper are pasted on; and finally the whole be varnished with copal, or other hard varnish. As the putting on of the gold paper is a very nice operation, and also a difficult one to do neatly, we would suggest omitting that, as perfectly plain ebonized furniture is even more fashionable and elegant than gold-lined. Finally, the fringe is to be nailed on with small furniture-tacks; or the whole etagère may be covered with olive-green short-piled plush, and thus imitate "Queen Anne furniture." This etagère is most useful in a bedroom, if curtains be added to the top shelf; these to be of unbleached sheeting, embroidered with crewels: in Persian or other design.

BIRDS, AFTER JAPANESE DESIGNS

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give two pages of designs for birds, drawn by Japanese artists. The superiority of the Japanese, in designs of this kind, as also in designs for flowers, foliage, etc., etc., is universally conceded. On this subject, read the first article in our Chit-Chat, this month. These designs are suitable for painting the centre of a screen panel, or for embroidery in silks and chenille, using the birds separately or two together for adding to flower and foliage embroidery.

Where the white spaces in the birds show in the engravings, there different shades of yellow, orange, and maize may be used; the darker portions are of deep plum-color, rendered darker by strokes of black in the darkest parts, the outlines of the feathers being either deep-orange, pale-canary, light-green, olive-green, or white. The light bills are orange-color or red, the dark bills a deep plum-color. The legs of the birds are a dingy yellow, striped with black or brown. It is quite a matter of taste, the coloring of these birds, as Chinese and Japanese artists rarely if ever color their birds according to their natural tints, but delight in giving them gorgeous plumage. The eyes are best represented as outlined with red-brown, and a black, garnet, or yellow bead in the centre.

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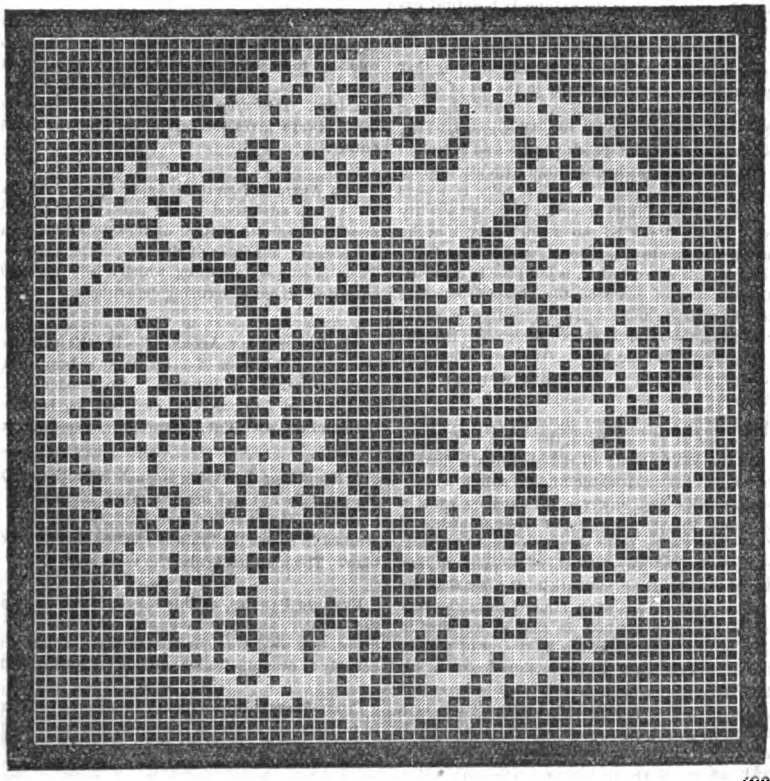
PLUSH PEDESTAL: EMBROIDERED.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

We give, here, a new and very pretty idea for a pedestal for a bust, vase, small statue, etc., etc. It can be made of common wood and covered with plush of any color that harmonizes or contrasts with that of the upholstery of the room. The model we give is crimson plush, and the embroidery is in gold-colored silk arrasene. In our December number for 1882, we described arrasene-work, to which we refer those unacquainted with it. But Berlin-work may be substituted.

DESIGN FOR TIDY: IN CROCHET.



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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

Wherein Japanese Art Is Superior.—The superiority of Japanese art, in delineating birds, insects, foliage, etc., is now universally conceded. Dr. Dresser, in his able work on Japan, attributes this excellence partly to the love which the Japanese all have for nature, and for birds and animals especially, and partly to the fact that they use the brush, and not the pencil, in making their drawings.

This latter habit originates in the Japanese method of writing. Characters, as we know, are used as the signs of the written language; and these the child has to draw with a brush, holding the paper, which is absorbent, in his hand. Thus the whole arm works, motion being got from the shoulder, the elbow, and the wrist alike. From the first, therefore, the Japanese child in learning to write is unconsciously learning to draw with a free hand. Here, in the United States, he would learn to write with a hard pen or pencil; and with the same hard point he would make his first attempts at free-hand drawing; and only after he had become accustomed to the hard point would he have the yielding brush placed in his fingers. By the Japanese method the child learns the value of touches with a thoroughness impracticable under any other system, and the admixture of solid black with outline-drawing imparts an effectiveness and life to much of his work which is wholly lacking in many of the productions of our art-schools. On this point no one who will examine the extremely beautiful examples given by Dr. Dresser in the first chapter of the second part of his valuable volume can remain in any doubt.

But it is not only in the freedom of their drawing that the Japanese excel: they surpass us also in the art of coloring. They do not hesitate to employ, and with the most brilliant effect, the strongest hues: red, blue, green, white, gold. The greater part of the space to be covered is broken up by patterns interlacing each other often with astonishing intricacy; but some broad mass of leading color is always interposed unbroken at definite intervals to impart solidity to the whole. It would not be too much to say that the magnificence of the Sainte Chapelle of St. Louis, at Paris, that wonder of Middle Age coloring, is but poor in comparison with the splendor of some of the greatest Japanese temples; and for majestic and solemn impressiveness, so far as we refer to color, the advantage, according to Dr. Dresser, would rest altogether with the latter. We have to imagine the elaborate paneled vault of the ceiling soaring a hundred feet above us, while the overhanging roof, extending nearly to the railings of the balcony surrounding the shrine, softens the intensity of the sunlight, the light which ultimately reaches the ceiling being all reflected from a floor of black lacquer which has received the highest polish.

As our readers well know, however, the Japanese excel in other things, beside the mere drawing of birds, animals, and foliage. Their bronzes, in their way, are wonderful; and so is their decoration of porcelain, their lacquer, etc., etc. This superiority is owing, in a measure, to the fact that the Japanese workman carries his work himself through every one of its stages, whether his task be that of working in metal or lacquer, of preparing woven fabrics, or of pottery in any of its branches. Each workman thus looks on his work, while it is going on, as on a child that he loves. It is his creation, in the same sense in which a poem or a picture is the creation of a poet or a painter; and the feelings which it excites in him are not less strong. He is striving after beauty in every shape, not after money. In Japan, the merchant, Dr. Dresser assures us, has no status whatever, though he be as rich as Crœsus. Money alone, he adds, buys no position, and a prince will spend hours in conversation with a skilled workman, while the richest merchant would be beneath his notice. As a rule, the wife of the Japanese artisan attends, not only to the household, but even looks after the sale of her husband's work. The workman, therefore, can give his whole time—as it were, his whole soul—to his work. In this way there has been developed, in Japan, not merely a patience altogether marvelous in the most minute and complete finishing of every detail, not merely a mechanical excellence seldom equaled and never surpassed; but a power of delineating life, especially the life of birds and beasts, which places the Japanese in the front rank of the artists of any age or country. It is strange to see in drawings which exhibit great defects of general perspective, portraits of animals which actually live on the canvas or the paper. We may look at a parliament of storks, each in a different attitude, all studied with the most affectionate care—all made, we might say, to show their thoughts without imparting to them in the smallest degree the appearance of exaggeration or caricature. At the Centennial Exhibition, several screens were exhibited, with processions of grasshoppers delineated on them, that were absolutely wonderful.

The Colored Pattern in this number is one of those expensive affairs only to be found in "Peterson." Each color has to be printed separately, and consequently the cost is very great. These patterns are as useful as they are beautiful. They are a proof, with many others, that "Peterson" always gives the best of its kind, no matter at what outlay.

The Article Inquired About by our fair subscriber, M. A., was advertised in our advertising department, last month. A careful perusal of those columns would render unnecessary hundreds of similar questions addressed to us. There is scarcely anything which a lady needs that is not advertised in our advertising department.

"So Beautifully Adorned."—The Newark (N. J.) Courier says: "We know of no magazine so beautifully adorned with illustrations as Peterson." No wonder. Our engravings, colored fashions, etc., etc., cost us, last year, eighty thousand dollars. But we spare no expense to get the best.

A High Hat for riding is much safer than a Derby one. Many a lady has had her life saved, when thrown, by her high hat. If you fall on your head, the high hat has to be crushed in before the brain is reached, and this deadens the blow. The high hat is also the more stylish.

Evening Parties, at this season of the year, at least in the country, and at seaside and other resorts, are so frequent, that we devote our colored fashion-plate, this month, entirely to evening-dresses suitable for such assemblages.

Chair-Seats.—Brown linen, embroidered in coarse crewels, in two or three shades of one color, in a small set pattern, is very durable; also serge cloth.

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A New Volume Begins with this number, affording an excellent opportunity to subscribe. *We still continue to offer a choice of three costly premiums for getting up clubs.* The first is the steel-engraving: "Christ Before Pilate," of the size of 27 inches by 20, by the great Hungarian artist, Munkacsy. This is one of the most wonderful pictures ever painted. A copy should be had by every family in the land.

Or, in place of it, we will give, for a premium, either a Photograph Album, or our Quarto Illustrated Album, both of which were so popular last year. The Photograph Album is bound in leatherette, or imitation leather: the Quarto Album is bound in morocco cloth, gilt.

For many clubs, *an extra copy of the magazine* will be sent. For others, and larger ones, an extra copy of the engraving, or either of the Albums. The inducements to get up clubs were never before so great; and probably will never be so great again. See the Prospectus on second page of cover.

Now is the time to get up clubs for 1883. It is never too late to do this. We can always supply back numbers to January, inclusive, when desired. *Be particular, when remitting, to say whether you wish to begin with the January number, or that for July.* Specimens are sent, gratis, to those wishing to get up clubs.

The Original Novelet, begun in this number, will be found to be a graphic description of New York fashionable life, and will, therefore, have an additional interest, at least to many persons. The author writes "by the card." It is not often that a story is written about "Fifth Avenue" by one who is at home there. What we want, in these United States, is novels and novelets like this: original, and with local color. The public is surfeited with re-hashes of English life located in America.

Splash-Back for Washstands.—Cut one of the cheap stone-colored towels with a red border and fringe in two, and join the sides together, leaving the fringe to hang down; cut out three good-sized storks in Turkey-red twill, and appliqué them on the towel, placing one bird in the centre over the join. Make a hem at the top, and run in a piece of stiff whalebone or crinoline-wire to keep it out stiff when fastened to the wall.

"Little Mischief" is after one of the most charming of Sir Joshua Reynolds' pictures. Our steel-engravings are always from celebrated originals. We have already given, this year, engravings from Millais, Laurence, Bosch, Mrs. Allingham, Sevres, Beysching, etc., etc., and shall give others, equally fine, if not finer. From the Paris Salon of this year, we have already received several very beautiful subjects.

"A Little Ahead."—The Wyoming (Iowa) Journal says: "Peterson's last is a bright and interesting number of this steadily growing, deserving friend of the ladies. Each issue seems a little ahead of its predecessors, in style, finish of engravings, reading matter, etc., etc." And this is what hundreds of other newspapers say, also.

"Win Golden Opinions."—The Paris (Ill.) Beacon says: "Peterson's Magazine continues to win golden opinions of those so happy as to be readers of it. This lady's book has been before the public for many years, but never was it more worthy of patronage than at present."

"Stories Always the Best."—The Troy (Kansas) Chief says: "No other lady's book rivals 'Peterson' in the high character of its literature. The stories are always the best."

Speak Kindly and Act Kindly to others, and you will be sure to win affection, as well as esteem.

Additions To Clubs may be made, at the price paid by the rest of the club, *at any time during the year.* And when enough additional subscribers have been sent, you will be entitled to another premium, or premiums, precisely as if it were a new club. Go on, therefore, adding to your clubs and earning premiums. Back numbers, to January, inclusive, can be had, if desired.

We Give No Premiums to subscribers for subscribing We only give premiums to repay persons for getting up clubs. A magazine that has to bribe people with premiums, merely to take it, cannot, in the nature of things, be good for much; for, of course, the cost of the premium is taken out of the magazine, which is, to that extent, just so much the poorer.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

A History of the People of the United States, from the Revolution to the Civil War. By John Bach McMaster. 1 vol., 8vo. *New York: D. Appleton & Co.*—This is a work of very remarkable merit. It is true that we have, as yet, only one volume before us, and that five, at least, will be required to complete the series. But the volume carries the story down into the administration of General Jackson, thus giving an opportunity to describe the adoption of the Constitution, the life and death struggle between Jefferson and Adams, the Embargo act, and the war of 1812: events sufficiently numerous and various to fully test the author's skill. If the rest of the history is executed with the same fidelity and spirit, the work will have no rival of its kind, except the "Short History of the English People," by the lamented John Richard Green. Like that history, this is not confined, as most histories have been heretofore, to battles, treaties, and diplomatic intrigues, but aims to describe the social, moral, and intellectual condition of the people in successive generations. In the present volume, for example, we have graphic pictures of society in Philadelphia, New York, Boston, and Virginia, at the close of the last century: pictures that give us the very spirit of the times, and that may be placed alongside of any in Macaulay for vividness and force of color. But though the work is more largely given to manners than any predecessor, the political incidents are by no means neglected, and in discussing them a broad, impartial tone is everywhere displayed.

A Chelsea Housekeeper. 1 vol., 12mo. *New York: Henry Holt & Co.*—One of the pleasantest little novels that has appeared for some time. The scene is laid in England: partly in the New Forest, partly in London, and partly in the county of Norfolk. The description of the New Forest is particularly good. We recognize, not only the quaint little town of Lyndhurst, but even the very inn, where we once ourselves lunched, much as the heroine and her friend are described as lunching. The story is a good, wholesome, old-fashioned one of love, ending in a happy marriage.

The Led-Horse Claim. By Mary Hallock Foote. 1 vol., 12mo. *Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.*—This is a story of the mining regions, and is full of local color. Nothing of its kind has been done so well since the earlier sketches of Bret Harte. The incidents are never forced, yet are always sufficiently exciting.

The Initials. By the author of "Quits." 1 vol., 12mo. *Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—This is one of those novels that never grow old. We welcome a new edition, therefore, with great pleasure, especially as there are so few good fictions being written at present.

An Ugly Heroine. By Christine Fober. 1 vol., 12mo. *Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.*—A very readable novel, especially suitable for a summer afternoon, when one does not wish to be too much excited, even over a fiction.

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OUR ARM-CHAIR.

It Is Still In Time to subscribe for "Peterson" for this year. Back numbers can be supplied to January, inclusive. There never was a year when the first six numbers were more brilliant in embellishments or had as good stories All the newspapers unite in saying this. For example, the Bureau County (Ill.) Republican says of our last number: "The specialty of 'Peterson' is its stories, which, though always superior, are better this month than ever." The Williamsport (Pa.) Gazette says: "It stands alone for beauty and value." The Maysville (O.) Journal says: "Stands at the head of the ladies' magazines." The Lafayette (Ind.) Journal says: "No monthly ever published has retained such a hold on the feminine heart as 'Peterson.'" The Connecticut Westporter says: "It is admitted by all the ladies to be the Queen of Fashion-Books; the patterns in this number alone are worth more than a year's subscription." What we claim for "Peterson" is thus conceded on all hands: that it has the best stories, the best fashions, the best engravings, the best of everything desired in a lady's book. The Chicago (Ill.) Chronicle: "We wonder that any lady can fail to subscribe for it."

Bitter Bread.—Complaint is frequently made by those who use baking powders, that they leave in bread, biscuit, or cake raised by them, a disagreeable, bitter taste. This taste follows the use of all impure baking powders, and is caused either by their containing alum (introduced to make a cheap article), by the impure and adulterated character of other ingredients used, or from the ignorance of their manufacturers of the proper methods of combining them. These baking powders leave in the bread a residuum formed of lime, earth, alum, or other deleterious matters, not always, though frequently, tastable in the food, and by all physicians classed as injurious to health. The Royal Baking Powder is free from this serious defect. In its use no residuum is left, and the loaf raised by it is always sweet, light, and wholesome, and noticeably free from the peculiar taste complained of. The reason of this is because it is composed of nothing but absolutely pure materials, scientifically combined in exactly the proper proportions of acid and alkali to act upon and destroy each other, while producing the largest amount of raising power. We are justified in this assertion from the unqualified statements made by the Government chemists, who, after thorough and exhaustive tests, recommended the "Royal" for Governmental use, because of its superiority over all others, in purity, strength, and wholesomeness. There is no danger of bitter bread or biscuit where it alone is used.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate, for Nervousness, Indigestion, Etc.—Send to the Rumford Chemical Works, Providence, R. I., for pamphlet. Mailed free.

One of the most fashionable costumes we have seen during the present season, was made of American silk, manufactured by Messrs. John N. Stearns & Co., of New York. The waist and overskirt was of brocade, black figures on a ground of the new and fashionable color, crushed strawberry, the skirt being crushed strawberry surah. The waist was made heart-shaped with demi-sleeves, neck and sleeves trimmed with black hand-made Spanish lace. The train was made en princesse, full and flowing, coming in three plaits from under the waist. There have been few imported costumes shown this season equal to the above in style and beauty, and when we realize that the material is that of home production, it becomes a matter of consideration whether it is necessary to patronize the looms of foreign producers, in order to have elegant costumes.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

[Medical Botany—Of the Garden, Field, and Forest.]

BY ABRAM LIVESEY, A. M., M. D.

No. VI.—Everlasting (Mouse-Ear)—Jasmine.

Mouse-Ear Everlasting—*Antennaria Plantaginifolia*, a hard, long Latinized name for a very simple, and, to most people, unattractive plant: Stem simple, hoary, with a bluish tinge, four to six inches high, with procumbent runners at the base; radical leaves, spatulate, three-nerved; corymb clustered, involucral; scales greenish. Found growing on sterile knolls, in low grounds.

School-children in the country, in the early spring, when there are but few flowers, hail the little *white plantain*, or pussy's-foot, as they call it, with delight. On warm March or early April days, children often go forth into wild or uncultivated places in the hope of finding cat-foot (another name for it) in bloom. It resembles a dwarf species of sweet-balsam or life everlasting, and used to be classed with it. It is only mentioned here as an interesting little plant of the early spring to children.

Jasmine, Yellow Jessamine—*Gelsemium Sempervirens*. Placed in different orders by different authors, generally in Loganiaceæ. This is a distinctly American plant, a genus of this single species with no close relations. It is a woody climber, with thick evergreen leaves, rambling over bushes, low shrubbery, and often ascends to the tops of lofty trees. Seen abundantly in Florida and all along the Atlantic coast line of railway, as far north as Virginia.

Its golden trumpet-formed flowers are sweet-scented:

"* * * the perfume from the blossom's cell
On every zephyr stealing—"

But its roots possess active medicinal properties, dangerous to the ignorant, of great value to the intelligent physician.

The toxical effects of jasmine are manifested upon the brain and nerves, producing vertigo, a staggering gait in walking, tremors, partial blindness, inability to raise the eye-lids, and general relaxation. When any of these symptoms or effects ensue upon its use, it should be at once discontinued and some stimulant administered.

In severe neuralgia, cramps, convulsions, colics, spasms, in pains of the bladder or kidneys, it should be given in five to ten-drop doses of the fluid extract, and repeated in thirty minutes. Some persons complain of a gnawing, distressing, "all goneness" sensation at the pit of the stomach, arising from irritation, as well as "flashes of heat," general restlessness, etc., which this agent, in smaller doses, will relieve promptly.

One or two-drop doses, frequently repeated, can be safely used by mothers in cases of diarrhea, colic, abdominal pains, dysentery, incident to the summer months. But in all these cases the mother should investigate the probable cause of the trouble before her, and see if she cannot trace the distress to some coarse, indigestible article of food, to green fruit, constipation, etc. If so, common sense points out the remedy or the course to be pursued, namely, to remove the cause: an emetic of ipecac if the trouble is in the stomach, castor oil if in the bowels. After the operation of either, a few small doses of gelsemium with hot fomentations will speedily cure.

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

☞Everything relating to this department should be addressed "Puzzle Editor," Peterson's Magazine, Lock Box 437, Marblehead, Mass.

No. 197.—Cross-Word Enigma.

My first is in paper, but not in glass.
My second's in porch, but not in bass.

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My third is in dust, but not in mud.
My fourth is in flesh, but not in blood.
My fifth is in straw, but not in hay.
My sixth is in snow, but not in clay.
My seventh's in strong, but not in weak.
My eighth is in fun, but not in freak.
My ninth is in August, but not in May.
My whole is pleasant to read any day.

Woodside, L. I. J. BOURGUIGNON.

No. 198.—DIAMOND.

1. A consonant. 2. A wager. 3. One who opposes lawful authority. 4. A plant, or a decoction of its dried leaves. 5. A letter.

Harlem, N. Y. MINNIE S. YOST.

No. 199.—DECAPITATIONS.

1. Behead a bill, and leave a float.
2. Behead wool, and leave to confess.
3. Behead a net, and leave a tatter.
4. Behead to vex, and leave proportion.

Marblehead, Mass. GEESEE.

No. 200.—RIDDLE.

What is that which if you have you do not wish to lose, if you have not you do not wish to have, and if you gain you no longer have?

Prescott, Kan. ETHA BROCK.

No. 201.—EASY DIAMOND.

1. A consonant. 2. Skill. 3. Track. 4. A metal. 5. A consonant.

Worcester, Mass. ALICE GREY.

Answers Next Month.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER.

No. 195.

B I T
C O W
O L D
C A N
A N T
A T E
S H E
F E N

No. 196.

1. Rosewood. 2. Maple. 3. Willow. 4. Beech. 5. Pine.

FLOWER GARDEN.

CHRYSANTHEMUMS belong to the large natural order of composite plants, and are very nearly related to the daisy and the sunflower. Many of the flowers in this group of plants have blossoms with an aromatic odor, such as chamomile, feverfew, and yarrow; and the chrysanthemum is no exception, for in some varieties it has a powerful odor of turpentine, while all kinds are more or less scented. One new variety, with purplish flowers, lately introduced, is called violet-scented, but a strong imagination is required to discover that perfume.

Chrysanthemums grow freely in light, rich soil; in fact, it is hardly possible to give them earth too rich, or to feed them too much with liquid manure. They should be started in February, in the shape of cuttings from the old plants. Some people prefer to increase them from suckers, but there is no advantage in doing so. The cuttings must be put round a pot filled with sandy loam, with a layer of silver sand on the surface. If put in a warm place they will soon strike root, and, when they have grown, they must be potted off separately, and repotted every time the roots touch the pot. At every potting the ends of the shoots must be pinched off, to make the plants bushy. The last shift should be in the middle of June, when the shortening of the shoots should be discontinued. Until they flower they should stand in a row on ashes or gravel, or the top of a low wall is a convenient place for them, if they can be properly protected from the wind. Now is the time to force them along. They must never be allowed to flag for an instant, but must have plenty of water, over head and all, twice a day if necessary; they should be supplied with liquid manure also, at least once a week. As the shoots grow they must be tied out, and plenty of room must be given them at all times. When they come into flower, or when the nights begin to get frosty, they may be removed to the place where they are required, still remembering to give them plenty of water. When the bloom is over, cut off the stems, and put them in a cool frame, or plunge them in a sheltered position. In spring, when they begin to grow again, the cuttings must be taken off the young shoots, and the round begins again. No cultivation can be simpler, and, as far as essentials are concerned, it is within the means of everyone who can command some pots, a little earth and manure, water, and any sort of back garden.

Besides the varieties of *Chrysanthemum sinense*, which are what nine people out of ten think of when the word is mentioned, there are numbers of other species of the same genus. The yellow and white French marguerites, so much esteemed for winter cutting, are one; the common ox-eye or dog-daisy, which flourishes everywhere, is another; and the handsome deep-yellow corn marigold. In Scotland this is so common, that in old times they had gool-ridings for the purpose of extirpating this weed, and a penalty was paid by the farmer on whose land the most gools, or gold-flowers, were found. In Denmark, also, a law used to compel the destruction of the corn marigold. Another lately introduced chrysanthemum is *C. maximum*, with large daisy-like flowers, two or three inches across, with firm white-ray petals and golden centre, which keeps in blossom far on into the autumn. It is perfectly hardy; its foliage consists of large glossy leaves of a peculiarly lively tint of green, and its flowers grow abundantly, each on a long firm stalk. It is a plant which will become in great demand for autumn decoration. There are several showy annuals which belong to the same genus.

Of chrysanthemums, as popularly received, a new section of dwarf summer-flowering varieties can now be obtained. They commence flowering in June, and continue in blossom until the later kinds come out to take their place, and are quite as able to bear rough treatment and unfriendly skies as they are Altogether, this is a most valuable tribe of plants to the lover of flowers and flower-gardens; it has three merits above almost every flower. It comes in the shortest and darkest days; it blooms abundantly in the smoke of the largest cities; it lasts longer than any flower when cut and put in water. If flowers have their virtues, the virtue of the chrysanthemum is its unselfish kindliness.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

CANNED FRUITS, PRESERVES, PICKLES, ETC.

The home-canned fruit is quite equal to fresh fruit for tarts and puddings, and for children it is invaluable. Being

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sufficiently sweetened and cooked, it can be eaten with bread for tea, and is ready for immediate use at any meal. When a jar is opened, it should be used within a week in summer, and within a fortnight in winter. It is generally put into glass jars, holding a pint, or a quart, or two quarts each. The jars have an elastic band fitting closely round a ledge of the neck, on which the glass lid is placed, a rim of thin zinc being screwed on the top of the jar, which fastens the lid securely in its place, and renders it air-tight. Three layers of good paper pasted over the mouth of the jars answer the same purpose, only entailing a little more trouble. The small white jam-pots can be used, and any kind of jar or pot if not cracked; but glass bottles, such as pickle bottles and French plum jars, are preferable, because any signs of fermentation can easily be detected, and the fruit boiled over again before it is spoiled. The canned fruit must be kept in a dry, cool place; if damp, it turns mouldy, and if too warm it ferments. A dry cellar is the best place.

All bottles or jars used in the canning must be sufficiently heated in a bath of hot water, or by the side of the fire, to allow of the fruit being poured in boiling hot to expel the air. Rounds of paper, cut a little larger than the size of the jar neck, to allow for overlapping, must be ready to paste on the moment the jar is full; boiled flour paste should be used.

Keep the pan of fruit simmering while you fill the hot jar, for which purpose a small teacup is better than a spoon for small fruits, as the jar should be filled quickly. The jar should be close to the side of the pan, and be filled as near to the top as you can without letting the fruit actually touch the paper. Paste each round of paper on directly the jar is full, as the lapse of a second or two will allow the air to rush in and so prevent the fruit from keeping. The first piece of paper should be pasted round the edges, and be made firmly to adhere to the rim and sides of the jar, the other two layers being pasted all over each round, so as to adhere to each other, carefully smoothing them when putting on that no air-blisters form: each layer of paper should be put on separately. The secret of success lies in the jars being air-tight, which can be insured by careful attention to the above rules, viz: hot fruit, and hot jars filled to the brim and instantly sealed from the air by the pasted paper. When cold, if the fruit has been properly bottled, there will be quite a space between the fruit and the mouth of the bottle, owing to the fruit having expanded while hot, and having contracted again when cooled.

Rhubarb.—Cut up ten pounds of rhubarb into finger-lengths; moisten the bottom of preserving-pan with cold water, put in four pounds of preserving loaf-sugar or Demerara sugar, then the rhubarb and the rind of two lemons finely shredded. Let it come slowly to a boil, but directly it reaches that point, make it boil as rapidly as possible without burning; it drives off the watery particles in steam, and makes the fruit keep better and look clearer, half an hour's quick boiling being sufficient. Very little skimming is required in canned fruits.

Gooseberries.—Put four pounds of loaf-sugar into a preserving-pan, and half a teacupful of water. When it comes to the boil, let it boil rapidly for five minutes; then put in ten pounds of gooseberries, and carefully stir them so that they may break as little as possible. Boil fast for twenty minutes, then bottle as before. Fruit put into hot sugar retains its color, flavor, and form.

Currants.—Red or white currants are canned with quarter pound of sugar to one pound of fruit. First boil the sugar five minutes, as for gooseberries, and then boil the currants for fifteen minutes rapidly, reckoning always from the time of their boiling up. Black currants require one-half pound of sugar to one pound of fruit, and half an hour's boiling, as they are apt to ferment.

Cherries.—Canadian cherries retain a bright scarlet tint and exquisite flavor when canned, while most of our English cherries, excepting such as the Morella, are disappointing. Cherry-stoning machines are used, but for those who do not specially object to the stones they help to impart a finer flavor to the fruit. They are canned in the same manner as gooseberries, but with one-quarter pound of sugar to one pound of fruit, and are boiled for twenty minutes.

Strawberries and Raspberries are canned with one-quarter pound of sugar to one pound of fruit. The sugar is first boiled for five minutes, and then the fruit is put in and kept as whole as possible by careful stirring with a wooden spoon; boil fifteen minutes, and bottle.

CAKES, ETC.

Pancakes.—Eggs, flour, milk: to every egg allow one ounce of flour, about one gill of milk, an eighth of a salt-spoonful of salt. Ascertain that the eggs are fresh; break each one separately in a cup, whisk them well, put them into a basin with the flour, salt, and a few drops of milk, and beat the whole to a perfectly smooth batter; then add by degrees the remainder of the milk. The proportion of this latter ingredient must be regulated by the size of the eggs, etc., etc.; but the batter, when ready for frying, should be of the consistency of thick cream. Place a small frying-pan on the fire to get hot; let it be delicately clean, or the pancakes will stick, and, when quite hot, put into it a small piece of butter, allowing about half an ounce to each pancake. When it is melted, pour in the batter, about half a teacupful to a pan five inches in diameter, and fry it for about four minutes, or until it is nicely brown on one side. By only pouring in a small quantity of batter, and so making the pancakes thin, the necessity of turning them (an operation rather difficult to unskillful cooks) is obviated. When the pancake is done, sprinkle over it some pounded sugar, roll it up in the pan, and take it out with a large slice, and place it on a dish before the fire. Proceed in this manner until sufficient are cooked for a dish; then send them quickly to table, and continue to send in a further quantity, as pancakes are never good unless eaten almost immediately they come from the frying-pan. The batter may be flavored with a little grated lemon-rind, or the pancakes may have preserve rolled in them instead of sugar. Send sifted sugar and a cut lemon to table with them. To render the pancakes very light, the yolks and whites of the eggs should be beaten separately, and the whites added the last thing to the batter before frying.

Rhubarb Pudding.—Line your pudding-dish with slices of bread and butter; cover with cut-up rhubarb, strewed with sugar; then slices of bread and butter, and so on alternately until your dish is full, having the rhubarb and sugar on top; cover with a plate, and bake half an hour. Eat it warm.

FASHIONS FOR JULY.

FIG. I.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF BLACK SILK. The bottom of the skirt is trimmed with two knife-plaited ruffles; above these are two Moliere puffs; the scarf-drapery is laid in plaits, and falls in loose puffs at the back; the bodice is pointed in the front and has a small coat-basque at the back, and is ornamented with white lace down the front and on the sleeves.

FIG. II.—EVENING-DRESS, OF LIGHT-YELLOW SILK. The petticoat-front is made of white satin, brocaded in peacocks' feathers; the skirt falls away on each side, is untrimmed, and caught in large puffs at the back; the bodice is made with a deep point at the back, but is less pointed in front; it is trimmed with lace and bows of ribbon; infant sleeves, trimmed with ribbon.

FIG. III.—MORNING-DRESS, OF WHITE NAINSOOK. The front is trimmed with rows of wide imitation lace, interspersed with pink bows; it is laid in straight plaits, lengthwise, and is ornamented with coquilles of pink ribbon; the front of the waist is shirred, has a deep lace ruffle which forms a

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collar, and is trimmed with lace and ribbon coquilles; puffed sleeves, trimmed with ribbon; ribbon sash, holding a pocket.

FIG. IV.—EVENING-DRESS, OF WHITE NUN'S-VEILING. Worn over a petticoat of white silk, brocaded in black; the bottom of the skirt is trimmed with a narrow knife-plaiting of white silk, headed by a narrower one of black; above this is a ruffle of white lace, embroidered in black; the overdress of nun's-veiling falls in sharp points at either side, and in a full, long drapery at the back; the scarf-tunic also forms drapery at the back, and helps to give the very full appearance now so much worn. The cuirass bodice is made low in the neck, and the lower edge is concealed by the scarf-drapery; the dress is trimmed down the front by two rows of black velvet, lined with white satin; below the tunic they form loops and ends, the latter being edged with black and white chenille fringe; the bertha is of black velvet. Long black kid gloves.

FIG. V.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF BLUE ALBATROSS. The skirt is trimmed with alternate plaits of the material and écru lace; the tunic is draped crosswise; the overdress has panier-fronts, and is draped rather short at the back; the bodice is open in front, has Grecian folds, which cross from left to right, and is finished by a waistband; collar and cuffs of écru lace.

FIG. VI.—EVENING-CLOAK, OF BLUE AND CREAM-COLORED BROCHÉ SILK, with a hood of blue foulard. The bottom is trimmed with vandykes of blue silk, and wide lace; the satin ribbon which falls below the hood is blue on one side and cream-color on the other.

FIGS. VII and VIII.—FRONT AND BACK OF VISITE MANTLE. This may be made of ottoman silk, cashmere, etc.; it is draped at the back, and cut to form square sleeves in front; it is trimmed with lace and passementerie.

FIG. IX.—SUMMER-MANTELET. The upper part, in the form of a close-fitting cape, is composed alternately of rows of black lace, and bands of black silk; it has a jabot of satin loops in front; the short square ends are added, and are of passementerie, and lace mounted on net.

FIGS. X and XI.—FRONT AND BACK OF MORNING-JACKET, OF ELECTRIC-BLUE FLANNEL, embroidered in white, or any color that may be deemed suitable. The edge is scalloped in buttonhole-stitch.

FIGS. XII and XIII.—BACK AND FRONT OF HOUSE-DRESS. The skirt is of plain dark-green silk; the bottom is bordered with a coquille ruche; above this are several rows of gathers; the skirt is loosely gathered, and falls over these gathers; it also has several rows of gathers just below the hips; the bodice and scarf-tunic, which forms paniers on the hips, are of dark-green foulard, spotted with white; the tunic terminates at the back with full drapery.

FIG. XIV.—GARDEN-PARTY DRESS, OF CREAM-COLORED FRENCH BUNTING. The Princess dress is trimmed with three flounces of the bunting, not made very full, and edged with cream-colored lace; a coquille of the lace extends from the neck to the top flounce; the half-sleeves are edged with the same lace, headed by a band of white satin ribbon; hat of muslin, trimmed with lace.

FIG. XV.—MOURNING-DRESS, OF BLACK IRON GRENADINE. The skirt is trimmed with plaitings and puffings, the pointed paniers are bordered with crèpe; the jacket bodice is also bordered with crèpe, and has a simulated waistcoat of crèpe; crèpe bonnet and veil.

FIG. XVI.—HAT, OF CLARET-COLORED STRAW, FACED WITH VELVET TO MATCH. A long Amazon claret-colored feather ornaments the brim, and a velvet band encircles the crown.

FIG. XVII.—BATHING-DRESS, OF MAROON-COLORED FLANNEL. It is gathered back and front, and the tops of the sleeves, as well as the trousers, are laid in plaits, and fastened across with ornamented straps.

FIG. XVIII.—BATHING-DRESS, OF DARK-BLUE SERGE. The bottom, the collar, and the sleeves are cut in tabs and bound with white.

GENERAL REMARKS.—There is little to be said, this month, in the way of general remarks, except to repeat substantially what was said in June.

Bonnets and Hats are still chosen for their becomingness, for almost anything can be worn that is fancied, though the large Gainsborough hat has gone out of fashion. Still there are some things, even in the old shapes. The brims have received the most attention, for they have been tortured into all sorts of attitudes, the most prominent being that with a point over the forehead. The pokes are in the ascendant, and those named "tip-tilted" very likely will carry the day. The trimming is massed on the top, and the new bows are called "cock's-comb," probably from the notches like those of the comb of a cock cut in the ends of the many pieces of narrow ribbon of which they are composed. The bows are so strapped down that these notched ends are left stiff and bristling. Narrow ribbons are again to the fore. They do duty as double strings, tied separately, and for these cock's-comb bows; their width varies from one to two inches, and they are reversible. One side is velvet, the other satin; or, again, one side is ottoman and the reverse satin. Eastern coloring pervades brocaded ribbons.

As to the colors in millinery, yellow decidedly dominates. There is the *pépite*, or light shade, patronized by Spanish women with their black lace, and it is the shade of their native gold. Then there is "mandarin-orange" and "dark-nasturtium," as well as all the intervening shades, and these yellows are oddly contrasted with gray or with dark-red, with green and pale-pink. Strawberry-red is now shown in eight different shades, and there is raspberry-red with a purple tinge. Then there is a new light bronze-green called *tige d'œillet*, or stem-of-pink green; also Judic shades, pinkish heliotrope, or dark-red purple, like amaranth and scabious shades. *Ananas*, or pine-apple, *cuir*, or leather-brown, and shades of blue in porcelain tints, in which gray has a large share. There are pure Sèvres blues and dark sapphires. Tortoiseshell and amber-headed pins, as well as buckles, ornament bonnets of all these colors.

The trimmings are laces, ribbons, flowers, pompons, marabout aigrettes, and ostrich-tips. The laces would require columns of description, for there are gold laces, white lace with gold thread, soutache lace, leather lace in guipure designs, made of silk and kid combined, colored laces of every shade, cashmere laces, and black, French, Spanish, and guipure laces. Flowers are massed together ungracefully, and a feature is made of thick stalks and stems, and even of thorns.

OUR PARIS LETTER.

RUE DES PETITS CHAMPS.

The latest novelties of the season are, of course, all as light and graceful as possible; and I speak of them particularly, because they will be useful as ideas for dresses for balls, etc., etc., at watering-places in America. They are all expressly designed for summer-wear. There are ball-dresses, floating vaporous clouds of white tulle, and others of a delicate peach-tint, in the same airy fabric. There are short costumes, in white gauze, figured with large spots of rose-red floss silk, and made up over underdresses of cream surah or satin Duchesse. There are graceful dresses, composed of short skirts of black Spanish lace, and corsages of jet, with black lace sleeves. This last toilette is one of Worth's latest inventions, and is a very novel and effective arrangement of the lace dresses that have been in vogue for so long. The corsage is of black net, interwoven thickly with small black bugles, and has side-pieces which continue down the sides of the skirt to the hem, the corsage being further ornamented with bows of satin ribbon. Lace is, in fact, very largely employed in all the new summer-toilettes. In the form of

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very full curved ruffles, it decorates the dinner and evening-dresses; it is used for trimming mantles and cloaks, and enters largely into the composition of bonnets for married ladies. Guipure and Spanish laces, and the heavy silk-embroidered laces, are most in vogue. Black lace is, of course, that which is employed for out-door or demi-toilette wear; but some very effective uses are contrived for white laces in the above varieties. There are white lace parasols, veritable sun-umbrellas for size, and white lace opera-cloaks. One of the prettiest of these last-named dainty novelties is in white lama lace, in the form of an ulster, lined throughout with rose-pink foulard, laid in plaits, and having an unlined hood of the lace. A lace scarf attaches this aerial garment at the throat. The same form, in black lace, lined with black, violet, or scarlet foulard, makes a charming wrap for carriage-wear at a watering-place.

The new summer wraps are either very long, or very short, pelisses and ulsters contending for favor with scarf-mantles and short dolmans. In the former style, the materials used are soft India cashmeres, lined with Florence or foulard silks, in gay contrasting colors. The mantles are usually black, and composed of heavy ottoman or ribbed silk, manufactured expressly for the purpose, and trimmed with a profusion of lace and jet. In dress materials, plaids are decidedly going out of favor, except the ever-popular shepherd's-plaids, and small neat checks, in two neutral shades. Some of the very stylish dressmakers still make up the large gay plaids for pale and slender young ladies, but they are by no means universally worn. Cashmeres, in large blocks of wine-color and gray, with large broché figures scattered over the groundwork, are much worn. The corsage is generally made of plain wine-colored cloth, if the costume is intended for street-wear. Worth has introduced a very novel and charming style for visiting-dresses, blending cashmere, silk brocaded in set stripes, and satin spotted with small velvet dots, in the same costume. The side-panels are of the velvet-spotted satin, the back of the skirt is in full draperies of cashmere, and the skirt-front and full narrow flounce finishing the short skirt are of the brocaded silk. The upper part of the satin panels is continued in a narrow scarf-shaped drapery across the upper part of the skirt-front, and is tied in a knot with long ends; these ends being finished with oval ornaments in passementerie. The greatest care must be taken in combining the colors in this singular and elegant costume. The one which was shown me had the side-panels in pale-green satin, spotted with white velvet, the cashmere draperies being in a darker shade of green, and the skirt-front in white ottoman silk, striped with a brocaded stripe in subdued cashmere colors. For carriage-wear, Worth has introduced an embroidered velvet, the pattern being sprays of leaves in gold and steel beads. These velvets come in the newest shades of blue and green, to match his latest costumes.

A good deal more fullness is shown in the skirts of dresses than has been the case for some seasons past. Some of the later toilettes show full flat plaits in the side-breadths. Others are made with very full gathered skirts, and short and very full panier overdresses. This last style is generally seen in the changeable silks figured with small velvet figures, which are amongst the novelties of the season.

Some extremely pretty and fantastic hats and bonnets have just been introduced for summer-wear. Amongst the latter is a capote-shape, entirely covered with artificial moss. The trimming is either a cluster of field-flowers, or else one of dandelions, intermixed with the round feathery heads of the plant when it has gone to seed. Another one had two small yellow-green apples, on a branch placed in front of the crown, the end of the branch being met by a knot of apple-blossoms at the side. These moss bonnets are extremely picturesque and pretty. The strings are usually of dark-green velvet. A full velvet puff is generally used to border the front of a crape or lace capote, and must match the color of the bonnet, except in the case of white lace dress-hats, when the velvet puff may match the hue of the ostrich-plumes and the velvet strings. The newest artificial flower of the season is the red clover, which, with its pretty trefoil leaves, is seen on many of the larger shapes in hats and bonnets of the season. A very large bunch of this new flower, set at one side of a black straw poke-bonnet, or broad-brimmed hat, has a very stylish effect. The new colored satin straws are trimmed with plumes matching them precisely in tint. There is a new shade of mignonette, a good deal paler and more green than the grayish-green formerly known by that name, which is especially charming in these hats. Hats in the pale hanneton-brown are often trimmed with dark-brown feathers, and lined with dark-brown velvet. The new shades of pink are much deeper than the older ones, and are very beautiful, having a delicate bluish cast. The latest tint of blue is called the "summer midnight," and is a very dark and very lovely shade of marine-blue.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—GIRL'S DRESS. The kilt-plaited skirt is of dark-blue bunting; the waist is of Jersey cloth, very thin; a scarf of the bunting conceals the edge of the Jersey, which has an anchor embroidered on it in front; band and cuffs of dark-blue velvet; sailor hat, faced with blue.

FIG. II.—LITTLE GIRL'S DRESS, OF PLAID POPLIN. The skirt has a narrow knife-plaiting on the bottom; above this is a row of embroidery, above which is a gathered puffing of the poplin; the body is laid in five perpendicular plaits, back and front; large embroidered collar, and sleeves with cuffs of embroidery; white straw hat, trimmed with velvet and a white plume.

FIG. III.—SAILOR-SUIT, MADE OF NAVY-BLUE SERGE, and trimmed with white worsted braid; the deep blouse has a narrow ruffle at the bottom, and opens over a striped woven Jersey, and has a large pointed collar; the stockings match the Jersey; sailor hat.

FIG. IV.—BOY'S SAILOR-SUIT, OF DARK-BLUE FLANNEL. The trousers are not made very full; the sailor-shirt has a square collar, and opens over a woven Jersey; the whole is trimmed with narrow white braid.

FIG. V.—BATHING-SUIT, FOR A CHILD. It is made of dark-blue flannel, has a red sash around the waist, and is trimmed with red braid.

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THE PIC-NIC.

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ON THE BRIDGE. [*See the Story, "An Idyl of Lake George."*]

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CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR AUGUST. CHILD'S BONNET.

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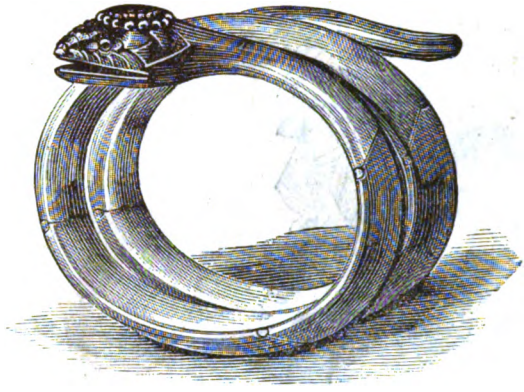

NEW STYLE SUMMER BODICE. SERPENT BRACELET IN SILVER.

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DRESSING-JACKET: BACK AND FRONT. LATEST STYLE BONNET.

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EVENING-DRESSES.

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GARDEN-PARTY DRESS. NEW STYLE WALKING-DRESS.

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ART EMBROIDERY: TABLE-COVER BORDERS, ETC., ETC.

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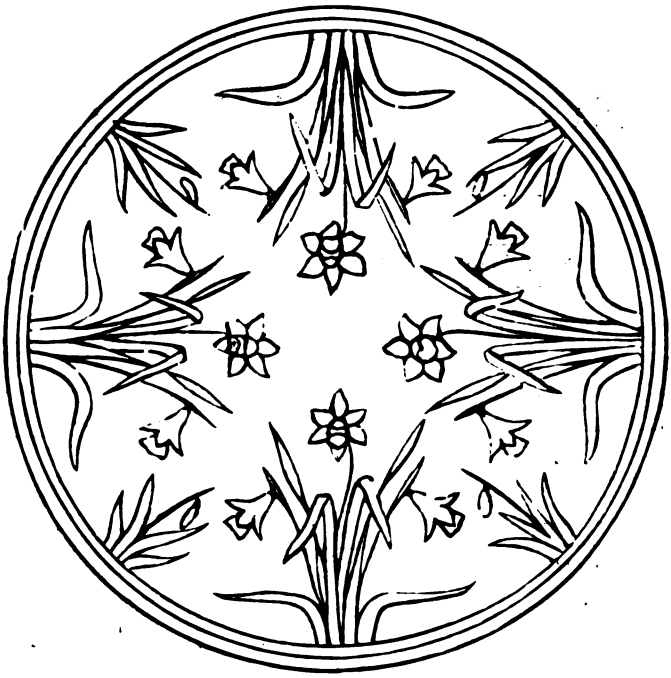

ART EMBROIDERY: FOOT-STOOL, TABLE-COVER CORNER, SMALL DESIGN.

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ANGEL'S GREETING.

For One or Two Voices, ad lib.

As Published by SEP. WINNER & SON, 1007 Spring Garden St., Philadelphia.

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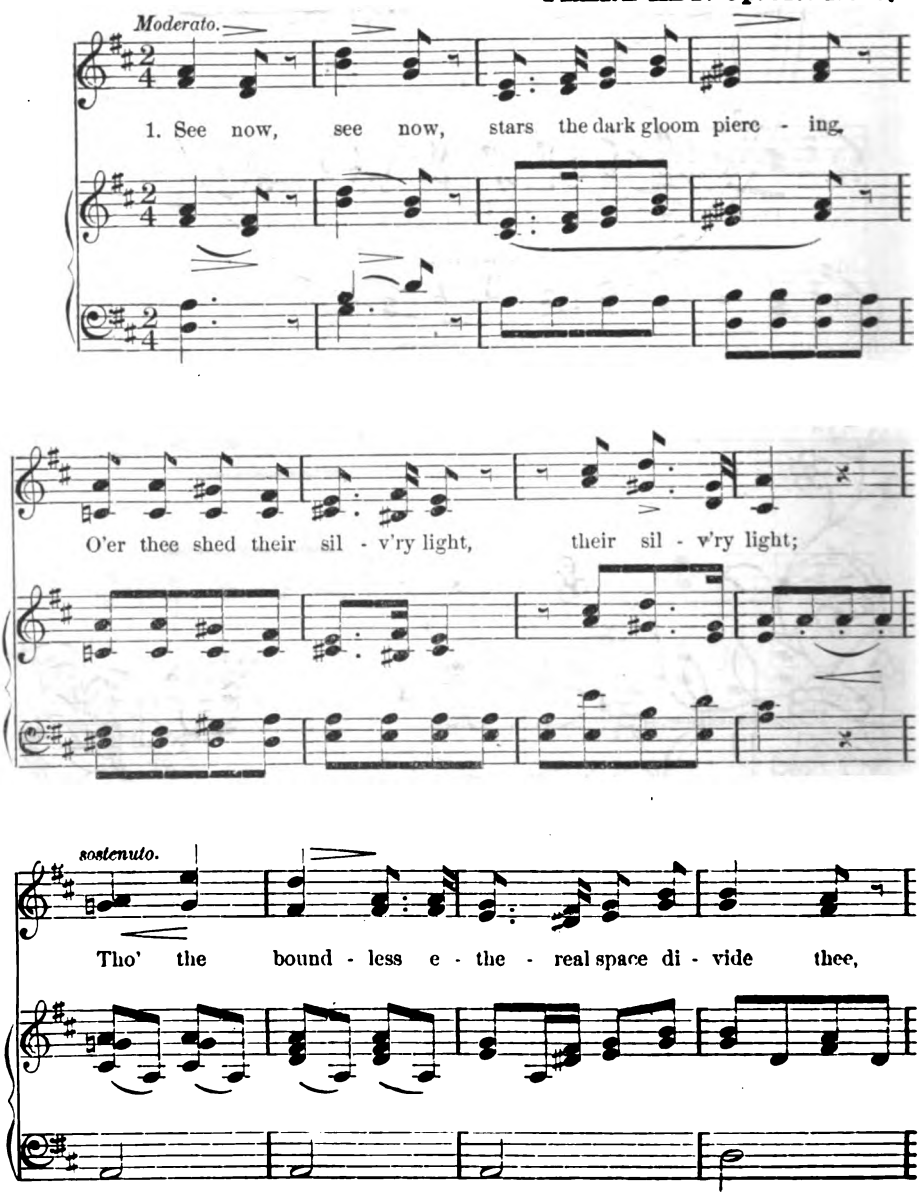

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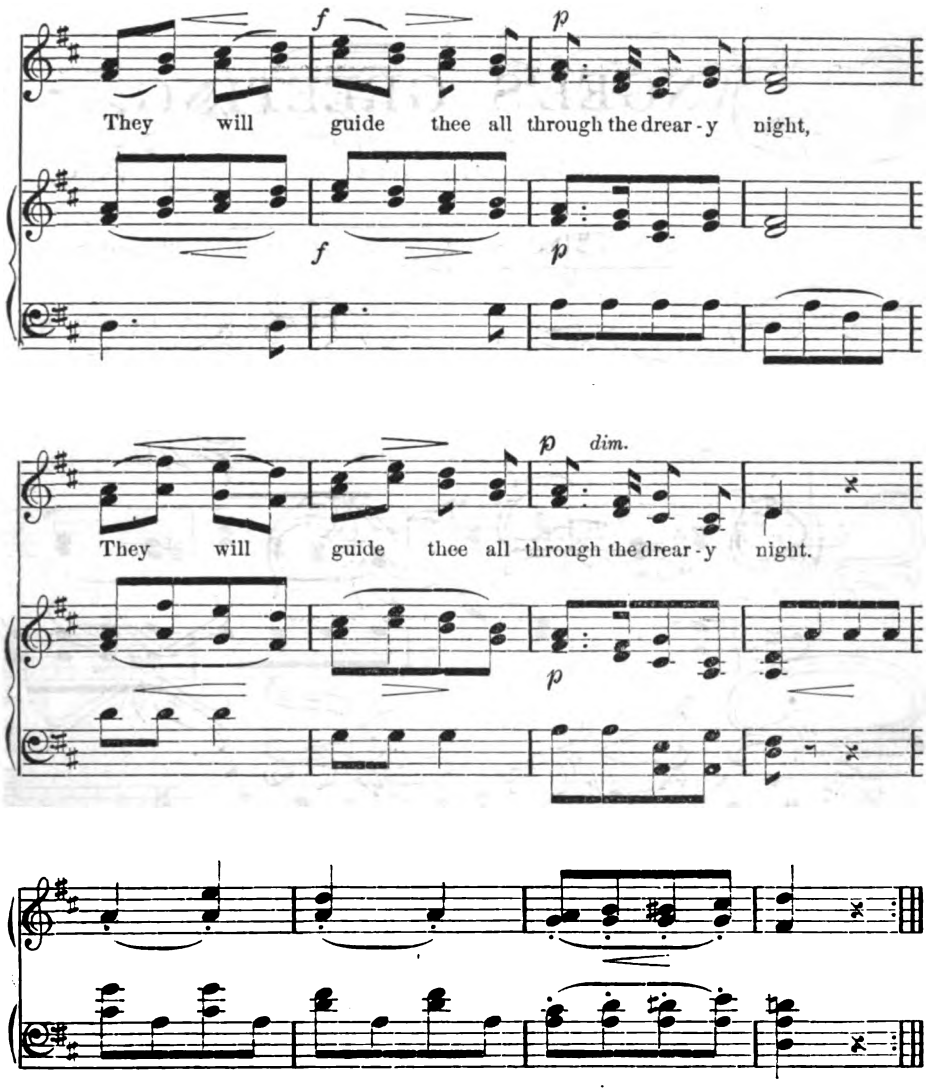

2.

See now, see now, how yon star is twinkling,
On its beams so soft and clear, so soft and clear!
Guardian angels send thee holy greetings,
Thy sad heart and thy trembling soul to cheer.

3.

See now, see now, how the stars are flashing!
Angels beckon thee away, far, far away;
And their beacons bright they'll still keep burning,
Till o'er thee breaketh the long'd-for dawn of Day.

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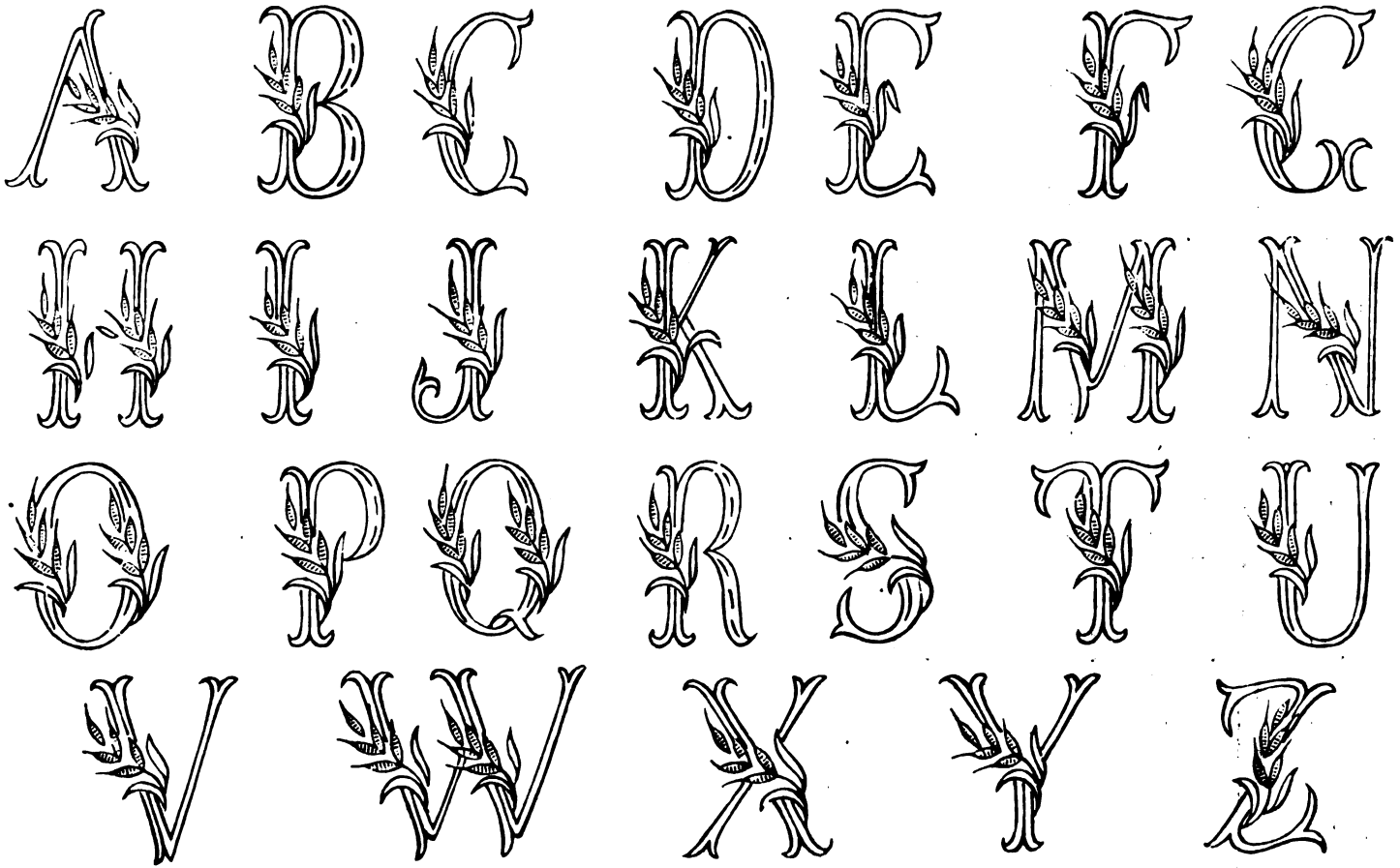

ALPHABET FOR MARKING.

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXXXIV. PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST, 1883. No. 2.

JOSEPHINE AND I.

BY MARY E. BRUSH.

MAY 30th, 1879.

I AIN'T, but ma is, and Josephine is—sentimental, I mean. We're all like buttons. Ma is a big, fat, velvet one, crocheted over with silk. Josephine is like a mother-of-pearl one—smooth and shiny, and differently colored in different lights. I'm nothing but a common agate—homely, but strong.

Josephine can play the "Maiden's Prayer," on the piano. I can't. Never could. "Maiden's Prayer," nor anybody else's. Fingers too pudgy. But I can make nice white bread, and broil a beefsteak. But I like music, too. There's nothing sweeter, I think, than the trills and chipperings of the birds, about four o'clock, of a fresh June morning. Yes, I like that. I don't like opera. Ma says it's because my tastes are gross. Perhaps they are. But she never got up early enough to hear the birds. Neither did Josephine.

I'm not one bit like Josephine. She is really beautiful; with an exquisite pink and white complexion, fine eyes, and chestnut hair.

I am a little taller, but not otherwise remarkable. Nobody pretends I am pretty. I don't think I am, myself. I have a tanned complexion. (Ma says that is a sign that I'm not refined.) My hair is rather brown, but curly; and never looks well if worn in the fashionable way—at least, Josephine says so. I haven't Josephine's sliding grace—I'm quick and jerky in my movements.

By the way, ma is my stepmother, and Josephine not my real sister. Pa went, one summer, to Saratoga, and came home, quite unexpected, with a new wife, and her twelve-year-old daughter.

I was out in the front yard, making mud-pies. I was only six years old then. I was glad to have a new mother, and ran to meet her with outstretched arms. She shoved me off with her parasol. Said I was "piggishly dirty." Expect I was. Making mud-pies isn't conducive to cleanliness. But I went behind the wood-pile and cried. Somehow, after that, things seemed different. The blue sky was never as blue again.

Poor pa didn't dare to oppose his new bride in anything. Sometimes, when he feebly remonstrated at some whim or unnecessary extravagance, ma would strike an attitude, and with flashing eyes would haughtily allude to her "family." She prided herself on "family," but why I could never tell, unless it was because she had nothing else to pride herself on. Then she would burst into weeping, and sob about her present ignoble condition. Do what he would, pa could never please her. So, finally, he tried dying. When he died, and his affairs were settled, it was found that he hadn't left a cent. Only the house and lot were left, and that was because they were mine, having come to me from my mother.

How could we live? I mildly suggested to ma that Josephine could turn her music to good account. Pa had let her take music-lessons for

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seven years. Ma cast on me a withering glance. "Never," she said, impressively, "should one of her 'family' sink into a music-teacher, or a professional of any kind." I shrunk back, feeling that my innocent proposition had been a criminal offense.

Finally, to support us three, I took boarders. That's what I'm doing now. We have eight boarders—six who drop in for their meals, and two who lodge besides. I oversee everything; help in the kitchen; do the fine ironing: and am maid-of-all-work. Ma dusts the parlor, and talks to the boarders. Josephine fixes the bouquets, and talks to the boarders—I mean, especially, to Mr. Howard Grafton. She says he is a regular Childe Harold. I admitted he had handsome eyes—great black eyes. It was one day, as I stood in the back porch, under the honeysuckle-vine. Josephine was dressed for a walk, with a pretty fichu on, and a coquettish hat, turned up at the brim; and she had come there to say she would probably stay for tea at a friend's. As I said this about Howard Grafton's eyes, she laughed scornfully at me. "Ah! set your cap for him—do!" says she. "He'll be sure to like a gawky girl like you—one who detests poetry, and all refinement."

I ain't a granny-dear—don't expect to be one—not for years. And I do like poetry. Some kinds, but not twaddle. And Josephine needn't make such ugly remarks. If I made half the fuss over Mr. Howard that she does, then she might talk. All I do is, twice a week, to make his favorite snow-pudding. There's nothing very sentimental in all that, I'm sure.

And besides, Mr. Howard takes no more notice of me than he does of our old tabby-cat. Nobody takes much notice of me, though—only Howard's Uncle David. He isn't so old—forty-four. His face is homely, but it's honest-looking and kind. He talks to me, sometimes, and he brings me new magazines; and once he ordered a new kind of rose-bush that he heard me say I liked. So I feel that he is my friend. It's very nice to have a friend.

He brought up Mr. Howard. Educated him; and will make him his heir, folks say. And Mr. Grafton is very wealthy. But he isn't a bit stuck-up. He helped me put down the parlor

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carpet, the other day. He was going by the door, and saw me crying. I don't cry very often, but this time I had thumped my thumb with the hammer. It's turned purple—my nail, I mean. I always get things mixed. Thought that it would improve me if I wrote a journal. I'd like to improve. But I ain't intellectual a bit, Josephine says. She is. She belongs to a young ladies' literary society. It's called "*Les filles de Minerve:*" the daughters of Minerva, Mr. Grafton told me it meant.

Minerva is that stern-looking woman, with a funny cap on her head, and a glum-looking owl beside her.

JUNE 20th, 1879.

The strangest thing happened today, and I hardly know whether I am dreaming or not.

I am an heiress—just think of it. The way it came about was this: We were all at dinner. I felt out of sorts. The market boy had been late with the vegetables, and the meat wouldn't roast tender; besides, I had had a bother, making currant jelly. So that when I sat down to the table I felt hot, worried, and disgusted with everything, and had about made up my mind that the most desirable thing for me was a small hole to crawl away and die in.

While we were eating, the postman came, bringing some business letters for Mr. David, a novel for Josephine, and a yellow envelope for me

Ma's eyebrows curved in surprise. So did Josephine's.

"I declare, it looks as though Miss Jem had a returned manuscript. Didn't know you were literary," said Mr. Howard.

Josephine giggled wickedly.

"Perhaps it's a proposal," she said.

Meanwhile, I read the letter. At first I couldn't understand it. Then I became conscious that it announced to me the death of Hiram Higgins, pa's uncle, and as I was "nearest of

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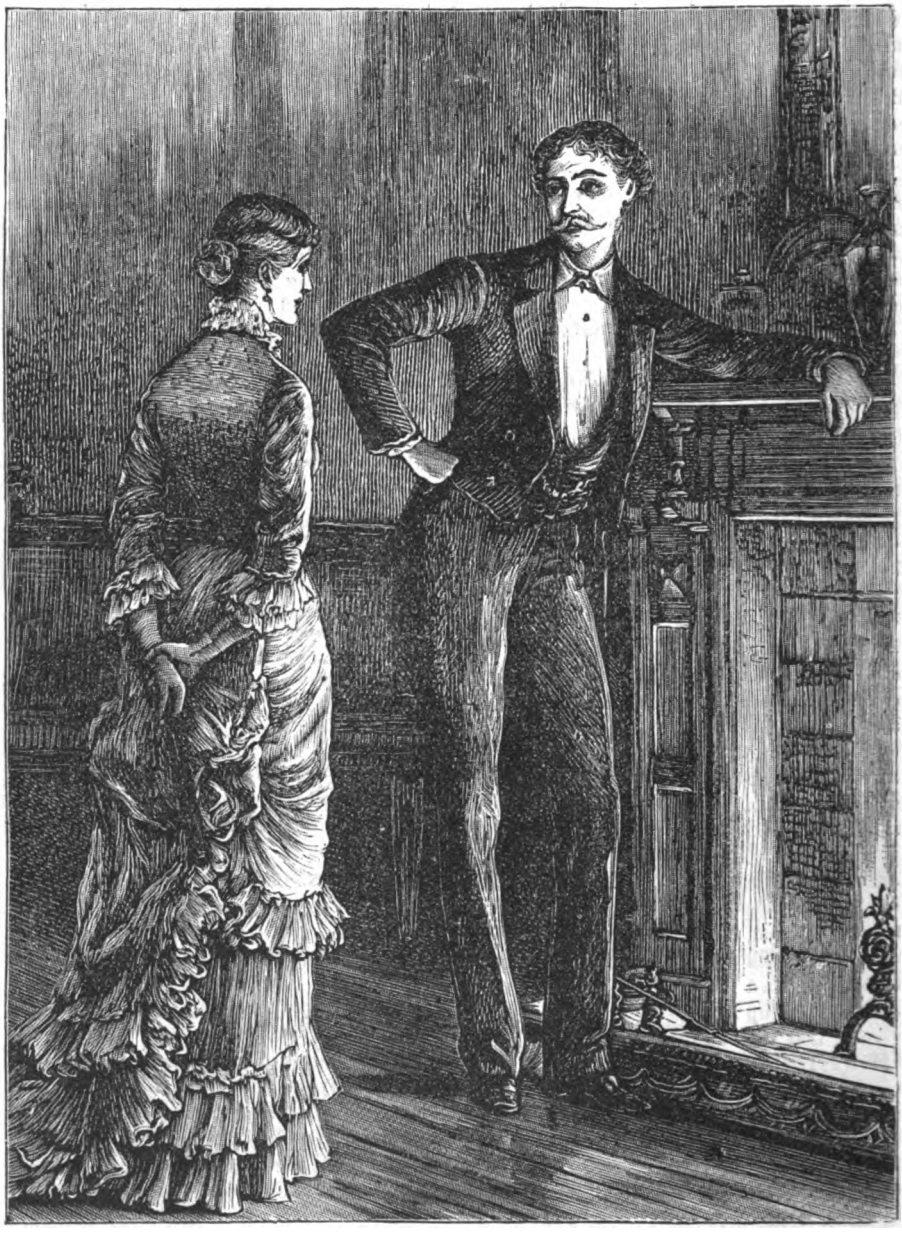
kin," as the lawyer wrote, I had become sole heir to his property, valued at forty thousand dollars.

I jumped up. I couldn't help it. "No more roasting myself over the stove, now that I am an heiress!" I cried.

Ma put her handkerchief to her eyes, and said plaintively:



"Strange that we should be forgotten. Your Uncle Hiram was poor dear Josephine's uncle, too."

"Not by blood," I said, bluntly, and I thought how, years before, when pa was alive, and Uncle Hi visited us, how ma had snubbed him, and said that she'd rather have a downright villain sit at our table, than a man who used his knife instead of his fork.

"What are you going to do now, Miss Jem?"

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said Mr. Howard, and he added, pleadingly: "Not turn us out, I hope."

"No," I said, "I'll hire Martha Blount to do the work for me."

"And, my child," said Mr. David, looking kindly at me from behind his spectacles, "now you will have plenty of time for rest and study. I am heartily glad for your sake."

JULY 8th, 1879.

Another strange thing has happened. It's been happening, for nearly four weeks. Mr. Howard has been so attentive to me. He's taken me to concerts, walked out with me, read to me, and, this afternoon, asked me to go driving with him.

Oh, how happy I am. These past days have seemed like fairy-land.

Well, I went out with Howard. Wore my new grenadine. It's silver-gray, with a black velvet stripe; and I had, really, a pretty hat.

Josephine said that I looked like a star actress. Too gay, I suppose she meant. But I hadn't a bit of color about me, only a few red roses in my belt and the white and red buds on my hat. Not half so gay as she looked when once, this very summer, she went out driving, and wore a white muslin, all ruffled (it took me two hours to iron it), with a bright Roman sash, and a wreath of gay verbenas on her hat. So I didn't feel worried by her remark.

She's very thorny, lately. Ever since I got the money. And I've really tried to be friendly with her, because I've felt good-natured with all the world. But she snubs me dreadfully, and ma looks severely at me. I'm sure I don't know how I've offended them, unless it is because I've accepted attentions from Howard. Can I be blamed for that? He loves me. He wants me to be his wife. He told me so this very afternoon; and that is the strange thing I was going to tell you.

JULY 30th, 1879.

I've been standing before my glass this half-hour, pretending to be doing up my hair, but really thinking. Yes, thinking it all over, and wondering if I am really so plain, that nobody will ever love me for myself.

Yes, it's all over. The fairy-tale is done. The clock has struck, and I've come back again, another disenchanted Cinderella. I have been to the ball, danced with the prince, but now I must return to my rags and ashes.

I was busy all day, and to-night is the first spare time I have had. I have put away my wedding dress—or what was to have been that—but the dressmaker's shears have never made a cut in the creamy silk, and so I've laid it away amid sprigs of lavender and sprinklings of dried rose-leaves. I shall be buried in it. I feel ten years older than I did last week—ten years older—and a great deal sadder. My money has gone—my faithless lover followed—it was all he cared for.

Two days ago, I received a letter, saying that the direct heir to Uncle Hiram's property, his son, in fact, who was supposed to have been lost at sea, had returned and laid claim to the estate. His right was undisputable. I had to give up the money. He acted very generously, though. Would take nothing of the four hundred dollars I had drawn out of the bank. Mr. David, I think, wrote to him.

When the letter came, telling me of my loss, I handed it to Howard. He read it, and then, without saying a word, left the house. He hasn't come back, but this morning I got a note, saying that—well, you may read it:

"DEAR MISS JEMIMA:

I trust that you will not think me fickle or false, but I am compelled to say that I think our engagement had better be broken off. I find that we are not congenial, and a union, under such circumstances, would cause mutual unhappiness. Although you will not be my wife, I trust you will ever be the friend of

Yours sincerely,

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And that's the end! Ma and Josephine toss their heads, and say cutting things. It's torture! I'd run away, if it were not for Mr. David. He's kind, and tries to make rough places smooth. But for all that, my heart aches—aches!

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I had not supposed I could suffer more. But we never know. To-day, just at dusk, I chanced to go into the little room at the back of the hall, opening out of the large parlor. The gas was not yet lit, and the only light came from the fire. All at once my attention was arrested by voices. I glanced into the larger room, and saw Josephine standing opposite to Howard Grafton, who was leaning on the mantelpiece. He was engaged, I knew, to dine out, and was already in evening-dress.

"But I never loved her," he was saying, vehemently, "even when I was engaged to her. It was you I loved all the while. Do not refuse me, darling, on that account. I was wrong, I must acknowledge. But I could not afford to marry, unless I married someone with money.

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Now, as I tell you, my uncle has settled a fair income on me, and there is nothing to prevent our being happy. Yes, reproach me if you will; but consider also."

I could bear no more. I had been surprised into listening so far, but now I stole noiselessly away. I had drunk of the cup of mortification to its lowest dregs.

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Strange as it may seem, I felt thankful, now, that I was not going to marry him. Sour grapes? No. But I am glad that I escaped the fearful fate of being married for money. The blow was sharp, at first; but oh, what an escape I have made.

Well, now they're gone, gay and happy. I dressed the bride, baked the cake, and packed the trunks. All the wedding disorder is already cleared away, and ma has lain down for a nap. I must go out in the garden and dig up some lily-of-the-valley roots, for winter blossoming.

Oh dear! what a baby I am to be crying. But I can't help it. I've kept in so long, that now, when everything is over, I break down, in spite of myself. If I only knew that there was just one person in the world who cared for me, I'd be so happy.

There! In all the confusion I've forgotten something. Just before going to New York, Mr. David asked me to mail a letter which he said I would find on his desk. I'll hurry and get it this very minute. How careless I was. It may be something important.

"Miss Jemima Jerrold!" Who? Myself? Directed to me! What can it mean? I'll open it and see. Queer!

"DEAR MISS JEMIMA:

Will you hate me after you have read these words? I hope not. I am a gruff old fellow, not handsome, nor dashing, and no mate for a young girl like you, yet, strange as it may appear, I love you—I love you!

It's no sudden passion, either. For two years I've watched you, poor sorrowful little maid, and my heart has gone out in your keeping. Will you take it, child? I have seen how you have been imposed upon, and that it has made you think you are really ugly. Dear, you are handsome, with the beauty of mind and heart, if you but knew it. Others say so besides myself.

If your answer be yes, when I return, on Thanksgiving, I shall expect to see you wear a sprig of heliotrope—I saw this morning that your plant was budding. If the sprig is missing, I shall know that you do not care for

Your friend,

DAVID GRAFTON."

THANKSGIVING, 1879.

Thanksgiving. The first snow of the season came this morning, but the day has been pleasant, for all that. Night has settled down upon us in a comfortable way. Out in the dining-room the table is spread. The turkey is browned to a turn, the mashed potatoes look like a ball of snow, the cranberry jelly is like a big, red ruby; Mr. David is so fond of cranberry jelly.

I expect him every minute—and—and, there's heliotrope in my hair.

L'INGÉNUE.

BY L. DUPONT LYLE.

Dost know my Mary Davidson,
  Wi' modest eyes and true,
Which gleam as when the sun shines on
  Some violet tipped with dew?
Half child, half woman: with a look
  Of wisdom innocent.
She cons her story in life's book,
  And smiles, therewith content.
Pas au jour
Mais toujours,
Oh! C'est une ingénue!

But now, of twenty summer years
  The fruit she's plucked, 't might seem;
Anon, so naïve she appears,
  You'd swear 'twas but sixteen.
I pray she may be ever so,
  And, in the by-and-bye,
From out her heart may n'er depart
  That charm which makes me cry.
O ciel,
Quelle belle,
Quelle jolie ingénue!

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AN IDYL OF LAKE GEORGE.

BY CARRIE W. CRAPO.

HULDA AINSWORTH folds her letter.

"Is it always my lot to be disappointed?" she sighs. "I will read again what the dear boy writes."

"CAMP RICHMOND, MAY 20th, 1876.

DEAREST HULDA:

You know, darling, how we have been longing for the summer, and my expected furlough. But, alas! cruel fate. Captain Osborn entered my tent, this morning, saying: 'Bad news, Rockwell. The General has put your furlough off a year. Elmer, who has not been away for six years, goes in your place. Awfully sorry for you, old boy. By Jove! it's hard on the little girl you are engaged to.' And he left me to grieve over my troubles.

Directly, Elmer came in for a smoke. 'What's up, old fellow?' he exclaimed: 'You look like a thunder-cloud. Is the storm about to descend?' I answered, and, I am afraid, a little crossly: 'The General has put off my furlough a year, on account of yours. Why the deuce do you go this summer? Hulda and I were to have been so happy, these last months of our engagement, and now—' He interrupted me. 'Tom, old friend,' he said, 'I did not know that my going would interfere with you. I will give it up for another year. I have no sweetheart. Go, and be happy with Miss Hulda; I will wait.'

Is he not generous? Decide for me, sweet. Shall we accept Ralph's noble sacrifice?

Your devoted but troubled lover,

TOM."

"Man-like, he leaves it for me to decide," said Hulda. "How can I be so cruel and selfish, and think only of our happiness? Of course, Major Elmer has no sweetheart, as my poor Tom has. I would like to know him. He must be a grand fellow."

The next day, she writes:

"If I had the wings of a dove, I would fly to thee, my own true heart. But it would not do to accept the generous sacrifice of your friend. My heart is broken, and the summer is ruined. Good-by to our moonlight vows. My own true love, farewell, farewell. Your own

HULDA."

Some weeks later, as the train steamed into the forlorn little station at Glen's Falls, the Ainsworth family were seen descending upon the platform—baby, nurse, boxes, canoe, etc., etc.

A visitor at Lake George remembers the grand stampede for outside seats upon the coaches, that takes place at Glen's Falls. As usual, the crowd rushed frantically. Harry Ainsworth secured seats for all his party, calling: "This way, Hulda. I've got the boss coach."

"Me want to get up, too, and drive circus-horses, with Harry," cries Totty, at the top of her shrill little voice.

"Hush, Totty. There is no room for you, sweetheart," says Hulda. "Go inside, with Jane. Mamma said so, and she knows what is best for her little girl. Jane will tell you such pretty stories."

But Totty would not consent to this, but made the air hideous with shrieks, as she threw herself in the dust and began kicking.

"Look here, Tot," said Hulda, desiring to avoid a scene; "be a good girl, and you shall have my seat."

It was like Hulda, however, to be self-forgetful: she was always thinking of others' pleasure. So, evidently, thought one of the coaching party—a military-looking man, of middle age, with a handsome, good-natured face.

He addressed his neighbor, and said: "Can we not make room for the young lady on our seat? I think it quite wide enough for four."

So it was arranged; the driver snapped his whip; the horses started with a snort; the coach rattled down the plank road.

At every new beauty in the landscape, Harry burst into exclamations of rapture. "We go faster than on my bicycle: it is awfully jolly," he cried.

Hulda's neighbor was amused.

"It is many years since I have taken a bicycle ride," he said, turning towards Hulda, "and I am rather overgrown to begin again."

Directly they met some boys, who stood at the roadside, with water-lilies for sale.

"How beautiful," Hulda exclaims, as one of the boys flings up quite a number, that fall in a shower upon her.

"They are perfect," her neighbor continues, and gathering them in a neat bunch, he presents them with an elaborate bow, at the same

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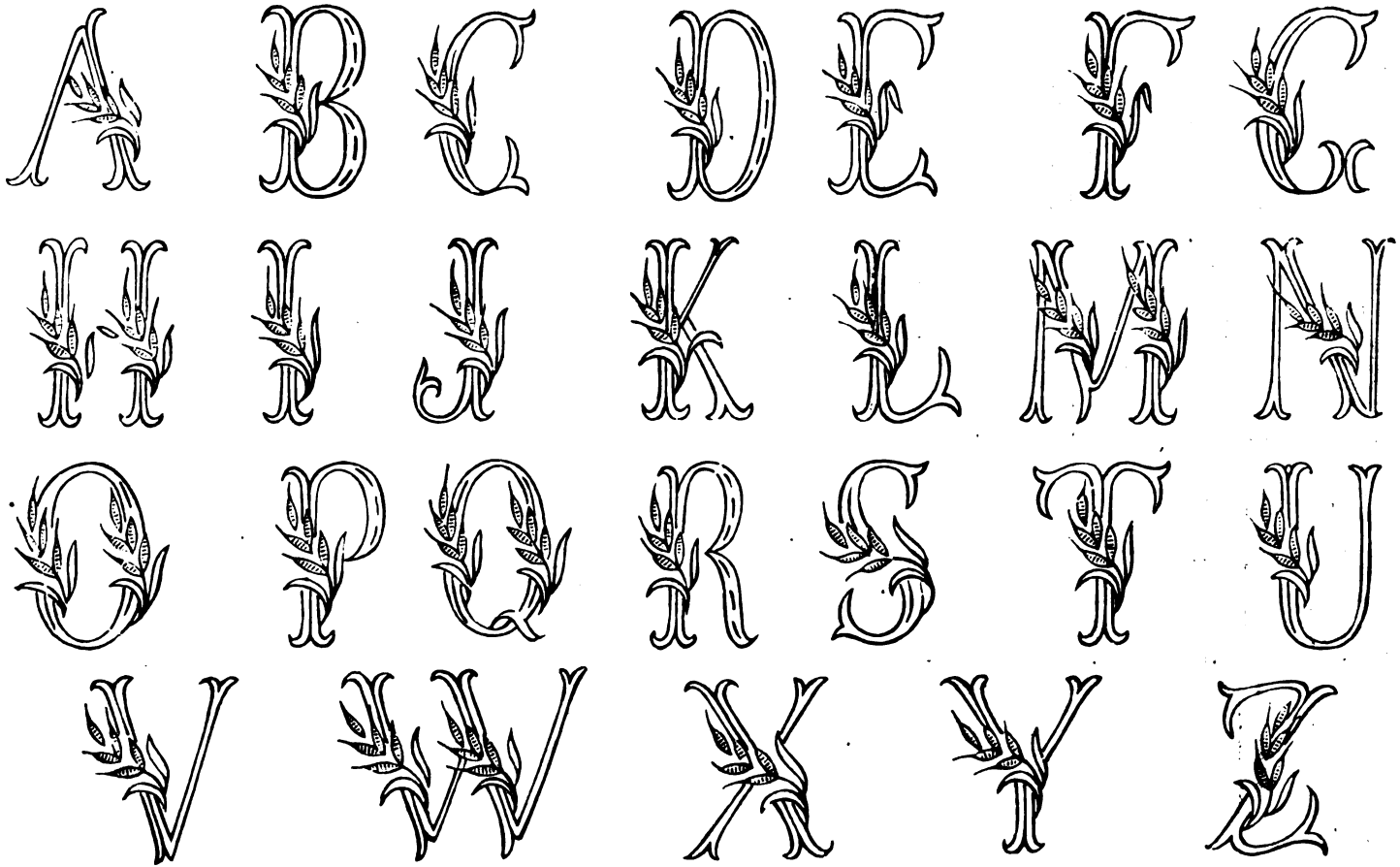

ALPHABET FOR MARKING.

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXXXIV. PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST, 1883. No. 2

JOSEPHINE AND I.

BY MARY E. BRUSH.

MAY 30th, 1879.

I AIN'T, but ma is, and Josephine is—sentimental, I mean. We're all like buttons. Ma is a big, fat, velvet one, crocheted over with silk. Josephine is like a mother-of-pearl one—smooth and shiny, and differently colored in different lights. I'm nothing but a common agate—homely, but strong.

Josephine can play the "Maiden's Prayer," on the piano. I can't. Never could. "Maiden's Prayer," nor anybody else's. Fingers too pudgy. But I can make nice white bread, and broil a beefsteak. But I like music, too. There's nothing sweeter, I think, than the trills and chipperings of the birds, about four o'clock, of a fresh June morning. Yes, I like that. I don't like opera. Ma says it's because my tastes are gross. Perhaps they are. But she never got up early enough to hear the birds. Neither did Josephine.

I'm not one bit like Josephine. She is really beautiful; with an exquisite pink and white complexion, fine eyes, and chestnut hair.

I am a little taller, but not otherwise remarkable. Nobody pretends I am pretty. I don't think I am, myself. I have a tanned complexion. (Ma says that is a sign that I'm not refined.) My hair is rather brown, but curly; and never looks well if worn in the fashionable way—at least, Josephine says so. I haven't Josephine's sliding grace—I'm quick and jerky in my movements.

By the way, ma is my stepmother, and Josephine not my real sister. Pa went, one summer, to Saratoga, and came home, quite unexpected, with a new wife, and her twelve-year-old daughter.

I was out in the front yard, making mud-pies. I was only six years old then. I was glad to have a new mother, and ran to meet her with outstretched arms. She shoved me off with her parasol. Said I was "piggishly dirty." Expect I was. Making mud-pies isn't conducive to cleanliness. But I went behind the wood-pile and cried. Somehow, after that, things seemed different. The blue sky was never as blue again.

Poor pa didn't dare to oppose his new bride in anything. Sometimes, when he feebly remonstrated at some whim or unnecessary extravagance, ma would strike an attitude, and with flashing eyes would haughtily allude to her "family." She prided herself on "family," but why I could never tell, unless it was because she had nothing else to pride herself on. Then she would burst into weeping, and sob about her present ignoble condition. Do what he would, pa could never please her. So, finally, he tried dying. When he died, and his affairs were settled, it was found that he hadn't left a cent. Only the house and lot were left, and that was because they were mine, having come to me from my mother.

How could we live? I mildly suggested to ma that Josephine could turn her music to good account. Pa had let her take music-lessons for

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seven years. Ma cast on me a withering glance. "Never," she said, impressively, "should one of her 'family' sink into a music-teacher, or a professional of any kind." I shrunk back, feeling that my innocent proposition had been a criminal offense.

Finally, to support us three, I took boarders. That's what I'm doing now. We have eight boarders—six who drop in for their meals, and two who lodge besides. I oversee everything; help in the kitchen; do the fine ironing: and am maid-of-all-work. Ma dusts the parlor, and talks to the boarders. Josephine fixes the bouquets, and talks to the boarders—I mean, especially, to Mr. Howard Grafton. She says he is a regular Childe Harold. I admitted he had handsome eyes—great black eyes. It was one day, as I stood in the back porch, under the honeysuckle-vine. Josephine was dressed for a walk, with a pretty fichu on, and a coquettish hat, turned up at the brim; and she had come there to say she would probably stay for tea at a friend's. As I said this about Howard Grafton's eyes, she laughed scornfully at me. "Ah! set your cap for him—do!" says she. "He'll be sure to like a gawky girl like you—one who detests poetry, and all refinement."

I ain't a granny-dear—don't expect to be one—not for years. And I do like poetry. Some kinds, but not twaddle. And Josephine needn't make such ugly remarks. If I made half the fuss over Mr. Howard that she does, then she might talk. All I do is, twice a week, to make his favorite snow-pudding. There's nothing very sentimental in all that, I'm sure.

And besides, Mr. Howard takes no more notice of me than he does of our old tabby-cat. Nobody takes much notice of me, though—only Howard's Uncle David. He isn't so old—forty-four. His face is homely, but it's honest-looking and kind. He talks to me, sometimes, and he brings me new magazines; and once he ordered a new kind of rose-bush that he heard me say I liked. So I feel that he is my friend. It's very nice to have a friend.

He brought up Mr. Howard. Educated him; and will make him his heir, folks say. And Mr. Grafton is very wealthy. But he isn't a bit stuck-up. He helped me put down the parlor

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carpet, the other day. He was going by the door, and saw me crying. I don't cry very often, but this time I had thumped my thumb with the hammer. It's turned purple—my nail, I mean. I always get things mixed. Thought that it would improve me if I wrote a journal. I'd like to improve. But I ain't intellectual a bit, Josephine says. She is. She belongs to a young ladies' literary society. It's called "*Les filles de Minerve:*" the daughters of Minerva, Mr. Grafton told me it meant.

Minerva is that stern-looking woman, with a funny cap on her head, and a glum-looking owl beside her.

JUNE 20th, 1879.

The strangest thing happened today, and I hardly know whether I am dreaming or not.

I am an heiress—just think of it. The way it came about was this: We were all at dinner. I felt out of sorts. The market boy had been late with the vegetables, and the meat wouldn't roast tender; besides, I had had a bother, making currant jelly. So that when I sat down to the table I felt hot, worried, and disgusted with everything, and had about made up my mind that the most desirable thing for me was a small hole to crawl away and die in.

While we were eating, the postman came, bringing some business letters for Mr. David, a novel for Josephine, and a yellow envelope for me

Ma's eyebrows curved in surprise. So did Josephine's.

"I declare, it looks as though Miss Jem had a returned manuscript. Didn't know you were literary," said Mr. Howard.

Josephine giggled wickedly.

"Perhaps it's a proposal," she said.

Meanwhile, I read the letter. At first I couldn't understand it. Then I became conscious that it announced to me the death of Hiram Higgins, pa's uncle, and as I was "nearest of

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kin," as the lawyer wrote, I had become sole heir to his property, valued at forty thousand dollars.

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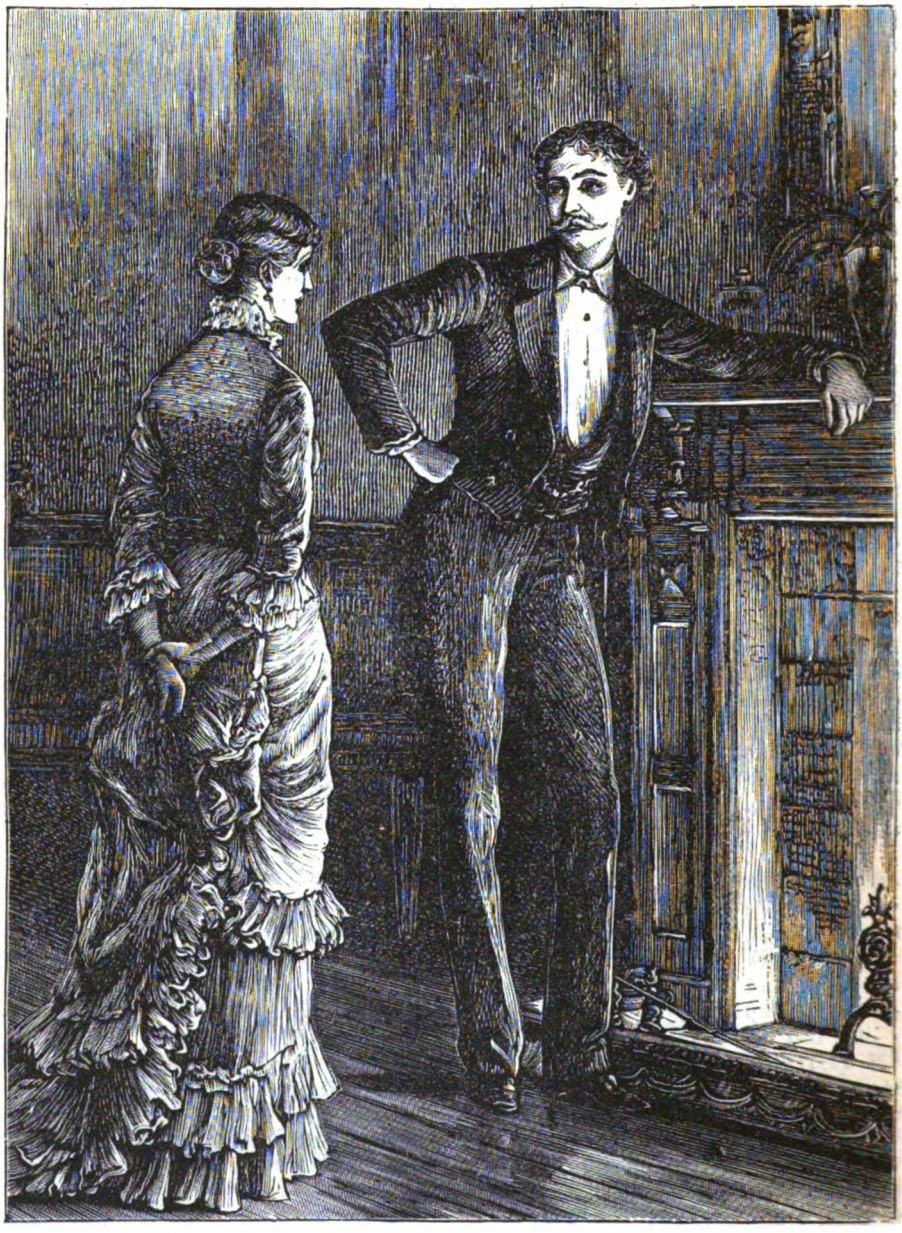

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Will you hate me after you have read these words? I hope not. I am a gruff old fellow, not handsome, nor dashing, and no mate for a young girl like you, yet, strange as it may appear, I love you—I love you!

It's no sudden passion, either. For two years I've watched you, poor sorrowful little maid, and my heart has gone out in your keeping. Will you take it, child? I have seen how you have been imposed upon, and that it has made you think you are really ugly. Dear, you are handsome, with the beauty of mind and heart, if you but knew it. Others say so besides myself.

If your answer be yes, when I return, on Thanksgiving, I shall expect to see you wear a sprig of heliotrope—I saw this morning that your plant was budding. If the sprig is missing, I shall know that you do not care for

Your friend,

DAVID GRAFTON."

THANKSGIVING, 1879.

Thanksgiving. The first snow of the season came this morning, but the day has been pleasant, for all that. Night has settled down upon us in a comfortable way. Out in the dining-room the table is spread. The turkey is browned to a turn, the mashed potatoes look like a ball of snow, the cranberry jelly is like a big, red ruby; Mr. David is so fond of cranberry jelly.

I expect him every minute—and—and, there's heliotrope in my hair.

L'INGÉNUE.

BY L. DUPONT LYLE.

Dost know my Mary Davidson,
Wi' modest eyes and true,
Which gleam as when the sun shines on
Some violet tipped with dew?
Half child, half woman: with a look
Of wisdom innocent.
She cons her story in life's book,
And smiles, therewith content.
Pas au jour
Mais toujours,
Oh! C'est une ingénue!

But now, of twenty summer years
The fruit she's plucked, 't might seem;
Anon, so naïve she appears,
You'd swear 'twas but sixteen.
I pray she may be ever so,
And, in the by-and-bye,
From out her heart may n'er depart
That charm which makes me cry.
O ciel,
Quelle belle,
Quelle jolie ingénue!

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AN IDYL OF LAKE GEORGE.

BY CARRIE W. CRAPO.

HULDA AINSWORTH folds her letter.

"Is it always my lot to be disappointed?" she sighs. "I will read again what the dear boy writes."

"CAMP RICHMOND, MAY 20th, 1876.

DEAREST HULDA:

You know, darling, how we have been longing for the summer, and my expected furlough. But, alas! cruel fate. Captain Osborn entered my tent, this morning, saying: 'Bad news, Rockwell. The General has put your furlough off a year. Elmer, who has not been away for six years, goes in your place. Awfully sorry for you, old boy. By Jove! it's hard on the little girl you are engaged to.' And he left me to grieve over my troubles.

Directly, Elmer came in for a smoke. 'What's up, old fellow?' he exclaimed: 'You look like a thunder-cloud. Is the storm about to descend?' I answered, and, I am afraid, a little crossly: 'The General has put off my furlough a year, on account of yours. Why the deuce do you go this summer? Hulda and I were to have been so happy, these last months of our engagement, and now—' He interrupted me. 'Tom, old friend,' he said, 'I did not know that my going would interfere with you. I will give it up for another year. I have no sweetheart. Go, and be happy with Miss Hulda; I will wait.'

Is he not generous? Decide for me, sweet. Shall we accept Ralph's noble sacrifice?

Your devoted but troubled lover,

TOM."

"Man-like, he leaves it for me to decide," said Hulda. "How can I be so cruel and selfish, and think only of our happiness? Of course, Major Elmer has no sweetheart, as my poor Tom has. I would like to know him. He must be a grand fellow."

The next day, she writes:

"If I had the wings of a dove, I would fly to thee, my own true heart. But it would not do to accept the generous sacrifice of your friend. My heart is broken, and the summer is ruined. Good-by to our moonlight vows. My own true love, farewell, farewell. Your own

HULDA."

Some weeks later, as the train steamed into the forlorn little station at Glen's Falls, the Ainsworth family were seen descending upon the platform—baby, nurse, boxes, canoe, etc., etc.

A visitor at Lake George remembers the grand stampede for outside seats upon the coaches, that takes place at Glen's Falls. As usual, the crowd rushed frantically. Harry Ainsworth secured seats for all his party, calling: "This way, Hulda. I've got the boss coach."

"Me want to get up, too, and drive circus-horses, with Harry," cries Totty, at the top of her shrill little voice.

"Hush, Totty. There is no room for you, sweetheart," says Hulda. "Go inside, with Jane. Mamma said so, and she knows what is best for her little girl. Jane will tell you such pretty stories."

But Totty would not consent to this, but made the air hideous with shrieks, as she threw herself in the dust and began kicking.

"Look here, Tot," said Hulda, desiring to avoid a scene; "be a good girl, and you shall have my seat."

It was like Hulda, however, to be self-forgetful: she was always thinking of others' pleasure. So, evidently, thought one of the coaching party—a military-looking man, of middle age, with a handsome, good-natured face.

He addressed his neighbor, and said: "Can we not make room for the young lady on our seat? I think it quite wide enough for four."

So it was arranged; the driver snapped his whip; the horses started with a snort; the coach rattled down the plank road.

At every new beauty in the landscape, Harry burst into exclamations of rapture. "We go faster than on my bicycle: it is awfully jolly," he cried.

Hulda's neighbor was amused.

"It is many years since I have taken a bicycle ride," he said, turning towards Hulda, "and I am rather overgrown to begin again."

Directly they met some boys, who stood at the roadside, with water-lilies for sale.

"How beautiful," Hulda exclaims, as one of the boys flings up quite a number, that fall in a shower upon her.

"They are perfect," her neighbor continues, and gathering them in a neat bunch, he presents them with an elaborate bow, at the same

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time showering nickels into the boys' uplifted hats.

"Pardon me," he said, soon after, "but did not your brother call you Hulda? It is a strange, but familiar name. My friend, that I left some weeks ago at Camp Richmond—"

"Camp Richmond?" interrupts Hulda, with a blush. "Oh! are you from Camp Richmond? Why did you not tell me before? We have passed the half-way house, and I have many questions to ask. You must know Mr. Rockwell, my friend, for I am told he is the favorite of the camp."

"That he is, and one of the best-hearted men in the world. It is from him that I have heard the name of Miss Hulda Ainsworth of Baltimore."

"You have heard him speak of me? I am Hulda Ainsworth, and you—"

"Ralph Elmer," he added, with a slight flush.

"Major Elmer! Oh, I am more than delighted to meet you," exclaimed Hulda. "Tom never wearies of singing your praises."

"How was Tom when he wrote last? Tell me some news of him. It was a great disappointment to him, not having a leave of absence. He should be here now. I am a fiend, not to have made him come in my place."

"You did all that you could, and I thank you for it," sighed Hulda. "But see, we have already reached Caldwell. May I present you to my mother?"

Mrs. Ainsworth was delighted to meet Major Elmer. She had heard her daughter speak of him as Tom's friend, she said; "would he not join their party? They would be glad to welcome so agreeable an acquisition."

Ralph bowed. "You honor me, madame; but I am to join my mother and sister here. Indeed, there they are. May the good fates bring us together soon. *Au revoir.*"

He hurried off, and the last seen of him, he was struggling in the embraces of an elderly lady and a gushing sister.

It was some days later when Mrs. Ainsworth said: "By the way, Hulda, what did Tom write?"

"That he hoped I would be kind to his friend, for his sake," answered the daughter. "That he rebelled against his fate. Something might come between our love, he feared. The summer was long, the moonlight dazzling, and I might be won away from him. In fact, he was awfully blue."

As she finished speaking, Hulda stroked a stray golden lock, smoothed her white dress, and rose to meet a military-looking gentleman who was coming towards them.

"Talk of angels, they are sure to appear," exclaimed Mrs. Ainsworth. "My daughter and I wondered if you had forgotten us."

"Quite the contrary, madame. My thoughts have often been with you. But I had not seen my mother and sister for six years, and we had many things to talk over."

"Mamma and I were talking of Tom as you joined us," said Hulda. "His last letter worries me, it is so unlike him. I never knew him to be blue before. He was pleased to hear that we had met you, however, and said we must be kind to you, for you were his friend."

Ralph coughed, looked away, and then said: "I, too, heard from Tom, this morning. He did seem to be out of tune. But such spells never last long, for he is the jolliest man in camp. Evenings, after mess, he entertains the crowd, playing on his banjo; we join in the choruses of the plantation songs."

"How charming," sighs Hulda. "If I could only have been there with my harp. Tom calls me esthetic Lady Hulda, because I am so fond of my harp."

"Hulda, my dear," says Mrs. Ainsworth, "you should tell Mr. Elmer the legend connected with your harp, since you have referred to it."

"Oh, do, Miss Ainsworth," urged Ralph. "But, first, may I introduce my mother and sister? I left them on the piazza, with some friends."

"How charming this is," exclaimed Mrs. Elmer, after Ralph's introduction. "My son tells me that we are in time to hear Miss Ainsworth's legend."

"Yes, do begin," said Ralph. "I am so curious to hear."

They made a picturesque group, under the trees: the ladies busy with their crewel-work.

"It was so very long ago," began Hulda, "that Aunt Cecil—who told me the legend—could not remember just when. But it was when this was an English province. At that time, an old man, with his daughter, Eunice, lived a secluded life among the hills, knowing no one. Eunice was as pure and innocent as the birds, her playmates. She loved her father with such devotion as only impulsive natures can give. He was her all, both father and mother. But she would often ask: 'Was her mother dead? If not, why did she leave them?' And her father would always answer: 'Be as you are, dear child—pure and guileless, wearing your mother's image in your heart. Some time I will tell you all.'

"Eunice was happy by temperament. She was like a wood-nymph, with her golden hair

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falling around her. For seventeen years she had lived content, with only her father's love, when, one night, as they sat around the fire, her father said: 'I feel the time drawing near when I shall leave you, dear child. Ah! how can I tell you? Very soon I must cross to the other side.' 'We will go together, dear father,' answered Eunice, taking his hand and stroking it. 'As we go out into the cruel world, I will be your burden-bearer. When shall we start?' 'Oh! little heart,' he cried, gathering her in his arms, 'it is too late; the death-angel is calling me even now. Would God I could take you with me. I shall find rest; rest,' he added, wearily, 'which your world does not know. Find your mother, dear. She, too, needs rest; and tell her—' the words faltered, 'tell her—tell her that I forgive her, and will wait for her, above.' He sank down exhausted, after this, and fell asleep, as Eunice thought. So kissing him, she stole away for the night, to ponder over his strange words. Ah! innocent child, she little knew that already the Angel of Death had put his seal upon that beloved face.

"Eunice found this, her first grief, more than her heart could hold. But she said to herself: 'I have a mission in the world; it is to find my mother.' So, gathering together her few possessions, with a last look at the old house, she locked the door, ran down to the brook, dropped the key into its blue depths with a sigh, knelt at the grave to give it one last kiss, and was gone.

"Late at night she found herself in the city, weary, worn, and bewildered, clinging to her last friend—the harp. 'I am so tired,' she sighed, 'oh, is there no resting-place?' From door to door she wandered, until exhausted she sank upon a step. 'Oh! father,' she cried, 'come and take me. Why did I not die with you?' Her eyes closed softly. She fell asleep from sheer fatigue.

"An hour later, an old man, coming out, found her asleep on the door-step, her arms around her harp. 'Poor wee lassie,' he said, carrying her tenderly in the house. 'I wonder if she has no friends.'

"When Eunice opened her eyes, she asked herself: 'Where was she? Who were these kind people?' But the waking was only momentary. She closed her eyes and was off to sleep again. 'Mary,' said the old gentleman, to his wife, 'why not keep this child? It is strange, but she reminds me of our lost daughter. Often, when storms are raging, I wonder where she is. Something tells me that we will see her again, and that we will forgive her, though her husband never did. We have borne this cross so many years together, let us now lay it down at this young girl's feet; she will bring some brightness into our weather-beaten lives, perhaps.' 'Robert, Robert, listen!' excitedly cried his wife; 'what, what is the girl saying in her sleep? 'Sweet and low, blow, blow, wind of the western ocean, blow.' It was our daughter's favorite lullaby. Yes, we will keep her.' So Eunice awoke to find loving eyes upon her. 'I want to be loved,' she said, laying her golden head upon the kind old lady's shoulder, when the latter told her of their wish. 'Oh, it is too good to be true. May I, indeed, stay with you?' 'Yes, and take the place of our daughter, that is lost,' sighed the elderly lady. 'But your name? What is it, little one?' 'Eunice. It was my mother's. She left me when a baby. Dear father,' sobbed the girl, 'never mentioned her until a few days ago, when he was dying, and he said: 'Find your mother; tell her I forgive her.' No. I cannot stay with you,' she cried, rising to her feet. 'I must go on, and on, until I find her: that will be my mission in the world.' 'What was your mother's last name?' gasped the old man. 'Was it Sands?' 'Yes; did you know my mother?' 'Know her? She was our daughter.' 'Your daughter? Then you are my—' 'Your grandfather,' he said. 'Oh, my little Eunice,' sobbed her grandmother, clasping the child in her arms, 'we will find your mother together. All wanderers return, at last: we must abide God's will.'

"Eunice told them of her early life, her father's death, and how she had sung to the angels to send her kind friends; for the Lord hath said: 'I will not forsake the fatherless.'

"My story is almost told," Hulda continued. "Some months after Eunice had found her grandparents, there was a great storm. The wind blew, and dashed the rain against the window, startling the old lady, and filling the air with strange sounds. 'Robert,' she said, at last, 'it may be nervousness, but I fancy that I see some one looking in the window; and then—why there it is again—a face, and so wan and white.' 'Nonsense,' was her husband's reply. 'It is nothing. You are only nervous. Still, my dear, as you wish it, I will go and see.' 'Let me go with you,' cried Eunice. They had reached the door, when they were attracted by a moan. 'What is this?' said Eunice, lifting a shawl from the ground. Beneath the shawl was a woman's form. The old man lifted it, and bore it into the house. The woman had been a beautiful one, evidently, but now the lines of suffering and care had clouded her once pure young face. As Eunice bent over her, she said: 'Don't come

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near me. You are too good to touch me. Let me die as I have lived, neglected and forgotten. I wanted one more look at the old house. I remember it when I was an innocent, happy child. Oh, God, forgive me for what I have done.' The grandmother had started at the first sight of that face, and now the voice removed every doubt. 'She is our daughter,' she cried. 'Our Eunice, come home to die.' 'Mother, father,' she sobbed, 'will you forgive me? Let me be your child again, just for to-night?'

"The mother burst into tears. Her heart took back again her child as of old. But the wanderer was not long for earth. Eunice devoted herself to her dying mother, comforting her by telling her of her husband's forgiveness. 'And I was so untrue to him,' murmured the repentant wife. 'Oh, my little golden-haired baby, with your father's eyes of blue, to think that I, your mother, should have deserted you! Call mother and father. Bring me my dear old harp. Let me touch its strings once more before I die.'

"Eunice gave the harp into her trembling hands. The old couple gathered near. The daylight was fading. The last sunbeam rested for a moment upon the dying face, touched lightly the form of the kneeling girl, and was gone. Then the feeble voice sang out: 'Safe in the arms of Jesus, safely my soul shall rest. Shall rest,' she murmured, falling back.

"Ever afterward the harp became sacred to Eunice, who imagined her mother's soul dwelt in it.

"Eunice, after the death of her grandparents, married a true and noble man, that loved her. He was our ancestor," concluded Hulda, "and in his last will and testament, left directions that the much-valued harp should descend to the blonde daughter of every family. So it is that I now have it."

There was a chorus of "Bravo, bravo," and several added: "Now show us the harp."

"Let me propose a scheme," said Major Elmer, who had been intensely interested during Hulda's recital. "It is that we visit Paradise Bay, to-morrow, by moonlight; and that Miss Ainsworth will bring her harp. My sister will bring her guitar, while I make the night hideous with my banjo. What do you all say?"

"Oh, it will be charming!" they all cried.

None who were of that party ever forgot Hulda as she looked that night, when she sang "Douglas, Douglas, tender and true," her white fingers lingering over the harp-strings.

"I have enjoyed this evening more than any in my life," said Elmer, as he shook hands with Hulda, at parting. There was a fondness in his voice and look, that disturbed as well as pleased her.

"Yes, if Tom had only been with us," she replied.

The summer months were drawing to a close. It was the last week of the Ainsworths' stay. The Elmers were going, in a few days.

Ralph had seen more and more of Hulda: too much, alas! for his peace; and found how hard this parting would be. He had tried, with manly heroism, to be true to his friend and himself. It had always been his favorite maxim: "First to thine own self be true, then it must follow, as the night the day, thou canst be false to no man." Was he, after all, false to Tom? Tom, who had trusted him? No, he would not speak. If he could only tell Hulda of his love, it would be a relief. But he must leave her, and bury his secret deep in his soul; nothing else could be honorable.

It was the evening of the closing hop. Hulda was in a fever of excitement. She would enjoy to its fullest extent this last evening with him, the friend she had learned to love, innocently, unconsciously. When he was gone, she would think no more of him. Poor Tom! Never would she be untrue to him. But the pity of it all.

She lingered longer than usual over her toilet, that evening. It was Ralph's favorite dress that she wore: a pale-blue nun's-veiling. He had told her that she resembled, in it, one of the clouds fallen from heaven. "How good of him to send me my favorite flowers," she exclaimed, lifting the fair white lilies. "To row three miles, before breakfast, too, to gather these for me. There," she said, placing them on her left side, "you must cover the beatings of this treacherous heart."

"How pretty 'ou is; me want to kiss 'ou," cries Totty's little voice, as the child came in.

"You love me, don't you, Tot?" says Hulda, taking the child in her arms.

"Yes, me does."

Geisman's perfect music was filling the room with the strains of the Cagliostro Waltz, as the Ainsworth party entered.

"This is our waltz, Miss Ainsworth," said Major Elmer, coming up eagerly; and Hulda finds herself whirled off in his strong arms.

"You are looking very lovely," he said, bending over her, with a flushed face.

"If I am, it is your lilies that make me so," she added, archly.

They had left the crowded room after the waltz, and were now enjoying the coolness outside.

"See," Hulda cried, "there is a flotilla-party. How beautiful the colored lights look, dancing over the water."

"This is our last evening together," said

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Ralph. "Would you not like to have one more moonlight row?"

"Yes," said Hulda; "it will be our last row; and," as if seeking for an excuse, "it is too warm for dancing."

The harvest moon was full. The flotilla-party were now out of sight. But as Ralph's boat glided through the golden path of light, they could hear the distant notes of "Forever and forever," echoing back from the boats.

"Ah! yes," sighed Hulda, "it will soon be 'forever and forever.'" She hardly knew what she said, her heart was so full. "It will all be of the past."

"Oh, Hulda—forgive me for calling you so," murmured Ralph. "Don't number me among the things of the past. Let me share a little of your present. The future," he continued, "holds no pleasures for me. From to-night, I live in the past. But you, you have a glorious future opening before you. Tom will make you a worthy and a loving husband. May you both be happy."

"And so, I hope, will you be," smiled Hulda, returning to herself. "You deserve a good wife. I know you will find her." Then she wondered, "like whom will his wife be?" and hated her.

"I shall never marry," said Ralph.

It was enough. She knew he loved her; she shuddered, drawing her white cloak around her. "It is growing damp, and late," she said, "we must return before they miss us." For she could not trust herself any longer, after this.

"We will," he said; "but sing again, as you did in Paradise Bay—'Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.' It is for the last time."

Her voice lingered over the words "I love you, Douglas, tender and true." Their eyes met. One last lingering look. Their boat had reached the shore. He passionately kissed her hand, and was gone.

The music had ceased; the piazzas were deserted; she was left alone. The next day the party broke up. Major Elmer had left before Hulda came down. He had been true to his maxim. He had been false to no man: for he had been true to himself.

Six years, freighted with their joys and woes, had come and gone, when Hulda Rockwell, now a widow, found herself again at Lake George. Tom had been dead nearly three years. She has suffered much, and in more ways than one; but she is still beautiful, as she stands, to-day, in the golden light, leaning on the rails of a little bridge, where she had often been, on her former visit. Her dress is black, but she is no longer in mourning; she wears black mitts; and a white muslin fichu relieves the sombre color of her gown. The years have but added womanliness to her beauty, though they have given a touch of sadness to her face.

She has come here because she knows that Major Elmer is to arrive, to-day; and she cannot bear to be at the hotel when the coach comes in; she will feel that all eyes will be upon her, whether they are or not. She is thinking: "he ought to be there by this time; will he come here to seek me?" Suddenly her little pet dog barks. She looks quickly around, and Ralph Elmer is at her side.

Time has dealt kindly with him, also. Except for a few silver hairs, and a look of patient self-denial, he is the same as of old. But when he sees Hulda, his whole face brightens, and he is ten years younger.

"Darling," he exclaims, hurrying up, "at last, at last. After all these years of waiting, you will be mine, will you not? That is what I meant when I asked if I might follow you here. Oh!" as she fell into his arms, "this is worth waiting for, even as Jacob waited for Rebecca."

THE TREES.

BY HELEN A. RAINS.

The trees, that gird the earth with green—the trees,
Whose quiv'ring stems a thousand chorals raise,
Attuned to sing the Great Creator's praise,
When fresh from dewy upland sweeps the breeze,
Are God's cathedrals: 'neath their shelt'ring boughs
In ev'ry age His saints have bent the knee,
And lifted up with one accord their vows,
In praise to Him who rules the earth and sea.

The trees—the tall, green, voiceful trees proclaim
To ev'ry heart, in language all their own,
Soft as Æolia's harp with wondrous depth of tone,
Truths that the wise have sought in vain to name.
The ancient scholars, skilled in art divine,
Received instruction 'neath Athenian groves,
And caught from trees that beauty of design
And grace of touch which perfect genius loves.

Our dear home trees, whose tow'ring summits bear
Hymns for the souls that wait upon the Lord—
With songs of birds and streams in sweet accord,
And crown with gold and flame the dying year—
Are Nature's teachers: 'neath their hallowed shade
We rest and think, while leaf and branch and flow'r
Impressions of enduring worth have made,
Which show the skill of a Diviner pow'r.

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"MY BAGGAGE, OH! MY BAGGAGE!"

BY ELLA RODMAN CHURCH.

Six new, pretty dresses, to a girl who has hitherto had scarcely more than one at a time, are something of an event; and a brand-new trunk besides, with hat-box and other compartments in the upper tray, gives a decided feeling of importance. I fairly gloated over my possessions; I smoothed down the ruffles of one dress, and pulled out the sash-bow of another, rather wondering if "I be I," and getting imaginary glimpses of myself in all the six costumes at once.

Nearly every one in the family and out of it had sewed on them, from Miss Needles down; and the dressmaker gave me the comfortable assurance that my figure was "willowy," and one that "dressed" well. How I had wearied of these ruffles, and puffs, and flounces, with their lengthened sweetness long drawn out, as my unwilling fingers, with the aid of the sewing-machine, set the numerous stitches; but it paid in the end; and the pile of snowy underclothing also was not to be despised.

I had one box of ribbons, and another of collars and ruches, also boots, gloves, and all the et ceteras that go to the making up of a complete though moderate outfit. It would go into the one trunk, however, an extra large one, and Newport and Long Branch damsels would, probably, smile at my exultation over such an insignificant wardrobe. But no such thought came to mar my enjoyment. I was exceptionally happy, and looked forward to the outing in prospect with all the exhilaration of an old-time explorer.

It was not much of a journey—about eight hours or so from our village to the station for Aunt Sydney's, and then a ride of five or six miles to the house, for which they would meet me with the carriage; but it was a great event for me. We were a carefully brought up family; and none of the daughters were ever allowed to travel alone, or put themselves in the way of adventures of any sort. Here was I, twenty years old, and, as yet, I had scarcely bought a spool of cotton by myself. My two sisters were comfortably married, and lived in the village where my father practised law; and I was now the one white chicken, on whom all the family care was expended.

It was a matter of wonder that they had ever consented to trust me on a month's visit to Aunt Sydney, who lived a few miles from a lovely country town; but she pleaded hard, and so did I, and finally it was arranged. The prospect of actually managing myself among the shoals and quicksands of an eight-hours' railroad journey was quite exciting; and I reveled in the fact that, so far as my limited vision reached, there was no one who could possibly go with me.

This triumphant conclusion, however, was soon dispelled.

"I am surprised," said my father, sternly, "that you should imagine I would permit such a thing. The Rev. Mr. Holder returns to Nebraska next week, and will see you safely through at least half of your journey, and the remaining half will be very plain sailing, as you are to be met at the depot. I consider it a great privilege to be able to place you under this gentleman's protection."

I did not feel in the least like counting up my mercies just then—as Mr. Holder was sixty, and composed principally of a white cravat and a solemn stare. He had taken tea with us during his visit in the village, and addressed me as "madam."

"No," said mamma, smiling at the disgust which I privately expressed, at the prospect of a traveling companion, "Mr. Holder is not particularly interesting, but you will find him very useful in changing cars, which you could scarcely accomplish alone. When you come to the junction, you will probably acknowledge him to have been a blessing in disguise—for a woman is very helpless about checking trunks, and all that sort of thing."

Seeing that there was no help for it, I resigned myself to Mr. Holder's companionship, on the principle that, if not ornamental, he would, at least, be useful; and at the depot I was handed over to him, by the assembled family, as a very precious trust.

On parting with them, I received solemn counsels from my four relatives.

"My daughter," said *paterfamilias*, taking me a little aside, "for the last half of your journey, you will be alone; beware of speaking to any young man, and make no acquaintances whatever on the road."

"Rose," whispered my mother, cautiously,

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"don't stare about you in the cars, but look as if you knew exactly what to do, whether you do or not. Make no reply to any remarks from gentlemen."

"Be very careful, child," added Sister Sue, "and don't even see the man who is directly in front of you."

"If there should be an accident," smiled Hattie, who was not so starched, "and a gentleman offers to save your life, tell him firmly that the family would not approve of it."

Then Mr. Holder assisted me into the cars, climbed cautiously in himself, and we were whirled away.

It was all delightfully exciting to me, I was so happy to be actually going; and the thought of my trunk and its contents was a never-failing source of pleasure. Aunt Sydney had sons and daughters, and there was always something going on there; so that all my pretty belongings would be brought into requisition.

My companion sighed a great deal, perhaps over my taken-for-granted frivolity; and very little conversation passed between us. The banana-and-orange boy, the prize-package boy, and the light-literature boy, disported themselves, after their several fashions, along the route; but Mr. Holder shook his head severely at them all, and declined any refreshment but a glass of water.

Finally we reached the junction; and here my trunk was to be re-checked, while my escort took another train, on his winding way to Nebraska. There was some hurry and confusion—the train seemed to be starting—and Mr. Holder thrust check and ticket into my hands, from the platform, as I sat in the car window, stumbled into his own train, and was gone.

I settled my brains for a long summer's nap, which effectually prevented me from gazing around; and somewhere in the cool of the afternoon, I reached my destination.

The platform showed no familiar face, nor figure, nor trace of anyone who seemed to be looking for a young lady; and mindful of my precious trunk, I presented my check to the man at the depot, and demanded my baggage forthwith. I called it "baggage," for I fancied from its indefiniteness that it sounded better.

"All right, miss," in a cheery tone, "here you are."

And he dragged forth an over-grown valise, battered and forlorn, marked "D. M. H., Sadler's Mills, Neb.," the property, of course, of the Rev. Mr. Holder, while he was traveling off to Nebraska, with all my new dresses and belongings. I could have torn my hair and shrieked. And this, forsooth, was my "blessing in disguise"—the valuable escort who was to be so useful in checking my trunk. Why, I could have done better myself.

The man at the depot was not only interested, but amused. "A minister's baggage, eh?" he commented. "And he's got yours? Well, now, I call that reel redic'lous. Shouldn't wonder if there was a lot of sermons in that valise—and any way, you couldn't make much use of his clothes."

He was grinning from ear to ear, and I sharply interrogated him as to the means of getting to Aunt Sydney's. There was evidently some mistake on the part of my relatives as to the time of my arrival.

"Do not know of any way," was the reply, after deeply pondering the matter, "unless you get a lift from some stray team. There's one, now," he exclaimed, as a light wagon, attached to a pair of fine horses, approached the station. "Hello! Mr. Stanton, who are you lookin' for? None of your folks have come on the train; but here's a young lady who wants to get up to Mrs. 'Squire Peters' just the worst kind of a way."

"Perhaps she will think mine the worst," responded the new-comer, as he courteously raised his straw hat, "but such as it is, it is most heartily at her service."

My face was in a flame of anger and mortification at being handed over so unceremoniously to a perfect stranger; and I said very stiffly: "The station-master has made a mistake. I wish to hire a vehicle to take me to Aunt's, Mrs. Peters', house, as there has been a mistake about her sending for me."

"Then," replied the gentleman, with a beaming smile, "you will surely allow me the pleasure of doing a slight service for the niece of a highly-valued friend? Is this," regarding the wretched valise with respectful interest, "your baggage?"

"No!" I exclaimed, indignantly, while the depot-man resumed his provoking grin. "It belongs to a minister who has carried my trunk off to Nebraska with him—what is to be done?"

"First," responded Mr. Stanton, promptly, "we will send the poor gentleman his own belongings, as he will probably be seriously inconvenienced without them."

"But he has got mine," I said, still wrathful.

"He would scarcely find them either appropriate or comfortable, I am afraid," rejoined my new acquaintance, with a smile. "So we will telegraph to him, to forward them to you by express, at once." And he turned to arrange

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for the disposal of the valise, with the station-master.

Having sent off the undesirable valise, and dispatched the telegram, Mr. Stanton handed me into his vehicle, and drove off to Aunt Sydney's.

The drive was a very pleasant one, and the novelty of the situation added to the enjoyment. But it suddenly occurred to me that I was in the very midst of the danger I had been charged to avoid; for this "friend of my aunt" was at least a quarter of a century her junior; and his fine proportions, deep-gray eyes, and square-cut chin, with a dimple in it, would have been anything but reassuring to an anxious parent.

We talked and laughed, however, all the same; while those magnificent bays took us over the ground in fine style. I told my companion all about Mr. Holder, and what a mess he had made taking care of me, which seemed to amuse him extremely, especially my half-expressed fear of his reveling in the contents of my lamented trunk. "Perhaps," said I, with a merry laugh, "he'll take advantage of it, to marry again; using my poor things as a *trousseau* for some young bride." At which my companion laughed back, in response.

When we reached Cedar Glen, we found the enterprising inmates just setting forth to meet me: having erected a theory of their own, without any foundation, that I would come in a later train. Amazement was the prevailing expression of the faces on the piazza, as I descended from Mr. Stanton's equipage; but I was not left in doubt as to my welcome.

The horses were taken in charge by Aunt Sydney's man; and the gentleman stayed to tea: the whole party making merry over my adventures. And I, a daughter of my father! It was really dreadful—it was horrible.

My cousin, Blanche, remarked, thoughtfully, as we were brushing out our hair, for the night: "Some people always alight on their feet, no matter where or how they fall; and their slice of bread never falls on the buttered side. Frank Stanton, you must know, is the one shining ornament of our benighted region; and to think that a little buttercup like you should happen upon him in this extraordinary manner, the very first thing. There must be some witch-work in it."

"The only witch-work," I replied, a little hotly, "is your not coming to meet me at the right time."

Blanche laughed, and pinched my cheek, as she kissed me good-night; but I stoutly maintained that Mr. Stanton had only performed an act of common courtesy.

That was a delightful visit, and it was prolonged from one month to two. But at least half of the time had elapsed before my eminently traveling trunk returned to its rightful owner. Meanwhile, I was dressed in everyone else's clothes; and the necessity often arose of devising original costumes out of very unpromising materials. It got to be the fashion, in Cedar Glen society, to call me "picturesque," and even stronger terms were sometimes used; on the whole, I had my full share of compliments, and many of them I read in Mr. Stanton's eyes.

Blanche teased me continually about what she called the "acts of common courtesy," performed by that gentleman: and he certainly appeared to think that politeness required him to see a great deal of me.

Six months later, I started on another journey; and this time my escort was both useful and ornamental; he was my husband; and my trunks did not go astray.

ON THE TRAIN.

BY FRANK B. HALE.

She sat, as sweet and smiling
As the summer in the South;
With the pretty curled-up corners
Of her ripe-strawberry mouth.
And her glee could hardly hide itself,
Within the eyes so brown;
Though demure decorum struggled
To keep naughty boldness down.

All unconscious of the pretty
Living pictures that she made,
Her glance, with merry interest,
The noisy car surveyed;
But my eyes upon her charming face
Were full content to stay:
For the poet worships beauty,
Come whatever guise it may.

Oh, doth Heaven have—what pictures,
Since earth showeth scenes so fair!
How the artist soul, in ecstasy,
May roam and revel there.
All too soon she passed; but o'er my heart
The memory treasures in,
Of the red, rare-ripe strawberry lips,
Brown eyes, and modest chin.

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A FIFTH AVENUE ROMANCE.

BY MARY V. SPENCER.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55.

V.

"NOBLESSE OBLIGE."

It was towards evening, on the day of the accident, that Lyttleton, having just returned from Chicago, and having only had time to change his attire, strolled into his club.

He had been delayed much longer than he had expected, for the case had been protracted by the desperate defense of the other side. But Lyttleton had raised a new point of law, maintaining that, by certain precedents quoted against him, the Courts had gone wrong; and this had led to a prolonged and exhaustive discussion, in which Lyttleton had finally won. The Judge remarked, after all was over, that Lyttleton's argument had been the greatest that had been heard for years. It spread the young lawyer's reputation, which had been local before, over the entire Union. "He deserves all the glory he has achieved," said the Judge, "after his chivalry in taking up, without a fee, what seemed a desperate case." It was, therefore, with high hopes, in which our heroine played a foremost part, that Lyttleton entered his club.

One of the habitues was standing before the tiled hearth, on which a wood-fire was blazing, with his back to the mantelpiece, talking.

"Ah! here," he cried, "comes Lyttleton. Lyttleton, tell us all about it."

"About what?" said the young lawyer.

"The way in which Miss Sinclair was killed."

"Miss—Sinclair—killed!"

He felt as if the room was whirling around him, as if the ceiling would fall the next moment and crush him, as if darkness had come upon the earth and everything was about to be shattered into chaos. His knees gave way suddenly. He put out his hand, and clutched blindly at the back of a large arm-chair which stood near.

"Then you haven't heard?"

"Heard? I am, but this instant, as it were, back from Chicago. I have heard nothing. For God's sake, what do you mean? Not that Miss Sinclair's killed? It can't be!"

He looked, appealingly, from face to face, hoping some one would contradict him. But no one did. The first speaker resumed:

"You were so intimate with the Malverns, that I supposed you knew all about it. I'd forgotten you were away. I remember, now, to have missed you, lately—"

"But this—this—horrible story. It can't, it can't be true."

"But it is. Come, my boy, I'll bet you three to one, in fives or fifties: which shall it be? I heard it from Jimmy Barnes, who had just carried the dead—"

"There, there," broke in Lyttleton, with a wave of the hand.

"Yes, I see. Ugly fact, mentioned in that way, to an intmate acquaintance. I beg pardon. But this is how it happened: Fostnett was driving, and we all know he can't drive a bit; and he had those new horses in, the leaders wild with spirits; and one of them, the off one, really a devil. The team was going like the wind, when one of those beastly bicycles shot around a corner, the horses shied, overturned the coach in the gutter, threw everybody out—"

"And Miss Sinclair was one?"

"Yes. Fostnett, himself, does not seem to have been hurt much; he's so jolly fat, you see; he fell flop, like a bladder. I wonder he didn't burst." There was a very general laugh. "Nor was Miss Malvern injured, for she fell on him, and it was like falling on a feather-bed." Another laugh. "But it was different with Lord Avalon and Miss Sinclair, who sat just behind. My lord, they say, tried to save Miss Sinclair, but somehow she fell under, and struck her head against the stones. Pity it hadn't been dapper little Fostnett, for his head is so hard, nothing could have cracked it." A third laugh. "Miss Sinclair was killed, however, being of more brittle material; first-class porcelain, you know." Another laugh. "And as for Lord Avalon, he has a compound fracture of the leg, and will limp, like a beggar, all the rest of his life."

Lyttleton felt as if he would like to spring at the speaker's throat. How dared the fellow talk of Ethel in this light way? How dared he make a jest, with the rest of this ribald crew, over this awful tragedy?

At that instant, however, the speaker suddenly snatched his hands from beneath his coat-tails, and threw them up, in amazement, before him.

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"Hello!" he cried. "Talk of the—"

For there, coolly walking into the room, sound in limb, and certainly, from his looks, the bearer of no ill news, was Lord Avalon himself. Lyttleton sprang up, impulsively, and grasped the young nobleman's hand.

"It isn't true, then, what they say?" he cried. "That Miss Sinclair is killed? You were on the coach, and would not be here if it was."

Lord Avalon had, from the day of that first dinner, suspected that Lyttleton was his rival; and this emotion now convinced him of it. He was of too noble a nature to take pleasure in the other's pain, however, and returning the pressure of the hand with real warmth and even sympathy, he said:

"Miss Sinclair is as well as I am, except for what the doctors call 'a slight abrasion of the scalp,' which will be healed in a day or two, and for a broken arm, which, though more tedious, is nothing serious. What abominable rot have they been talking?"

"Oh, Fausbane here," answered the nearest of the group, "had Miss Sinclair killed, and you with a compound fracture of the right leg. Wasn't that it, Fau?"

But the garrulous talker had seized the occasion, while Lord Avalon was speaking to Lyttleton, to steal out of the room, and even out of the club-house, and did not make his appearance there again for nearly a week.

The young nobleman's lip curled with contempt, but he made no reply. Turning to Lyttleton, however, he said:

"Have you dined yet? No. Suppose, then, we go off by ourselves, and have a chop, or something, with a bit of game afterwards; and then I will tell you all about it; for, to confess the truth, I feel just the least bit shaken, and want something to set me up. But we must get rid of these buffoons. 'Pon honor, I think they would jest, or bet, over their mothers' coffin."

The two young men were soon seated at a table, and then Lord Avalon told the story.

"I confess," he added, in conclusion, "that I was a little in doubt, from the first. I did not like those leaders of Fostnett's, and hinted as much; but I saw that he was touchy on that point, and so said no more. You can't tell a fellow, you know, that he doesn't understand how to drive, any more than you can tell him he can't shoot. I got a little nervous about the ladies, when I saw the dare-devil pace at which we rattled down the Park. However, all would have gone off well enough, if it hadn't been for the bicycle. Its rider didn't ring his bell, as he should have done, or else we didn't hear it. But you never saw anybody so plucky as Miss Sinclair. She had fainted, at first, as I told you. The blood was flowing freely from the cut in her head, too: so that, for a few minutes, I really thought her dead. A policeman, however, brought some water, and threw over her face, at which she came to, looked up, and smiled, and said she wasn't a bit hurt; and then, trying to use her arm, found it was broken, and sank back, almost fainting again."

"Thank God!"

"Yes, thank God!" repeated my lord, and then the two young men looked steadily into each other's eyes; for both recognized, in that moment, as they never had before, how determined their rivalry was to be. Lyttleton well knew, that, in rank, wealth, and position, his adversary had every advantage. But, on the other hand, Lord Avalon was fully aware of the high qualities of Lyttleton, "and they are just such, too, as Miss Sinclair will value," he said to himself, "and she doesn't care a rap for my title: it will be man to man between us." But there was nothing mean in the natures of either of the aspirants. Each was resolved to win, if he could; but each was determined to do it fairly. So, for a moment, they looked at each other, as two knights of old might have done with raised visors, before encountering in the fatal lists.

"She is a noble creature," said Lord Avalon, at last. "The type is not a common one, in New York here, I fancy."

"No, perhaps not," replied Lyttleton, "though, after all, even in our gayest set, it may be found. But the best type, I have sometimes thought, comes, as Miss Sinclair herself does, from a country neighborhood. You see, the girls in our smaller towns have more leisure to improve their minds, than our Fifth Avenue belles. There is such a rush of amusement here: teas, receptions, balls, dinners, the opera, concerts, riding-parties, that a girl, in winter at least, has no time to read, much less to think. She is in a whirl of gayety, almost from the hour she comes to town, in the fall, until Lent sets in; and after that the rush and roar begin again; the races, Saratoga, Newport; it is an endless wheel, summer as well as winter. In England, you go the pace fast enough, in what you call the season; but after that, things are comparatively quiet for months; your girls have a chance to get the roses back to their cheeks, to read, to think."

"Just so. Of course I don't admit I've seen any silly young ladies here," with a smile. "But certain causes produce certain effects."

"But in our quieter country towns," said Lyttleton, "there is no such whirl, and girls

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have to take to reading, even if only to pass the time. In all such towns, too, there are several families of the clergy, professional men, and other people of education. These form centres, so to speak, of social and intellectual refinement, in which mere wealth does not get the lead."

"But isn't it from such centres that your strong-minded women come? Now I like a bright, intelligent girl, but I hate a blue-stocking. I suppose we Englishmen all do."

"Miss Sinclair is not a blue-stocking."

"Oh, no. God forbid." Lyttleton laughed at this earnestness. "But I've seen one or two things, here in New York, that rather savor of it. I went often with Mrs. Malvern, to a meeting of what she called the 'Medieval Club.' You've been there? Yes! The feature of it is that people meet, not to converse, but to listen to a lecture. Quite an Abelard affair. Now, in England, we don't consider that sort of thing society, any longer. It went out with the Hotel de Rambouillet, two centuries ago. Our idea of society is for cultivated people to take up the ball of conversation and keep it going; everybody being sufficiently informed to join in, nobody being allowed to monopolize the time; nobody being permitted to talk 'shop.' The way Macaulay used to lecture, at Holland House, wouldn't be endured now."

"I quite agree with you."

"The strangest thing," continued my lord, "was that the people all seemed to be, not only cultivated, but well-bred. One would have thought they ought to have known better. The dresses of the ladies, and their manners, too, were those of the *haut ton*. But they seemed to think it to be the correct thing, to sit and listen to a lot of platitudes, that any sophomore would have laughed at: listened, simply, because somebody, under the name of a lecturer, delivered himself of certain worn-out truisms. At one meeting we had a discourse on novels, the only merit of which was that we heard it clearly demonstrated that a novel wasn't a novel, if a narrative: it had to be an etching of character, an essay, not a story. At another we had a harangue on the religion of the future, which, as far as I could understand, was to be no religion at all, especially as the lecturer didn't know, he said, what religion was. Then, the other night, we had a discourse, by Dr. Erastus Anaconda, on Carlyle. It was full of wit. The only wonder was, how so exceedingly little a fellow as the doctor could have so much wit in his little head. He told us that Carlyle was a great prophet, only none of his prophecies had ever come true, or were ever likely to. That he was a great historian, because he invented his facts, which made all his theories logical and clear from the very start. That he was a great poet, only that he knew nothing of rhythm. That, as a man, however, he was greatest of all; and that he shone, in his capacity of man, as a lover; especially a lover of the highest type, a nineteenth century lover; for that, when married, he loved himself more than he did his wife, whom, a lady born, he kept scrubbing floors, in order that he might have leisure to write about 'ol' clothes.' Oh, it was charming."

Lyttleton could not help laughing again, as he replied: "You are satirical."

"I think one of the greatest charms in Miss Sinclair," said Avalon, hesitatingly, after he had gravely looked down into his wine-glass for the space of a minute, as if there was some puzzle there which he was trying to solve to his satisfaction, "I think her very greatest charm is her utter want of self-consciousness. She is never thinking of herself. Half the stiffness and awkwardness one sees, and we see plenty of it in England, I can assure you—for I have known a Duchess as bad as the worst—comes from this excess of self-consciousness. But Miss Sinclair has a certain gracious manner, which I had begun to think had died out utterly."

"It has not. She is here, in New York, to prove it. Nor is she alone in it. There are tens of thousands of women, as I have already said, all over this wide land of ours, who unite suavity and grace with intellectual refinement. Few—none, perhaps—quite come up to Miss Sinclair: but they approach to it. Ah! if you really wish to know us, you mustn't confine yourself to this metropolis."

"Just so. Quite so. What Miss Sinclair, herself, told me. By the bye, another of her charms, if I may say so, is recalled to me by that remark. We English, I am quite willing to admit, are too conventional: all old societies are. Here in New York, I find, rather to my surprise, that, in what you call your best society, it is considered the proper thing slavishly to copy us. Now Miss Sinclair is, as yet, quite free from this—well, let me be frank, snobbery, or let us say, colonialism. She is racy and free, and dares to be original: she is national and American."

"It seems to me," said Lyttleton, "that you have hit the nail on the head. All imitation in that way is snobbish, or, to use your other word, colonial. For we do copy your social life, in a way quite absurd. Take our evening-parties, or balls, for example. Most of our young men are in business. But who is fit to appear, at ten o'clock the next day, who was up till

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nearly daylight, dancing? Now, in London, you have a wealthy and cultured class, to which these late hours make no difference, as it makes none to our girls, who can sleep all day, if they wish."

"Just so, just so," retorted my lord. "Your social, as well as political, conditions differ from ours; and naturally your mode of life should differ, also."

"Yes; and etiquette even, at least in some things; for etiquette is but the common sense of social intercourse."

"Quite so. Now Miss Sinclair, though thoroughbred, never apes London conventionalisms, that are out of place here. Of course, all copies are second-rate; I wonder your fashionable people don't see it. If I want a Hobbema, I go to Holland. If I wish a conventional St. James belle, I stay in London: I don't come to New York for her. I really think," with great earnestness, "that Miss Sinclair is the best type of America I have yet seen: perfectly natural, you know."

"She is more than that," echoed Lyttleton; "she is a perfect woman."

"Yes, a perfect woman, that is the very word; and," after a pause, "'nobly planned: to warn, to counsel, to command', as Wordsworth says."

"And 'something of an angel', too," answered Lyttleton, finishing the quotation.

"We'll shake hands on that before we go, and agree to believe it, whatever else we may differ about," said Lord Avalon, heartily. "Shall we?"

"With all my heart," was the answer.

And so the two rivals, then and there, shook hands, each understanding fully that it meant, in one sense, "war to the knife," yet, in another, a chivalrous rivalry.

VI.

THE NOTE.

Of course, neither Lyttleton nor Lord Avalon could be admitted to see our heroine. Both were assiduous, however, in calling to inquire, and in sending bouquets and new books to her.

"Why, you'll have quite a library, by the time you are well," said Lone, "for Lord Avalon and Mr. Lyttleton seem to be running a race, which shall send you the most books. What a lucky thing that a girl is allowed to receive a new novel from a gentleman, though she can accept hardly anything else. But which is to be the favored one, Ethel? You'll have to make up your mind sometime, and now's a capital opportunity, for you've plenty of leisure."

Our heroine colored, not because she had any secret to hide, but because, in her maiden modesty, she shrank instinctively from discussing such a subject. Her cousin, and the young ladies of her cousin's set, were constantly talking about their admirers. All this seemed to Ethel in the very worst taste. More than that, she could not understand it. "If they really loved, they couldn't speak of the one they loved, in this light way, I should think. At least, I'm sure I couldn't. I wonder," she added, innocently, "if ever I shall be in love."

For Ethel's ideal was a high one, and she had never, consciously, as yet, seen it. Or if she had, she did not know it yet. Pure-minded girls always are unaware of their feelings, until love is actually upon them. And there are two kinds of ideals, even for the most virginal souls. A woman looks up to, and reverences, in man, strength and power, just as a man worships grace and refinement and saintliness in woman. Hence the tendency of the sex, so often ridiculed, to make heroes of the soldier. But the feeling has a real basis in feminine nature, and is not to be derided. To a certain extent Lyttleton had, in Ethel's eyes, something of this masterful position; for her uncle, with whom he was a favorite, was always talking of his physical prowess, as well as of his intellect. "Used to be a prince of athletes," he would say. "Rowed in the Harvard boat-races; could back any horse he ever saw; and once swam from Newport to Narragansett Pier, in a cross sea, nine miles, Ethel: a greater feat than Byron's swimming the Hellespont, by far."

It is true that there is a higher kind of womanhood, with a different standard. It is the great orator, the great writer, the great poet, the great martyr for humanity, that appeals to such souls. Now, Ethel belonged to this latter class. How could she belong to any other, with the example of such a man as her father before her? There seemed to her, in military glory, too much flavor of blood. When she thought of the thousands of lives sacrificed, in order to make the reputation of a great soldier, she shrank from it as almost brutal. Her young, virgin heart, though as yet, as we have said, free from any conscious passion, nevertheless, as with all girls, had enshrined an ideal within it; and the more she saw of Lyttleton, the more she heard of him, the nearer he seemed to approach to that ideal. Of course, she did not reason this out. She was even ignorant, as yet, of the direction her feelings were taking. But day by day, as she sat alone in her room, lost in reverie, Lyttleton's voice, his manner, his masterful character, took, more and more, a larger part in those vague yet sweet dreams. There was continually being recalled to her, in this way, some sympathetic phrase or look, or some striking thought or image. She

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had heard, with a strange pleasure, which she did not stop to analyze, of his chivalrous conduct in the recent great law-suit. She had listened to the accounts of his brilliant success. "Why, he persuaded the Court to go back on itself," said her uncle, "and reverse its former decisions: a miracle in its way." Then she found herself looking forward, with a half fluttering anticipation, to their next meeting, especially when she recalled his words at their last parting.

About this time, too, there was a great public meeting, in favor of one of those oppressed nationalities that are alike the peril and shame of Europe. Lyttleton was asked, among others, to address it. His speech was conceded to be the speech of the evening. It was reported in full, the next day, in the morning papers, and Ethel read it, alone in her room, with flushed cheeks and quickened breath. As she read, she felt her soul kindling, more and more. She even fancied she could see the speaker's eyes flash, or hear his voice ring out, at this or that indignant passage. The conclusion brought tears of sympathetic emotion to her eyes.

"There are those who ask," said Lyttleton, "why we should concern ourselves about these people, who live almost at the other end of the globe, and who are beings of a different nationality from ourselves, of a different race, different language, different aspirations? Our answer is, because they are oppressed. If there is anything God-like in man, it must answer to the cry of such. And the anguish of these people is so great, that their cry reaches us from half around the world. There is a Hindoo legend that, when the disembodied soul has crossed the dark river, and comes up to the celestial gates, it will be welcomed there, if welcomed at all, by those whom it has succored here. Alas! for them, if they have succored none. To have raked together millions, to have achieved honor and fame, what will all that be, then, compared to having done even a little good, here below? The noblest of all lives is to live for others, not for ourselves. Who would not rather have fallen at Thermopylæ, than have survived to dance and jest, slaves in the conqueror's train? Who would not rather have died at the stake, with Huss and Latimer, than have lived, perjurers and traitors to their convictions? These people are perishing because they hold to what they believe to be the truth. They cry to us for help. Will no one succor them? 'How long, oh! Lord, how long?'

'Right forever on the scaffold,
Wrong forever on the throne.'

"No, thank God! There is growing up a righteous opinion, all over the world, that makes the tyrant tremble, even amid a million guards. There is being constituted a great tribunal, a judgment-seat of nations, that would force Nero himself to stay his blood-stained hand." At these electric words, as the newspapers called them, the audience rose to its feet by one simultaneous impulse, and cheered till the great building shook and shook again.

The burning language was still seeming to vibrate in Ethel's ears, when there was a knock at the door, and the servant brought in an exquisite basket of flowers, with a note, addressed to herself. Ethel knew the superscription, and her heart began to beat. She had seen that writing more than once, on a visiting-card, left at the door, with an expression of sympathy: twice, at least, in little notes, accompanying flowers. That Lyttleton had remembered her, in all the glow of his great triumph, made her thrill with an exquisite pleasure. As soon as the maid had departed, she opened and read the note, and then impulsively put it to her lips. Not that there was anything in it, except the ordinary language of a well-bred gentleman, sending a gift of flowers. But Ethel blushed, instinctively, to the tips of her shell-like ears, nevertheless; and glanced shyly around, as if, even in that virginal chamber, there might be someone who had seen her.

She had never answered any of Lyttleton's notes. None had imperatively required it, indeed. But she felt as if she must answer this one. For it closed with a wish that she would soon be able to see her friends: "among whom, and of the most sincere, may I hope," said the writer, "to be regarded?"

Perhaps if she had been older she would not have replied. Certainly, if she had been a mere woman of the world, she would not. She would have waited till she saw the donor, and then thanked him in person, and in conventional phrases, for this and other such gifts. But hers was an impulsive nature, and she could not help saying that she had read his speech, and how beautiful it was. It was only such praise as a frank, warm-hearted woman might express to any friend, or even acquaintance, when congratulating him on such a triumph. But the words were such as an evil-minded person, and a stranger, a malicious one especially, if the note should ever fall into such hands, might misconstrue into forwardness—into unmaidenliness, perhaps.

Lyttleton did not regard it in that light, however. To him it appeared only what it really was, the tribute of a heartfelt sympathy. But it was from *her*. It was *her* dear hand which had traced these lines. He raised it to his lips and kissed it: not furtively, as she had kissed his note, but

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with passionate ardor. "Whatever happens, I will keep it until I die," he said, and placed it in the breast-pocket of his coat, the one where he kept his pocket-book, the nearest his heart.

He was leaving his office, on his way to his club, to dine with a guest he had invited to meet him there, when the note was delivered to him. He had been detained a little beyond his time, by a client, and was now in a great hurry. He called a cab, and though the horse went swift enough, Lyttleton, once or twice, urged the driver to go faster. We have all, in moments of excitement, felt a similar stir of the blood, which had to find its vent somehow, as it found it now with Lyttleton. When the cab stopped, Lyttleton jerked out his pocket-book hastily, to pay the fare, for he saw his guest had already come, and was looking from one of the windows, as if wondering at this incivility. The moment he had thrust the bill into the cabman's hand, he ran up the steps, not seeing that Ethel's note had been pulled out with his pocket-book, had fallen to the ground, and was lying on the curb. Nor did the Jehu, occupied in assuring himself that his fare was really double, see it either. Neither did Lyttleton's guest: for the instant the cab drove up, he had hurried from the window to meet his host. Nor was the fallen note seen by any passer-by, except one, and that happened to be Fausbane, who was also coming to the club, but was walking. This was the member, as our readers will recall, who had been proclaiming Miss Sinclair's death, the day Lyttleton returned from Chicago. He stooped, picked up the note, opened it coolly, started when he saw the signature, smiled cynically, and glancing around to be sure that no one observed him, hurriedly thrust it into his own pocket, and entered the club-house with as unconcerned a look as if he had not been committing the basest of deeds.

Lyttleton did not discover his loss until he returned to his room for the night. Then he put his hand into his breast-pocket, to take out the note, and read it over. Not finding the note, he felt in all his other pockets, thinking he might have made a mistake. But nowhere could he discover it. All at once it flashed on him, that it had been dropped when he paid the cabman. Late as it was, he hurried out, called a hack, and drove back to the club. Here, he personally examined the curbstone and pavement. Then he went inside, and called a servant, who was accustomed to do various little jobs for him, and after intimating that he wished nothing said about it, declared that he had lost a valuable note, which might be found, perhaps, when the rooms came to be swept. The next morning, he was early at his office, examining it himself, in case he might have let the note fall there. Then he drove to the club again, but nothing had been seen of the note at the club. Later in the day he went to the club a third time, in the vain hope that the note might have been found in the interval. Finally he came to the conclusion that it had fallen on the curb, and had been blown into the street, and that it was now mere waste-paper. He heaved a sigh over the loss of so priceless a treasure; but little imagined how serious a tragedy the affair was to cause.

The next day, he was leaving the club, when he ran against Fostnett, coming in.

"Are you going to polo to-day?" said the latter.

Lyttleton answered: "I have no time, as you know, for such gay doings. We lawyers have to work for our living. We are not gentlemen of leisure."

"Well, I wouldn't care to see another fellow carry off my Dulcinea," answered Fostnett, with a laugh.

"What do you mean?" With any other man, Lyttleton would have been angry, at this familiarity. But Fostnett, he said to himself, was a harmless fool, and knew no better.

"Well, only that Miss Sinclair goes out, for the first time, to-day; and with Lord Avalon. Miss Malvern is going with me. That's the way I heard of it. But I must hurry off, or I shall be too late. I only looked in to see if there were any letters for me."

"I thought Miss Sinclair was not yet able to go out," said Lyttleton.

"So did I. So did everybody. A quiet drive, just into the Park a bit, was talked of for to-day. But the minute Lord Avalon comes to the fore, she jumps at it, you see. You ought to have been beforehand with him, if you've any weakness in that direction. It's the early bird—"

"I think I will change my mind," said Lyttleton, interrupting. "Yes, I will go."

"Delighted to hear it. And give me your opinion of my lord's turn-out. Mine is ever so much better, though his is a stunner, I confess."

It was in a sudden access of jealousy, that Lyttleton had determined to go. Alas! he little knew what was before him.

VII.

THE ANONYMOUS LIBEL.

FAUSBANE had never forgotten Lyttleton's look, on the day at the club. "Deuce take the fellow," he had said to himself, "he glared at me as if he wanted to whip me. A conceited prig. Has made a speech or two, and thinks he can look

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down on us fellows. Curse him! I believe I could give him long odds at billiards, and beat him. He thinks, does he, that nobody dares to talk of Miss Sinclair except himself? But I'll be even with him yet."

There are some people in the world who seem to love evil for its own sake. They would rather bear malice than feel kindly. They would sooner see a person fail than succeed. Envy is more natural to them than good-feeling. Such people are always suspecting others. They hold everybody to be as bad as themselves. To this class belonged Fausbane. He was one to fancy scorn or injury where none was intended; to nourish even an imaginary wrong for years; and to stop at nothing, no matter how base, in order, as he said, to have revenge. "I'll be even with him yet" meant to do Lyttleton an injury, the moment he could do it without peril to himself. For Fausbane, and all like him, are cowards at heart. They will stab in the dark, and behind the back, but they take care never to do it, face to face.

He looked into several rooms, until he found one empty, where, being free from scrutiny, he read the note carefully.

"Ha!" he cried, "I have him. One can see, between the lines, that this girl is a little off her head about him. I suppose that speech of his did it. It's not a note she would like shown. Let me see. Yes, I have it. I'll copy it, and send the copy to her anonymously, and say that Lyttleton showed it, and boasted of it, at the club, here, in the smoking-room. I'll make a mistake, intentionally, in one or two unimportant words, so as not to alter the meaning, and yet give color to the idea that it is written down from memory, and not copied with the original before one. I'll say that Lyttleton offered to bet five hundred dollars to fifty, that he could have her, if he wished. If there's anything that will make a girl angry, it is that. Women, too, are such impulsive creatures; they don't wait for confirmatory evidence; they go off, at once; they are worse than Othello, in that respect. And this Miss Sinclair, bright and witty as she is, is high-strung as the devil. Ten to one, she'll cut the fellow straight out, and not give him even a chance for explanation. Perhaps, what's better, she'll accept Avalon at once, in her rage. Ah! my fine fellow, I have you fast."

Fausbane was as good as his word. The very next morning, he wrote his note, and did it so adroitly that almost any young girl would have been deceived. He deprecated, as he said, anonymous communications, as a rule. He had never written one before, and he did not think it possible he should ever have to write one again. But there were exceptions to all rules. This was one. It was a case in which either the fair fame of a lady would continue to be bandied about, unchecked, or secrecy must be observed as to those who exposed the outrage. Otherwise, as Miss Sinclair must know, not only would her informant be held responsible, by a false code of honor, but her name would get public, and she herself become a target for every malicious tongue. This reasoning impressed Ethel forcibly, the more because of her very ingenuousness. It was quite impossible for a pure mind, like hers, to believe that anybody could be so wicked as to invent a tale like this. It was much more rational, it seemed to her, to think that all men, as she had so often read, were false: even Lyttleton, alas! among the number.

The writer then went on to tell his story, in detail. How there was a party of four, in the smoking-room, very late at night. How Lyttleton, elated with the success of his speech the night before, had been drinking a good deal, and had fallen into a vein of boasting, in which, finally, Miss Sinclair's name was mentioned. How one of the others present had intimated that this was a bit of "gratuitous brag," and that Miss Sinclair's name ought not to be thus freely used. How Lyttleton had then offered to bet the five hundred dollars against anybody's fifty, that "he could go in and win," to quote his own words, "whenever he chose." That, in confirmation of this assertion, he had then produced Ethel's note, and read it, in the words the writer gave, or as near them as he could recollect. The kind of paper on which the note had been written, the monogram, the envelope, were all accurately described. "Of course, he did not part with it, but he passed it around for examination," said the writer, in conclusion.

"Oh, oh!" cried Ethel, when she had finished, "the baseness of the world! Would I were only back again among my dear old hills, where no such wickedness is ever heard of. I will go at once. My arm is well enough. I was to dine out, to-morrow. If I am fit for a dinner, I am fit to travel. But no: that would be to betray myself; it would look like running away from the field of battle. He would laugh at his triumph. He shall never do that—he shall never know. I will stay, if it kills me. Yes, and the first time I meet him, I will look him straight in the face, and cut him dead. He shall see that there are women who cannot be insulted with impunity. And yet, and yet, I thought him so good, so noble."

As she spoke, she sprang up from her chair, and began to walk the room hurriedly. Her suf-

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fering had revealed to her, in these few moments, more than she had ever suspected of the true state of her heart. She felt as if she loved—no, that she might have loved—him: and this, which she now called weakness, miserable idiocy, stung her almost to madness. "I wonder if there is anything like truth in the world?" she cried. "Who would not have been deceived? To utter such sentiments; to speak almost like a god: and then go away, and the next night defame a poor girl, who had thought him honest and true, and so had trusted him. Oh! I hate him. I never knew what hate was before. But God forgive me, I mustn't hate—even my enemies. I must forgive them, but cannot forget!"

With these words, and others equally incoherent, she was giving vent to her outraged feelings, to her bruised and insulted heart, when the maid knocked at the door, bringing a note.

"An answer, if you please," said the girl; "a word will do, the groom says, who is waiting."

The note was from Lord Avalon, saying that the first meeting of the Polo Club was to take place the next day. "Would she go with him to it, in his phaeton? He had just met her aunt, at Tiffany's, and heard that she had talked of going for a drive, to-morrow. Would a day make much difference? How inexpressibly glad he would be to see her once more. He would have come in person, and asked for an interview; but he feared that would be too presuming."

"Tell the servant I accept," said Ethel, with prompt decision. Her eyes were flashing, her lips set. "But stay: a mere verbal message, under the circumstances, is hardly civil; I will write a line on a card." So she took one of her cards, and tracing rapidly "with pleasure," gave it to the maid to deliver to the groom. Nor would anyone, so firm was the penmanship, have imagined her recent emotion.

VIII.

THE POLO GROUNDS.

ETHEL had never been in lighter spirits, apparently, than during the drive to the polo grounds. Yet never had she been, in reality, more sad at heart. Lord Avalon thought her incomparable. She seemed, too, more gracious than ever before.

They arrived early. "To get the best place possible," said my lord; "you see, it's dull work if you get a bad one: quite too awfully dull."

"Do you ever play polo yourself?" asked Ethel. "I have read all about it, as played in London—at Hurlingham's, I think—isn't it?"

"Yes, it's played there, and is quite the correct thing, you know. But I never had the time for it, or, for that matter, the taste."

"Isn't it often dangerous?"

"Yes; a fellow gets pitched on his head, or has his arm broken, sometimes. Sir Edward Cunard was killed at polo, only a year or two ago. You'll see, directly, that a good deal of risk is involved in it; and that's why it's popular; the risk, and the exercise, are its *raison d'etre*. Without them it would be rather ridiculous."

The carriages now began to flock in, so that, very soon, there was a double row of them encircling the space set apart for the players. This space, strictly speaking, was not a circle, however, but an oblong. "You see, the ball is thrown up," said my lord, "near the centre, and then the two sides rush in, each trying, with their mallets, to drive it towards their own end. A good many hard knocks are given, as you'll see, even when no real accident happens; but it's hardest on the ponies: they have no end of a bad time. Any fellow can play polo, with a little practice, if he's a good rough rider even, and really not run much risk. But it's awfully hard on the ponies."

The players appeared in due season, and ranged themselves in two parties, each distinguished by a different uniform, if their parti-colored attire might be called such. Each carried a long stick, crooked at one end. They rode small wiry ponies. The ponies were so small, indeed, that the feet of a tall rider almost touched the ground.

"It's a great advantage, you see," said my lord, "to be long-limbed, in playing polo. There's Mr. Million, six-feet-three, yonder: he doesn't seem to sit tall, either: it's because his height is mostly in leg. His arm, too, is exceptionally long: like that of Rob Roy. This enables him to stoop lower, and reach further, in the contest, than a fellow of a different build. It gives him a great advantage. His long legs, besides, permit him to stick on much better than if they were shorter. You must take all these things into consideration, in deciding on the merit, if not on the skill, of the players."

At that moment the ball was tossed up, and each party rushed in to the fray. For a moment or two, Ethel could distinguish nothing but a wild melee, in which ponies and riders were mixed indistinguishably together. She could hear, however, the crack of the mallets as they struck the ball: the thud of the ponies' feet: even, she thought, the quick breathing of the combatants.

At last, the ball, by a fortunate stroke, shot out of the press, far towards the left-hand goal, and immediately there was a rush of all parties towards it.

"Why," said Ethel, who was perhaps a little cynical to-day, and in that respect quite unlike her usual self, "this is exactly the game that the

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boys used to play in the streets, in Philadelphia, when I was a little child, only they did it on foot. It's nothing more or less," contemptuously, "than what they called 'shinny.' Yet here are grown men, gentlemen of education, playing it. Only the boys never harmed anybody but themselves; while here it is the poor ponies, as you say, that get the worst of the fray."

"Still, I can understand how a fellow can enjoy it; for it puts his blood up, you know: and it's certainly good for the health."

"In that sense, I suppose, in the sense that all athletic sports are good for the health, anything can be defended, even matadores at a bull-fight. At least, till they're carried too far."

"Quite so."

"Or boxing-matches."

"Just so. Quite so."

"Or the sports of the old Roman amphitheatre," sarcastically. "Gladiators fighting to the death. The more brutal the better, because they 'put the blood up' more, and are, therefore, better for the health."

"You are too much for me, to-day," said Lord Avalon, laughingly. "But, oh! here comes an English friend of mine. Excuse me for a second, while I speak to him."

He leaned over in the opposite direction from Ethel, as he spoke, and stooping down from his seat, extended his hand to a big, burly Saxon, a very son of Anak. At that same moment, our heroine felt, in that strange magnetic way we all do occasionally, that someone was approaching to speak to her; and looking quickly around, she saw Lyttleton, making his way toward her, through the crowd, on foot.

The moment he caught her eye, he lifted his hat, and smiled with his usual sweet, frank smile, that always lit up a face which, in repose, sometimes seemed almost too stern.

For an instant Ethel hesitated. It seemed impossible to her that such a frank, easy greeting should go with treachery. But then, on second thought, it was just such manners, she said to herself, that always accompanied, as she had been told, the basest characters. Moreover, there was no resisting the evidence of the note: there could be no doubt of his guilt.

A slight color had come to her cheeks at first. But she forced it down, and looked Lyttleton full in the face.

"Miss Sinclair," he began. He stopped short. Her contemptuous gaze disconcerted him. Few men, no matter how brave, can bear, without flinching, such treatment from the woman they love. Lyttleton was among the bravest; but he quailed before it, for a moment, undeserved as he knew it to be.

He rallied, on the instant, nevertheless. "What could it mean?" he said to himself. Like a soldier on a forlorn hope, his impulse was to dash forward and know the worst.

"Miss Sinclair," he began, once more, "I am so glad to see you out again. Allow me to congratulate you."

She regarded him for a moment with a slow, fixed, scornful look, that was infinitely more cutting than any words she could have used. Then as he did not move, she said:

"There must be some mistake, sir;" and turned disdainfully away.

Lyttleton recoiled, as if struck a blow in the face.

"Am I awake?" he said to himself. "What does it mean? If it was a man, I would—"

He checked himself, and set his teeth hard. His blood was boiling, his whole frame quivering.

"There are some things one can never forget —or forgive," he said, sternly, as he pulled himself together, "even from a woman."

He reached his dog-cart, he hardly knew how; sprang in, and drove out of the grounds like a madman.

"No, nothing can excuse her," he said, again and again. "The vilest criminal is entitled to a hearing. And I have done nothing. Great heavens! and I thought her the noblest of her sex."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE WORLD'S YOUTH.

BY J. H. M'CARTHY.

Let no regretful memory degrade
This gracious day from Saturn's age of gold;
Let us believe we never shall grow old,
Nor never more this summer splendor fade;
Let us believe no living man or maid
Shall ever lie their length beneath the mould;
That love shall never, like a dream half-told,
Float from the merry sunlight into shade.
To-day let life be as those Tuscan tales
Of lovers hidden from the world away
In gardens where the quick-winged nightingales
Haunt the dark hollows and soft fountains play;
Where youth is young, where passion never pales
Its scarlet lips to weep for yesterday.

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A BAD BOY'S ADVENTURE.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

JACK heard the key turn in the lock, then his prison-door opened, and there stood Aunt Maltby, upright and severe.

"You can come out now, Jack," she said; "and I hope you are prepared to be penitent."

Jack made no answer.

"Do you hear me?" his aunt asked. "I told you to come here."

"I'd rather stay where I am," said Jack, doggedly.

"Oh, Jack Remsen," exclaimed his aunt, in a tone which, to an older person, would have sounded one of utter discouragement, rather than severity, "do you mean to tell me that your wicked obstinacy isn't subdued yet?"

It needed only a glance at the child's face, with its handsome features set like a flint, to be certain that such was undoubtedly the case. But he did not speak.

"Then I shall send your supper here," the matron said. "Of course, you mustn't go hungry, however bad you may be."

"I wish you'd let me be," cried the boy, flaming into sudden passion. "I wish you'd starve me. Then when my papa comes back from California, he could have the law of you."

For an instant Mrs. Maltby stared in utter bewilderment at the little figure standing before her, erect as a small ramrod; then, without a word, she left the room, taking care to lock the door behind her.

She went down the hall to her own apartment, and seated herself in the first chair she saw, and speedily forgot the errand on which she had started, in dreary thoughts, and in a feeling of entire helplessness, such as her energetic nature had seldom been troubled with before.

A year previous, her widowed half-brother had been summoned unexpectedly to California, and had confided his boy to her care. It would be difficult to say whether the past twelvemonth had been harder on the aunt, or on the nephew: for a pair more antagonistic in every respect never came together. Jack, though only eight years old, was clever and quick, but terribly obstinate; he could be coaxed, but not driven. Like all impulsive, imaginative children, he had strong likes and dislikes; and his aunt had always been his aversion. He remembered distinctly that his mother—who died when he was six—and Mrs. Maltby had never been friends; and, in his unformed way, he felt it a kind of duty to inherit his mother's animosity.

His father's departure had taken place so suddenly, that, up to the last moment, the child did not know how he was to be disposed of, and so arrived at his aunt's house in a mood of sullen despair, which, on their first interview, caused that lady to pronounce him the most obstinate boy she had ever encountered.

She had tried to do her best by him, but it so happened that her way was not the right one for her small charge; for she was middle-aged, and had never had children of her own. He was full of animal spirits, and she liked children to be decorous. His love for fiction was as pronounced as if he had been sixteen; and she had a horror of anything which appealed to the imagination. But his lessons—for she elected to teach him herself—were the cause of most of their conflicts. Study figures Jack would not: and a mathematician she meant to make of him, at all costs.

The trouble of this day had arisen from certain irrelevant answers he had given to questions in mental arithmetic, when, to shame his obstinacy, she had told him she would limit them to calculations fit for a baby of four. "Jack," she had said, "if two apples and one apple make three, how many will three and one make?" And Jack had replied: "A very small dumpling." This crowning insolence, of course, drove him into prison, and his relative to the verge of despair.

Mrs. Maltby roused herself, at last, from her dreary reflections. "The boy, wicked as he is," she said, "mustn't starve." So she summoned Susan to carry him a plate of food. When Jack saw that his visitor was Susan, instead of his aunt, he cried out:

"You dear old thing! I'm sure you've brought me something good."

"Faith and I have," replied the girl; "but oh! Jack, Jack, how can ye go breakin' the harrut of yer aunt, that's always sthrivin' to bring ye up into an ilegant gintleman?"

"I'd ruther go with a circus," said Jack; "I can turn summersets like smoke—just look here."

He gave a proof of his skill by tumbling from one end of the room to the other, with such ra-

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pidity and unexpectedness that Susan shrieked, and nearly dropped the tray she held.

"Isn't that prime?" Jack asked, proudly, as he resumed his equilibrium.

"Shure, that's the way ye get yer brains too topsy-turvy to hold the mathematics at all, at all!" cried Susan.

"Now I'll show you how I can walk on my head," said Jack, unheeding this reproof.

"Oh, murder—don't," pleaded Susan. "Faith, there's the misthress callin'. She'll wax me well for stoppin' here a minute. Now, Jack, be a good b'y, and ricollect how 'don't care' came to the gallows."

"What's the difference between gallows and suspenders? Just answer me that, old Wisdom," called the incorrigible boy.

But Susan had fled, closing the door behind her.

Jack made a hearty repast on the dainties which the tray displayed; but all the time he was thinking of the circus, now at Silverton, only nine miles off. "Ah," he said, "if I could only go to the manager, and have an opportunity to exhibit my talents, I would be certain to be received with enthusiasm, and enrolled a member of the company." Jack knew all about circuses. They were his one ambition. He had been to several, before his stay with his aunt; been twice since, surreptitiously. "Why can't I run away," he said, "and join this one?" But the circus would leave Silverton on the morrow, and, meantime, he was a prisoner. "Oh! if I could only escape," he said. He locked around. But the window was too high, and the door was locked. As he thought this last, he mechanically went up to the door and tried the knob. It yielded. In her haste Susan had forgotten to turn the key.

Jack wasted little time in preparation. He put what food was left, in his pockets; donned his best jacket and cap; and started. The house had a back staircase seldom used. He could get away by this without being seen.

His plan succeeded perfectly. The outer door, by which he made his exit, gave on to some thick shrubberies, which effectually concealed him from view till he was far away. As he ran on, he reflected that if he took the high-road he must pass through the village. So he struck across the fields, and through a wood, and gained another road, which, several miles down the river, joined the Silverton turnpike.

It was a lovely afternoon, late in September. The quails piped; the birds sang; Jack almost regretted that his business was so urgent that he could not stop and play by the brook, which ran babbling through the meadow. But he remembered that this was no time to think of such trivialities. He was—oh, most glorious thought that ever suggested itself to a boy's mind—actually running away; going out into the world to seek his fortune. He was not destitute of money, either: for he had, safe in his pocket, a silver dollar, which had been given him by his god-father, when the latter had called at the house, some weeks before. Anything was possible with that dollar. If the circus did not suit, he could go to sea. If the world went too hard with him, he could become a boy-bandit, like the fellows in the dime-books. Anyhow, he was off, and he would not return. They should never "take him alive," he quoted to himself; and with this thought uppermost, on he trudged.

The wood was pleasant, too; for he found a cart-track, which he felt certain must lead directly through it; and into this he struck, singing and whistling like a young wood-thrush, in his delight and triumph.

Poor little Jack! When the sun set and the twilight began to gather, he seemed no nearer the edge of the wood than when he entered it; he was tired and hungry, and at last was forced to sit down on a log and eat the remainder of his provisions, while he held fast to his courage. After resting awhile, he got up, and tramped on again. But, alas! poor boy, he was traveling in a circle, though he knew it not. All he did know was that the last gleams of twilight faded; the night came on; the stars peeped at him through the trees; the air grew chill; and, utterly disheartened, he almost felt that he should be content to find himself back in his prison again.

Yet Jack was not troubled by nervous fears, as many children are. But he was tired out. It suddenly struck him, what if he did not reach Silverton that night? However, the circus would not get under way before noon, he said, so he rallied, and went on.

On and on, and yet no break in the wood. It seemed to Jack that he had been wandering for days and nights amid its interminable depths. His feet were shod with lead; his heavy eyelids would hardly stay open; and his disconnected thoughts ran upon wayfarers lost in mighty forests, and afterwards sought for in vain; or, if found, found only too late, dead and cold. Dead! What would that be like? Ah, now he was sorry for his bad behavior. And his aunt would never know it. And, if he died, would he see his mother? and would she be glad? and—hark, what was that sound? A distant church-bell tolling the hour; he counted the strokes: it was

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eight o'clock! He sat down, in utter despair. But, when he found himself crying, he rose again, and went on. The wood was growing lighter. He was near the edge. A few moments more of rapid walking showed him that he was right. He was out in the open, at last. He could see, divided from him only by a narrow meadow, a large farm-house.

Toward this he made his way. He reached the barns and hay-ricks, and was glad to lie down among some bundles of straw, which had been left strewn on the ground. He was too tired even to feel hungry; and the warmth of his bed gave him a sense of comfort and protection. There he lay, each instant telling himself that he meant to get up. But gradually his thoughts grew more and more vague. Sometimes he was with the circus, trying to perform impossible feats on a tight-rope; sometimes at home, relating his adventures to Aunt Maltby, while Susan waited in the background, holding a golden crown which Alice had sent from wonder-land, for his wearing; and finally he fell fast asleep.

The lowing of cattle, in a pasture near, roused him. He started to his feet, wide awake in an instant, and glanced towards the house. The windows were all dark: for it was still night, though how late he did not know. He got up, and walked onward. The path led him straight to a garden, which stretched at one side of the dwelling. The gate was open; he entered, and passed on down the centre alley. As he neared the end, the sound of voices caught his ear, coming from an arbor a little further on.

Jack stopped. His first idea was to ask for help. His next was that robbers were waiting to break into the house. He stood irresolute, trying to peer into the arbor; but, just then, a great white cloud swooped up the sky, and obscured the moon. At the same moment, he saw two figures pass out of the summer-house; he was close enough to perceive that they were those of a man and woman; and the latter was weeping softly.

"This is good-bye then, Annie?" the man said.

"It is good-bye, Will," the sweet feminine tones answered, tremulously. "I have promised my uncle not to see you again. I must keep my word."

"I shan't give you any reason to break it—I'll leave home at daybreak. I have only waited, these last days, for the chance of seeing you once more. Oh, I know how it will end. Your uncle will marry you to that hypocrite nephew of his wife's—"

"Stop, Will! Don't show that you think so badly of me—don't! No power could induce me ever to marry Tom Archer—that I promise. I'll swear it, if you like."

"Then I can bear my burden. But remember, your uncle will try hard to bring it about; and, till twenty-one, you are completely in his hands—absolutely."

"He is usually very good to me, Will. He is rough, but he has never been harsh, except—except—"

"Where your loving me was concerned. Oh, he hates me—he always has."

"Not that. But he thinks you so—so dissipated. Oh, Will! recollect how wild you have been; how, even for my sake, you could not let drink and cards alone."

"I know—I know; and God knows I deserve my fate. But, Annie, I'd have been different, had he not separated us. It is only within the last eighteen months that I've been so reckless; I know that is weak, but it's true."

"But now—you will begin a new life? You will go to the city, and do your best in the situation offered you?"

"Heaven is my witness!"

"I believe you—I trust you, Will. There—I can say nothing more, only—only—Will, as you love me, remember, that, if you redeem your past, the time may come when your talents and education will win you such a position, that even my uncle will be glad and proud to—to—"

"My darling!"

"And if that time—"

"If, Annie?"

"When that time comes—be it long or short—you shall find me here waiting for you, Will, with the same loving heart that is yours now."

The cloud floated up towards the zenith. The moon shone out again in full splendor. Jack could see distinctly the faces of the two speakers, and in spite of the interest and excitement caused by their talk, began, on the instant, to compare them to the most beautiful of his favorite heroes and heroines, that he had read of in romances and poetry. He had got so far as deciding that the girl was the very image of the "lily of Astolat," was debating whether the young man most probably resembled Hamlet, or Byron's corsair in his youthful days, when his reflections were interrupted by the young lady's saying, quickly: "You must go now, Will—I dare not stay a moment longer."

Jack thought he might speak to them, but waited, like the gallant little chap he was, till Master Will should have released Annie from the clasp of the two arms he had flung about her as she spoke. But before the embrace ended, a man's voice, from the house, called, with gruff

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imperiousness: "Annie—Annie Layton—are you out in the garden at this hour? I went to your room; that fool of a Betsey Shaw is rousing the neighborhood with cramps. I told her she would, when she ate cold beans enough at supper to load a cart; and you, with your nonsensical, crazy ways, out in the moonshine. By George, I'd like to thrash the whole lot of you. What the Lord ever made woman for, any more than why he made fleas and mosquitos, is what no man can tell. Do you hear me? Come in, I say, and blister that confounded Betsey with mustard, from head to heel."

Meantime the girl was whispering: "Go, Will, go!" And just as he released her, the gruff voice broke out again: "You're talking to somebody," it cried. "Oh, you—"

"He's coming, Will!" the girl moaned.

He was, indeed. Into the garden dashed a short, stout, red-faced man, with such force that he nearly ran against the pair. He was so choked with passion that he could not articulate a syllable.

The young man, meantime, stood confronting him with a cold, contemptuous smile, while Annie Layton tugged at her lover's arm to push him back; and Jack, forgetful of heroism, crouched down behind a clump of bushes, more frightened than ever he had been in the whole course of his little life. The old man got breath at last, and burst out:

"I've found you, have I? And that disreputable young rascal of a Will Travers with you? By the Lord Harry! Oh, you minx—you're a nice girl, you—"

"The fault is entirely mine, Mr. Morley," Will Travers interrupted. "I came to your house, to-night, without Annie's knowing my intention. I am leaving this place, perhaps for years. I could not go without seeing Annie once more."

"Couldn't you, indeed? Well, you'd better leave this particular place as fast as your legs will carry you, or by the Lord Harry, I'll set the dog on you. And if ever you put foot on my farm again, I'll have you arrested, and land you where you ought to have been these last two years—in jail."

"Your threats, Mr. Morley, are as useless as they are silly. You know of old that I am not to be frightened," returned Travers, in a cold, scornful voice.

"You idle, drunken dog," shouted the old man, springing forward. But Annie Layton darted between him and the youth, who stood calmly awaiting his approach.

"Uncle, uncle!" she shrieked. "Go, Will, go!"

"What's the matter?" another man's voice called, from near the house. "Uncle, are you there?"

"Yes, I am here, Tom Archer," growled Morley.

"I'm sorry to be so late," pursued the voice, sounding nearer and nearer, while, from the expression of the old man's face, it was plain he was undecided whether to warn the speaker back, or let him approach. "The Society business detained me so long that I was almost ashamed to come up and accept your hospitality, but—"

The speaker had entered the garden; an abrupt turn in the path brought the trio in full view; he stopped short; and Jack forgot his fright in a mad desire to know what would happen next. He raised his head and peeped at the new-comer—a tall, shambling-made fellow of thirty, with sandy hair and whiskers, and an expression of mingled villainy and hypocrisy, which made Jack christen him Uriah Heep on the spot—oh, Jack could remember a good many famous people, let me tell you, even when he had only a portion of his wits about him.

"Ah ha, Tom, you see him, do you?" cried old Morley, breaking the momentary silence. "Here he is: this drunkard, this gambler, this future jail-bird of a Will Travers; come stealing up here, and forcing my niece to meet him, for fear, in his drunken fit, he'd be violent, if she refused—"

"It is not true, uncle," Annie Layton interrupted, firmly. "I met Will of my own accord; he deserves none of those names you have called him, either."

"Please don't defend me, Annie," said Travers, calm as ever. "Mr. Morley's temper prevents his opinion being of any importance at present. As for Mr. Archer, he knows already that I despise him too thoroughly to regard it at any time."

"You'd—you'd better take care, sir," blustered Archer.

"Tom, Tom, thrash him if you like," howled old Morley.

"Pray try, Mr. Archer, if you have the slightest inclination," said Travers, stepping forward.

"Will, Will—go—go!" pleaded Annie.

But he kept his stand, gently pushing her back with his left arm.

Old Morley had been glancing at Archer, with a look half of anger, half contempt, as the fellow shuffled uneasily from one foot to the other. But now he turned on Travers, crying:

"None of your blood-thirsty talk here, you ruffian, or I'll have the law on you. Don't touch

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him, Tom. He's not fit for a decent man to dirty his fingers with."

"Nor do my principles permit me to indulge in brutality," said Archer, trying hard to look virtuous and determined. "I am not even angry with Mr. Travers; I am only sorry for him."

"And so you keep your bones safe," retorted Travers, with an angry insulting laugh.

"For my sake—for God's sake, go, Will!" pleaded Annie.

"I am going. Good-bye, dear—remember," he replied.

He turned away as he spoke. But old Morley, in his fury, could not resist sending after him a parting volley of abuse.

"You'd better leave the neighborhood, at once, you dog; there's been talk of arresting you for forgery."

"You infernal liar!" shouted Travers.

Back he darted, a terrible wrath blazing in his eyes. Annie sprang before him, with extended arms. Archer pulled old Morley aside.

"I shall die if you don't go, Will—I shall die!" moaned Annie.

"And you did commit a theft. I can prove it to Annie," shouted Morley. "Why, your father and mother before you weren't respectable, in spite of their airs. It's doubtful whether you could legally claim their property, if—"

"Oh, my God, Will, go!"

"I am going. John Morley, I'd have forgiven you the insults to myself—never these last! As sure as God rules in heaven, you shall be punished for them; sooner, too, than you think." And with this parting menace, Will Travers was gone.

When the other three had entered the house, Jack crept out of his hiding-place. He dared not ask assistance of them. He was almost ready to believe the old man a real ogre. He went back through the garden to the barn, and lay down again among the straw. He heard the church-clock strike at last. He knew he had not been asleep. Presently he heard footsteps, saw a young man come round the corner of one of the ricks, stoop, light a match, and thrust it into the hay. A little cloud of smoke followed; then a sudden jet of flame; then the man darted off; and Jack, half paralyzed with terror, dragged his little legs as fast as he could towards the garden-gate. As he neared it, he caught sight of Tom Archer and a young woman, coming down the path.

"I thought you didn't mean to give me a chance to speak to you," she was saying. "Oh, I can't stand this—I won't! I know you are deceiving me. You mean to give in to the old man's plan, and marry Annie. You shan't. You shan't. I'll tell everything, first."

"I don't, Mary. I'll right you; I'll keep my word," he cried, holding the excited creature fast in his arms. "I must humor uncle, till I get that money. Then we'll be married, and go West—"

"Look, look!" she broke in, pointing towards the barn. "Oh, my God, Tom, you've fired the stacks. I saw you go close to them and stop there."

"Shut up. Can't you see it's Will Travers' work? He swore vengeance, to-night, on the old man."

"Oh, Tom, Tom! You did it to ruin Travers," groaned the girl.

"If you ever want to see my face again, get to your room," and off dashed Archer, shouting: "Fire, fire!"

We always supposed that poor little Jack must have run a long distance, and at length fallen down insensible; for the next thing he could recollect was finding himself by the roadside, his clothes wet with dew, his whole body a mass of pains, and the cold gray light of dawn peeping frowningly at him through the branches of the tree, at the foot of which he had sunk in his exhaustion.

He thought that he was dying. First he said a little prayer. Then his head and back began to throb so terribly when he strove to rise, that he begged his mother to ask God to let him die quickly. Then he fancied that he had gone into another world: a sort of desert island, and he could not get back to earth to tell Aunt Maltby he was sorry; and a voice called to him from a great distance, that he could not go to heaven either for a long, long time. And he ached so, and he was so tired. He had walked—walked countless miles, up stony hills, along the brink of awful precipices, and called and shrieked, and nobody heard—nobody, nobody.

And at last the visions ceased to plague him. He opened his eyes. He was lying in his own bed at home. Aunt Maltby was seated by him, and Susan was standing near.

"Oh, it's nice to have a pleasant dream," poor Jack murmured. "Will I be in the desert island, next time?"

But it was no dream. Jack had been at home for ten days. As he lay by the roadside, in the chill dawn, the doctor, from the village where Mrs. Maltby lived, happened to pass, on his way to Silverton. He saw the senseless little figure, stretched on the ground, and knew at once that it was Jack Remsen, for whom search had been diligently made since the afternoon previous.

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Of course he drove back immediately with his unconscious burden; and his skill and Aunt Maltby's assiduous nursing had brought Jack safely out of the fever, which proved to be a nervous one, caused by excitement and exposure, instead of congestion of the brain, which they had at first feared.

So Jack was petted, instead of scolded, and in a few days his strength began to come back, and with it his memory. But even after he could be dressed, and sit up, and helped to walk about, there was a hiatus in his recollections, which no effort could fill up. He remembered his running away; remembered every incident distinctly, till he reached the farm. After that, of the people whom he saw, or what they did, he could only recall that it was some vague, nameless, dreadful thing. Then he remembered lying under the tree, and the being alone so long on the desert island was as real as any actual event of his life.

So time went on, till nearly three weeks were gone, and one day Jack was lying on the sofa, in his aunt's room, whither he had been carried by faithful Susan. He woke from a pleasant sleep, to the sound of voices. They were his aunt's and the doctor's. The first words he heard were these, pronounced by the physician:

"Somehow, I cannot believe that Will Travers is guilty. He is a wild young fellow, but not a low ruffian, who would set fire to a man's property, for the sake of revenge."

Will Travers! With the utterance of the name, back, swift as a flash of lightning, came a full remembrance of the events of that dreadful night. At first, Jack could not move nor call. When he could get his mind away from the pictures that rose, one after another, before it, and listen again to the conversation, he heard the doctor say:

"Yes, the trial is going on, to-day, at Silverton. They caught Travers in New York, two weeks ago. They say the poor girl's evidence—Annie Layton's—will go far to convict him; and Archer's will do the rest."

"But no one actually saw him fire the stacks?" asked Aunt Maltby.

"Yes, I did!" screamed Jack, startling both personages out of the serenity on which they prided themselves, by the unexpectedness of his voice and words.

Of course, at first, they thought he was delirious again; but Jack soon convinced them that he was as sane as they were.

In less than an hour, Jack, fortified by cordials, and well wrapped up, was speeding away towards Silverton, along with Aunt Maltby and the doctor, as fast as the fleetest pair of horses in the neighborhood could carry them. And in the Silverton court-house was gathered a larger crowd than had been collected there for years. In the criminal's dock sat Will Travers, and in the witness-box, the inmates of John Morley's house.

The trial was drawing to its close. Poor Annie Layton's evidence had gone hard against her lover, interrupted, once, by her extending her arms towards the prisoner, and crying dismally: "Oh, Will, Will, I know you are innocent." Then came his answer: "God knows it, too, Annie—go on!"

There was a hush in the room, like the stillness of death, for a few instants; then women broke into audible sobs; then judge, jury, and lawyers lifted their heads, which, on one pretense or another, had remained bowed; then a few more questions were asked, and the witness was assisted from the stand, to give place to Tom Archer.

He gained great credit by the way in which he gave his evidence. Even the cruel cross-examination, by Travers' lawyers, could not confuse him into opposing statements, nor the demand as to whether revenge, on the successful suitor of the woman he loved, influenced his judgment. "I am a Christian," was his reply. "I never hated the young man. In all this court, there can be no human being more sorry for him than I."

At that moment, there was a message brought to Travers' senior counsel, which caused him to leave the court-room; and, during his absence, the cross-examination went on. You know, of course, what is coming. Jack Remsen was produced, at a dramatic moment, and placed in a chair, in the witness-box. He was pale from his illness, and so excited that he could not keep still; but no more frightened by judge, jury, or crowd, than if he had been a young emperor holding his court.

He bore the preliminary questions patiently enough, but when it came to asking him if he understood the nature of an oath, Jack, in a very contemptuous manner, explained clearly that he understood perfectly, following up his explanation with a remark addressed to the Judge on the bench, whom he knew: "Do please make them hurry up, Judge Waters; I want to tell all about it."

And he did. He had seen Tom Archer fire the hay-stack. More! He turned, and pointed his finger at Mary Blaine, and called out:

"Ask her, if you don't believe me. She came

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into the garden, and oh! how she cried; and he promised: 'Wait,' he said; 'I'll right you. I only want to get the money from the old man, then we'll be married, and go West.' Just then, she saw the fire, and yelled out: 'Oh, my God, Tom, you've fired the hay-stacks!' Just ask her. She knows she said it."

But, before the boy had finished, the miserable girl had fallen forward in her seat: and there she lay like a dead woman, in the arms of those who raised her. Fortunately, her former evidence had been so slight, that she could not be convicted for perjury; but, when able to go upon the stand, the truth she was obliged to reveal so entirely corroborated Jack's testimony, that Tom Archer's guilt and conviction were established facts.

Of course, Jack was made a hero of to his heart's content; and with the ordinary consistency of human nature, Aunt Maltby turned about and spoiled him so dreadfully, that it was a fortunate thing the boy's father returned home within a few weeks, and dispatched him to a good school.

Eighteen months after, when the young gentleman came to his aunt's to spend a vacation, he enjoyed the honor and delight of being one of the groomsmen, when Will Travers and Annie Layton were married. Jack, as might be expected, distinguished himself in more ways than one: notably, by falling over head and ears in love with Travers' little nine-year-old sister, who officiated among the bridesmaids—looking like a small seraph in blue and white—and by consuming so much fruit-cake, that he burst two buttons off his new jacket.

"Women never can make men's clothes," Jack pronounced, dictatorially, after this catastrophe. "I do hope, Aunt Maltby, that now you'll send that stupid seamstress adrift, and provide me with a real pair of trousers, and coat, made by a genuine, live tailor."

I LOVE YOU.

BY BENNETT BELLMAN.

By the deep and thrilling glance
Of thine eyes, I love you;
By your light step in the dance,
Like a fairy's in romance,
I love you.
By thy wavy hair of gold,
Softly falling, fold on fold;
And thy glance so soft and shy,
Sweet, whene'er I pass you by,
I love you.

By that face so soft and sweet,
Such as in heaven we might meet,
I love you.
Like a seraph's it doth seem
In the gaslight's softened beam;
And thy smile—ah! well I deem
I love you.

For the subtle witchery
Which doth seem to hang o'er thee,
And other reasons I could state,
But I need not here dilate—
I love you.
Yes! by every beauty given:
Form of earth, and soul of heaven—
Yes, I love you.

By thy wit, that sparkles bright
As thine eyes, I love you;
Thou art my star, thou lovely sprite—
Women and stars show best by night;
And to-night—I love you.
Here! this rose-bud—will you wear it?
For I love you, love, I swear it.
Yes, I love you.

One thing more before I go,
Darling, I would like to know,
I love you.
Tell me! by thy beauty born
To torment us: since the morn
How many other fools have sworn
I love you?

FULFILLMENT.

BY J. W. CHAPMAN.

As he of old who sat beside the way—
The beggar unto whom the Christ gave sight—
Looked on His face half fearful with delight:
Dazed half at finding what, until that day,
He only dreamed: so on thy face, I may,
Beloved, with eyes whereto thou gavest light
In darkness, gaze and tremble at love's might,
Whose fullness fills my days. Oh, life! I say,
How didst thou keep thy house—how joy, how fare,
Before love came? And thou, O shore of time,
How barren wert, ere yet her tide made rhyme
And laughter round thy crags so lone and bare!
Ah! love, I cannot so persuade me now
Thou wert not ever mine, I know not how!

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THE SCANDAL AT LAKE NEMO.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

I LAID Gussie's letter down, with quite a sigh of relief.

"Dearest Helen:" it ran. "Can't you come and make me a visit? You will not find it dull here, for Lake Nemo has become quite a famous little summer resort, and two new hotels are already full of gay people. I have the coziest of homes, and the prettiest baby in the world. Do come, dear, and stay all summer. I need you.

GUSSIE GRAY MCVICKER."

"Surely my fears were all in vain," I said to my mother, who was sitting near. "After all I said to Gussie against marrying Will McVicker, she would never ask me to come, had she a skeleton in her closet."

Gussie Gray and I had been intimate as girls. She was a year or two my senior, but I was older in reality, since I was more practical and better balanced. Gussie was handsome, wilful, impulsive, and one of the proudest girls living. We had both been teachers in one of the suburban schools of Chicago. We had roomed together for two years, when Will McVicker, after his absence of some time, returned to the city. I had known him from his boyhood, and was none too well pleased when he proposed to Gussie. I was frank enough to tell her so.

"I like Will McVicker, say, as a friend and companion, extremely," I said. "But he is incapable of constancy."

"How do you know?" she replied.

"Well, it is not in his nature. He tired of his playthings as a child; he tired of his school-life within a year of graduation, and with every prospect of the honors; he left college for a place in a mercantile house, and tired of that in a year; then he took to the stage, and when he was beginning to attract attention, grew tired of that in turn, and went West, into the mines. Now he has returned, with a moderate amount of money which from his own statement might have been trebled, had he staid a year longer."

"There is such a thing as love in this world—deep, abiding love," Gussie said.

"Yes, dear, but Will McVicker can never entertain that angel in his fickle, changeable heart. He will tire of you, as he has tired of everything else in his life. I only hope it may be before you are tied to him for life."

Gussie was hurt and offended, and there was a coolness after. She had married Will, and they had gone to Lake Nemo to live, and I had seen her twice since, when she had visited her old home. She had looked happy and prosperous. Still she had never asked me to visit her.

Gussie welcomed me quite effusively. "It seems so good to have you back," she said. "I have no intimate friends here. I have been so bound up in my husband and baby, that I have formed no close friendships. And—and now I am beginning to need them."

Something in her tone, rather than the words, caused me to glance at her inquiringly, and she flushed a little, and hastened to explain.

"Mr. McVicker," she said, "has gone into some speculations which necessitate his absence from home a good deal, and baby does not require the attention she did, so I have more time in which to miss companionship."

Just then the door opened, and Will came in. He was, as usual, handsomely dressed, and seemingly in the best of spirits. He greeted me cordially, and then bent over his wife's chair to kiss her, inquiring in the most tender and solicitous manner for her health during his absence.

"I have been quite well," she replied, coldly, and turned her cheek to receive his caress.

"Have you been long absent?" I asked.

"Only since morning—I do not always come home to lunch or dinner now," he replied. I wondered to myself, secretly, if this extreme attention to and solicitude for his wife's health was habitual to him, after so short an absence, or was assumed for my benefit. Gussie's cold reception of his attentions led me to think the latter. But as day after day went by, and there was no change in his manner, I was satisfied it was usual with him.

"I never, in all my life, saw a husband so solicitous for his wife's comfort in every way," I said to her, one day.

"Yes, Mr. McVicker," she said—and I had noticed that she always called him Mr. McVicker now, dropping the once familiar Will—"is always just as you see him now. He never spoke an unkind or quick word to me in his life, and always considers my health and pleasure."

But the look that came over Gussie's face was not the look of an exultant, happy wife. It was the look of a hopeless, despairing woman.

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Mr. McVicker was frequently absent from home the whole day and evening—sometimes returning after we had retired. I asked no questions, and had only Gussie's remark that he was "speculating," for an explanation. Yet I noticed that Gussie's coldness towards her husband was increased, while his solicitude and attention were doubled, after these absences. When he was at home, his whole time seemed to be occupied in devising diversion and pleasure for Gussie. Excursions, in which he was the most attentive and courteous of companions, occurred frequently; and he rarely came home that he did not bring her some trifle. She had but to express a wish for anything, and it was gratified.

It was perhaps a month after my arrival, when, one evening, some young ladies were calling, strangers in the place. It was early twilight.

Presently, after one of those pauses which occur in a conversation between strangers, and are hard to bridge over, one of the young ladies turned to Gussie, and remarked:

"I believe I saw you driving on the lake shore, last evening, Mrs. McVicker. It was a charming evening, was it not? And the band gave some exquisite selections."

"I? Last evening? No, I was not out," Gussie responded.

"No? Then very likely it was your friend," the lady continued. "I was with a resident of the place, and the wheel of our carriage locked with another in the crowd. A gentleman, who was driving with a lady, came to our assistance. My friend said it was Mr. McVicker. I did not particularly notice the lady, but presumed it might be you." And then she glided off into another channel of conversation, in which we all joined, until the ladies took their departure.

No sooner had they gone, than Gussie rose and came over, and threw herself on the floor, with her head in my lap.

"Oh, Helen," she sobbed, in a wild way, "I knew it, I knew it."

I put my hand softly on her brow. "Knew what?" I said, gently.

"Why, that there was some other woman at the bottom of all this. I have felt so sure of it for months."

"You are speaking in riddles, Gussie dear," I responded. "You know you can say anything to me—I am your friend."

"I know that," she cried; "and that is why I sent for you. I felt I should go mad if I did not have someone here who cared for me—someone whom I could trust. For, since this change came, I have feared my brain was turning."

"But what change, dear? Remember, I know nothing."

She drew her breath quick and hard, and sat with her hands clasped about her knees, looking off blankly into space as she talked.

"It was more than six months ago," she said, "that I first felt it coming. Mr. McVicker was no less kind or attentive—he was even more so than usual; but all the magnetism had gone from his touch, all the love from his look and tone. He was often absent-minded and *distrait;* and when I questioned him about it, he said it was my imagination, and redoubled his attentions to me. But, Helen, there is no deceiving a woman who truly loves—she knows when she is no longer loved in return. I used every art, every device in my power, to win him back. But, while he admired my toilets, praised my music, laughed at my witticisms, and declared I was the most elegant and brilliant woman in America, I yet saw, day by day, the utter hopelessness of my struggle. The time had come, Helen, which you predicted. My husband no longer loved me—he was tired of me. One might just as well try to open the eyes of the dead, and blow life back into the cold nostrils, as attempt to revive a dead passion. One day, a month before I wrote to you, I became convinced that he had grown interested in some other woman. I cannot tell you how it was, or what it was: I only know that the conviction came upon me. And his increasing absences were more and more convincing. One day I asked him to tell me what, or who, had come between us. He answered, kindly but coldly: 'Do I not look after your comfort, and pleasure, and well-being, in every way possible, Gussie? Do I neglect you in anything?' 'No,' I replied. 'You feed my body well; but you starve my heart. You do everything but love me; and that is what I most want.' 'We cannot compel love,' he replied. 'It goes and comes at will. It is something completely beyond control. But we can control our actions, Gussie; and I shall always try to do my duty by you.' Then he turned and left me."

She paused.

"But you are not sure there is another woman in the case," I said. "That is only a supposition."

"I am sure," she answered, calmly. "He was driving with some woman, last evening. He has made no mention of it to me. Had it been merely some mutual friend, he would have told me. I have believed, for a long time, that he spent many of his evenings, and took many of his lunches and dinners, in the society of some woman whom he loves."

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"But have you no suspicion who it is, Gussie?"

"No," she answered. "Though I think it is very likely a well-known matter of gossip in the town. Wives are frequently the last to find out these things. And I dread knowing who it is —I think I would kill her, if I knew."

"Gussie!" I cried.

"Yes," she continued, calmly, "I think I should. I have thought so for months. It is usually suicide or murder, in such cases; and it will not be the former in my case. It would please them both too well."

I remained up, that night, after Gussie had retired to her room. I had resolved to see Mr. McVicker, and talk plainly to him. I met him at the door. It was after eleven o'clock.

"I waited for you," I said, in answer to his look of surprise. "I want to talk to you, Will, about Gussie. She is in a state of terrible excitement—verging on insanity. She believes that you have ceased to love her; and that you are spending your evenings and spare hours with some other woman. You must convince her that it is not so."

"I cannot," he answered, calmly, as he hung up his hat; "for it is true."

"Will! Mr. McVicker!" I cried.

"Yes," he answered, very composedly, "it is true. Yet I do not neglect Gussie. I provide her with everything she can need or want. I accompany her everywhere I can induce her to go. I supply her with carriages and coachmen; and no lady has more elegant costumes in Lake Nemo. She entertains whoever she will. She does as she pleases. All I ask is a like liberty. Yet this she does not seem willing to grant."

"But if you love her still—"

"I do not love her," he interrupted. "And I cannot compel love where it does not exist. You judged me fairly, in the old days. My nature is incapable of constancy. I tire of everything. I have tried to correct this fault, but it is beyond my control. I loved Gussie for two years, after we were married. Then I began to find my love for her dying out, as my interest in everything else has always died out, after a time. I struggled against it, but it was no use. Her fondest caress had no power to awake a response in my breast. I tell you, Miss Helen, this is a terrible confession for a man to make; but it was more terrible for me to realize."

"But this other woman—" I began.

He interrupted me.

"Let us not talk of that," he said. "I find pleasure in the presence of this friend—strength, magnetism, new life. Why, then, should I not enjoy her society? I rob no one else. I certainly devote as much time to Gussie as she will allow or accept. It is useless to discuss the subject; good-night."

It was useless, indeed: the man had no moral nature.

It was perhaps a week after this, that Gussie and I were driving, in the early gloaming, when we passed a pretty cottage, before which Gussie drew rein, and leaned forward, and gazed up the garden walk, a moment. Then she touched her horse, and drove on.

"What is it?" I asked.

She laughed, in a strange, excited way. "I have made a discovery," she said, "which completes my list of proofs—that is all, dear."

"Who lives in that cottage?"

"A Mrs. Norcross, and her daughter—both widows. Mrs. Willis, the daughter, is very handsome, and has caused some gossip at Lake Nemo, by her independent conduct. She dresses elegantly; drives a handsome span; and gives charming suppers, it is said, to her gentlemen friends. I called upon them when they first came here, a year or more ago, and they returned the call. I must renew the acquaintance."

I looked curiously at Gussie, but her face betrayed nothing. She looked brighter, and more animated, than I had seen her in a long time.

The next day, she announced her intention of giving a lawn-party. I approved, and Mr. McVicker seemed delighted. I made out a list of invitations, at her request, and she read them over to her husband, at the breakfast-table. I watched his face narrowly, when she read two names—Mrs. Norcross and Mrs. Willis. I saw him flush slightly, and glance at his wife.

"I did not know you counted those ladies among your circle," he said.

"Oh, yes," she answered; "why not? I never notice gossip, you know; and if these ladies are a little gayer than I am, that does not concern me. I shall surely invite them."

"I am glad you look at the matter so sensibly," Mr. McVicker replied, and bent down and kissed his wife, as he went out. She shrank from the kiss, but said nothing.

Gussie had selected the time of the full moon, for her garden-party. It was a perfect night—warm, dry, and windless. The company was large; the costumes elegant; the refreshments delicious; the music exhilarating. And Gussie, herself, was in splendid spirits, and had never looked more brilliantly beautiful.

I watched for Mrs. Willis. She came at last—a slight blonde, with a cruelly handsome face, and eyes as cold as steel. She was richly robed,

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and sparkling with jewels. Mr. McVicker could not keep his eyes from her face; and was at her side as frequently as propriety would allow. I saw at once that she delighted in her power over him; and I heard more than one whisper, concerning the pair.

"La Willis is radiant to-night," one gentleman said. "It is a fine thing for her, socially, to be invited here."

The answer came, indifferently:

"Yes; and how little the hostess dreams of the truth—she is utterly in the dark, or the woman would never have been invited."

"I don't know about that," the first speaker said. "Women are queer creatures; and Mrs. McVicker is a very proud woman. She may have invited her rival purposely, to prove her disbelief in the rumors, and as a public vindication of her husband."

"But how can she vindicate his spending so much of his time with this woman? He drives with her now, almost every evening; and is seen going there, daily. I think it is shameful."

He spoke with some heat.

"La Willis is said to be very fascinating—perfectly irresistible, to most people. I never found her so. She seems too selfish and cruel, to be fascinating." Then the speakers passed by the nook where, all unobserved, I had heard their remarks.

So it was, then, a matter of public gossip, even as Gussie had guessed. How could she have the woman in the house? I felt my heart swelling with bitter anger, toward both Will and this La Willis.

Presently, guests began to take their departure. Perhaps half of them had gone, when Mrs. Willis came to say good-night to her hostess. She had some soft white lace thrown about her face, and she looked very beautiful in the moonlight. She made her adieux graciously, and was turning away, when Gussie retained her hand.

"I am glad you came, Mrs. Willis," she said, "and sorry that any of my guests should have taken their departure before you go. I wanted them all to see you as publicly humiliated as I have been, during the past three months, by you. Take this, as my parting benediction." And out from the folds of her rich evening-dress Gussie drew a riding-whip, and gave three or four sharp blows across the bare shoulders and arms of her rival.

Mrs. Willis shrieked aloud, in pain and fright; and Mr. McVicker, white as death, sprang forward and seized his wife's arm.

"Good God! Gussie, are you insane?" he cried.

But she had fallen in a dead faint, and did not hear him.

There was a terrible sensation, after this, of course. People rushed away, as if from a madhouse; and I heard scraps of their various opinions, as they went out. "Served her right." "Shameful." "Good for her." "Disgraceful." "I glory in her pluck," were a few of the remarks. But I was obliged to look after Gussie, and could not stay to listen to all.

We had a terrible night. Gussie was only brought out of one swoon, to go into another; and in the morning she was in a raging fever. For weeks her life hung upon a thread. Will never left her bedside, save when necessity compelled it.

When she was able to be removed, they went abroad, and never after returned to Lake Nemo. La Willis left the place, bag and baggage, within twenty-four hours after receiving her chastisement, and was never heard of again.

Gussie writes to me, sometimes; but not often. Will has gone into some foreign agency business, which keeps them traveling most of the time. I do not suppose he is a model man; but I think his experience has made him a little more cautious, perhaps.

Gussie, in her letters, however, never refers to the past.

TO MARGUERITE.

BY FLORA ELLICE STEVENS.

Some lilies for me once grew wondrous tall,
For more than others found they dews and suns,
With blossoms as the faces are of nuns,
And so they stretched about and made a wall,

And hid from me the bitter world beyond.
White butterflies were at the flowret's throat,
While swallows over me did dip and float,
The golden-rod did bud an Aaron's wand.

'Tis you are such a wall, O sweet child-eyes!
For, so it seems, I cannot look you through,
To evil more upon the earth, O blue
And lily-lidded, hints of Southern skies

I find in you, of bird, and brook, and least
May primrose, and the wild straight flag, and all
Sweet things; till I am guarded by a wall
More strong than that strange kingdom of the East.

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RULE OR RUIN.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1882, by Miss Ann Stephens, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.]

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CHAPTER XXI.

THE moccasins and the deerskin leggings that encased the small feet and slender ankles of Okalona rattled with beaded fringes. A belt of many-colored wampum was thrown across the bosom of her scarlet tunic: passing from the right shoulder under the left arm, it ended in a fringe of tiny arrow-heads, and was held in place by a small poniard embossed with gold, an ornament bestowed on her by some English potentate who had lost himself in the woods and been hospitably entertained by Dahionet. Long hair, straight and black as a crow's wing, fell down her scarlet tunic, almost reaching the deep embroidery that edged it, and was gathered back from her forehead by a little coronet of humming-birds' feathers, that blazed out like jewels as she moved her head.

Okalona had regal ideas of her father's greatness as chief of the Cayugas, and made no question of her right to associate on equal terms with his Colonial allies, to whom the friendship of the "Six Nations" was so important that even social hospitality was seldom withheld from their chiefs, if indeed they could be persuaded to accept it.

It was not remarkable, therefore, that Okalona, who was partially educated and civilized after a picturesque fashion, should have been accepted as a guest when she came to the manor-house in the Governor's train; or that she was received by the group of high-born people in the drawing-room, when she appeared there in all her dusky splendor, with more than usual interest. Indeed she came among them like a crested oriole, fluttering through a covert of strange birds, proudly conscious of its own superior gorgeousness and color.

The contrast between the delicate beauty of Angela and this startling wild creature was so pronounced that it created a stir of excitement in the room, that only subsided when the major-domo of the kitchen, a rotund and smiling negro, made his appearance and announced that dinner was on the table.

No one would have guessed, from the shining eyes and sublime composure of the major-domo's countenance, how arduous had been his duties that day. Nero, after whom he was named, could hardly have been more potential in his domain than he was in the store-room and kitchen of the manor-house. In that capacious kitchen, with its corner cupboards and dressers laden with pewter, brass, and tin that reflected every nook and corner with their brightness, and made no other light necessary when a half-load of hickory wood blazed in front of two huge back-logs, rolled into the enormous fireplace, he ruled supreme over a half-score of house-servants, who seemed to regard the very depth of his color as a mark of superiority.

It was not till the great brick oven on one side the fireplace was choked up with savory dishes, and a cloud of appetizing steam was rising from a flock of birds rotating on strings before the fire, that Nero was willing to resign his authority to the rotund and jovial-faced cook, and betake himself to a dining-room in which the low ceiling was crossed with beams of carved wood, and oaken panels rose half way from the floor up the walls.

Here Nero superintended the uniting of two deep-leaved mahogany tables into one long and broad festive board. This he covered with a broad expanse of snowy damask; on which the ornate gilding of a French plateau, framing in a long, narrow mirror that ran sparkling like a pool of spring-water half way down the table. Then came a trio of colored handmaidens, bearing china, glass, and silver, which were arranged under his critical supervision and after much changing of place, for the old man had a natural taste for effect; and as dinners, in old Colonial times, were given long before the sun went down, he took especial care that the light from a broad window, sunk deep into the wall, and opening to the west, should cast its full light on the most precious pieces of old crested silver, and kindle up the cut-glass with all possible brilliancy. To this end he placed and replaced the tall decanters, each with a silver label chained to its neck; laid out little encampments of wine-glasses, each

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shaped for its especial purpose, and placed the curiously constructed salt-cellars in line as among the grandest specimens of his master's plate.

When all this was accomplished, the old man waved away a little crowd of sable damsels who had aided in his work, and lingered, in smiling content, to admire it.

"Go," he said, with a majestic wave of the hand, "retire back ter de kitchen, an' tell Pittie ter dish up right off, accordin' to de constructions I'se made to her."

The girls disappeared, too much impressed for anything but smiles and suppressed giggles, which the major-domo, even in his grandest mood, could not always banish from their lips.

Nero found the kitchen warm as his native Africa, and one scene of glorious preparation. The great brick oven had disgorged its various contents, which were scattered in dishes and dripping pans over the hearth and on the tables: all sending up rich clouds of steam so savory that a company of hungry dragoons might have appeased the yearnings of appetite on it alone.

All this was presided over by Pittie, the cook: broad of person, capacious of chest, and sleekly dark of countenance, which just then beamed with the sublime satisfaction of a successful artist. She had set all the female force, dismissed from the dining-room, hard at work, and, full of consequential importance, was directing their operations by a large table crowded with all the implements of her calling, which formed her standpoint of work and observation.

On her right hand lay a pile of green herbs, fresh from the garden. These had been pushed back, with many other useful things, to make room for a great silver platter, half covered with sprigs of young parsley, on which an enormous wild-turkey was nestled, with wings clasped to his side, and his legs tucked under him, while a necklace of sausages was dripping gravy over a bosom swelled out to aldermanic proportions by a rare combination of breadcrumb, powdered herbs, and a generous supply of his own liver, compounded into a stuffing too delicious for my powers of description.

While Pittie finished the adornments of this crowning dish, she paused, now and then, to give directions and throw a word of good-natured reprimand or encouragement at the young women who were busy as bees around her.

"Dar, now, Chloa, what am yer 'bout, stickin' cloves hilter-skilter ober dat ham? Jes' range 'em in spots, ebenwise, same's I does. Sprona, don't you know no better 'n ter lay dat innercent suckin' pig down flat on his side, as ef he war a-goin' to sleep in de parsl'y? Jes' turn him up on his knees, pert and nat'ral, till it seems like he war givin' t'anks for de lemon you'll put 'tween his jaws. Dinah, two part'ges kin be a-huggin' each other on dat ar dish, wid a brood o' quails settin' up round 'em. Jube, Jube, what am yer lazin' 'bout dar for? Bring dat saddle o' deer. It ain't dished up yit, an' Nero a-comin' ter head de percession."

Sure enough, Nero appeared in the kitchen doorway at this important moment, and cast a look of sovereign approbation about the premises.

"Is yer ready, Miss Pittie?" he demanded, waving his right hand toward the cook, who rolled, rather than rose, from her chair, lifted the silver platter between both hands, and held it out as far as two stout arms could reach, which, however, left one edge resting on her bust.

"Is I ready?" she repeated, breaking into a smile that glistened all over the broad expanse of her features, and revealed a magnificent set of ivory-white teeth. "S'posin' I wasn't—what den?"

"What den?" answered Nero, with benign politeness, for the expression of that shining face was irresistible. "Den, I knows ob one colored ge'man as would run it to de 'casion, and my 'pinion am dat de rest would hab ter, when he guv de word."

With this gallant speech Nero took the silver dish from Pittie's arms, and balancing it on the palms of his two hands, held it high up in the air, while he gave orders for the procession to form behind him. Then, with the step of an officer leading his first charge, he wheeled on his feet and led the way into the hall, his head with its shock of silvered wool thrown back, his chest expanded, and his tall figure erect as if he were carrying a crown on that silver dish, instead of a wild-turkey from the woods. Here he halted, while a half-score of his fellow-slaves were receiving their portion of the viands from the dusky handmaidens who had prepared them, still keeping in position and holding his charge motionless, a feat Pittie regarded with a glow of proud satisfaction that lighted up the sleek darkness of her entire face, as she stood by the table with both arms folded—as far as they could reach—over her bosom, and watched the procession file out of her dominion.

At last, all was ready. Nero gave a slight stamp with one foot, and the movement was general. After him, came a young mulatto, balancing a large and well-browned ham between his extended hands, and after him another, bearing a dish in which a pair of ducks lay together, dripping in each other's gravy. The principal

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dishes being placed upon the table, their bearers, answering a wave of Nero's hand, returned to the kitchen, and soon reappeared laden with bevies of quail, a huge pigeon-pie, trout from the mountain streams, and a crowning dish of woodcock. These were followed by various silver dishes, filled with vegetables from the manor-gardens, coupled with sundry sweetmeats, made from wild fruit and a delicious admixture of maple sugar.

CHAPTER XXII.

When all this sumptuous array was placed on the table, Nero stepped back, took a satisfactory observation, and walked with a slow and stately bearing toward the drawing-room. With his foot on the threshold he paused, caught his master's eye, bowed profoundly, and disappeared, walking backward.

There could hardly have been more strict regard to the etiquette of precedence in a drawing-room of the Old World, than was observed in that manor-house on the Hudson. Lady Fausbrook had softened the mourning hue of her black velvet dress with the light of some fine old jewels, and led the way, leaning on the arm of her host—graceful, smiling, and enchanted by this unexpected gleam of home-life in what she considered a wilderness. Next followed the hostess—a fair, gentle lady—convoyed, with true maritime gallantry, by the Governor.

Among the younger persons, composed of young ladies who had formed a part of the little gubernatorial court at Albany, officers of his staff, and gentlemen of his household, there was some little variation in procedure. Grace Morton, to whom Lord Fausbrook properly belonged, transferred him, with a charming smile, to Angela, and took the arm of an officer on her uncle's staff. Not content with that, she made a generous attempt to consign Okalona to one of the aids who had accompanied his Colonel, and left the rest to arrange themselves as they pleased; but Okalona, who scorned this challenge to imitation of the white ladies, scarcely deigned to notice the young man's offered arm, but marched down the hall by his side, with the free tread of a deer in its native woods.

As for Angela, a flash of color swept her face for one instant, then left it pale, serious, and a little troubled. The young man did not see this; but he felt her hand tremble on his arm, and without turning his eyes to hers, knew, by the rise and fall of the lace upon her bosom, that her heart was beating tumultuously as his own.

There was some pleasant commotion before the company were seated at the table: which seemed to fairly groan under the weight of viands crowded upon it; even the long plateau was freighted with vases of fruit, which, duplicated by reflection, scattered a stream of rich coloring down its whole length, and gave to the arrangement something like the effect that massed flowers impart to a modern dinner-table.

"You did not expect to find me here?" said Fausbrook, in a low voice, that sounded to Angela like a caress, as it reached her through the confusion of persons seating themselves.

"No," she answered, lifting her eyes for a moment, and smiling in spite of herself. "It seemed impossible."

"Nothing is impossible to a man who has set his heart on a thing," answered the young man, still suppressing his voice; but shrinking from his own audacity when he saw the swift scarlet rush over Angela's neck and face.

Angela drew a quick breath. She felt the meaning of his words without quite understanding them, and cast a timid look around the table: for the guests were in place by this time, and it seemed as if every one of them must have heard what he said.

Only one person, however, seemed to be conscious of what was passing between these young people: Lady Fausbrook was regarding them with a sinister, sidelong glance, while she seemed to be entirely occupied by the attentions of her host. As Angela lifted her eyes, they met this glance; and she shrunk from it like a criminal.

My lady saw the blush fade from her cheek, and a faint smile came to her own lips: enlightened by the craft of her own nature, she understood what was passing in those young hearts clearly as if their mutations had reached her in words.

"You were surprised—perhaps displeased?" resumed Fausbrook, noticing the change in Angela's countenance without having appeared to observe it. "Was it an offense that I should have ridden all night, in order to meet you here?"

"Your mother was with us."

"But I will not consent to take refuge under her welcome—a mother is always glad to see her son. But you?"

Before Angela could answer, some little excitement arose at the table. She looked up, and the scarcely suppressed smiles of her neighbors directed her attention to Okalona, who, having taken a general survey of the dishes, reached out her hand, lifted a vase of fruit from the plateau, and after mellowing its contents with her thumb and fingers, had buried her teeth in the crimson cheek of an apple, with evident enjoyment.

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When the pretty savage saw so many smiling eyes turned upon her, she answered them with a flash of fire from her own black orbs; and crushing the apple with vigorous bites between her teeth, tossed another to Angela, and, with her mouth full of juice, called out:

"Good! Eat some—very good!"

Lord Fausbrook caught the apple, which would otherwise have crashed down among the china, and, while Angela sat shivering with confusion by his side, quietly placed it by her plate with undisturbed politeness, that, in itself, rebuked the smiles of derision exchanged by some of the younger guests.

Meantime, Okalona went on with her feast, with a sort of sullen gravity that defied ridicule, as the warriors of her people braved the agonies of torture; but all the time her eyes were full of shrouded fire; and a dusky crimson broke over her cheeks, like the glow of burning coals. At last she threw the core of her apple back into the vase, wiped both hands on the skirt of her tunic, and leaning back with half-closed eyes, watched the others, who were entering on their first course, with a sort of scornful curiosity. Then, glancing a shy look at Angela, and another at Miss Morton, who answered it by an encouraging smile, she took up a knife and fork, balanced them in her hands with great precision, and took her food from the plate, placed before her by Nero himself, with less awkwardness than might have been expected from her limited practice in table-etiquette.

Once or twice, during the meal, the savage instinct overcame her powers of observation. In order to quench her thirst, she seized upon a claret-pitcher, and holding it to her mouth with both hands, drank of its ruby contents eagerly as if she had been at a mountain spring: set her lips together, as she replaced the crystal vessel, with a sound that was something like a kiss, and wiped a red drop away from them with a flirt of her fingers. All this was done with the dash of a forest-bird new to its cage. There was nothing coarse or rude about it, but a certain wild grace, picturesque and fascinating, that study and civilization were more likely to destroy than harmonize.

When Nero and his satellites had removed the heavier dishes from the table, the rare old Port, Madeira, and Bordeaux wines, brought with such liberal prodigality from the manor-house cellar, were left gleaming and sparkling among vases overflowing with purple and amber-hued grapes, blooming plums, and golden apples, which displaced the more potent odors with their delicate fruity perfume. The time for toasts had arrived, and while both wine and fruit were put in sparkling circulation, the real conviviality of the occasion was at high-tide. Decanters flashed up and down the board; as each lady lifted her glass, it was touched midway by that of the gentleman next her, and the sweet tinkle of crystal against crystal went merrily round the board. Again and again glasses were filled and drained by the gentlemen, after fair ladies had touched them with smiling lips, and sat trifling with the fruit upon their plates, while toasts were given and goblets drained to the king, the queen, and, with enthusiasm, to the Governor of New York.

Then Clinton arose, filled a goblet to the brim, and, with his feet set wide apart as if he had been on the deck of a royal vessel, drank to the bravest chief of their allies, the great "Six Nations"—Dahionet, of the Cayugas. Perhaps he was inspired to this selection by the bright face of Okalona, who had given a little cry when her people were mentioned, and sat with her hands clasped on the table, leaning forward, her lips quivering, her eyes full of proud fire, and evidently restraining a wild impulse to fling up her arms and shout the first notes of a war-song.

When her father's name was mentioned, she started from her seat—a creature inspired. Had the persons in that room been savages around a camp-fire, she could not have felt less restraint. The spirit of a warrior chanting his exploits in the midst of a death-fire was upon the girl. She burned to tell these proud white people how brave and grand were the chiefs of her race.

"The white chief speaks well," she said; "the 'Six Nations' have cast their belts at his feet; they will follow him through a thousand death-fires. Their chiefs are many; but Dahionet is greatest among them. He has studied the white man's wisdom with Father Meda—the wisest of them all: but no one taught him to be brave—he was born so. Dahionet has three castles—each on a lake by itself. His warriors can no more be counted than the leaves of the forest. His arm is strong as the young ash-tree; his heart clear as a spring in the mountains. No white man has taught him to lie. No Indian has ever seen his back on the war-path, or his face turned from the pipe of peace. This is Dahionet. It is for him that you pour out the red water. He will give it back in the blood of your enemies. Okalona is his daughter. She has said it."

As Okalona spoke, she took a goblet in one hand, a decanter in the other, and the rich gurgle of wine, as it leaped from crystal to crystal, mingled with her voice in a sort of rhythm, that gave it wonderful sweetness and force.

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"She is right," said the Governor, aroused, like those around him, to enthusiasm, by the fiery spirit of the young savage. "If the women and children of the 'Six Nations' can feel like this, we have indeed won powerful allies. Once again we fill to Dahionet, the chief of the Cayugas."

"And to the daughter, who is beautiful as he is brave," added Lord Fausbrook.

For once, Okalona flashed a smile back to the young nobleman, and lifting her goblet with both hands, stood like a bacchante, but inspired by something more potent than wine, while she drank from it.

When hilarity or excitement of any kind has reached its acme, it is difficult to recede into the commonplace again. This was felt even by the stately host and his genial guests; and, after a general toast to the ladies, that portion of the company withdrew from the dining-room.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The sunset promised to be beautiful, that evening. It was already turning the windows of the manor-house into a blaze of gold, and kindling up the woods across the river with a rich glory of colors, that turned their solitude into something like a burning city. The guests of the manor-house had one by one abandoned the drawing-room, and were either wandering about the grounds, or seated on the pillared portico, languidly enjoying the scene. Among these were the gentle mistress of the house, Lady Fausbrook, and some of the elder gentlemen, whom the ceremonials of an elaborate dinner had inclined to rest.

No such feeling as this, however, possessed my lady, who, with her usual quiet vigilance, was watching the movements of her son, as he separated himself from some of the other young gentlemen, and was making his way very quietly toward a group of ladies that had gathered under a clump of larches, on the edge of the lawn. Without leaning forward, or hardly opening her eyes, my lady knew that the three special objects of her interest composed this group, and that Arthur was about to join them. The flash of Okalona's red garments, against the green of the larches, was enough to assure her of this.

Lord Fausbrook had moved leisurely toward the larches, and had already joined the group under them, when Okalona darted out from their shadows and ran toward the wild-woods that crowded up to the lawn in that direction, as if some extraordinary attraction had drawn her that way.

She had not reached the woods when another figure came out from the larches and walked swiftly after her, leaving Fausbrook and another person, whom she felt to be Angela, half concealed by their feathery foliage.

Lady Fausbrook was right. Much to his astonishment and delight the young man found himself in possession of the opportunity he had ridden all night in the vague hope of obtaining before the young lady was separated from him by greater distance. Okalona had seen him coming, and seized by a fit of the old jealousy fled from his presence. Grace Morton, who understood the position thoroughly, was seized with sudden apprehension that the wild young creature would lose herself in the thick underbrush, and making a hurried excuse, followed her.

Thus, as the Countess understood perfectly, these two were left alone together.

Angela would have followed her friend; but the young man had not taken this rough journey down the river to be baffled by the scruples of a timid girl. As she attempted to pass him he took her hand, with gentle firmness, and drew her toward a garden-seat, over which the larch branches drooped like plumes.

"Do not leave me like the rest," he said. "It would be unkind, after all the effort I have made to see you again."

The girl lifted her eyes a moment, and looked at him with wistful earnestness. If she had doubted the man there was something in his face that reassured her, and she allowed him to seat her on the garden-chair without resistance.

"Did my grandfather know that you were coming? Has he sent to order our return?"

"Your grandfather? No, he had left Albany with the Cayugas; but missionary as he is, so much of human nature must be left to him that my coming should give no surprise."

Angela was silent; she had not the courage to question him further, for she knew that he was looking at her earnestly, each instant the white lids were dropping more and more over her eyes. She longed to get away and follow her friends, but was held there by a sort of fascination inexplicable to herself.

"I came, Angela, because there is something that I wish to tell you."

For one instant the girl lifted her eyes, but they drooped again before Fausbrook caught their startled expression.

"Tell me?"

"It is only the old story—the one plea that every man must make for himself."

"What have you done? Why should you plead for anything?" faltered the girl, bewildered and greatly agitated. "I cannot understand."

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Fausbrook took her hand so gently that she was scarcely conscious of the movement.

"Why should I plead for anything, Angela? Because the thing that I desire is so dear, so uncertain, that I cannot find courage to imperil it by words."

She looked at him now a little wonderingly. Remember this girl knew nothing of the social usages that might have enlightened a much younger person, brought up in the heart of civilization. Her ideas of love had been gathered from the fine old poets of her grandfather's library, and partook so much of the exaltation of their genius that the ordinary conversation that would have carried so much meaning to a school-girl of the present day had only the power to cast her into utter bewilderment. She was, in fact, just as ignorant of the delicate and hesitating homage he was offering her as she was of any cause for the swift beating of her heart, the tremor of her hands, or the strange feeling of shame that burned on her cheeks.

"Is it anything you wish me to say for you?" she questioned, after a moment of timid silence.

The young man looked at her keenly. He could not, at first, comprehend that she spoke with simple earnestness; but the sweet, puzzled expression of her face convinced him. A smile came over his lips, and lifting her hand, he kissed it.

Then his answer came in the sweetest form that a pure passionate heart ever yet declared itself. The hand in his quivered like a flower when it opens to the first beam of sunshine. The color came and went in her face, leaving it pale one moment, flushing it like a carnation the next. Unconsciously she drew nearer to him, then moved away guiltily and looked around as if for some means of escape.

The young man held her hand firmly, yet the very force he used seemed like a caress. He drew her towards him with such gentleness that before she was aware of it his kiss found her lips as a rose-leaf falls.

"I only want you to say once—only once—that you love me, as I love you, as I love you," he said. "That you forgive me for this, and this."

The girl struggled away from him, covered her face with both hands and began to cry, but very softly. Such tears were to him sweeter than smiles.

"Have I offended you, Angela?"

"I do not know. How can I?"

"But you have not told me what I am waiting to hear. You are very cruel."

She removed the hands from her face, and looked at him earnestly.

"What can I say?"

"That you love me."

The girl seemed to think a moment, then shook her head.

"No, no, this is not love," she murmured. "He never frightens me so."

Fausbrook turned pale, and his voice lost its caressing sweetness when he spoke:

"He! who?"

"Grandfather. He has loved me always."

"Ah!"

"But he never frightens me so. You cannot imagine how dearly I love him; but it is all so peaceful."

"Yes, yes, but I do not care that you should love me so."

"There can be no better love than that," she replied, lifting her eyes wistfully to his, as if some doubt were troubling her.

Fausbrook smiled; that which would have filled him with unbelief in a woman of the world struck him now with peculiar charm. In her frank ignorance, that young creature had assured him of her love more completely than the most eloquent words could have done. Thus relieved of the doubts that had disturbed him, he took a little selfish pleasure in her unconscious confessions.

"Perhaps I might ask for something better?"

"But if the very asking makes one tremble, there must be—"

"Well?"

"Danger. It sweeps away all one's self-will."

"For a time, perhaps; but that usually comes back to one of your sex, I imagine."

She did not quite understand him, and went on:

"If it makes you restless, uncertain about yourself, and everybody else, takes your thoughts away from those you are sure of loving, drags them from your old pursuits, it cannot be the love you want."

"I am very much inclined to think that it is."

Angela became very thoughtful. Her face cleared, smiles gathered about her mouth, leaving tiny dimples at the corners.

"If such love contents me, can you give it?" he said, drawing nearer to her.

"But it is all bewilderment," she answered: and he saw that the dimples deepened about her mouth. "Like a dream, or a sunset, that melts away to nothing; but so beautiful—oh, so beautiful."

She uttered the last words under her breath.

"Yes," said a voice from beneath the drooping boughs of the larch-trees, just behind them.

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"We have no such splendor in our English sunsets; they are pallid compared to this."

Had Lady Fausbrook heard them? Who can tell? She glided out from the green shadows with a calm, unconscious face, and the gentle demeanor of a woman weary of her own society.

"The dew is falling, mother; shall we walk to the house?" said the young man, coldly, rising to meet her.

"No," answered the lady, dropping into the seat he had left. "Let me watch those lovely tints of tender gray, and hot scarlet, as they melt into one sea of color. The young lady will stay with me, if you are in haste to join the gentlemen. They were inquiring for you."

Fausbrook hesitated; but knowing his mother, turned away, and walked toward the house.

"I sometimes wonder how Fausbrook manages to amuse himself, in this wild region," said my lady, turning her eyes on Angela long enough to see that she was very pale; "but our young Englishmen always manage to get on in a country where the women are ready to accept any attentions they care to bestow—understanding, of course, that they come to nothing, in the end: for it is the creed of an Englishman of rank, to marry with rank; when they speak of love, it is quite another thing. *That* they are ready to lavish on beauty, wherever it is found; and the Colonies are full of beautiful women."

Angela shrunk away from the Countess, as far as she could withdraw herself: for all the pride of her nature was up in arms. Had Fausbrook's mother come there to warn her that the devotion he had offered was all a pretense—a pastime by which he hoped to brighten an exile unbearably dull to him? Could this woman malign her own son with such cool impassibility?

Annoyed somewhat by the girl's silence, my lady went on with her subject.

"You may think such things strange," she said. "How very lovely that sunset is!—but marriages, with the aristocracy of any nation, must, to a certain extent, be a matter of calculation—of family pride: sometimes of national importance."

Angela replied, with sufficient coldness: "But marriages of this kind are never heard of among the people I live with. They have their own forms; and, in a rude way perhaps, carry them out honestly. With those of other nations, I am almost entirely ignorant."

"I thought so," said my lady, in the sweetest possible manner. "Of course, all ideas of social usages, in the old nations, must be crude in a person born and bred among savages; or am I mistaken in supposing that your whole life has been spent among the Cayugas? When I look upon you, it seems to me quite impossible."

"Indeed?"

"Not that you should have lived among them many years, but always. There is something in your presence that partakes rather of high civilization than of savage-life."

"Possibly you forget that I have always lived with my grandfather, who is a learned and wise man; inferior to no person of his race that I have ever seen."

"Yes—yes, I have observed that. But surely you must have had some care, beyond anything a man bestows on his female child—some memory that goes beyond him?"

Angela shook her head.

"You remember nothing behind this savage Indian-life? That is strange."

"If fancies were memories," replied Angela, smiling faintly, "one might imagine many things, and dreams would become realities; but I can only speak of that which I remember."

"But your grandfather—does he tell you nothing of his own life, before he became a missionary?"

"Grandfather has enough, in the duties of his present life, to think of, without going back to the past, which he seems to have forgotten," said the girl, with a slight show of impatience; for this calm, silky method of examination disturbed her.

"Excuse me," rejoined the lady. "I have so much curiosity regarding these Indians; and am dying to know everything about their lives. Even that wild young thing—Governor Clinton's protégé—interests me."

"Okalona? Oh, yes, everyone is interested in her. She is so bright, so loving."

"I never heard anything more effective, than her address at the table. It thrilled one to the heart, like a war-song."

"Okalona speaks from her heart, when she speaks at all. She loves her people, and worships the chief, her father; but I see that Miss Morton is bringing her this way. With your permission, I will join them."

Angela arose from the garden-seat as she spoke, and moved away from the larch-trees, leaving my lady there, disappointed and inwardly provoked. It was seldom that she had put her powers of pleasing to so little effect.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"Inexplicable and horribly provoking," she muttered, watching the girl as she moved across the lawn. "In that dress and with those movements she might have been reared at Windsor.

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Is she like that other woman? I have sometimes thought so; but there is nothing to settle a conviction on one. In face, figure, and a certain dignity of deportment, there is a vague something that puzzles one with conjectures. But this is not evidence. How quietly she took my hint about Fausbrook. Is she indeed so completely ignorant of our usages that my words had no meaning? Had she indeed one drop of that proud old man's blood in her veins it would have leaped to her face in hot rebellion, after what I said. Ah me, this whole thing is a tormenting resurrection. Who would have thought that the creatures I had swept so completely out of my life could retain the power to torment me so after all these years?"

It was a relief to Lady Fausbrook to feel herself alone under those larch-trees while these thoughts ranged themselves in her mind. The appearance of her son, so unexpectedly, at the manor-house, and the quiet way in which he had secured an interview with Angela, had aroused her apprehensions, and stimulated her to fresh action. With Roach performing her mission at Skaniateles, and the young man safe with his regiment, in Albany, she had, to a great degree, cast off all anxiety about the immediate affairs that had brought her into the Colonies, and was ready to give herself up to any chance amusement that might present itself. But now, as I have said, the presence of Lord Fausbrook had deranged all her calculations. What interest could have brought him to the manor-house that was not calculated to alarm her? The impression made upon him by this strange girl from the wilderness must have been no ordinary fancy, when it had induced him to undertake this long journey on horseback in order to spend a few hours in her society. His apparent coldness of manner, when he met Angela on the wharf, had served to deepen the mother's suspicions; for, accustomed to act a part as she had been from childhood, she naturally searched for reticence or deception everywhere. In fact, it is only absolute frankness and truth that can deceive those who are false and treacherous in themselves, for in these traits of noble character they have no faith.

If Lady Fausbrook understood the really grand simplicity of her son's character, it was only to hold it in a proportionate degree of contempt. She had no homage for greatness that was not material, or for success that did not minister to the vanities of life; but for these things she had been willing to endure much, and sacrifice all the finer sources of enjoyment that ennoble humanity. She had no idea of happiness in life beyond its pomp, its power, and the homage they could bring to her overweening vanity, which had never yet reached the dignity of pride. Where that should have existed, she was only haughty.

When Angela left Lady Fausbrook she had intended to join Miss Morton and Okalona, who were just within the skirt of the woods, where the Indian girl had frightened a pair of brown rabbits from a nest hidden away among the ferns, and was chasing them up and through the trees and undergrowth in high glee, sending back snatches of childlike laughter as her red garments flashed in and out through the green leaves, while she leaped over fallen logs, darted down hollows, and at last seized upon one of the frightened little creatures with a ringing shout of triumph.

"Angela is coming—I will give it to her; see its beautiful eyes, and feel how its heart is beating. I will give it to Angela," cried Okalona, as she came out of the woods hugging the pretty animal to her bosom. "Ah, the breath of the woods is sweet. I wanted to dance among the rocks. No, no, I will not give my rabbit to you; she is for Angela. We will feed her with wintergreen berries; there is plenty of them in yonder. I trampled them down under my moccasins. But where is Angela?"

"I lost sight of her while you were chasing the rabbit," said Grace Morton, who had watched this wild exploit with wonder that anything human could be so much like a creature of the air as Okalona. "I did not think you could catch the poor little thing. See how it pants on your bosom."

Okalona took the rabbit between her hands, and looked down into its soft large eyes, that were full of terror.

"Ah, Angela will love it for its eyes."

Grace looked into those soft appealing eyes, and her heart yearned with pity.

"Let it go," she said, compassionately.

"Let it go? I say it is for Angela."

"But you have taken it from its mate. Did you not hear the poor thing cry out?"

"But I will catch the mate too. Angela shall have them both. Take this, while I bring the other."

"No, these creatures are happiest in the woods," said Grace, refusing the offered victim.

"Like me," said Okalona, loosening her clasp on the rabbit.

"You will let it go and find the mate for itself?"

Okalona opened her arms, and the rabbit gave a swift leap to the ground.

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"Oh, how glad it is. See how it leaps from bush to bush. Angela will love it best so."

"Because you have made the poor thing happy for her sake," replied Grace. "Come now, we will go to the house. Angela may be there."

Miss Morton was correct. Angela had gone back to the house, for that interview with my lady had disturbed her greatly, and in the tumult of thoughts it had occasioned she shrank even from the society of Grace Morton. It was not till she had found shelter in her own room that the girl felt herself free from some evil influence that had possessed her. Though the world, as it exists in civilized life, was new to her as it could have been to a child born in the wilderness, association with her grandfather and his books, with that mental intuition which is an inheritance from cultivated ancestors, had enlightened her to a full consciousness that something humiliating to her and unjust to young Fausbrook was intended by the softly spoken words of his mother.

Seating herself in the window that Okalona loved so well, she remained a long time, looking out upon a landscape she did not see, and lost in such conflicting thoughts as Lady Fausbrook's conversation had inspired. Why should that lady have spoken with her about the laws of marriage in her world? There was something sinister in the way it had been impressed upon her, which must have been intended to give the subject peculiar significance. But why? In her whole life this had never been a subject of conversation, with her grandfather or any other person. To her it was an existing system of which she knew nothing, except as it had been revealed to her in the wilderness; of a love other than such as made home the dearest place on earth, and its inmates a part of herself, she had only learned in a vague way from the few choice books in her grandfather's library: and, to her, the passion described there was unreal as dreams.

But these dreams were becoming realities now: they haunted her with a spirit of tender enchantment. Her brain was filled with thoughts, and her heart with feelings, that made her sad as the hour of eventide, or joyous as the morning that Guido has painted. Day by day, this new existence, that had dawned upon her softly and gently as the day dawns, had coupled itself with another life. That life, she understood now, had been assailed in its sacredness by that woman under the larch-trees. The warning which my lady had intended to convey against her son's integrity had no effect upon this pure-minded girl, who understood it as little as she could have received the idea of a base crime, if one had been insinuated against him. To her, the feeling, which, unknown to herself, was a deep and earnest love, such as sweeps the entire nature of a woman, was so free from all taint of insincerity that she was literally incapable of comprehending its application. The idea that Fausbrook was amusing himself, as my lady had so lightly hinted, never for one instant reached her mind.

But why had my lady talked of marriage? What had that to do with this one beautiful feeling of her life, born to her as the flowers are born in May?

This question crossed Angela's mind without leaving much impression on it. To her, property, station—all those things that arouse ambition in the female mind, almost with the first breath of love, were unknown influences. Lord Fausbrook's title was of no consequence, in her estimation. She understood vaguely that it had some meaning of power, in the far-off country to which he belonged: but she had no desire for power—no positive thought, beyond the one absorbing idea that she loved and was beloved. This, and nothing more, filled her soul with exquisite content, and her body with rest, as she sat in the recess of that deep window till the moon rose and threw a sheet of silver on her, through the glass. Then she arose, folded both hands tightly over her bosom, and drew a deep, long breath. He loves me, he loves me—and I love him, this breath would have said, if its tender ecstasy could have been framed into words; but one might as well embody the breath of a flower, or unveil the first impulses of a prayer as give language to a feeling like that.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

UNCERTAINTY.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

We weave, and plan, and dream; and with our thought
Aspire to reach beyond what man has known,
To find on shifting sands our work was wrought,
And our too splendid structure overthrown.
The bubbles break, ere yet they're fully blown,
And naught we touch, perfection can attain;
The finite minute fallible must be,
Content to labor in uncertainty,
And trespass not upon that boundless sea,
God's sure domain.

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EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

No. 1—Is a simple and stylish model for a costume of pongee or nun's-veiling. The skirt is kilted into a yoke, fitting the waist and hips. The tunic is arranged to simulate a polonaise; opens in front, and is gathered up high on the sides; the fullness at the back is slightly puffed and made to come out between the side-seams of the basque. The basque is pointed in front, rounding up towards the sides, and then curves into a short point at the side-back seams, where it is left open for three inches, for the drapery

No. 1.

No. 2.

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of the back to be pulled through. The back of the basque forms a postillion. The trimming for this costume is of guipure embroidery (white), which is laid on flat, being sewed on the under side and then turned up on the material. The

No. 3.

fronts and sides of the tunic are trimmed, but not the back. Cuffs, collar, and fronts of the waist are arranged to correspond. At the point of the basque in front, two loops, with long ends of satin-faced velvet ribbon of the same color as the material, or of a contrasting color, are tied in a bow. Nine to ten yards of nun's-veiling, double-fold, or pongee, which is generally sold by the piece of nineteen or twenty yards. A piece will be required, as it is narrow. Six yards of embroidery, one dozen buttons, two and a half yards of velvet ribbon.

No. 2—Is a dressy and becoming model for a foulard or summer silk, also suitable for a grenadine or embroidered muslin. The skirt has three narrow box-plaited ruffles, each two and a half inches deep when completed; these are put on just to touch each other. The fullness forming the puffed tunic is sewed on to the seam of the upper ruffle and then turned up, forming a slightly drooping puff all round. This is gathered into a deep yoke at the waist, the same as would be used for a kilted skirt. The tunic is gathered lengthwise, with four or five rows of gathers close together, then another, two

No. 4.

inches back, forming the puff, as seen in the illustration; from this the fullness is looped back, forming paniers. The back is very bouffant, and arranged in irregular puffs. A deep fringe of silk edges the tunic as far as the sides. The

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basque is pointed back and front. The trimming on the front of the waist is made and put on: gathered into a point, to fit the waist; this

No. 5.

is fastened in place on the right side. The dress buttons underneath; hooks and loops, or several pins, will keep the other side in place. The

No. 6.

collar and cuffs are of plain or brocaded velvet. Twenty yards of twenty-four-inch-wide foulard will be required, or twenty-five of eighteen-inch summer silk—wider material, of course, in proportion—three yards of fringe, one dozen buttons.

No. 3.—For a young girl from fourteen to sixteen years, we have here a stylish toilette of checked woolens or checked sateen. A kilted skirt, with an apron overskirt, which is trimmed across the front with white Hamburg or guipure embroidery. The waist is gathered into a yoke, and then into the waist both back and front. The yoke is trimmed with the embroidery to simulate a deep sailor's collar. The basque skirt is plain, and cut to fit in front and over the hips; in the back three double box-plaits are arranged; this is trimmed with the embroidery

No. 7.

all round, and where it joins the waist a black velvet ribbon ties in front, as seen in the illustration. This basque skirt fastens at the left side under the first box-plait. Cuffs to match. Twelve to fourteen yards of double-fold goods, or ten to twelve yards of yard-wide material, such as sateen. This is a very suitable model for a wash-dress, other than sateen, gingham, zephyr cloth, etc.

No. 4—Is quite a novel design for a combination costume. Our model calls for cashmere and brocaded silk. Grenadine, plain and brocaded, we think would be equally suitable. First there is the kilted skirt of the cashmere, with a box-plait down the front. This is arranged on a

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yoke, as we have described above. The drapery is arranged to form an irregular tablier, the plain cashmere beginning at the point on the right side, under the basque; from under this the brocade is arranged, forming a petite tunic; this meets the drapery of the back, as may be seen in the illustration. The pointed basque has a plastron of the brocade down the front, and the cuffs are also of the brocade. The basque may be either pointed in the back, or finished with two double plaits forming a habit-postillion—this is

No. 8.

altogether a matter of taste. Two yards of brocaded silk, ten yards of cashmere, will be required. Of grenadine or single-width goods, sixteen to eighteen yards will be required.

No. 5.—For a little girl of four years, we have plaited skirt and waist plaited into a yoke. Over this fitted the little jacket, which is turned back with an embroidered edge. A wide sash of the material forms the belt, and ties in a large bow at the back, holding the sides and back of the jacket in place. A deep linen collar and cuffs are worn with this costume. Make of flannel, cashmere, or wash-goods.

No. 6—Is a costume suitable for either boy or girl of three years. Made of flannel, cashmere, linen, or checked gingham. The elongated waist is made to fit the figure neatly; the back is plain, with coat-seams. The fronts have a plastron gathered and fitted upon the waist. A box-plaited skirt is attached to the waist, and a wide sash ties in a bow at the back.

No. 7.—For an infant of two to three years, we give a model for a piqué dress. Princess in front, with a plaited back. Hamburg or English embroidery trims the front: two rows, turning back from the buttoned front; the same passes around the edge of the garment, over a narrow plaited ruffle of nainsook. Wide sailor collar, cut in three deep vandykes at the back, with cuffs to match. A wide ribbon sash completes this costume.

No. 8.—For a boy of four to five years, we have the short pants, with plaited blouse. A belt of the material, or a leather belt, is worn over the blouse. Tiny buttons are the only trimming. The back is box-plaited, as the front —without the buttons, of course.

LADIES' PATTERNS.

Any style in this number will be sent by mail on receipt of full price for corresponding article in price list below. Patterns will be put together and plainly marked. Patterns designed to order.

Princess Dress: Plain,	.50
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In sending orders for Patterns, please send the number and month of Magazine, also No. of page or figure or anything definite, and also whether for lady or child. Address, Mrs. M. A. Jones, 28 South Eighth Street, Philadelphia.

DESIGN IN OUTLINE FOR END OF TIDY, ETC.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

The beautiful design of Primroses and Christmas roses, which we give on the SUPPLEMENT, is well adapted for a tidy, or for the ends of a table-cover. Écru silk or pongee, embroidered in

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washing-silks after this model, will be very effective, either done in one color, or in the natural colors of the flowers and leaves. If a tidy be embroidered it should be done at one end only, unless a few lines of the color be placed at the other. The sides must be hem-stitched, and the ends be fringed and knotted. For a table-cover use butcher's-linen, crash, or cloth. This border, worked in one color, in silk or in French working-cotton, which will bear washing, is most desirable. The silks oftentimes fade a little, just enough to soften and improve the colors. Like the tidies, these cloths should be hem-stitched at the sides, and the ends fringed out nine inches deep and then knotted. One and three-quarters to two and one-quarter yards will be good length, but that must really be decided by the size of the table for which it is designed, also the width.

Both ends are to be embroidered.

COSTUME FOR A BOY: WITH SUPPLEMENT.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give here an engraving of a kilted suit for a boy of four years, and folded in with the number a SUPPLEMENT, with the patterns to cut it out by, full size, nine pieces in all, including the half of the breadth, and the entire length of the kilted skirt, which is indicated by the line covering the length of the paper, and is marked by a large cross at the points. We did not draw the upper line, as it would have crossed the outline design. This skirt is to be kilt-plaited, and attached to a petticoat-waist. The pieces for the jacket are:

No. 1.—HALF OF BACK.
No. 2.—HALF OF FRONT.
No. 3.—HALF OF VEST.
Nos. 4 and 5.—ARE THE SLEEVE.
No. 6.—HALF OF COLLAR.
No. 7.—POCKET-FLAP.
No. 8.—CUFF.

The pieces are lettered, showing how they are put together. Allow all seams, except on neck and arms.

We give, also, on the SUPPLEMENT, a design in outline for end of tidy, etc., etc. Above is a description how to work the design.

COLORED PATTERN: "SPARROWS."

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give a design for painting on a terra-cotta plaque (or plate), of hollow shape, or for embroidering on a sideboard cloth, one end only; or for embroidering on *creme* satin or silk for a hand-screen. Sparrows are such daily objects before our eyes, that little description of their color is needed. One thing noticeable, however, is, that the male sparrow has always a rich brown vest, as if made of seal-skin; and the top of his head is also darker than that of the hen-sparrow. She, indeed, is extremely modest in attire, being altogether of a drab-brown, excepting the wings, which are as dark as those of her mate; she has the same marks in the wings that he has. The shrubs on which the birds are perched is the privet.

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Our pattern gives the birds and all, in shades of brown, which most ladies will, we think, prefer, for embroidery. But if a more brilliant effect is desired for a plaque, then paint the birds brown mixed with light-gray; legs red-brown, and claws brown-bitumen and brown-gray; tips of wings cream-white. Foliage green (chrome-green and mixing yellow shaded with grass-green and brown), and stems brown (brown-bitumen and neutral-gray, shaded with the same). Of course these colors, if desired, may be followed in embroidery also.

ART EMBROIDERY. No. IV.

BY HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.

In former numbers of this year, viz: the February, March, and April, we gave several new patterns in Art Embroidery, for slippers, fans, smoking-caps, etc. We now give, in the front of the number, two pages of designs for table-covers, table-cover borders, a footstool, etc.

Table-covers are very convenient articles to work; a good bold outline-pattern being very effective on a large cloth, and if a tolerably soft material is used, it does not form too heavy a piece of work to be done in the hand. For small ones, a simple spray of conventional fruit or flowers, in the corners, is generally sufficient. The edges of cloth or serge table-covers would be finished off all round with pointed blanket-stitch, two or three colors or shades of color being blended together. This stitch can be varied a great deal, so as to form quite a pretty border; or if a plainer style be preferred, a cord, sewn at the edge of a thick cloth, looks very well. A small, square table-cloth, suitable for a work or occasional table, on diagonal cloth, with a bold, well-defined spray of fruit, such as plum or peas, in each corner, would take very little time to work, and be very inexpensive, as they need only be worked with crewel.

The first (No. 1) of the patterns given in the front of the number, is a design, in branches of roses and butterflies, for a broad table-cover border. It can either be worked on a table-cloth at once, or in a different material or color, to be afterwards put on. In this style of design, which is good for plush, you get a very good effect, with comparatively little work; the sprays and butterflies give just enough interest and lightness, and prevent too much of your handsome material being covered. This is a good plan for large table-cloths, as you often find the folds hide the work over which so much trouble has been spent. Should you work this on plush, we would advise a gold outline, and simple flat coloring, as where there is so little pattern, it should be clearly defined.

The next (No. 2) is a continuous, small table-cover; the pattern in daisies. It will do, however, for a cloth of any size, as you can enlarge the design according to your needs; it might be as much as seven inches wide, and you can make the daisies either white or pale-yellow. We have drawn it only with the idea of its being enlarged to three or four inches, and it would then look very well on diagonal. If you are going to make it this size, and work it in white, shade a little with gray at the base of the petals, and put in a few stitches of pale-pink at the tips, or outline each petal with pale-gray or green; this will throw up the white on a light ground, and look very artistic. The flowers will be best worked in silk, with the centres a little raised by means of French knots. The leaves can be worked with crewels. If you are going to enlarge the daisies into ox-eyes, you must leave cut the pink at the tips, and be careful to make the stalks sufficiently thick in proportion, or it will have a weedy look; but if carefully enlarged, it would make a handsome border for a cloth, worked either on dark-green or blue.

The next (No. 3) is a spray of natural vine, which can be worked in any color. It ought to be some twelve or fourteen inches in height, and therefore would not be suitable for a very small cloth; it is drawn for working on diagonal, and would look well on any dark shade of olive or sage-green. We would advise you to copy your coloring from nature, taking care to use some brown and yellow-brown at the root part of the stem, and at the points of the leaves. There are so many varieties of pale-purple and yellow iris, and if you introduce a little filoselle into the lightest parts, they make really beautiful and artistic subjects for needlework. You might also work this on blue-green diagonal, or on brown velveteen.

The next (No. 4) is a border for a round-table in orange, and can be worked in almost any style or color you like. It should be enlarged to four or five inches wide, supposing the border to be six or seven inches in depth; and it would be finished off with a fringe according to your taste and the style of the work, supposing it to

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be worked in natural colors. A very good fringe can be made, with the same crewels used in the work, by knotting in a few strands of crewel, with perhaps a little silk now and then introduced. You should pass the crewel in about an inch and a half from the edge, very close together; then you can cut the bottom even, and leave the cloth to lie under the fringe, which will make it look handsomer, and prevent it getting tangled and out of place.

Dark-green or blue cloth, or Roman satin would be a good ground for this, and then you can work it in the hand, as, indeed, you can most of the designs we give. Do not work the oranges with too bright a yellow; a sort of yellow ochre, or old-gold color, will be best, and the flowers can be put in with silk. We daresay you have discovered, by this time, that oranges are somewhat difficult to work with, drawing the material. They should either be begun from the outside, and worked in circles to the centre, or else, taking the black eye, or spot, at the top of the orange for a starting-point, work each side in a curve to the stalk. The latter method is rather less apt to draw, and gives a better effect, if done carefully, as it defines the roundness of the fruit better. Another way would be to work it in outline only; but you would then need a handsomer material, such as plush or velvet, and work with Japanese gold. And again another: to make an outline with gold, fill it up with subdued colors in silk; it would make a very handsome border like this. The same pattern will also do for brackets, in any of the styles we have mentioned.

The next (No. 5) is a design for a footstool. But first we will observe that both footstools and cushions, being chiefly worked on cloth or serge, are easily made in the hand, and some of the most effective patterns require very little work. We would also say that, before commencing either, we would advise you to consider well the general style and coloring of the room it is intended for; as a footstool that is so out of harmony with its surroundings as to be glaringly conspicuous, or, on the other hand, one that so closely matches the carpet as to be almost invisible, and, therefore, constantly tripping up unwary feet, is more likely to prove a torment than a comfort to its possessors.

Small round or square stools have nearly superseded the large, cumbrous, old-fashioned ones; and of these, round ones are the most convenient and easy to make up, as they can be put on to flat, muffin-shaped foundations, with or without a frame; the two round designs we give will do for either.

This footstool (No. 5) is composed of groups of daffodils, natural flowers, but conventionally arranged, and can be worked in their own colors, in crewel, on any shade of blue or green diagonal. The flowers should be worked in silks of two or three shades, taking care to make the outer petals of a very much paler shade of yellow than the bright-golden trumpet-shaped centre. The lines at the outer edge of the stool would be worked in pale shades of green crewel, rather thick. There are so many flowers that will make pretty groups to work like this, and, as you see, only two different groups need be drawn—iris, narcissus, buttercups, white or yellow daisies, all would look well; and if you have an old stool to re-cover, you could easily make it up yourself; it only needs sewing on to the side-piece, and a narrow cord to match the color of the outer lines put round the edge over the join.

The next (No. 6) is a purely conventional pattern, intended to be worked in a rather Japanese style, and it would look well on velveteen or plush. It could be any size you like, from ten to fourteen or fifteen inches in height; and you may, if you like, so alter the termination of the corners, that you can continue a narrow scroll border of the pattern all round, which would make it handsomer, and have a very pretty effect. Of course, the lines round these corners are not intended to be worked. The designs should be placed from one and a half to two or two and a half inches from the edge, which would then, as we said above, be finished off in blanket-stitch.

You might outline this pattern with gold, and fill in with crewel or silk, as you prefer. The flowers, to avoid monotony, can be worked in different harmonious colors, or shades of color, and the centres a different shade to the outer petals. It might also be worked on cloth with crewels, but we do not think the effect would be so good as if it were done on rich material with a gold outline.

The next (No. 7) is for a small table-cover about a yard square, and the design need not be more than six or eight inches in height. The one we give is a small sunflower with buds, rather conventionally arranged. This style wants a rather large flower in the centre of the design, therefore a strictly conventional one is perhaps the best to use. If you cannot make a good original conventional flower, you can copy one from any carving or relief near you, or even from cretonne. We have seen many patterns of the latter, from which entire sprays can be traced and transferred, for needlework; or if you have any bits of plush, velvet, or velveteen you desire to use up, you might use a bold little spray of

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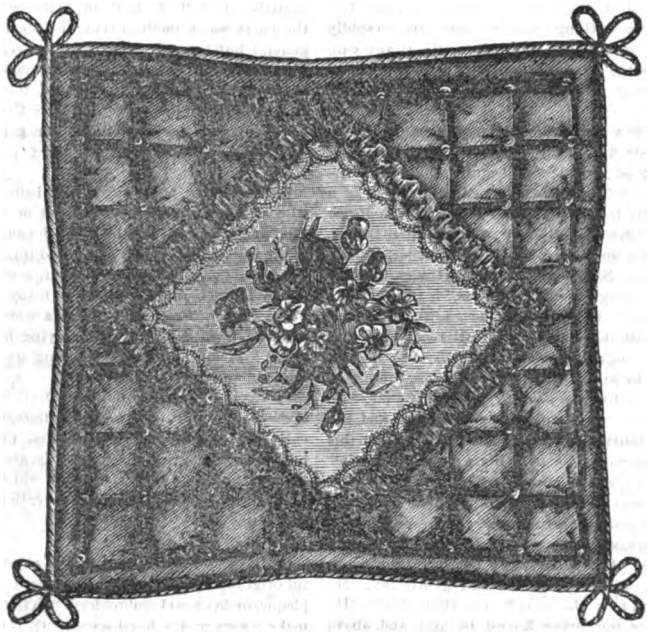
fruit or flowers, and cut up your scraps as for appliqué, and adopt a very clever method, which, no doubt, you have seen, and which would suit many of our girls who do not feel competent to draw designs for themselves. Cut out a good spray of flowers and leaves, and arrange them on the corner of your table-cloth; after carefully tacking these on, you can then work the edges down in long and short stitches; then, with the addition of perhaps only a few stitches in silk or crewel in the centre of the flowers, you have very nearly as good an effect as a worked corner. This method is, of course, admissible, and perhaps even more effective for cushions and curtain-borders; but we must not diverge from the subject.

If you have any pretty bits of plush or velvet, you might use them for legitimate appliqué; and you could make a pretty fruit corner, by choosing different greens for the leaves and grouping. Your fruit can—if you are clever enough—be a little raised, by pushing a little cotton-wool underneath. The edges of the stuff must then be sewn down as before, and can then be finished off by what we call couching-stitch, or, in the way we have just described, by working up the edges. Veins can then be worked in, of lighter or darker green, and a few shading lines added.

SOFA-CUSHION OR PIN-CUSHION.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



For a sofa-cushion, which should be soft, two squares of satin, eighteen inches square, must be quilted as seen in the engraving, but not in the centre; this space is left plain for embroidery or painting. Whether painted or embroidered, this must be done first. The square of satin is then laid over a sheet of wadding and quilted by hand or machine, and at each corner of the quilting is worked a small star of long stitches of silk, with two or three French knots in the centre of each; a flat plaited ribbon and gimp is sewn round the centre. A calico cushion, rather less in size than the satin, is filled with feathers; two sides of the satin are then sewed together and the feather cushion placed inside. The edge is finished with a thick silk cord. For a pin-cushion the embroidery in the centre may be omitted. To finish it, stuff the cushion with wool, and in the wool a tiny piece of sulphur, then no moths get into it. A pin-cushion should be trimmed with lace.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

What Is It Makes a Gentleman?—A correspondent and subscriber asks us "what it is that makes a gentleman? "Is it wealth, or learning," she says, "or only mere dress, or manner?"

Certainly not mere wealth. As certainly not dress. Nor even learning. Manner has a good deal to do with it, for a man can hardly be a gentleman who is not courteous. Yet good manners alone do not make a gentleman. It is possible to be selfish, cruel, even brutal, in reality, and yet have a varnish of fine manners.

In this country it is too often taken for granted that wealth makes the gentleman. Yet most of the great fortunes of to-day have been got together by means that are the very reverse of gentlemanly. A very sagacious observer said to us, recently: "I begin to doubt whether any man can get wealthy, in these times, who is not unscrupulous." It is certain that the good old-fashioned way of following some honest pursuit: living within your income: and laying by, every year, something for advancing years, is rapidly losing favor. To get rich at once, "honestly, if you can, but to get rich," is the cry; and the result is, as our friend said, that very few large fortunes are now acquired honestly.

Yet no one can be a gentleman who makes money in this way. To water stock, to float bubble companies, to sell what you know to be worthless, to beguile widows and orphans into buying rotten shares, is really the work of a thief. Its morality is no better than that of the foot-pad who robs on the highways. No man, who does these things, can be a gentleman, no matter how big his house, or how splendid his dinners. Nay, more. The sharp trader, the man who says: "Everything is fair in business," is not a gentleman. For the essence of gentlemanliness is that it "does unto others as it would be done unto." It recognizes that a gentleman often ought to do things which even the law does not ask him to do. For the law, after all, represents but the average morality of a country, not that higher sense of right and wrong which guides the true man and the real gentleman. When a gentleman says: "I can't do this thing, it is dishonorable," he puts himself on this higher plane. And a man is not a gentleman unless he does.

It is not good manners alone, therefore, that make the gentleman. Good manners are necessary, because rudeness hurts people's feelings, and no gentleman ever does that, at least intentionally. But there must be something more than courteous behavior to make the real gentleman. He must not only seem to be, he must be the thing itself. He must be considerate, forbearing, honest, faithful, and, above all, *gentle;* or else he cannot be a *gentleman.*

Art Needlework Patterns.—As ladies, at watering-places, usually want some nice, pretty work, with which to occupy themselves on rainy days, we give, in this number, a very large variety of patterns, the most recent designs of the art-schools in Philadelphia, New York, Boston, and South Kensington. They are for table-covers, etc., etc.

"Consummate Skill."—The Lebanon (Pa.) News says: "The departments in 'Peterson,' both literary and fashion, are managed with consummate skill; the present number teems with the latest plates and patterns, and whatever is *chic* in style."

"Christ Before Pilate." The London World, a capable authority, says of Munkacsy and his works: "About four years ago, the 'Milton Dictating to his Daughters' revealed his genius. But Munkacsy did not get out of the rut of mere greatness till he produced his 'Christ Before Pilate,' two years ago; and that made him sublime. It was a happy inspiration all through. The subject has been the sport of convention from the earliest times, yet Munkacsy took it clean out of that domain and restored it to nature. Pilate and his friends, the prosecution and defense, were no longer the massive gods of the classic mythology, masquerading in the robes of the Apostles; they were men of our own day—that is to say, of any day. Some of them were just such ruffians as you might meet to-morrow in the slums, and the central figure had a face of masculine beauty, brought startlingly near to humanity by its expression of suppressed scorn. Everybody went to see the picture in Paris; and then it started on its travels through Europe. In some capitals, especially Buda-Pesth, in the painter's own country, the entry was a public event; people turned out as for a general holiday, and sang patriotic songs; and still, wherever the picture goes, it is seen by thousands whose shillings or francs are making the largest fortune probably ever earned by a single work." This is the picture which we have engraved, as a premium for getting up clubs for "Peterson," for this year.

These Little Attentions.—We believe it is Hawthorne who says somewhere that caresses or expression of some kind are as necessary to the life of the affections as leaves are to the life of a tree. No one would think of disputing this. Yet how few really tender words are said by members of the family to each other. There is many a woman who has never since her courtship heard a word of love from her husband, until, possibly, on her dying bed some expression of his love for her has been wrung from him. Men who are capable of better things must be greatly moved before they express in words half they feel: a stoicism which it is the fashion, just now, to praise, though we think mistakenly. In one of her letters, Mrs. Carlyle says of her husband: "In great matters he is always kind and considerate, but these little attentions, which we women attach so much importance to, he was never in the habit of rendering to anyone."

Our Colored Pattern, for this month, is a very beautiful original design, which may be used either in painting a plaque, or in crewel embroidery. In the latter case, it would make a very pretty hand-screen. Or it could be used for a variety of purposes. On a preceding page we give instructions for painting the plaque. The same colors may be followed, if worked in crewels.

Consumption Is Not Contagious: that is, it is not necessarily conveyed from one person to another, by contact, or by breathing the same air. At least this is the opinion of the authorities at Brompton Hospital, London, and they ought to know.

Grace and Courtesy are two of the greatest charms a young girl can have. They have more to do with making others happy, and therefore herself, than is generally supposed.

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A NEW VOLUME BEGAN with the July number, affording an excellent opportunity to subscribe. *We still continue to offer a choice of three costly premiums for getting up clubs.* The first is the steel-engraving: "Christ Before Pilate," of the size of 27 inches by 20, by the great Hungarian artist, Munkacsy. This is one of the most wonderful pictures ever painted. A copy should be had by every family in the land.

Or, in place of it, we will give, for a premium, either a PHOTOGRAPH ALBUM, or our QUARTO ILLUSTRATED ALBUM, both of which were so popular last year. The Photograph Album is bound in leatherette, or imitation leather: the Quarto Album is bound in morocco cloth, gilt.

For many clubs, *an extra copy of the magazine* will be sent. For others, and larger ones, an extra copy of the engraving, or either of the Albums. The inducements to get up clubs were never before so great; and probably will never be so great again. But see Prospectus.

Now is the time to get up clubs for 1883. It is never too late to do this. We can always supply back numbers to January, inclusive, when desired. *Be particular, when remitting, to say whether you wish to begin with the January number, or that for July.* Specimens are sent, gratis, if written for.

THE SO-CALLED "ESTHETIC" COSTUMES, which were attempted in London a year or two ago, are now abandoned, and ladies, tired of being thought eccentric, have very sensibly come back to the ordinary fashions. A letter writer, speaking of the recent opening of the "Grosvenor Gallery" of pictures, says: "Not many years ago it was the signal for an exhibition of persons of the female sex robed in many strange varieties of costume called esthetic. The terra-cotta nightgown was a favorite with some of them. Dark-green bathing-dresses pleased others. Elderly women in pinafores stalked about. Once, I think, came the dual garment, but the esthetic ones would none of it. And now the esthetic raiment is itself flung aside. The very women who only last year concealed their figures in loose, lank frocks, with no waists, appeared on Saturday, trim in the tightness of the newest-fashioned dress that can be turned out. The craze of oddity has passed away. Returning reason has resumed its sway."

AN OUTLINE DESIGN may be perforated on paper by the sewing-machine. Ladies, by using a large needle, can treat, in this way, a paper pattern exactly as if it were being sewed. But there must be no cotton in the needle. The best powder for pouncing these perforations is: for a white ground, a gray chalk crayon, crushed, sifted, and tied in coarse muslin; never use charcoal; for a black or dark ground, use dry litharge powder: it is heavy, and quickly falls through the perforations, and does not readily blow away. A camel's-hair brush and gum-water, for fixing the pounce or powder.

THE DEMAND FOR THIS MAGAZINE is so great, that the local agents frequently have their stock exhausted prematurely. In these cases, some of them, to save the trouble of re-ordering, say that the edition is "out of print." This is not so. We can always supply back numbers, as well as current ones. If your news-agent tells you he cannot supply you, write to us, enclosing eighteen cents, the retail price per number, and we will forward, by return mail, postage free, the number or numbers that you wish.

"LATE PARIS COSTUMES."—The Newtown (N. Y.) Safeguard says: "The fashions in 'Peterson' are all late Paris costumes, and not the patterns of second-rate American dressmakers."

A CULTIVATED WOMAN is always liked best by the best and most intelligent men. It is only the bull-dog sort of masculine that wants a silly ignoramus for a wife.

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS may be made, at the price paid by the rest of the club, *at any time during the year.* And when enough additional subscribers have been sent, you will be entitled to another premium, or premiums, precisely as if it were a new club. Go on, therefore, adding to your clubs and earning premiums. Back numbers, to January, inclusive, can be had, if desired.

EMERSON NEVER SAID a finer thing than when he remarked, that, "what we call poetical justice, *that* is real justice." The instinct of the people, that demands this "poetical justice," in fiction, is higher and greater than the reasoning of any critic.

"BEST AND MOST CHARMING."—The Imlay (Mich.) Herald says: "Peterson's Magazine is really the best and most charming of the many publications for ladies."

"STANDS UNRIVALED."—Says the Plainfield (N. J.) Bulletin: "As a fashion authority 'Peterson' stands unrivaled, while its literary standard is of the highest."

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

Doctor Claudius. By F. Marion Crawford. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. New York: MacMillan & Co.*—When this author made his advent with "Mr. Isaacs," which appeared anonymously, earlier in the year, there were not wanting critics who contended that the novel owed its popularity to the novelty of the subject, and that on paths more thoroughly trodden the writer would probably fail. The present story is as complete a refutation of all this as is possible. We no longer have the vague atmosphere of India for a background, but are brought face to face with Baden, Newport, and New York. We no longer have to do with Sikh princes and Persian heroes, with tiger-hunts and wonderful feats that seem like magic, but with every-day people. Yet the grasp of the writer is as firm, and his touch as delicate, and altogether his mastery over his subject as great, if not greater. Mr. Crawford may now fairly consider himself "free of the craft" of accepted authorship. If he can continue to write as well as in this novel, there will be no one to question his very high rank. He is particularly successful in delineating character. The Duke, in this story, is capital.

Wanda, Countess Von Szalras. By "Ouida." 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.*—For once this author has written a novel in which her fine imagination and graphic descriptive powers are not marred by a bad "tone," and a more than turgid style. Nothing from her pen, except "A Dog of Flanders," and "A Leaf in a Storm," is so good. We can recommend the novel as one of the best of the season, and quite the best that "Ouida" has written.

Poems of Passion. By Ella Wheeler. Square 12*mo. Chicago: Belford, Clarke & Co.*—The poetry of this fair writer, as our readers know from specimens that have appeared in this magazine, is very far above the average. Her poems of passion, too, are her best; better than her descriptive ones; better than those of almost any other American authoress; in fact, among the best of their class; and the time will come when this will be fully recognized.

Co-Education. By Josephine Pollard. 1 *vol., square* 16*mo. New York: E. F. Birmingham & Co.*—A witty poem, by one of our oldest contributors, on one of the chief topics of the day. The verses are illustrated by spirited engravings after designs by Walter Satterlee.

X. Y. Z. By Miss A. K. Green. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. New York: G. Putnam & Sons.*—A new novel, by the author of "The Leavenworth Case," that shows all the apparent analytical ability of its predecessor.

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OUR ARM-CHAIR.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE a refreshing drink. Dr. A. L. Hall, Fairhaven, New York, says: "It forms an excellent substitute for lemon-juice, and will furnish a refreshing drink for the sick."

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

[MEDICAL BOTANY—OF THE GARDEN, FIELD, AND FOREST.]

BY ABRAM LIVEZEY, A. M., M. D.

No. VII.—JERUSALEM-OAK—WORM-SEED—MEXICAN TEA.

The herbaceous plant, *Jerusalem-Oak*, or *Oak-of-Jerusalem* (Wood), is not the true worm-seed herb, though spoken of in the United States Dispensatory as one and the same. They are distinct species. A. Wood, the botanist, places these three plants under *Chenopodium*, along with the Lamb's-quarters or Goose-foots, so common in our gardens and small cultivated patches of ground. There are, however, a few marked differences in the calyx lobes, seeds, embryo, as well as in the whole appearance of the plants. The Lamb's-quarters have very smooth, often striped, more or less glaucous-mealy stems, rhombic-ovate or subcordate leaves, and are without special odor. These under consideration are peculiarly and unpleasantly strongly aromatic, leaves and flowers yellowish-green. The writer consequently prefers Darlington's arrangement, who places these three plants by themselves, under *Ambrina*.

AMBRINA (*vel chenopodium*) BOTRYS, is the true Jerusalem-Oak, and resembles the following species somewhat, but the stems are not grooved and angular; the racemes are cymous paniculate, divergent, the slender panicles spirally twisted, and the whole plant strongly aromatic of turpentine. Found growing along roadsides, in sandy wastes, and sometimes in gardens.

WORM-SEED—*Ambrina Anthelminticum*.—Stem two to three feet high, erect, furrowed or grooved, angular branching; leaves, one to two or three inches long, sinuate-toothed, conspicuously veined, of a yellowish-green color, resinous-dotted beneath. Flowers, in small clusters, very numerous, of same color as the leaves, disposed in long, slender, leafless, terminal panicles, or spike-like racemes. Found growing in all parts of the United States, among or in the vicinity of rubbish, waste places, sandy canal-banks, etc. The herb possesses a strong, offensive odor, though somewhat aromatic in character.

Many mothers, in the country, rely upon this plant in verminous complaints, and esteem it very efficient. The seeds, which are very small, are the most active, and one teaspoonful of them, finely pulverized, will suffice for two doses, for a child three to five years of age; generally given in molasses or syrup, morning and evening, and repeated for a few days, followed by oil, senna, or other purgative.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

VARIOUS PREPARATIONS OF FRUITS.

Plums are canned with one-quarter pound of sugar to each pound of fruit. Boil the sugar first with half a teacupful of water to four pounds of sugar, and let the plums boil rapidly for twenty minutes; then bottle. Egg plums, or Victorias, are delicious for dessert, boiled in a thin syrup.

Fruits in Syrup.—Syrup for peaches, apricots, plums, and pears: Take a half-pound of loaf-sugar to each pint of water, and boil rapidly for ten minutes before the fruit is put in. Sufficient syrup should be made to allow the fruit to be covered in the pan, and when the first quantity is done there will be enough syrup left to do half as much again, only the second batch will not be quite so clear. Carefully peel peaches or apricots, and drop them whole into the boiling syrup, letting them boil for ten minutes rapidly; take them out separately with a spoon or cup, and place them in wide-necked jars or bottles, pouring in a little syrup with each one. When full, see that the syrup covers the fruit, and that no air-bubbles form, which is generally the trouble with the larger fruits. If there are any tiny bubbles, insert the handle of a spoon round the side of the jar, and they will rise to the top; it must be done quickly, and this class of fruit should always be put in glass jars or bottles.

Pears.—All kinds of eating-pears can be done in the same way, and retain their fresh delicate flavor. If very large, like the Bartlett pears of Canada, they are cut in four quarters; but most of our pears would be best whole, or in halves. They must be pared, but not cored, as the pips give a better flavor. Pears vary so much that no special time can be set for boiling. They must cook until soft and clear-looking.

Stewing-pears, and any kind of hard, ill-flavored fruit, are rendered most acceptable by stewing until tender, in the above syrup, flavored with cloves and cinnamon, which should be tied in a loose piece of muslin, and boiled ten minutes in the water before the sugar is added, leaving it in until the pears are done. Hard pears will take an hour's boiling, and perhaps more; and in all cases it is necessary that the syrup should boil as quickly as possible.

Quinces are peeled, and cut in four quarters, then boiled in barely sufficient syrup to cover them, until they are quite soft. The seeds should be left in.

Grapes are preserved, or made into jelly. To get rid of the numerous seeds, they must be squirted one by one; a sharp pinch in the fingers squeezes out the pulp into one bowl and the skins into another. Boil the pulp over the fire, and strain through a fine colander, the seeds remaining behind; then boil together the pulp, skins, and three-quarters of a pound of sugar, to a pound of fruit, for three-quarters of an hour.

Grape Jelly is made in the same way as all jellies.

Apple Marmalade.—Do not peel your apples, but core and slice them as for a tart. Choose hard apples, like russets, or any apple that does not squash in cooking; boil them very rapidly in syrup, just enough to cover them, until clear-looking; and, if liked, add a few cloves or lemon-peel.

Cherry Ice.—Stone two pounds of ripe cherries, bruise and set them on the fire, with a little water and a half-pound of sugar; when they have boiled, pass them through a hair sieve into an earthen pan; pound a handful of the kernels, put them in a basin with the juice of two lemons, add to the cherries a pound of sugar, and strain on them the lemon-juice and kernels; mix the whole together and put it into a freezer with pounded ice; work the cherries up with it well until it has set, then place it in glasses.

Elderberry Wine.—To ten quarts of berries put five quarts of water, and let it stand twenty-four hours. Then boil and skim it; strain it, and to every gallon of the liquor put three pounds of sugar, half an ounce of cloves, one ounce of cinnamon, and two ounces of ginger. Boil it again, and ferment it, by putting in it a slice of toast covered with fresh yeast. By leaving out the spices, this wine is said to resemble Port.

Pickled Red Cabbage.—Choose two middle-sized, well-colored, and firm cabbages, shred them very finely, first pulling off the outside leaves; mix with them half a pound of salt, tie them up in a thin cloth, and let them hang for twelve hours; then boil a quart of vinegar, with an ounce of ginger, half an ounce of black pepper, and a quarter of

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an ounce of cloves. Put the cabbage into jars, and pour the vinegar over it when cold.

Peach Pot-Pie.—Line the sides of a deep pot with a paste made in the proportion of half a pound of butter to one pound of flour. Then pare and slice some peaches, sugar them to your taste, and fill up the pot and cover the top with the paste, leaving an opening in the middle of the crust to permit the steam to escape while the pie is baking. Bake it in a moderately hot oven, and when cold serve it with cream.

Raspberry Vinegar.—Take ripe raspberries, put them in a pan, and mash them with a large wooden spoon or masher. Strain the juice through a jelly-bag, and to each pint of juice add one pound of loaf-sugar and one quart of vinegar. When the sugar has dissolved, place the whole over the fire in a preserving-kettle, and let it boil a minute or two, and skim it. When cold, bottle it, cork it well, and it will be fit for use.

Blackberry Cordial.—To one quart of blackberry-juice add one pound of white sugar, half an ounce of grated nutmeg, and half an ounce of pulverized cinnamon. Tie the spice in a fine muslin bag, boil the whole and skim it. When no more scum rises, set it away to get cold, and add one pint of best brandy. Cloves and allspice may be added in the proportion of a quarter of an ounce of each.

FASHIONS FOR AUGUST.

FIG. I.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF LIGHT-BLUE GRENADINE. The skirt is laid in lengthwise box-plaits, and is trimmed at the bottom with a ruffle of embroidery; the paniers are also trimmed with an embroidered ruffle, form a large puff at the back, and are caught up here and there down the back in smaller puffs; the skirt is put on to the bodice, with three rows of shirring. The bodice is of blue silk, of a somewhat darker shade than the skirt, fits closely over the hips, and is laced at the back; the sleeves are half-long, trimmed with embroidery, and put in high on the shoulder; the bodice is three-quarters high, and finished at the neck with gatherings of grenadine and a spray of wild-roses.

FIG. II.—EVENING-DRESS, OF LIGHT SEA-GREEN GAUZE, WITH POLKA-DOTS OF FOREST-GREEN VELVET. The white underskirt is finished with three ruffles of lace; the overskirt is draped diagonally, quite low on the left side, and gathered into a loose puff at the back; the bodice is of forest-green velvet, with a small basque; three-quarter sleeves, edged with lace; the vest is of the gathered gauze, confined at the bottom by three velvet straps.

FIG. III.—VISITING-DRESS, OF GREENISH-GRAY INDIA SILK. The skirt is laid in lengthwise plaits, and trimmed at the bottom with three knife-plaited ruffles, a loose puffing between the second and third ones; the tunic is draped rather high, falls in loose drapery at the back, and is edged with white and rose-pink embroidery; the bodice is made with a Marie-di-Medici ruffle, laid in hollow plaits, and has a vest of embroidery like that on the tunic; long coat-sleeves, set in high at the shoulders. Straw bonnet, of the color of the dress, trimmed with pink roses, and pink and white feathers.

FIG. IV.—SEASIDE-DRESS, OF BLACK SATEEN, FIGURED WITH LARGE PINK ROSES. The skirt is trimmed with two deep flounces; the tunic opens in front, is drawn far back on the hips, and falls without draping at the back; black velvet ribbon catches up the puffing at the back, passes at the bottom of the corsage, and falls in long loops and ends in front; the bodice has a large collar of white embroidery, and a chemisette of black surah silk; puffed sleeves. Hat of strawberry-colored straw, trimmed with pink feathers.

FIG. V.—WALKING-DRESS, OF SATEEN. The skirt is of plain blue sateen, laid in lengthwise side-plaits in front, and at the back it is plain, and edged with two knife-plaited ruffles; the overdress is of dull-blue and white checked sateen, trimmed with a ficelle-colored lace; the dress is made Princess shape at the back, and the drapery falls square at the bottom; the front of the bodice has basques, formed of wide ficelle lace, and a collar with revers of the same lace; a full chemisette, of soft-blue surah silk, is caught across the front with bows of ribbon; three-quarter sleeves. Straw bonnet, lined with blue silk, and trimmed with bluets and daisies.

FIGS. VI and VII.—FRONT AND BACK OF SUMMER-BODICE, OF TERRA-COTTA COLORED CASHMERE, SURAH SILK, AND VELVET. The bodice is close-fitting at the sides, and to the back side-seams; at the back it is gathered, and the fullness terminates in a basque; the chemisette, the collar, and the de-Medici plaiting at the bottom, are of the surah silk; the velvet band and surah plaitings stop at the side-seams.

FIG. VIII.—SERPENT-BRACELET, IN SILVER. Some of these bracelets are made of gold, or of brilliant enamels, and have diamond and ruby heads and eyes.

FIGS. IX and X.—DRESSING-JACKET, OF NAINSOOK, trimmed with embroidery, and set into a yoke; at the back it is laid in plaits. One made in this style, of pink flannel, trimmed with cream-colored lace, was very beautiful.

FIG. XI.—STRAW BONNET, lined with brown velvet, and trimmed with brown velvet and straw-colored feathers.

FIG. XII.—EVENING-DRESS, OF CREAM-COLORED SURAH. The bottom of the skirt has a very narrow knife-plaiting of the silk; above this is a blonde lace ruffle, headed with festoons of the surah, and bows of satin ribbon; the overdress is of cream-colored figured gauze, opening in shawl-points in front and at the sides, and trimmed with blonde lace; it is gathered to the waist, and draped at the back; the waist has a plaited surah plastron, and is trimmed with blonde lace, as are also the half-sleeves.

FIG. XIII.—EVENING-DRESS, OF BLACK SATIN, edged with a plaited flounce; black gauze overskirt, studded with silk pompons, opening at the side, and draped on the left hip with a large satin bow and buckle; the pointed bodice, of black satin, is laced at the back; lace fichu, fastened with red roses, and sleeves trimmed with a full deep lace ruffle; red flowers in the hair.

FIG. XIV.—GARDEN-PARTY DRESS, OF BROWN NUN'S-VEILING. The skirt is composed of two flounces, the upper one laid in hollow plaits, and much the deepest, and above these a Moliere puff; then a full-draped tunic; the bodice has a jacket-front, and is cut long enough in the back to form a puff; it turns back with revers, and has a vest of white silk, embroidered in pink; pink muslin garden-hat.

FIG. XV.—WALKING-DRESS, OF MYRTLE-GREEN CAMEL'S-HAIR. The skirt, which is made full, but without any trimming except a very narrow knife-plaiting at the bottom, is of myrtle-green and cream-colored plaid; the overdress, of plain myrtle-green, has two pointed tunics, which are caught up very high on the hips, and fall in low full drapery at the back; the bodice has a basque at the back, is cutaway-coat shape in front, has a military collar, fastened with a brandebourg, and has a vest of cream-colored piqué. Hat of myrtle-green straw, trimmed with green feathers.

GENERAL REMARKS.—There are some new things in the accessories of dress; for instance, vests are much worn, not always, though frequently, made of white or light-yellow piqué, for thin dresses, sometimes of embroidery, and often of silk, satin, or velvet, corresponding with some color in the dress. These vests are generally set in the bodice, and only simulated; but sometimes a real vest is worn.

Tournures are greatly on the increase in size; these bustles, as they used to be called, may be made of horse-hair cloth, or of steel springs, run through muslin casings; care should be taken not to have these springs too large, as they move when the wearer walks, and give a very ugly motion to the figure; the bouffant effect should be gotten principally by the full bunched drapery of the skirt.

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The high sleeves, those put far up on the shoulder-seam, are universal; and to increase the height, they are gathered slightly into the top of the armhole, forming a kind of puff.

Tucks are not only used on wash-dresses, but on some heavy silks, as well as on thinner summer silks; a black silk dress, just imported, suitable for a lady in slight mourning, has the flounces slightly gathered, put on with a cord, and three narrow tucks, not more than a quarter of an inch deep, on the bottom of each flounce; the hem on the flounces is the depth of the tucks. We have also seen another imported black silk dress, trimmed with rows of black velvet ribbon, about half an inch in width.

OUR PARIS LETTER.

RUE DES PETITS CHAMPS.

Sun-hats, of various shapes and styles, are now in vogue. The prettiest are of the poke shape, with the crown covered with shirred muslin and the brim with flat ruffles of lace. There are others entirely covered with ruffles of ficelle lace. A new bonnet for seaside-wear is in imitation of a flail-basket, that is to say, a basket composed of thin flat strips of wood. Another style is made of round straws set on the frame in a pattern. Field-flowers and fruits are worn on these rustic bonnets, and sometimes even small vegetables, such as a tomato-vine, bearing very small ripe tomatoes. A cluster of small lemons, with foliage, makes a very pretty trimming for a black lace or black straw bonnet. Large purple plums, ripe apricots, and small yellow-green apples are also seen.

The latest watering-place suits are composed of a corsage and panier overskirt in some material figured with large spots in floss-silk, and worn over a plaited underskirt of plain material matching the groundwork of the spotted stuff. For traveling-wear these suits are made in dark-brown or marine-blue cashmere, with the spots in crimson silk. For full dress, a spotted gauze, made up over an underskirt of plain satin, is very handsome. The plaits of the underskirt extend from waist to hem, and are caught together just above the hem so as to open like a flounce around the bottom of the skirt, a full ruching of satin being placed underneath.

A very handsome and novel material for evening-dresses, and one well adapted for summer-wear, is the new crape, which is genuine English crape, like that used for mourning purposes, only with a soft finish. This avoidance of the stiffness of ordinary crape makes the new material at once more graceful and more durable. It comes in all the pale evening-dress shades, and is made up in combination with satin, faille, or brocade. A corsage and train of brocade, with an underskirt covered with draperies of crape, make an elegant and effective toilette. Worth is employing tulle very largely for summer evening-dresses, in combination with faille or satin. The train of the toilette is usually composed of skirt upon skirt of tulle, laid in a broad plain single plait at the back. The low-necked, short-sleeved corsage is in faille with tulle draperies, and a wide sash, caught up into a large butterfly bow, is placed just below the waist, the point of the corsage coming between the two loops. This sash is either in faille, to match the corsage, or in satin. Tulle, spotted with gold or silver, is often used for these dresses. Very dark terra-cotta tulle is made up with a terra-cotta and gold brocade, the tulle draperies on the skirt being looped back with clusters of gold thistles. Worth also employs a transparent silver gauze for veiling the skirt-fronts of faille ball-dresses. On a rich rose-pink the effect of this new material is exquisite.

Morning-dresses are now almost exclusively made with a loose matinée and separate skirt, which are sometimes of different materials, the skirt being in some delicate or gay-colored surah, and the matinée in transparent organdie, figured with colored flowers on a white ground, and lined with Florence silk of the same tint as the skirt, which is usually trimmed with white lace, or with white embroidery on transparent cambric. Crushed-strawberry and pale-blue are the favorite hues for these dainty garments. A new and very pretty woolen material has just been introduced for morning-dresses; it is rather thicker than grenadine, and is thinner than cashmere, the surface being figured with a diagonal rib. It is very tasteful in cream-white, made up with a profusion of lace ruffles and bows of white satin ribbon. White crêpe-de-Chine is used for morning-wear by some very extravagant and fashionable ladies, but its cost renders it unattainable for such a purpose by persons with moderate purses. Worth has made up a lovely morning-dress for the Empress of Russia, of this material, trimmed with full ruffles of Mechlin lace.

Crushed-strawberry continues to be the most fashionable color of the season, though there are some charming combinations in the shot silks, which are known as "Venetian glass," such as pale-blue and pale-green, white and lilac, gold-color and pale-blue, etc., etc.

Worth is using much more decided colors now than he has done for some seasons past, apple-green, deep rose-pink, and the brilliant gold-button-yellow being amongst his favorites.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—BOY'S SUIT, OF BROWN TWEED. The knickerbockers are rather close-fitting; the square jacket opens over a full white skirt, which falls loose and long over the trousers, in Moliere style; brown straw hat.

FIG. II.—LITTLE GIRL'S SUIT, OF DARK-BLUE SATEEN. The bodice is very full, and the skirt consists of two ruffles, embroidered in red; the same ruffling forms the collar; sash of red twill; white straw hat, faced with dark-blue; long white plumes.

FIG. III.—GIRL'S DRESS, OF WHITE SUMMER SERGE. It is trimmed with white embroidery, and opens in front, over a plain white waistcoat, and a plaited skirt; large white linen collar. Lawn-hat, trimmed with ribbons.

FIG. IV.—CHILD'S BONNET, OF CREAM-COLORED STRAW, trimmed with cream-colored satin ribbon and sprays of hawthorn.

OUR PURCHASING AGENCY.

After many urgent requests, we some time since established a Purchasing Agency, and encouraged by the substantial recognition that has followed our efforts to meet the wants of persons wishing the best selected goods from the EASTERN MARKETS, *at the* LOWEST PRICES, *we again call attention to our unsurpassed advantages for supplying* EVERYTHING *used in the* HOUSE, *to the entire satisfaction of all who favor us with their orders. Special attention is given to every article bought; and the list includes Ladies', Gentlemen's, and Children's Wear, Wedding Outfits, Infants' Wardrobes, Wedding, Holiday, and Birthday Presents, etc.*

The advantages gained by all persons sending their orders to our Purchasing Agency have been appreciated by the large number who have been served since it has been established, in the saving of money, time, and trouble.

Samples furnished, only on receipt of 25 cents. Circulars are free to any one writing for them, containing full particulars, and mode of doing business. Remember all are served, not only our subscribers, but any one else in want of goods or wearing apparel. Address all communications for our Purchasing Agency to

MRS. MARY THOMAS,

P. O. BOX 1696, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

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A New Volume Began with the July number, affording an excellent opportunity to subscribe. *We still continue to offer a choice of three costly premiums for getting up clubs.* The first is the steel-engraving: "Christ Before Pilate," of the size of 27 inches by 20, by the great Hungarian artist, Munkacsy. This is one of the most wonderful pictures ever painted. A copy should be had by every family in the land.

Or, in place of it, we will give, for a premium, either a Photograph Album, or our Quarto Illustrated Album, both of which were so popular last year. The Photograph Album is bound in leatherette, or imitation leather: the Quarto Album is bound in morocco cloth, gilt.

For many clubs, *an extra copy of the magazine* will be sent. For others, and larger ones, an extra copy of the engraving, or either of the Albums. The inducements to get up clubs were never before so great; and probably will never be so great again. But see Prospectus.

Now is the time to get up clubs for 1883. It is never too late to do this. We can always supply back numbers to January, inclusive, when desired. *Be particular, when remitting, to say whether you wish to begin with the January number, or that for July.* Specimens are sent, gratis, if written for.

The So-Called "Esthetic" Costumes, which were attempted in London a year or two ago, are now abandoned, and ladies, tired of being thought eccentric, have very sensibly come back to the ordinary fashions. A letter writer, speaking of the recent opening of the "Grosvenor Gallery" of pictures, says: "Not many years ago it was the signal for an exhibition of persons of the female sex robed in many strange varieties of costume called esthetic. The terra-cotta nightgown was a favorite with some of them. Dark-green bathing-dresses pleased others. Elderly women in pinafores stalked about. Once, I think, came the dual garment, but the esthetic ones would none of it. And now the esthetic raiment is itself flung aside. The very women who only last year concealed their figures in loose, lank frocks, with no waists, appeared on Saturday, trim in the tightness of the newest-fashioned dress that can be turned out. The craze of oddity has passed away. Returning reason has resumed its sway."

An Outline Design may be perforated on paper by the sewing-machine. Ladies, by using a large needle, can treat, in this way, a paper pattern exactly as if it were being sewed. But there must be no cotton in the needle. The best powder for pouncing these perforations is: for a white ground, a gray chalk crayon, crushed, sifted, and tied in coarse muslin; never use charcoal; for a black or dark ground, use dry litharge powder: it is heavy, and quickly falls through the perforations, and does not readily blow away. A camel's-hair brush and gum-water, for fixing the pounce or powder.

The Demand For This Magazine is so great, that the local agents frequently have their stock exhausted prematurely. In these cases, some of them, to save the trouble of re-ordering, say that the edition is "out of print." This is not so. We can always supply back numbers, as well as current ones. If your news-agent tells you he cannot supply you, write to us, enclosing eighteen cents, the retail price per number, and we will forward, by return mail, postage free, the number or numbers that you wish.

"Late Paris Costumes."—The Newtown (N. Y.) Safeguard says: "The fashions in 'Peterson' are all late Paris costumes, and not the patterns of second-rate American dressmakers."

A Cultivated Woman is always liked best by the best and most intelligent men. It is only the bull-dog sort of masculine that wants a silly ignoramus for a wife.

Additions To Clubs may be made, at the price paid by the rest of the club, *at any time during the year.* And when enough additional subscribers have been sent, you will be entitled to another premium, or premiums, precisely as if it were a new club. Go on, therefore, adding to your clubs and earning premiums. Back numbers, to January, inclusive, can be had, if desired.

Emerson Never Said a finer thing than when he remarked, that, "what we call poetical justice, *that* is real justice." The instinct of the people, that demands this "poetical justice," in fiction, is higher and greater than the reasoning of any critic.

"Best and Most Charming."—The Imlay (Mich.) Herald says: "Peterson's Magazine is really the best and most charming of the many publications for ladies."

"Stands Unrivaled."—Says the Plainfield (N. J.) Bulletin: "As a fashion authority 'Peterson' stands unrivaled, while its literary standard is of the highest."

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

Doctor Claudius. By F. Marion Crawford. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. New York: MacMillan & Co.*—When this author made his advent with "Mr. Isaacs," which appeared anonymously, earlier in the year, there were not wanting critics who contended that the novel owed its popularity to the novelty of the subject, and that on paths more thoroughly trodden the writer would probably fail. The present story is as complete a refutation of all this as is possible. We no longer have the vague atmosphere of India for a background, but are brought face to face with Baden, Newport, and New York. We no longer have to do with Sikh princes and Persian heroes, with tiger-hunts and wonderful feats that seem like magic, but with every-day people. Yet the grasp of the writer is as firm, and his touch as delicate, and altogether his mastery over his subject as great, if not greater. Mr. Crawford may now fairly consider himself "free of the craft" of accepted authorship. If he can continue to write as well as in this novel, there will be no one to question his very high rank. He is particularly successful in delineating character. The Duke, in this story, is capital.

Wanda, Countess Von Szalras. By "Ouida." 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.*—For once this author has written a novel in which her fine imagination and graphic descriptive powers are not marred by a bad "tone," and a more than turgid style. Nothing from her pen, except "A Dog of Flanders," and "A Leaf in a Storm," is so good. We can recommend the novel as one of the best of the season, and quite the best that "Ouida" has written.

Poems of Passion. By Ella Wheeler. Square 12*mo. Chicago: Belford, Clarke & Co.*—The poetry of this fair writer, as our readers know from specimens that have appeared in this magazine, is very far above the average. Her poems of passion, too, are her best; better than her descriptive ones; better than those of almost any other American authoress; in fact, among the best of their class; and the time will come when this will be fully recognized.

Co-Education. By Josephine Pollard. 1 *vol., square* 16*mo. New York: E. F. Birmingham & Co.*—A witty poem, by one of our oldest contributors, on one of the chief topics of the day. The verses are illustrated by spirited engravings after designs by Walter Satterlee.

X. Y. Z. By Miss A. K. Green. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. New York: G. Putnam & Sons.*—A new novel, by the author of "The Leavenworth Case," that shows all the apparent analytical ability of its predecessor.

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OUR ARM-CHAIR.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE a refreshing drink. Dr. A. L. Hall, Fairhaven, New York, says: "It forms an excellent substitute for lemon-juice, and will furnish a refreshing drink for the sick."

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

[MEDICAL BOTANY—OF THE GARDEN, FIELD, AND FOREST.]

BY ABRAM LIVEZEY, A. M., M. D.

No. VII.—JERUSALEM-OAK—WORM-SEED—MEXICAN TEA.

The herbaceous plant, *Jerusalem-Oak*, or *Oak-of-Jerusalem* (Wood), is not the true worm-seed herb, though spoken of in the United States Dispensatory as one and the same. They are distinct species. A. Wood, the botanist, places these three plants under *Chenopodium*, along with the Lamb's-quarters or Goose-foots, so common in our gardens and small cultivated patches of ground. There are, however, a few marked differences in the calyx lobes, seeds, embryo, as well as in the whole appearance of the plants. The Lamb's-quarters have very smooth, often striped, more or less glaucous-mealy stems, rhombic-ovate or subcordate leaves, and are without special odor. These under consideration are peculiarly and unpleasantly strongly aromatic, leaves and flowers yellowish-green. The writer consequently prefers Darlington's arrangement, who places these three plants by themselves, under *Ambrina*.

AMBRINA (*vel chenopodium*) BOTRYS, is the true Jerusalem-Oak, and resembles the following species somewhat, but the stems are not grooved and angular; the racemes are cymous paniculate, divergent, the slender panicles spirally twisted, and the whole plant strongly aromatic of turpentine. Found growing along roadsides, in sandy wastes, and sometimes in gardens.

WORM-SEED—*Ambrina Anthelminticum*.—Stem two to three feet high, erect, furrowed or grooved, angular branching; leaves, one to two or three inches long, sinuate-toothed, conspicuously veined, of a yellowish-green color, resinous-dotted beneath. Flowers, in small clusters, very numerous, of same color as the leaves, disposed in long, slender, leafless, terminal panicles, or spike-like racemes. Found growing in all parts of the United States, among or in the vicinity of rubbish, waste places, sandy canal-banks, etc. The herb possesses a strong, offensive odor, though somewhat aromatic in character.

Many mothers, in the country, rely upon this plant in verminous complaints, and esteem it very efficient. The seeds, which are very small, are the most active, and one teaspoonful of them, finely pulverized, will suffice for two doses, for a child three to five years of age; generally given in molasses or syrup, morning and evening, and repeated for a few days, followed by oil, senna, or other purgative.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

VARIOUS PREPARATIONS OF FRUITS.

Plums are canned with one-quarter pound of sugar to each pound of fruit. Boil the sugar first with half a teacupful of water to four pounds of sugar, and let the plums boil rapidly for twenty minutes; then bottle. Egg plums, or Victorias, are delicious for dessert, boiled in a thin syrup.

Fruits in Syrup.—Syrup for peaches, apricots, plums, and pears: Take a half-pound of loaf-sugar to each pint of water, and boil rapidly for ten minutes before the fruit is put in. Sufficient syrup should be made to allow the fruit to be covered in the pan, and when the first quantity is done there will be enough syrup left to do half as much again, only the second batch will not be quite so clear. Carefully peel peaches or apricots, and drop them whole into the boiling syrup, letting them boil for ten minutes rapidly; take them out separately with a spoon or cup, and place them in wide-necked jars or bottles, pouring in a little syrup with each one. When full, see that the syrup covers the fruit, and that no air-bubbles form, which is generally the trouble with the larger fruits. If there are any tiny bubbles, insert the handle of a spoon round the side of the jar, and they will rise to the top; it must be done quickly, and this class of fruit should always be put in glass jars or bottles.

Pears.—All kinds of eating-pears can be done in the same way, and retain their fresh delicate flavor. If very large, like the Bartlett pears of Canada, they are cut in four quarters; but most of our pears would be best whole, or in halves. They must be pared, but not cored, as the pips give a better flavor. Pears vary so much that no special time can be set for boiling. They must cook until soft and clear-looking.

Stewing-pears, and any kind of hard, ill-flavored fruit, are rendered most acceptable by stewing until tender, in the above syrup, flavored with cloves and cinnamon, which should be tied in a loose piece of muslin, and boiled ten minutes in the water before the sugar is added, leaving it in until the pears are done. Hard pears will take an hour's boiling, and perhaps more; and in all cases it is necessary that the syrup should boil as quickly as possible.

Quinces are peeled, and cut in four quarters, then boiled in barely sufficient syrup to cover them, until they are quite soft. The seeds should be left in.

Grapes are preserved, or made into jelly. To get rid of the numerous seeds, they must be squirted one by one; a sharp pinch in the fingers squeezes out the pulp into one bowl and the skins into another. Boil the pulp over the fire, and strain through a fine colander, the seeds remaining behind; then boil together the pulp, skins, and three-quarters of a pound of sugar, to a pound of fruit, for three-quarters of an hour.

Grape Jelly is made in the same way as all jellies.

Apple Marmalade.—Do not peel your apples, but core and slice them as for a tart. Choose hard apples, like russets, or any apple that does not squash in cooking; boil them very rapidly in syrup, just enough to cover them, until clear-looking; and, if liked, add a few cloves or lemon-peel.

Cherry Ice.—Stone two pounds of ripe cherries, bruise and set them on the fire, with a little water and a half-pound of sugar; when they have boiled, pass them through a hair sieve into an earthen pan; pound a handful of the kernels, put them in a basin with the juice of two lemons, add to the cherries a pound of sugar, and strain on them the lemon-juice and kernels; mix the whole together, and put it into a freezer with pounded ice; work the cherries up with it well until it has set, then place it in glasses.

Elderberry Wine.—To ten quarts of berries put five quarts of water, and let it stand twenty-four hours. Then boil and skim it; strain it, and to every gallon of the liquor put three pounds of sugar, half an ounce of cloves, one ounce of cinnamon, and two ounces of ginger. Boil it again, and ferment it, by putting in it a slice of toast covered with fresh yeast. By leaving out the spices, this wine is said to resemble Port.

Pickled Red Cabbage.—Choose two middle-sized, well-colored, and firm cabbages, shred them very finely, first pulling off the outside leaves; mix with them half a pound of salt, tie them up in a thin cloth, and let them hang for twelve hours; then boil a quart of vinegar, with an ounce of ginger, half an ounce of black pepper, and a quarter of

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an ounce of cloves. Put the cabbage into jars, and pour the vinegar over it when cold.

Peach Pot-Pie.—Line the sides of a deep pot with a paste made in the proportion of half a pound of butter to one pound of flour. Then pare and slice some peaches, sugar them to your taste, and fill up the pot and cover the top with the paste, leaving an opening in the middle of the crust to permit the steam to escape while the pie is baking. Bake it in a moderately hot oven, and when cold serve it with cream.

Raspberry Vinegar.—Take ripe raspberries, put them in a pan, and mash them with a large wooden spoon or masher. Strain the juice through a jelly-bag, and to each pint of juice add one pound of loaf-sugar and one quart of vinegar. When the sugar has dissolved, place the whole over the fire in a preserving-kettle, and let it boil a minute or two, and skim it. When cold, bottle it, cork it well, and it will be fit for use.

Blackberry Cordial.—To one quart of blackberry-juice add one pound of white sugar, half an ounce of grated nutmeg, and half an ounce of pulverized cinnamon. Tie the spice in a fine muslin bag, boil the whole and skim it. When no more scum rises, set it away to get cold, and add one pint of best brandy. Cloves and allspice may be added in the proportion of a quarter of an ounce of each.

FASHIONS FOR AUGUST.

FIG. I.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF LIGHT-BLUE GRENADINE. The skirt is laid in lengthwise box-plaits, and is trimmed at the bottom with a ruffle of embroidery; the paniers are also trimmed with an embroidered ruffle, form a large puff at the back, and are caught up here and there down the back in smaller puffs; the skirt is put on to the bodice, with three rows of shirring. The bodice is of blue silk, of a somewhat darker shade than the skirt, fits closely over the hips, and is laced at the back; the sleeves are half-long, trimmed with embroidery, and puff in high on the shoulder; the bodice is three-quarters high, and finished at the neck with gatherings of grenadine and a spray of wild-roses.

FIG. II.—EVENING-DRESS, OF LIGHT SEA-GREEN GAUZE, WITH POLKA-DOTS OF FOREST-GREEN VELVET. The white underskirt is finished with three ruffles of lace; the overskirt is draped diagonally, quite low on the left side, and gathered into a loose puff at the back; the bodice is of forest-green velvet, with a small basque; three-quarter sleeves, edged with lace; the vest is of the gathered gauze, confined at the bottom by three velvet straps.

FIG. III.—VISITING-DRESS, OF GREENISH-GRAY INDIA SILK. The skirt is laid in lengthwise plaits, and trimmed at the bottom with three knife-plaited ruffles, a loose puffing between the second and third ones; the tunic is draped rather high, falls in loose drapery at the back, and is edged with white and rose-pink embroidery; the bodice is made with a Marie-di-Medici ruffle, laid in hollow plaits, and has a vest of embroidery like that on the tunic; long coat-sleeves, set in high at the shoulders. Straw bonnet, of the color of the dress, trimmed with pink roses, and pink and white feathers.

FIG. IV.—SEASIDE-DRESS, OF BLACK SATEEN, FIGURED WITH LARGE PINK ROSES. The skirt is trimmed with two deep flounces; the tunic opens in front, is drawn far back on the hips, and falls without draping at the back; black velvet ribbon catches up the puffing at the back, passes at the bottom of the corsage, and falls in long loops and ends in front; the bodice has a large collar of white embroidery, and a chemisette of black surah silk; puffed sleeves. Hat of strawberry-colored straw, trimmed with pink feathers.

FIG. V.—WALKING-DRESS, OF SATEEN. The skirt is of plain blue sateen, laid in lengthwise side-plaits in front, and at the back it is plain, and edged with two knife-plaited ruffles; the overdress is of dull-blue and white checked sateen, trimmed with a ficelle-colored lace; the dress is made Princess shape at the back, and the drapery falls square at the bottom; the front of the bodice has basques, formed of wide ficelle lace, and a collar with revers of the same lace; a full chemisette, of soft-blue surah silk, is caught across the front with bows of ribbon; three-quarter sleeves. Straw bonnet, lined with blue silk, and trimmed with bluets and daisies.

FIGS. VI and VII.—FRONT AND BACK OF SUMMER-BODICE, OF TERRA-COTTA COLORED CASHMERE, SURAH SILK, AND VELVET. The bodice is close-fitting at the sides, and to the back side-seams; at the back it is gathered, and the fullness terminates in a basque; the chemisette, the collar, and the de-Medici plaiting at the bottom, are of the surah silk; the velvet band and surah plaitings stop at the side-seams.

FIG. VIII.—SERPENT-BRACELET, IN SILVER. Some of these bracelets are made of gold, or of brilliant enamels, and have diamond and ruby heads and eyes.

FIGS. IX and X.—DRESSING-JACKET, OF NAINSOOK, trimmed with embroidery, and set into a yoke; at the back it is laid in plaits. One made in this style, of pink flannel, trimmed with cream-colored lace, was very beautiful.

FIG. XI.—STRAW BONNET, lined with brown velvet, and trimmed with brown velvet and straw-colored feathers.

FIG. XII.—EVENING-DRESS, OF CREAM-COLORED SURAH. The bottom of the skirt has a very narrow knife-plaiting of the silk; above this is a blonde lace ruffle, headed with festoons of the surah, and bows of satin ribbon; the overdress is of cream-colored figured gauze, opening in shawl-points in front and at the sides, and trimmed with blonde lace; it is gathered to the waist, and draped at the back; the waist has a plaited surah plastron, and is trimmed with blonde lace, as are also the half-sleeves.

FIG. XIII.—EVENING-DRESS, OF BLACK SATIN, edged with a plaited flounce; black gauze overskirt, studded with silk pompons, opening at the side, and draped on the left hip with a large satin bow and buckle; the pointed bodice, of black satin, is laced at the back; lace fichu, fastened with red roses, and sleeves trimmed with a full deep lace ruffle; red flowers in the hair.

FIG. XIV.—GARDEN-PARTY DRESS, OF BROWN NUN'S-VEILING. The skirt is composed of two flounces, the upper one laid in hollow plaits, and much the deepest, and above these a Moliere puff; then a full-draped tunic; the bodice has a jacket-front, and is cut long enough in the back to form a puff; it turns back with revers, and has a vest of white silk, embroidered in pink; pink muslin garden-hat.

FIG. XV.—WALKING-DRESS, OF MYRTLE-GREEN CAMEL'S-HAIR. The skirt, which is made full, but without any trimming except a very narrow knife-plaiting at the bottom, is of myrtle-green and cream-colored plaid; the overdress, of plain myrtle-green, has two pointed tunics, which are caught up very high on the hips, and fall in low full drapery at the back; the bodice has a basque at the back, is cutaway-coat shape in front, has a military collar, fastened with a brandebourg, and has a vest of cream-colored piqué. Hat of myrtle-green straw, trimmed with green feathers.

GENERAL REMARKS.—There are some new things in the accessories of dress; for instance, vests are much worn, not always, though frequently, made of white or light-yellow piqué, for thin dresses, sometimes of embroidery, and often of silk, satin, or velvet, corresponding with some color in the dress. These vests are generally set in the bodice, and only simulated; but sometimes a real vest is worn.

Tournures are greatly on the increase in size; these bustles, as they used to be called, may be made of horse-hair cloth, or of steel springs, run through muslin casings; care should be taken not to have these springs too large, as they move when the wearer walks, and give a very ugly motion to the figure; the bouffant effect should be gotten principally by the full bunched drapery of the skirt.

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The high sleeves, those put far up on the shoulder-seam, are universal; and to increase the height, they are gathered slightly into the top of the armhole, forming a kind of puff.

Tucks are not only used on wash-dresses, but on some heavy silks, as well as on thinner summer silks; a black silk dress, just imported, suitable for a lady in slight mourning, has the flounces slightly gathered, put on with a cord, and three narrow tucks, not more than a quarter of an inch deep, on the bottom of each flounce; the hem on the flounces is the depth of the tucks. We have also seen another imported black silk dress, trimmed with rows of black velvet ribbon, about half an inch in width.

OUR PARIS LETTER.

RUE DES PETITS CHAMPS.

Sun-hats, of various shapes and styles, are now in vogue. The prettiest are of the poke shape, with the crown covered with shirred muslin and the brim with flat ruffles of lace. There are others entirely covered with ruffles of ficelle lace. A new bonnet for seaside-wear is in imitation of a flail-basket, that is to say, a basket composed of thin flat strips of wood. Another style is made of round straws set on the frame in a pattern. Field-flowers and fruits are worn on these rustic bonnets, and sometimes even small vegetables, such as a tomato-vine, bearing very small ripe tomatoes. A cluster of small lemons, with foliage, makes a very pretty trimming for a black lace or black straw bonnet. Large purple plums, ripe apricots, and small yellow-green apples are also seen.

The latest watering-place suits are composed of a corsage and panier overskirt in some material figured with large spots in floss-silk, and worn over a plaited underskirt of plain material matching the groundwork of the spotted stuff. For traveling-wear these suits are made in dank-brown or marine-blue cashmere, with the spots in crimson silk. For full dress, a spotted gauze, made up over an underskirt of plain satin, is very handsome. The plaits of the underskirt extend from waist to hem, and are caught together just above the hem so as to open like a flounce around the bottom of the skirt, a full ruching of satin being placed underneath.

A very handsome and novel material for evening-dresses, and one well adapted for summer-wear, is the new crape, which is genuine English crape, like that used for mourning purposes, only with a soft finish. This avoidance of the stiffness of ordinary crape makes the new material at once more graceful and more durable. It comes in all the pale evening-dress shades, and is made up in combination with satin, faille, or brocade. A corsage and train of brocade, with an underskirt covered with draperies of crape, make an elegant and effective toilette. Worth is employing tulle very largely for summer evening-dresses, in combination with faille or satin. The train of the toilette is usually composed of skirt upon skirt of tulle, laid in a broad plain single plait at the back. The low-necked, short-sleeved corsage is in faille with tulle draperies, and a wide sash, caught up into a large butterfly bow, is placed just below the waist, the point of the corsage coming between the two loops. This sash is either in faille, to match the corsage, or in satin. Tulle, spotted with gold or silver, is often used for these dresses. Very dark terra-cotta tulle is made up with a terra-cotta and gold brocade, the tulle draperies on the skirt being looped back with clusters of gold thistles. Worth also employs a transparent silver gauze for veiling the skirt-fronts of faille ball-dresses. On a rich rose-pink the effect of this new material is exquisite.

Morning-dresses are now almost exclusively made with a loose matinée and separate skirt, which are sometimes of different materials, the skirt being in some delicate or gay-colored surah, and the matinée in transparent organdie, figured with colored flowers on a white ground, and lined with Florence silk of the same tint as the skirt, which is usually trimmed with white lace, or with white embroidery on transparent cambric. Crushed-strawberry and pale-blue are the favorite hues for these dainty garments. A new and very pretty woolen material has just been introduced for morning-dresses; it is rather thicker than grenadine, and is thinner than cashmere, the surface being figured with a diagonal rib. It is very tasteful in cream-white, made up with a profusion of lace ruffles and bows of white satin ribbon. White crèpe-de-Chine is used for morning-wear by some very extravagant and fashionable ladies, but its cost renders it unattainable for such a purpose by persons with moderate purses. Worth has made up a lovely morning-dress for the Empress of Russia, of this material, trimmed with full ruffles of Mechlin lace.

Crushed-strawberry continues to be the most fashionable color of the season, though there are some charming combinations in the shot silks, which are known as "Venetian glass," such as pale-blue and pale-green, white and lilac, gold-color and pale-blue, etc., etc.

Worth is using much more decided colors now than he has done for some seasons past, apple-green, deep rose-pink, and the brilliant gold-button-yellow being amongst his favorites.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—BOY'S SUIT, OF BROWN TWEED. The knickerbockers are rather close-fitting; the square jacket opens over a full white skirt, which falls loose and long over the trousers, in Moliere style; brown straw hat.

FIG. II.—LITTLE GIRL'S SUIT, OF DARK-BLUE SATEEN. The bodice is very full, and the skirt consists of two ruffles, embroidered in red; the same ruffling forms the collar; sash of red twill; white straw hat, faced with dark-blue; long white plumes.

FIG. III.—GIRL'S DRESS, OF WHITE SUMMER SERGE. It is trimmed with white embroidery, and opens in front, over a plain white waistcoat, and a plaited skirt; large white linen collar. Lawn-hat, trimmed with ribbons.

FIG. IV.—CHILD'S BONNET, OF CREAM-COLORED STRAW, trimmed with cream-colored satin ribbon and sprays of hawthorn.

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CHEAP FOOD FOR THE MILLION.

BY CHAS. S. BRAY, M. D.

I. INIQUITOUS ADULTERATION.

"THERE has been so much adulteration of food," said a New York divine, recently, "that it is an *amusement to me that there is a healthy man in America.* The great want of to-day is practical religion—a religion that will correctly label goods; that will prevent a man telling you that a watch was made in Geneva when it was made in Massachusetts; that will keep the ground-glass and the sand out of the sugar; that will go into the grocery and pull out the plug of ale-adulterated syrup; that will dump in the ash-barrel the cassia-buds that are sold for cinnamon; that will sift out the Prussian-blue from the tea-leaves; that will keep out of flour the plaster-of-Paris and soapstone; that will separate the one quart of Ridgewood water from the one honest drop of cow's milk; that will throw out the live animalculæ from the sugar. Heaven knows what they put in the spices, in the butter, or the drugs; but chemical analysts and the microscope have made wonderful discoveries."

The "Youth's Companion," in a recent article on the adulteration of food, says:

"A system of inspection is necessary to protect the public from the adulteration of food which is so common in this country, especially in the poorer quarters of our large cities, where the prices are low and the purchasers not fastidious. * * * Large quantities of unwholesome meat are sold to the poor, such as poultry which has been thrown out of the better class of markets, 'bob' veal, the meat of calves killed too soon after birth, and beef that comes from animals that have been unhealthy before slaughtering. * * * The health of a community can be seriously injured by the tricks of dishonest tradesmen, and people should be careful in buying food that is offered at unusually low prices."

These strictures may, perhaps, strike the average reader as foreshadowing a crusade against the compounders and venders of adulterated food; but this is not our prime object. The combined power of the pulpit and press is almost incalculable, and the batteries of the latter are being leveled against this "common enemy" along the whole line. That men, induced by the hope of gain, should adulterate the staples of life, and thus add crime and—as often follows—murder to their account on the "Great Ledger" of eternity, seems almost impossible of conception. And yet it is only too true. This criminal practice is as old as the hills, and its recent condemnation by the clergy and press is only another exemplification of the value of free speech and a free press—two inestimable boons to Americans.

II. SPOILED FOOD.

IT is a fact, lamentable enough in itself, that food has a natural tendency to decay, which men have heretofore unsuccessfully attempted to check. Especially is this true of animal food and its after-products, such as butter, cream, milk, cheese, lard, etc. The problem of pure, fresh, healthful, cheap food, in all climates and seasons, is a field broad enough to command the attention of all philanthropists. To the rich man all things seem possible; but to the laboring classes this problem of fresh and cheap food is, and ever has been, a veritable Gordian knot.

The laboring man looks forward to Sunday for a day of rest and a good dinner. The steak, oysters, chop, chicken, and such delicacies are procured on Saturday and kept over for this Sabbath meal. It goes without saying that a lack of ice, a warm room, a muggy day, a poorly ventilated cellar, and a myriad of such every-day causes and circumstances conspire to spoil these viands. Even slightly salted, they lose their fresh flavor; smoked, they are even less desirable; immersed in pickle, or corned, they become impregnated with the deadly saltpetre; placed in a refrigerator, they are practically frozen. "All such food is injurious to health," says a learned Cincinnati judge; yet, left alone to the influences of climate, weather, and natural surroundings, they speedily spoil. What, then, shall rich or poor do to insure the coveted luxury of fresh, healthful food?

The problem has been a knotty one since the advent of man upon this terrestrial planet. The criminal cupidity of many dealers on the one hand, and the hosts of natural causes of decay, and man's inability to find a reliable, safe, and cheap food-preservative on the other, are obstacles which have always heretofore confounded the world.

III. FOOD PRESERVATION.

ONE of the largest elements of risk in general farming and in dealing in food-products is the loss on perishable goods, both from decay and deterioration, as well as from the frequent necessity of forcing such goods upon an overstocked market at ruinously low prices. The world has long needed some substance, at once harmless and efficient, to maintain in their production that freshness and sweetness in provisions so essential to remunerative returns. Salted meats are distasteful to many, and repugnant and unhealthful to all, where a regular diet of such material is maintained. Once salted, a piece of beef is immediately lowered in value. Millions of dollars' worth of poultry, lamb, veal, and mutton are annually lost to the world through the lack of practical means of preservation. Milk and cream cannot be kept longer than a day or two, and tons of butter every year become rancid and are sold for grease. The want of a thing always directs scientific inquiry and inventive genius toward its discovery. It has been known for many months past, in commercial and scientific circles, that this important discovery had been made in a food-preservative by Prof. R. F. Humiston, of Boston. A series of experiments was conducted to prove beyond a doubt the success of his invention, which resulted most satisfactorily to a number of leading capitalists and scientific men, who determined to bring it before the public in a large commercial way.

Professor Humiston must hereafter go down to posterity as an inventor or discoverer as great as Franklin, Morse, Fulton, or Sir Humphry Davy, and for the sufficient reason that he has, after long and patient years of study and research, with thousands of experiments, discovered and perfected a combination of antiseptics, harmless in their nature, which is a *perfect* substitute for ice, salt, sugar, smoke, heat, alcohol, sulphur—all the agents, indeed, hitherto employed by man in attempting to save food. By the use of this preservative—which has been happily named Rex Magnus (for it is indeed the "great king" of preservatives)—all organic matter can be preserved from decay without the use of any of the agents above enumerated.

The process is cheap, simple, and perfect, and the results are certain, regardless of seasons or climates.

IV. THE NEW PROCESS.

IN brief, the new process is based upon truly scientific principles, perfectly adapted to the preservation of a great variety of animal and vegetable products. The basis is a tasteless, innocuous white powder, which is dissolved in water, forming a solution in which the beef, or turkey, or mutton is immersed and treated, or which may be injected into the carotid artery of large animals as soon as the blood ceases flowing. By this simple and inexpensive process, the article thus treated may be hung up in ordinary temperature, remaining sweet and wholesome for an indefinite term. Upon the closest scrutiny and the most practical and exhaustive experiments, certain well-known business gentlemen of Boston and vicinity have associated themselves into a corporation, under the name of The Humiston Food-Preserving Company, choosing Mr. J. Willard Rice, of Boston, of the well-known paper firm of Rice, Kendall & Co., as their president, and Dr. R. C. Flower secretary and treasurer. This company has established a large manufactory at Salem, Massachusetts, with a daily capacity of five tons of Rex Magnus, and their headquarters at 72 Kilby Street, Mason Building, Boston, where may be seen and examined a most interesting exhibit of fish, fowl, game, beef, mutton, and like perishable articles of food, treated with Rex Magnus and exposed to the atmosphere of a business office and to the rays of the sun.

The public will naturally wish to know the means or the

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action by which this Humiston food-preservative performs its important work. In fact, the question is already asked: "Why is it that this preserves, perfectly sweet and pure, for an indefinite period, meats, fruits, vegetables, milk, butter, etc.?"

It is the office of Rex Magnus to oppose and prevent putrefaction by the utter destruction, or holding at bay, of those parasites that prey upon organic matter. Meats, poultry, game, cream, milk, or oysters, preserved by this method, may be carried across the continent or shipped to Europe, retaining their freshness and purity without the use of ice or any refrigerating appliance, or they may be kept at home for days and weeks, even in the hottest weather, improving in taste, besides saving much expense in the cost of ice and time and trouble in going to market. There is ample testimony that these are stubborn facts. It is infallible in its power to preserve, of great strength and concentrated in form, tasteless and unobjectionable to the palate, harmless in its effect upon the human system, and, finally, capable of almost universal and simple application to such food-substances as are subject to speedy decay. The food treated with Rex Magnus carries no unusual or unnatural taste. Its use is so simple that a child may direct the operation of preserving food. The article to be preserved may be wrapped in cloths wet in the solution and occasionally redampened, or it may be plunged into a tub or jar full of the solution and allowed to remain for several hours. The powder may be worked into butter at the time of making, or the balls of butter may be placed in vessels filled with the solution, and allowed to remain for weeks and months. Dairymen have preserved butter with all the freshness and aroma of the June product for six months, and Professor Humiston has preserved eggs entirely fresh and sweet for fourteen months at a time.

V. THOROUGHLY INDORSED.

It has been subjected to the most severe and thorough tests, both by scientific, medical, and business men. Professor Samuel W. Johnson, of Yale College, after testing it to his entire satisfaction, made a report, in which he says:

"My tests of 35 days, in daily mean temperature of 70°, on meats, etc., bought in open market, have certainly been severe, and I am satisfied that the different brands of Rex Magnus, The Humiston Food-Preservative, with which I have experimented, *have accomplished all claimed for them.* So far as I have yet learned, *they are the only preparations that are effective, and at the same time practicable,* for domestic use. At the banquet on 'treated' meats, at the New Haven House, *I could not distinguish between those which had been sixteen days in my laboratory and those newly taken from the refrigerator of the hotel.* The oysters were perfectly palatable and fresh to my taste, and better, as it happened, than those served at the same time, which were recently taken from the shell. The roast beef, steak, chicken, turkey, and quail, *were all as good as I have ever eaten.* I should anticipate *no ill results* from its use, and consider it *no more harmful than common salt.*"

Rex Magnus is a valuable discovery, a boon to agriculturists, a legitimate business enterprise. It is not to be classed for a moment with the numerous humbugs of the past—ozone, preserving compound, and a host of such, the impossible projects of scheming men, or the visionary dreams of laboratory scientists. Professor Humiston has devoted many years to studying to assist the millions to get cheap food, and, as the great aid to this end, made intense application and active research in the matter of antiseptics alone. He perfected his process, he proved his theories, he demonstrated the feasibility of his methods, he enlisted his co-operators, he secured the necessary capital, the company was organized, who bought extensive works, and they commenced on a commercial basis before they took measures to inform the public of this wonderful preservative.

VI. A BUSINESS BASIS.

This company is not seeking capital of the public; they simply propose to manufacture this preservative on a large scale, to offer it for sale, eventually, in every grocery and provision store in the land, in large or small packages. All classes now have an opportunity of purchasing the preservative in small and inexpensive packages, and of testing, each for himself, its value in his own home and business. There is no opportunity or design for any misrepresentation or serious disappointment in a fair, open transaction like this. There are no territorial rights or patent-licenses for sale, but every one may have equal and ample chance to use Rex Magnus. The company offer, however, to supply any one—in case his grocer, druggist, or general storekeeper hasn't it on hand—with any brand of Rex Magnus which he may desire, upon receipt of the price. They will prepay postage charges on *sample* packages, which cost but 50 cents per pound, for meats, milk, and sea-food, while cream and other special brands cost $1.00 per pound.

VII. PREVIOUS FAILURES.

The wretched failures by which the public has heretofore been deceived have pretended to preserve all kinds of food with the same compound, an idea which is preposterous on the face of it. Meat is different in character and substance from sea-food, and this from milk, cream, and butter, these from eggs, and eggs from vegetable juices or fluid extracts. Professor Humiston has treated the subject in a scientific way. Having thoroughly investigated the question of antiseptics, he found the properties and chemical analyses of the different kinds of food, and then, after thousands of experiments, having fully learned what antiseptics and what proportions were best adapted for each, he compounded his preparations intelligently, each to the purpose for which it is especially designed. Herein lies his success, and it is herein that all others have failed.

VIII. HIGH TESTIMONY.

The famous Miss Juliet Corson, in a recent article in "Harper's Bazar," on "Diet for Invalids," and treating especially of game and poultry, says: "While the general rule holds good that fresh food is the most wholesome, and that actual decay in animal flesh used for food is apt to produce symptoms of irritant poisoning, game is often eaten in an advanced stage of decomposition, without any perceptible injury to the epicure. Microscopic examination of meat which has been exposed to a medium summer temperature, from 85° to 90° Fahrenheit, for three or four days, proves the development at that stage of a minute organism, termed by physiologists the death vibrio. This parasite seems to be present in other meats than pork, and, like trichinæ, is not destroyed by the process of salting and smoking meat, or of curing it in brine. There is no reason to suppose that the flesh of game is exempt from the presence of this natural product of decomposition. When meats containing it are imperfectly cooked, their consumption produces gastric disturbance, sometimes fatal in its result. As game is generally broiled or roasted, the action of intense heat may destroy the septic influence of the organism.

* * * * * * *

"I have considered this rather unpleasant subject at length, with the hope that when game is ordered for an invalid, the caterer may be induced to supply it as fresh as possible. As a rule, the flesh of game is less dense and tough than that of domestic animals, so that there is not the same reason for keeping it, in order to let it become tender by the first action of decomposition. Game is also more digestible than butcher's-meat, and for that reason may be eaten fresher. Its comparative freedom from fat makes it relatively more nutritious, while its intense flavor is tempting to the appetite; as the taste of the flesh and blood of game is nearly identical, the latter is generally carefully preserved in cooking."

It is in such cases as referred to by Miss Corson, that Rex Magnus plays a most important part. It is of the utmost moment that the food of invalids, as well as of people in good health, should be tempting in quality and appearance, appetizing in flavor, and tender and easy of mastication; but at the same time, and above all, it must be perfectly sweet and fresh. Special care must also be taken that the living creature from which it is derived was in a perfect state of health, as otherwise germs of disease may be taken into the weak and enfeebled system, which perhaps would have no detrimental effect upon a state of health. Rex Magnus will, as we have already shown, enable invalids and others to keep meats, wild game, and other like delicacies, in a condition perfectly sweet and fresh for any reasonable time; sweet-breads have been kept four months, and cream nearly as long, and both sweet, and known as difficult to keep. Game can be treated with it when first killed, and then shipped to market, or by taking care to purchase only that which is sound and good, it can be treated at home, and then kept until wanted, improving in quality, and growing more tender, digestible, and wholesome. It goes farther, and is of even greater value to the million, as a preventive of disease, and an aid to health. It not only arrests and prevents decay, and thereby obviates the danger of eating partially decomposed food, but it counteracts and destroys any hidden germs of disease, and renders all articles treated by it wholesome and harmless. In this respect it is a great boon to mankind.

Professor Humiston, whose genial face appears on another page, is a little over fifty years of age, is a native of that grand old town, Great Barrington, Massachusetts. He received his M. A. at the Western Reserve College. He has the honor of being a Fellow of the Chemical Society of London, and also of the Geological Society, being elected after unusually severe examinations. President Huxley, of the latter society, said that "no American should boast of an election without a hard struggle." In evidence of this prejudice toward Americans, the fact that Professor Humiston was given two hundred and fifty questions—five times the usual number—may be cited. He is now superintendent of the company's works, which will insure the most careful product for this "mighty king" of food-preservatives. The company is meeting with great success, and deservedly.

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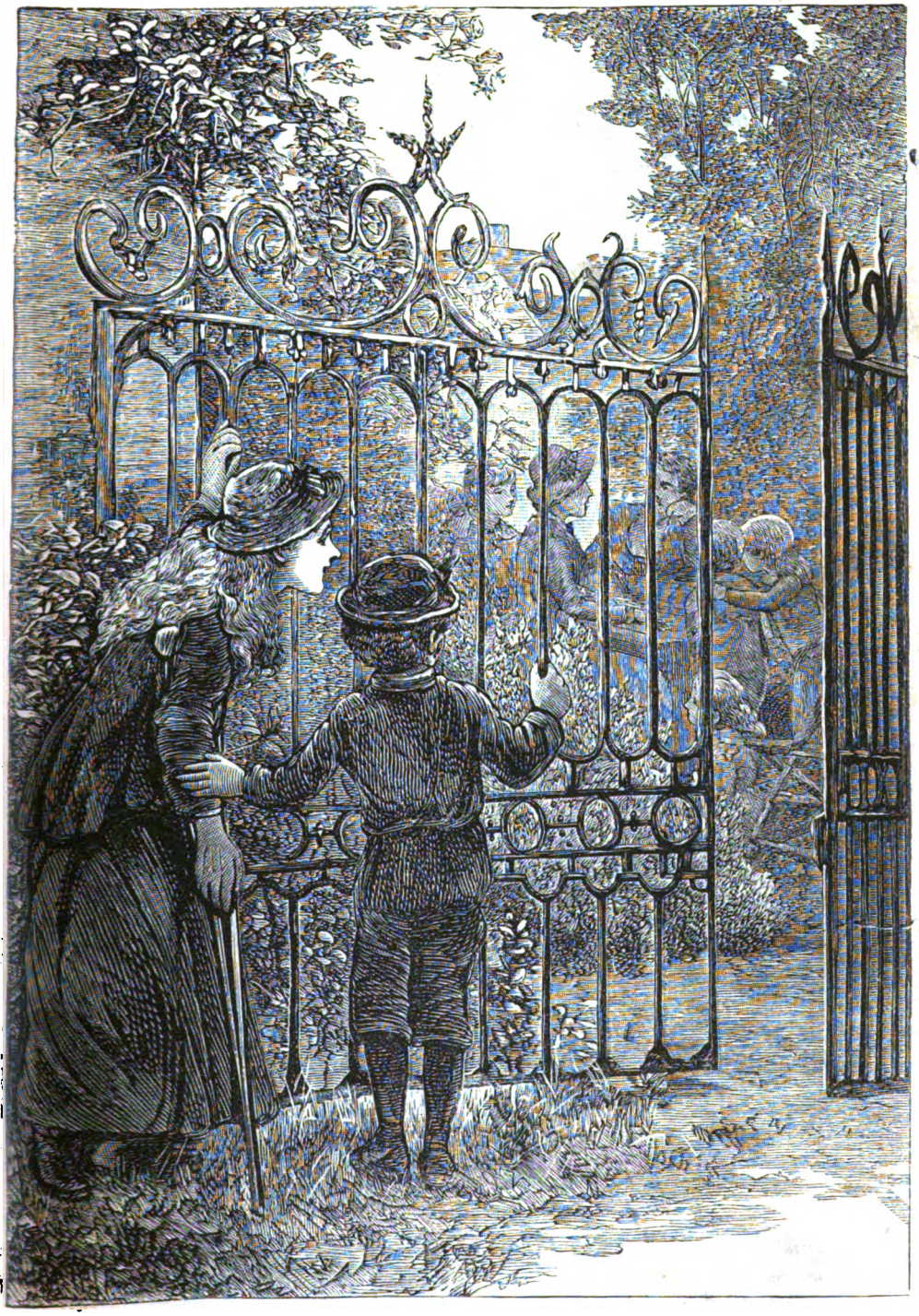

A GLIMPSE INTO PARADISE. [See "Lutie's Story."]

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CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER. CHILD'S HAT.

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HOUSE-DRESS. COSTUME OF MARGUERITE BLACK GROS-GRAIN SILK.

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YOUNG LADY'S DRESS. DRESS OF NONPAREIL VELVETEEN AND WOVEN BROCHÉ.

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BLACK VELVET CAPE. MANTILLA. BROOCH. COLLARET.

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VISITE. CLOTH JACKET. PLASTRON FOR MOURNING. COLLARET.

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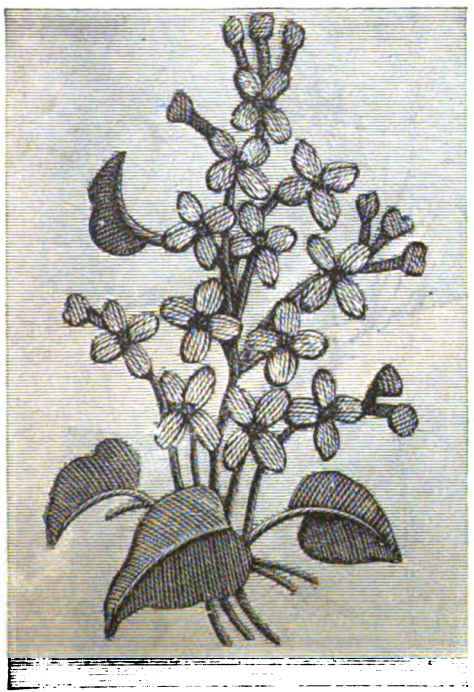
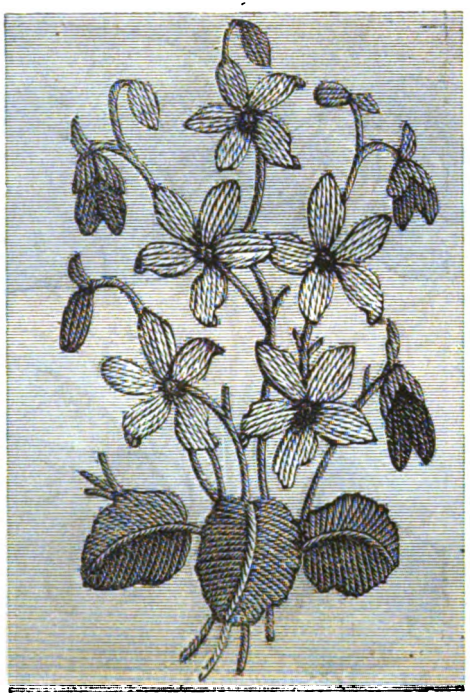


FORGET-ME-NOTS.



VIOLETS.

ROSEBUDS.

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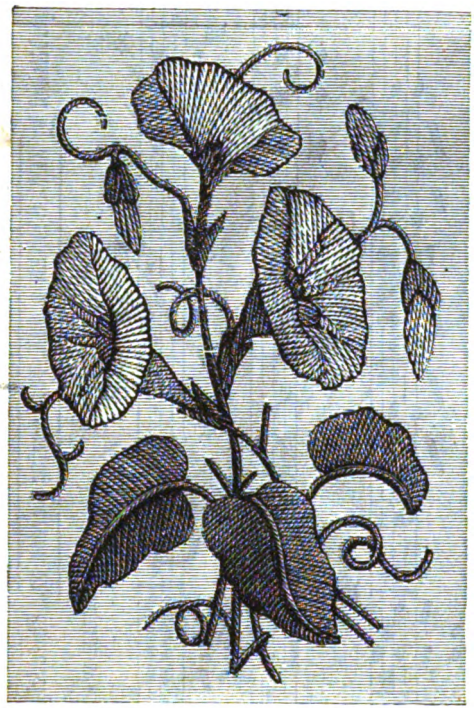

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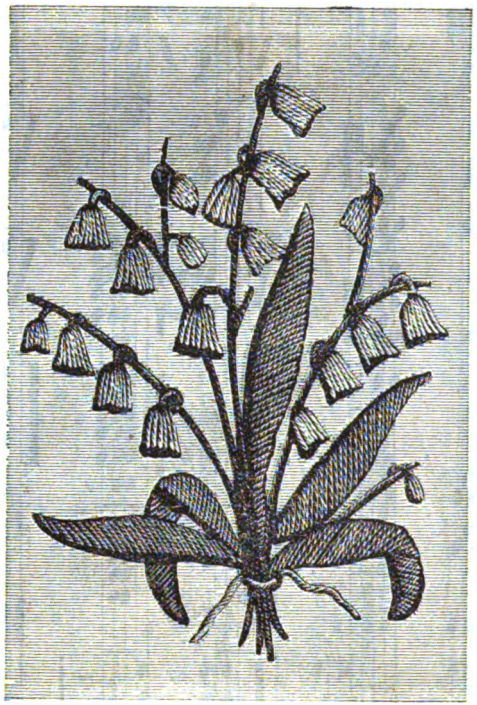

LILIES OF THE VALLEY.

WILD FLOWERS.

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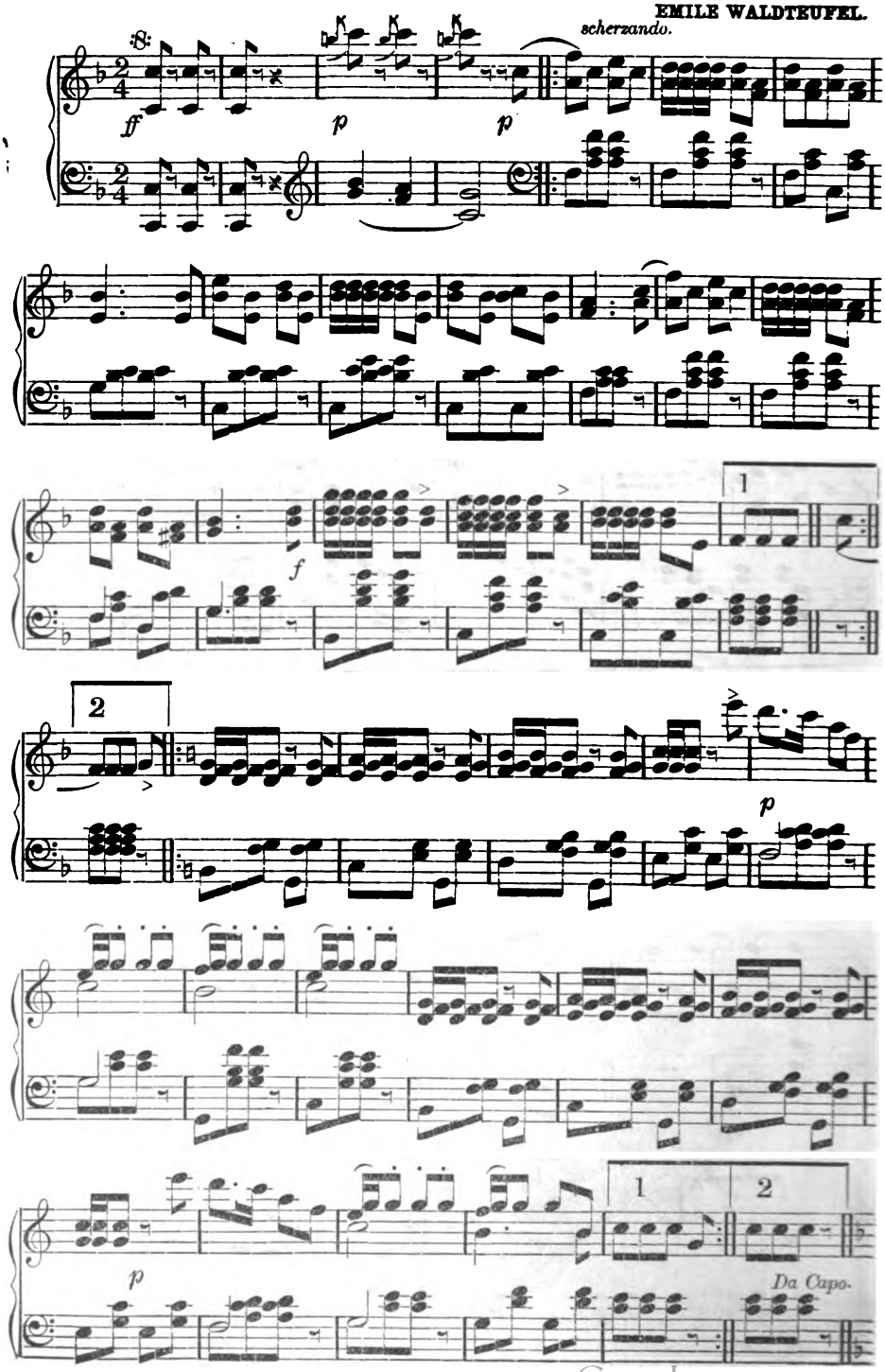
BELLA BOCCA POLKA.

As published by SEP. WINNER & SON, 1007 Spring Garden St., Philadelphia.

EMILE WALDTEUFEL.



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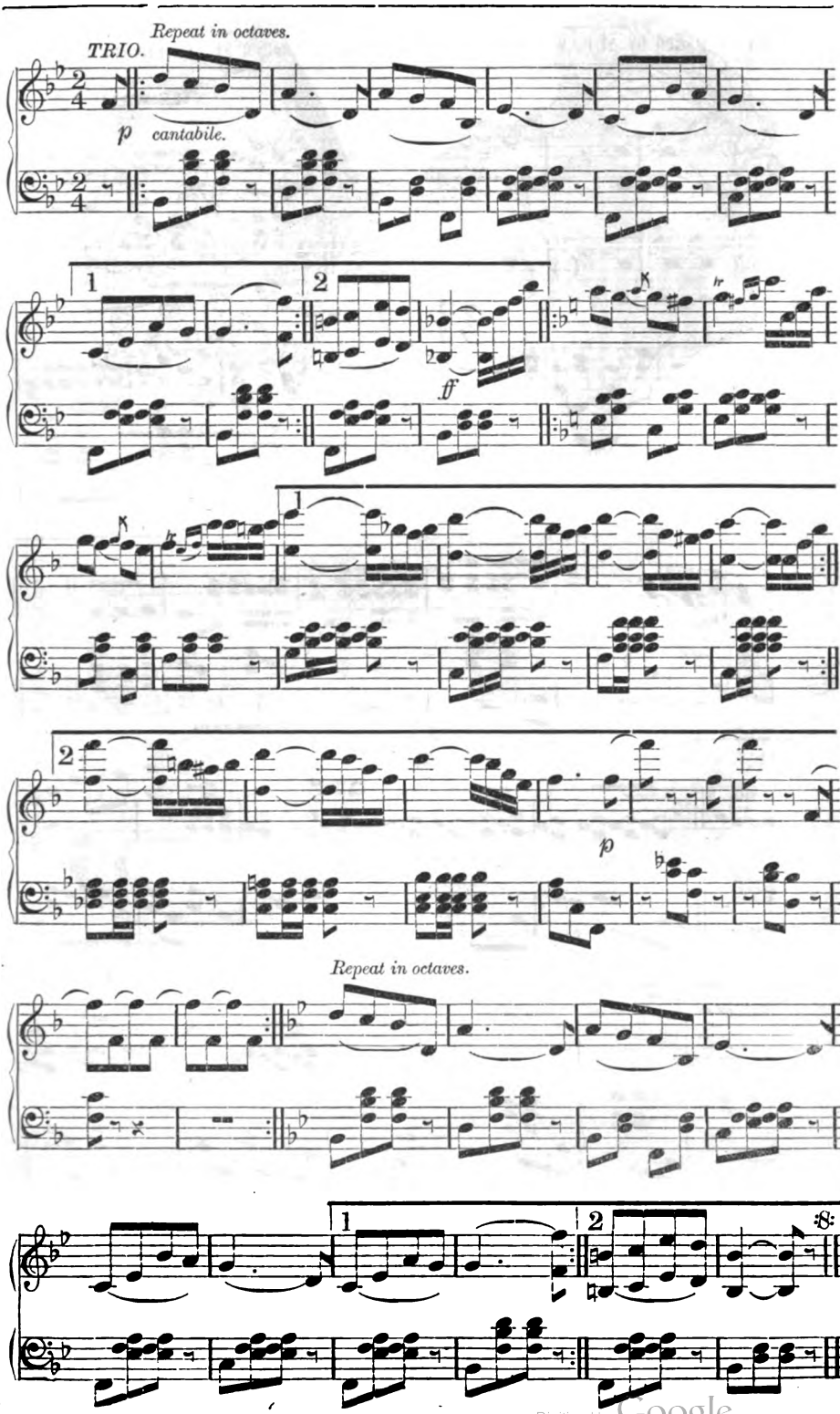

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NEW STYLES FOR BONNETS AND HAT.

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXXXIV. PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER, 1883. No. 3

THE RICH AND THE POOR.

IN A HAMMOCK.

BY ADELAIDE MERRIMAN.

THE skies are fair, the soft winds blow,
And I swing idly, to and fro;
For naught I care, and naught I know,
  Only to feel the cooling breeze,
  Only to hear the grand old trees
That o'er me rustle, whispering low
A lullaby, so faint and slow,
Set to the motion—to and fro.

First in the gloom, then in the glow,
While I am swinging, to and fro,
A brook is hurrying on, I know.
  But to my ears, the murmuring stream
  Comes like the music of a dream,
Faint, yet melodious, soft and low,
And this its rhythm—to and fro.

Ah, me! if days were always so,
As while I swing here, to and fro,
With never rain, or winter's snow:
  How sweet 'twould be, without a care,
  One only thought—"The world is fair,
And Mother Nature crooning low"—
To swing forever—to and fro.

IN A GARRET.

BY CATHARINE ALLAN.

THE lilacs bloom, the roses blow;
But still I sit, and sew and sew:
From year to year naught else I know.
  While happier sisters idly dream,
  I stitch the never-ending seam.
Late into night my light burns low;
I hear the midnight striking slow:
With ev'ry stitch my heart-strings go!

Sometimes I faint for lack of bread;
Strange fancies fill my aching head:
My life-blood ebbs with ev'ry thread.
  I hear gay carriage-wheels that go,
  With happy sisters, to and fro.
Alas! for me no feast is spread.
My youth is gone, my hopes are fled—
If God but willed, would I were dead!

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WHEN THE CENTURY BEGAN.

BY J. Q. THROCKMORTON.

AN article, in the May number of this magazine, on the subject of "Queen Anne," was illustrated by several engravings of the costumes of that day. Coming down, a hundred years later, we find a style of dress dissimilar in almost every particular. When this century began, the stately but stiff attire of our remote grandmothers had given way to a fashion that suggested, not unfrequently, the drapery of an antique statue. In dancing, the minuet was deserted for the quadrille, as, a few years later, the quadrille was abandoned for the waltz. In furniture, the carved lion's-feet on the legs of chairs, and the high backs, had been succeeded by Greek patterns copied from the antique. The long, wide skirts of gentlemen's coats, the huge cuffs, the enormous buttons, and the wig and queue, were supplanted by shorter coats, and by the swallow-tail, then in its embryo, so to speak. Breeches, however, were still worn, though these gave way a few years later to trousers. In like manner, the low-quartered shoe disappeared before the boot, a result of the military fashions of the day, which the long wars with Napoleon had brought about.

But these changes can be best illustrated, after all, by engravings. A single reliable picture presents a truer idea of the costumes of any period than pages of description. We give, therefore, three wood-cuts, one, at the head of this article, representing the fashions of 1803. The couples are depicted dancing a quadrille, then just introduced, and which was a sort of a surviving skeleton of the dead minuet. The latter ceremonious yet graceful dance, while appropriate enough for the stately and aristocratic dresses of its day, would have been quite out of place with the blunted swallow-tails, short skirts, and shorter waists, seen in the illustration.

Four or five years later, we find the styles substantially the same; the waists still almost up under the arm-pits, the skirts narrow and short. This is seen in our second illustration, which dates from 1808, and which represents a musical party at a private house. The grandmother, in the right-hand corner, yet retains something of the fashions of her youth, and the clergyman, who sits beside her, still wears his canonicals, as was the universal custom when he was young. In some respects, it will be observed, the styles are not dissimilar to those now worn: the bare arm, for example, with its long glove; and the tight-fitting skirt. Fortunately, however, the fashion of our day, while retaining these features of seventy-five years ago, has rejected the short waist, alike so unnatural and so disfiguring. We see, on the little girl, the broad sash, which is again so popular, and on some of the ladies the Greek fashion of wearing the hair, while on others the hair is frizzed. The instrument on which one of the young ladies is playing is probably a spinet, for although pianos had been invented for nearly a generation, they had not yet come into general use. The spinet, as our readers are aware, differed from the piano in that the wires were touched by quills, instead of being struck by a hammer: it was a case of the survival of the lyre, converted into a standing instrument, and with its range greatly increased. Yet, after all, the advance from the spinet to the piano was not greater than that from the earlier pianos to the more perfect ones of to-day.

Our next illustration represents the costumes of 1815. It has also this additional recommendation: that, whereas the preceding cuts, though accurate as to the costumes, were imaginative in other respects, this one represents real characters.

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It is, in fact, a copy of a colored drawing, made by Captain Gronow, of the Grenadier Guards, a fashionable celebrity of that period, and represents a ball at Almack's, where the most exclusive London society met at the time in question. Almack's was under the supervision of a few lady patronesses, who held the reins so strictly, that, not unfrequently, even members of the "higher aristocracy," as D'Israeli called them, were excluded. To be admitted into the charmed circle, it was not enough to be a duke even: the aspirant had to have some pretensions to fashion, or other personal distinction. The regulations were carried out in a like despotic manner. Once the Duke of Wellington himself, happening to appear, dressed not quite according to etiquette, was bluntly refused admission. Many a fair belle of that period went green with chagrin, when she found that she could not get an invitation to Almack's. Curious to say, the name was derived from the owner of the rooms where the balls were held: for this exclusive set had not even a ball-room of their own, but had to rent a public one.

The names of all the persons in this drawing by Captain Gronow have fortunately come down to us. Beginning at the right, we find Comte de St. Aldegonde, who was considered one of the

handsomest men of his day: he was then in exile with the Duke of Orleans, afterwards Louis Philippe, whose aid-de-camp he was; for this was the year before the fall of Napoleon, and the return of the Bourbons to France. Next is Sir George Warrender, with his back to the spectator; he was a great epicure, and looks it: the wits nick-named him *Sir Gorge Provender*. It is worth while to note the color of his dress, as we have it in the original sketch: the coat is a light-green, and the tight trousers are black, for trousers had now supplanted breeches. The third person is the Countess, subsequently Princess, Lieven, the wife of the Russian ambassador, one of the most celebrated political intriguers of her time. Her dress was pink. She is waltzing with Baron Neumann, the Secretary to the Austrian embassy, who married, a few years later, a daughter of the Duke of Beaufort, and long represented his court at Florence, in Italy. Next is the celebrated Princess Esterhazy, wife of the great Hungarian magnate, whose wealth was so enormous, and his half-barbaric love of display so great, that, on one occasion, at a state ceremonial, he wore a dress covered with diamonds, many of which were purposely fastened on loosely, so that they might fall off, and become the property of whoever chose to pick them up. He was, at this time, the Austrian ambassador in London.

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The dress of the Princess was yellow, though, as will be observed, she was enormously fat, and would have looked much better, according to modern ideas, in a darker color. Her partner is the Comte de St. Antonio, afterwards the Duke de Canizzaro: tall, and strikingly handsome, as Captain Gronow said; he married, at the end of a brilliant society career, a Miss Johnson, one of the greatest heiresses in England. The four figures in the background, that are only roughly sketched in, were not intended to represent any persons in particular. But the lady who faces

the reader, and who is holding a fan, is the Duchess of Rutland. She is dressed in white, with long kid gloves reaching to the elbow, and has a tiara of flowers on her head, like all the other ladies, only it is even higher than theirs. Her sleeves also are more enormous. She has a priceless necklace of diamonds around her neck, and a band of smaller brilliants across her forehead. She is talking to no less a person than the famous Beau Brummell, who was still in the height of his celebrity at that time, and whom every "swell" did his best to imitate. The Beau's dress was black; the coat-tails lined with white satin. His elaborate neck-handkerchief, built up, as will be noticed, like a tower, and impaling, so to speak, the chin, must have been one of his "successes"; for the Beau, as the story goes, would often use up a score of neck-handkerchiefs, before he could satisfy himself with the tie. He certainly looks very much satisfied with himself, which the stout gentleman, coming up behind, apparently observes, and is amused at, for he is smiling at Brummell. This person, the last on the extreme left, is the Marquis of Queensberry, the heir, in part, to that Duke of Queensberry, long known as "Old Q," who had died only a few years before, at a great age. "Old Q" had been celebrated, fifty years earlier, as Lord March, and was the leader of that "fast" set, in which George Selwyn, the spendthrift Earl of Carlisle, and others figured, about the middle of the eighteenth century.

SEPTEMBER.

BY GRACE ADELE PIERCE.

Oh, mellow month, that like a buxom maid
Burdened with ripened fruits, o'er the sere glade,
O'er wasted fields, and 'neath the hazel-tree
Makest thy way. Now almost can I see
Thy softly shadowed face, as with thy lip
Pursed for the draught thy sun-browned fingers tip,
Thou haltest by the cider-press in van
Of swart Hymettus and his buzzing clan.
Or now again, as in the reaper's path,
Thou, like a gleaner of the aftermath,
Deckest thy tawny hair until the gleam
Sets youthful Damon in a tranced dream,
And makes him think that Marsya's sweet tune
Has called back, in thy stead, the leaf-crowned June.

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"THAT LITTLE RUSTIC."

BY EMILY LENNOX.

"I AM sorry you can't stay longer, Bob," Malcolm Ritchie said, regretfully.

"I'm quite as sorry," his friend Wynne replied, from behind a thick veil of tobacco-smoke.

"The fishing is really good, as you know from yesterday's sport."

"Excellent—never caught finer trout; and we couldn't have found a better boarding-place. Besides, Malcolm, for a flirting man like you, the facilities—"

Ritchie interrupted him with a hasty gesture, by which he sought to indicate that a certain lady was in the parlor, quite within earshot.

Wynne raised his eyebrows in an expressive manner, and glanced over his shoulder at the fair and delicate profile which the open window framed.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, in German. "So? *Sehr schön, nicht wahr?*"

"Yes, very pretty, the little rustic," Ritchie replied, in the same tongue, which they continued to speak thenceforth. "But her name is Jinnie."

"Oh, well. A rose by any—"

"Yes, I know. But," with a look of disgust, "that purple calico is too utterly—"

"Too, too," Wynne interrupted, with a laugh. "What a prig you can be, when you've a mind to, Ritchie. But I saw her yesterday, when I thought her about the prettiest girl I ever met. It was after we had come back from fishing, when I took a stroll, as you know, in which you were too lazy to accompany me. Well, as I was coming back, I saw, at the foot of the garden, somebody up a tree. It was this niece. She had mounted a ladder, and was feeding some little fluffs of birds in a nest: I suppose one where the parents had been killed. Fortunately, I was not seen, and so could watch without offense her interest in the little orphans. The sweet way in which she talked to them, as if they could understand her, was really charming. Besides, I caught a glimpse of just the neatest ankle in the world. My dear fellow, this is your opportunity."

"How so?"

"To be all alone, in an out-of-the-way place, with such an uncommonly pretty girl, with your well-known proclivities for flirting, you ought to score heavily."

"How absurd you are! I fond of flirting? Besides," with an air of solemnity, "it wouldn't be fair to flirt with her."

Wynne laughed outright. "Do you mean on principle? Or are you afraid of the old lady?"

"Neither. It's the girl herself. She might take it all in sober earnest—"

Wynne broke in with another laugh.

"Don't be a fool. She would take to flirting as a duck does to water. They all do."

"Did I understand you to say," interposed Ritchie, "that she's the old lady's niece?"

"So I infer. She calls Mrs. Goodrich 'Aunt Nina.'"

"Um! And Mrs. Goodrich calls her 'Jinnie'—Jinnie Gray. That's rather a sockdolager to sentiment, Wynne."

"Call her Jeannette—Miss Jeannette. Now, by Jove," brightening up, "that wouldn't be a bad way to begin. Take the affair in hand, Ritchie—do."

Ritchie smiled. He was a very handsome fellow, and rich, too. Women were apt to throw themselves at his head.

"Stay, and do your own flirting," he suggested. "Why can't you stay?"

"Couldn't possibly. I'm up for a case tomorrow, and—by Jove! I forgot to tell Mr. Goodrich I should want a team in the morning."

Ritchie got up lazily, and together they sallied forth to the barn.

It was quite dusk when they returned. The girl at the window had gone, but there was a light in the second-story front room, and out into the deepening twilight floated the soft strains of one of Gottschalk's most finished pieces.

"A piano!" Ritchie exclaimed, in surprise. "Well, Jinnie is the family prodigy, I suppose; and nothing which these hard-working people can earn is too good for her."

When the gentlemen came down to breakfast, the next morning, Farmer Goodrich's niece was just bringing in a plate of muffins, from the kitchen, and her cheeks were softly flushed. The coil of wavy brown hair, at the back of her head, met Ritchie's entire approval; but, alas! she still wore an ill-fitting, old-fashioned gown of spotted purple calico.

"Ah," Ritchie exclaimed, "here comes the siren. Miss Gray, you have cast a spell upon us."

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"Sir?" she said, with such a naive uplifting of her eyes, such a sweetly unconscious air, that Bob fairly gasped.

"It was you who played last night, wasn't it?" Ritchie asked, in confusion.

"Oh, yes," was the ready response, "I play every evening."

"Mr. Wynne and I were delighted. We sat on the porch and listened for over an hour."

"Why didn't you come up?" Jinnie asked, with the most unconventional freedom. "Just come up whenever you feel like it."

"Yes," interposed the farmer's wife, "jist you make yerself at home, Mr. Ritchie. Jinnie's got her pianny up in the front room, and if you'd like to go up there and set awhile, evenin's, jist dew."

"Thanks," Ritchie murmured, without daring to look at Bob, who seemed to be on the verge of a convulsion.

"My dear fellow," Wynne said, that morning, on the way down to the station, "as the girls say, it's just too funny for anything. Only keep me posted how your flirtation gets on. Think of Malcolm Ritchie and this little rustic." And he laughed a low, musical laugh of derision.

Ritchie did not go up to the front room for several evenings. When at last he did, his knock interrupted one of Chopin's sweetest nocturnes. Miss Jinnie was seated at the piano. She wore a brown calico dress with red flowers in it—a dress even more hideous than the purple spotted one.

"Ah, come in," she said, looking around, but not rising. "You are always welcome here, as Auntie says; but when you come, you mustn't expect me to talk: for I can never talk when I play." As she said this, she whirled around on the piano-stool, and let her hands droop softly on the keys, in a kind of caress.

It was Mendelssohn first, and then Mozart, and Liszt, and Beethoven. As Ritchie glanced from the sweet rapt face to the supple white fingers, gifted with such an exquisite touch, he began to think that he had stumbled over a social phenomenon.

"But, with all this," he wrote to Bob Wynne, "she is wholly devoid of taste in personal adornment. Her dresses are appalling; her shoes are an anachronism. You ask about the fishing. There's plenty of trout still, but I haven't been out much yet, except with Miss Gray. Now don't make more of this fact than you've a right to, which isn't much. She has a passion for spring-flowers, and grasses, and that sort of thing; and I help her to collect them. Farmer Goodrich has a rickety old buggy which he lets us have now and then. The uncle and aunt will do anything for Jinnie."

"You seem to have quite forgotten the original purpose of your stay there," Wynne wrote, in reply. "Three weeks have passed since I left you, and you are still driving Miss Gray about the country, instead of catching trout, and sending me a lot, as you promised. I'm afraid your old weakness has overcome you, and that you are flirting again. Don't break the poor girl's heart."

"You speak too late," was the reply. "Angling is now quite out of the question. I have assumed the sacred duties of companion to an interesting invalid. To be explicit, Bob, the buggy had the kindness to go to pieces, on the road, and it was my privilege to rescue Miss Gray from the wreck. She hurt her foot—quite a small foot, too, Bob, in spite of the shoe, and—well, it was very interesting. The doctor says she may be confined to the lounge for a fortnight. Picture me, at present, as her devoted attendant. I read and talk to her by the hour. She *does* flirt, Bob. How the little rustic learned, I don't know; I suppose it comes by nature, as you said. Indeed, I think she understands it better than any girl I ever saw: for I can't, for the life of me, presume upon a single privilege. I have said to her some of the softest things I ever uttered; but, upon my soul, I'd no more think of taking her hand than I'd think of flying."

The days and weeks slipped by, and Malcolm was still installed at Farmer Goodrich's. In the end, Wynne began to be seriously concerned for him, and wrote to inquire "what the deuce he was doing with himself."

It was one bright and unseasonably warm afternoon, that Malcolm came in, in a gleeful mood.

"I've raked up a buggy, Miss Gray," he said; "a buggy that won't break down, and, if you like, we can take a drive along the river."

"A last drive," Jinnie said, smiling, as she toyed with a letter which she held in her hand.

"I hope not the very last," said Malcolm, lightly.

"The very last, I'm afraid," she answered, with peculiar sweetness. "I have had a summons to Baltimore."

Malcolm looked very much disappointed.

"You have friends in Baltimore?" he said, suggestively.

"Oh, yes! I went to school there, you know."

"I am very sorry you are going," he said, awkwardly—more awkwardly than he ever said anything in his life. "We have had such a pleasant time; at least, I have enjoyed it."

"And I too," she answered, softly. "But the fishing is pretty well over, now."

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"It wasn't the fishing that kept me here so long," he ventured, quite boldly; and Jinnie blushed like a rose.

"I can understand that," she hastened to say; "I never knew a more delightful place to idle in."

"The buggy is here, Miss Gray," he said, walking to the window, and then back again. "Allow me to take you down."

When he had her beside him, alone, on the river-road, he turned to her, and said:

"You are one of the most baffling persons I ever met, Miss Gray."

She laughed; and there was a sudden flash in her clear, hazel eyes.

"You have flirted with me unconscionably," he continued.

"As to that," she answered, coolly, "I think, Mr. Ritchie, that I did no more than you desired."

Any other woman would have blushed and denied it. Her manner of receiving the accusation gave a new turn to his thoughts.

"Yet you stand wholly uncommitted," he said, discontentedly.

"That is as it should be. Otherwise I should not have taken up such a dangerous amusement. We have flirted, of course. What else could we do, under the circumstances?"

"Nothing half so interesting; but—excuse me, if I presume too much—where did you learn to manage a situation so adroitly?"

"You forget that I was educated in Baltimore."

"But school-girls have no opportunity of acquiring such finesse."

"Some women are born with it, Mr. Ritchie."

"I believe they are. But what would you have done, Miss Gray, if I had followed up your favors, and asked you to marry me?"

"The case is not to be supposed," she said, with the best of countenance. "You have more sense; but if you hadn't had, of course I should have refused you unconditionally."

"But suppose," he urged, bending forward eagerly to catch her reply, "suppose I had gotten beyond my depth—that—"

"Excuse me, Mr. Ritchie," she said, glancing up, and then down again, half in pique, half in amusement. "I have been abroad, and I have picked up a little learning, too."

She finished this speech in German, so pure and fluent that Malcolm stared. Then, like a wave, the recollection rushed over him of all he and Wynne had said that evening on the front porch. She must have heard and understood it all.

"I have behaved like a donkey!" he blurted out; and the color fairly flamed in his face.

A demure little smile twinkled about the corners of her mouth.

"Can you ever pardon so much conceit and presumption?" he said, in penitential tones.

"I will think about it."

"You have had your revenge," he went on, quite desperately; and then he tried to take her hand, but she waved it out of his reach.

"*Bitte, Herr Ritchie, sei nicht so freundlich.*"

Malcolm caught up the reins, and turned the horse so abruptly, that the buggy almost upset.

"Certainly," he said, driving back at a rapid rate. "I have no right to expect any mercy at your hands."

"How absurd you are! Don't let us quarrel. It is not worth while. I am going away to-morrow."

"To-morrow?" he exclaimed, with a start, and then he grew quite pale; but he said no more.

They drove back in silence.

The next morning, when he came downstairs, her trunk was in the hall, locked and strapped, all ready for the morning train. It was an immense Saratoga, on the end of which he read the following address:

MISS GINEVRA GRAY,
Baltimore, Md.

As he stood there staring at it, Jinnie came downstairs, and then Malcolm did feel queer.

She wore a traveling-dress, which had no kinship whatever with the purple calico. It was a stylish suit of olive-green camel's-hair, beautifully embroidered in silk of a lighter shade, and fitting her graceful form to perfection. A picturesque hat, heavily laden with plumes, drooped over her face; her feet were shod in dainty French boots, and she was just in the act of drawing on a pair of long chamois gloves.

Somehow, all at once, Ritchie comprehended that she was more at home in this elegant costume, than in the odious calico dresses she had been wearing.

"Good-morning," she said, with a slight flush on her cheeks; and then, after a moment's hesitation, she added:

"I have something to say to you, Mr. Ritchie."

Malcolm followed her into the sitting-room, and closed the door.

"I have come to confess," she said, trying to smile away her embarrassment. "Mr. Ritchie, I—I have deceived you. It was because of—of what you said to Mr. Wynne that evening. This is not my home at all. I live in Baltimore."

He leaned against the mantel with a sense of complete demoralization.

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"Mrs. Goodrich is not my aunt," she went on, rapidly; "she was my nurse, when I was a child, and I have always called her Aunt Nina. I am quite fond of her, and I often come here when I am tired of society and city-life. I only arrived here the day before you did, and, as my trunk was delayed, I had to borrow some of Aunt Nina's dresses. Then, after I had heard all you said, I made up my mind to—"

"I have been a fool," Malcolm cried, and there was something in his face that forbade her to triumph over him. "But nothing could be more complete than your revenge. You have taught me to love you. I can never be happy without you, and—good God! to think that I should have thrown away every chance I had in the world!"

His face was as pale as death; his voice quivered in passionate despair. She had not dreamed that he really loved her.

"Mr. Ritchie!" she cried, in astonishment. "I—"

"Good-bye!" he said, abruptly, holding out to her a hand that shook like a leaf. "You are not at all to blame. It was all my own folly. Forgive me, Miss Gray. I was a conceited coxcomb, and it serves me right."

Unable to control himself, Malcolm turned quickly, and started for the door. But he paused ere he had reached it, as though his strength, both of mind and body, had failed him utterly.

Covering his face with his hands, he cried, in a hoarse and broken voice:

"For God's sake, have pity on me!"

Then her serenity vanished all in an instant. A beautiful blush overspread her face, and she held out her hand with a most angelic smile (so Malcolm thought).

"Don't go!" she whispered, softly. "I will forgive you."

Ritchie could not believe his own ears. It seemed to him that he heard only the echo of his own wish.

"You do not—you cannot mean—" he stammered.

"Yes, I do," she answered, demurely. "Don't make me say it over again. It's so embarrassing."

Then Malcolm caught her in his arms.

"This is almost too much," he cried, passionately. "Oh, my love, my love!"

Malcolm married Miss Gray, just a year after that, and Bob Wynne was "best man."

DAPHNE.

BY FANNY DRISCOLL.

Over the hills she flees away,
  Apollo follows in wild pursuit;
Swiftly she flies to the new-born day,
That blooms like a flow'r in the Eastern gray,
  With the harp of the brook and the bird's sweet lute.

On and on in the fresh glad dawn
  She flies like the wind, as noiseless and fleet;
With wide dark eyes like a startled fawn,
O'er meadow, and plain, and emerald lawn,
  And Apollo follows the lissome feet.

His angry eyes see the golden hair
  Streaming out on the morning wind;
Never was maiden so slim and fair
As this Daphne, with bosom and ankles bare,
  He thinks, as he follows swift behind.

This wilful Daphne, who will not list
  To his eager wooing, but flees away
Into the morning's rosy mist
With scornful eyes, and lips unkissed,
  Farther and farther into the day.

River and crag, and wood and dale,
  Are left behind in her daring flight;
On and on till her footsteps fail,
She rushes blindly; her lips grow pale,
  Over her face creeps a film of night.

"O Mother Demeter, listen to me!"
  She prays, as she flies from Apollo's arms;
"Sweet lady, come! I have need of thee!"
Apollo comes nearer to her as they flee,
  And her young blood pulses with wild alarms.

Almost her happy freedom is done,
  Apollo will make her captive to him,
This royal youth with a face like the sun—
"Never! never!" she cries as they run,
  Flinging defiance, with eyes grown dim.

Her footsteps fall lightly as the leaves
  In Autumn-time when the winds are low
'Mid the purple grapes and the rustling sheaves;
"How close Apollo is!" she grieves—
  Ha! there the waters of Thessaly flow.

A moment she pauses, slim and fair,
  On the edge of the river, half afraid;
Her face gleams out from her yellow hair
Like a star. Her arms and her neck are bare,
  "Never so stainless and lovely a maid!"

Apollo thinks, in his eager flight,
  Almost he has her against his breast.
His fingers grasp her garments of white—
Ah, gods! she vanishes like the light,
  Under the river's silver crest.

Too late, Apollo mourns his chase,
  His tender madness that worked such woe;
And Daphne's archness and flower-face
Live alway in the laurel's grace,
  Where Thessaly's waters murmur low.

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A FIFTH AVENUE ROMANCE.

BY MARY V. SPENCER.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 135.

IX.

THE UNDERWOOD BALL.

ETHEL slept but little that night. She had felt no compunction on the polo-grounds, but when she had retired to her chamber misgivings began to assail her. As long as she was in the presence of others, she could forget: or, at the least, she felt she must keep up appearances; but with loneliness and darkness came self-scrutiny and the inevitable reaction, till, like many another in similar circumstances, she doubted herself, wondering if it was possible always to tell what was right to do.

"But it is too late for regret," she said at last, "even if I was wrong, of which I am not sure, after all. He is as proud as I am, and will never forgive me. Oh! can I have misjudged him? No, no, I was right. The proof is too strong. The baseness, the meanness of men."

On his part, Lyttleton spent the night not less unhappily. Yet he felt positive there was some misconception, some mistake. Ethel was of too noble a nature, he said to himself, after his first ebullition of anger had passed, to have treated him so disdainfully, if she had not fancied she had good reason for such conduct. He never connected the loss of the note, however, with her anger. Could Lord Avalon, he asked himself, have traduced him? But he dismissed this, after a moment's thought, as impossible: the young nobleman was too honorable to play so base a part. Ethel's behavior seemed all the more inexplicable, because such a little while had elapsed—only twenty-four hours—since she had written so kind a note to him. More than once he said to himself: "I will go to Mr. Malvern's to-morrow, and insist on an interview." But he reflected that he would be certain to be denied. "A girl who would look one in the face like that," he said, "wouldn't hesitate, even if I found admittance, to walk out of the room." Then he thought of writing. "No," he said, "she will return my letter unopened." And now, reflecting on the whole affair, his pride took fire again. He recalled her scornful air, her contemptuous words. "She has closed the gates against me; deliberately, too; she does not give me the justice even that the vilest criminal can claim: the right to be heard. I would not forgive her if she were to ask me. She is, like all her sex, a heartless coquette: and I—I—thought her so noble."

But with morning came more hopeful, more lenient feelings. Lyttleton could not believe, when all Nature seemed so bright, that his life was to be marred forever. A man in love forgives everything. "I cannot call, and I cannot write," he said, "but I shall be sure to come across her somewhere; and then I can get an explanation."

Nearly a week passed, however, yet they did not meet, though Lyttleton went everywhere in hope of it. At last, one day, he encountered Fostnett, at the club.

"You look forlorn, old fellow," said that jaunty, garrulous individual. "As bad as Avalon did, before he left."

"What? Has Lord Avalon gone?" said Lyttleton, eagerly. "Ah, that explains why I have not met him." And to himself, he added: "I wonder if she has refused him?"

"Yes," said Fostnett, "gone, and I don't wonder. Miss Sinclair's relapse, I suppose, has broken your hearts. What, not heard? My dear boy, the day after polo she was taken with a low fever. The doctors came, and, as usual, were puzzled about the cause. Doctors are awful humbugs; they never really know anything. One said it was having gone out too soon. The other vowed it was malaria: everything, you know, is malaria now-a-days. But the long and short of it is, that she was ordered change of air: and so the Malverns packed up, and took her to their place on the Hudson: it was only anticipating their usual hegira by a fortnight, they said; and there is nothing going on now till the races here, at Jerome Park, in June, and the great Underwood masked ball, to follow just after, you know. I believe Miss Sinclair wanted to return home, but her aunt and cousin wouldn't hear of it: she had promised to stay with them, they declared, till fall. Of course, after they had put themselves out, in this way, she couldn't say any more. For my part, I don't know what to do with myself, now that Loue's gone: for while Miss Sinclair is an invalid, they can't ask anybody to Malvern Park. However, I'm invited to Newport, in August, if all goes well. As for

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NEW STYLES FOR BONNETS AND HAT.

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

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THE RICH AND THE POOR.

IN A HAMMOCK.

BY ADELAIDE MERRIMAN.

The skies are fair, the soft winds blow,
And I swing idly, to and fro;
For naught I care, and naught I know,
  Only to feel the cooling breeze,
  Only to hear the grand old trees
That o'er me rustle, whispering low
A lullaby, so faint and slow,
Set to the motion—to and fro.

First in the gloom, then in the glow,
While I am swinging, to and fro,
A brook is hurrying on, I know.
  But to my ears, the murmuring stream
  Comes like the music of a dream,
Faint, yet melodious, soft and low,
And this its rhythm—to and fro.

Ah, me! if days were always so,
As while I swing here, to and fro,
With never rain, or winter's snow:
  How sweet 'twould be, without a care,
  One only thought—"The world is fair,
And Mother Nature crooning low"—
To swing forever—to and fro.

IN A GARRET.

BY CATHARINE ALLAN.

The lilacs bloom, the roses blow;
But still I sit, and sew and sew:
From year to year naught else I know.
  While happier sisters idly dream,
  I stitch the never-ending seam.
Late into night my light burns low;
I hear the midnight striking slow:
With ev'ry stitch my heart-strings go!

Sometimes I faint for lack of bread;
Strange fancies fill my aching head:
My life-blood ebbs with ev'ry thread.
  I hear gay carriage-wheels that go,
  With happy sisters, to and fro.
Alas! for me no feast is spread.
My youth is gone, my hopes are fled—
If God but willed, would I were dead!

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WHEN THE CENTURY BEGAN.

BY J. Q. THROCKMORTON.

AN article, in the May number of this magazine, on the subject of "Queen Anne," was illustrated by several engravings of the costumes of that day. Coming down, a hundred years later, we find a style of dress dissimilar in almost every particular. When this century began, the stately but stiff attire of our remote grandmothers had given way to a fashion that suggested, not unfrequently, the drapery of an antique statue. In dancing, the minuet was deserted for the quadrille, as, a few years later, the quadrille was abandoned for the waltz. In furniture, the carved lion's-feet on the legs of chairs, and the high backs, had been succeeded by Greek patterns copied from the antique. The long, wide skirts of gentlemen's coats, the huge cuffs, the enormous buttons, and the wig and queue, were supplanted by shorter coats, and by the swallow-tail, then in its embryo, so to speak. Breeches, however, were still worn, though these gave way a few years later to trousers. In like manner, the low-quartered shoe disappeared before the boot, a result of the military fashions of the day, which the long wars with Napoleon had brought about.

But these changes can be best illustrated, after all, by engravings. A single reliable picture presents a truer idea of the costumes of any period than pages of description. We give, therefore, three wood-cuts, one, at the head of this article, representing the fashions of 1803. The couples are depicted dancing a quadrille, then just introduced, and which was a sort of a surviving skeleton of the dead minuet. The latter ceremonious yet graceful dance, while appropriate enough for the stately and aristocratic dresses of its day, would have been quite out of place with the blunted swallow-tails, short skirts, and shorter waists, seen in the illustration.

Four or five years later, we find the styles substantially the same; the waists still almost up under the arm-pits, the skirts narrow and short. This is seen in our second illustration, which dates from 1808, and which represents a musical party at a private house. The grandmother, in the right-hand corner, yet retains something of the fashions of her youth, and the clergyman, who sits beside her, still wears his canonicals, as was the universal custom when he was young. In some respects, it will be observed, the styles are not dissimilar to those now worn: the bare arm, for example, with its long glove; and the tight-fitting skirt. Fortunately, however, the fashion of our day, while retaining these features of seventy-five years ago, has rejected the short waist, alike so unnatural and so disfiguring. We see, on the little girl, the broad sash, which is again so popular, and on some of the ladies the Greek fashion of wearing the hair, while on others the hair is frizzed. The instrument on which one of the young ladies is playing is probably a spinet, for although pianos had been invented for nearly a generation, they had not yet come into general use. The spinet, as our readers are aware, differed from the piano in that the wires were touched by quills, instead of being struck by a hammer: it was a case of the survival of the lyre, converted into a standing instrument, and with its range greatly increased. Yet, after all, the advance from the spinet to the piano was not greater than that from the earlier pianos to the more perfect ones of to-day.

Our next illustration represents the costumes of 1815. It has also this additional recommendation: that, whereas the preceding cuts, though accurate as to the costumes, were imaginative in other respects, this one represents real characters.

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It is, in fact, a copy of a colored drawing, made by Captain Gronow, of the Grenadier Guards, a fashionable celebrity of that period, and represents a ball at Almack's, where the most exclusive London society met at the time in question. Almack's was under the supervision of a few lady patronesses, who held the reins so strictly, that, not unfrequently, even members of the "higher aristocracy," as D'Israeli called them, were excluded. To be admitted into the charmed circle, it was not enough to be a duke even: the aspirant had to have some pretensions to fashion, or other personal distinction. The regulations were carried out in a like despotic manner. Once the Duke of Wellington himself, happening to appear, dressed not quite according to etiquette, was bluntly refused admission. Many a fair belle of that period went green with chagrin, when she found that she could not get an invitation to Almack's. Curious to say, the name was derived from the owner of the rooms where the balls were held: for this exclusive set had not even a ball-room of their own, but had to rent a public one.

The names of all the persons in this drawing by Captain Gronow have fortunately come down to us. Beginning at the right, we find Comte de St. Aldegonde, who was considered one of the

handsomest men of his day: he was then in exile with the Duke of Orleans, afterwards Louis Philippe, whose aid-de-camp he was; for this was the year before the fall of Napoleon, and the return of the Bourbons to France. Next is Sir George Warrender, with his back to the spectator; he was a great epicure, and looks it: the wits nick-named him *Sir Gorge Provender*. It is worth while to note the color of his dress, as we have it in the original sketch: the coat is a light-green, and the tight trousers are black, for trousers had now supplanted breeches. The third person is the Countess, subsequently Princess, Lieven, the wife of the Russian ambassador, one of the most celebrated political intriguers of her time. Her dress was pink. She is waltzing with Baron Neumann, the Secretary to the Austrian embassy, who married, a few years later, a daughter of the Duke of Beaufort, and long represented his court at Florence, in Italy. Next is the celebrated Princess Esterhazy, wife of the great Hungarian magnate, whose wealth was so enormous, and his half-barbaric love of display so great, that, on one occasion, at a state ceremonial, he wore a dress covered with diamonds, many of which were purposely fastened on loosely, so that they might fall off, and become the property of whoever chose to pick them up. He was, at this time, the Austrian ambassador in London.

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The dress of the Princess was yellow, though, as will be observed, she was enormously fat, and would have looked much better, according to modern ideas, in a darker color. Her partner is the Comte de St. Antonio, afterwards the Duke de Canizzaro: tall, and strikingly handsome, as Captain Gronow said; he married, at the end of a brilliant society career, a Miss Johnson, one of the greatest heiresses in England. The four figures in the background, that are only roughly sketched in, were not intended to represent any persons in particular. But the lady who faces

the reader, and who is holding a fan, is the Duchess of Rutland. She is dressed in white, with long kid gloves reaching to the elbow, and has a tiara of flowers on her head, like all the other ladies, only it is even higher than theirs. Her sleeves also are more enormous. She has a priceless necklace of diamonds around her neck, and a band of smaller brilliants across her forehead. She is talking to no less a person than the famous Beau Brummell, who was still in the height of his celebrity at that time, and whom every "swell" did his best to imitate. The Beau's dress was black; the coat-tails lined with white satin. His elaborate neck-handkerchief, built up, as will be noticed, like a tower, and impaling, so to speak, the chin, must have been one of his "successes"; for the Beau, as the story goes, would often use up a score of neck-handkerchiefs, before he could satisfy himself with the tie. He certainly looks very much satisfied with himself, which the stout gentleman, coming up behind, apparently observes, and is amused at, for he is smiling at Brummell. This person, the last on the extreme left, is the Marquis of Queensberry, the heir, in part, to that Duke of Queensberry, long known as "Old Q," who had died only a few years before, at a great age. "Old Q" had been celebrated, fifty years earlier, as Lord March, and was the leader of that "fast" set, in which George Selwyn, the spendthrift Earl of Carlisle, and others figured, about the middle of the eighteenth century.

SEPTEMBER.

BY GRACE ADELE PIERCE.

Oh, mellow month, that like a buxom maid
Burdened with ripened fruits, o'er the sere glade,
O'er wasted fields, and 'neath the hazel-tree
Makest thy way. Now almost can I see
Thy softly shadowed face, as with thy lip
Pursed for the draught thy sun-browned fingers tip,
Thou haltest by the cider-press in van
Of swart Hymettus and his buzzing clan.
Or now again, as in the reaper's path,
Thou, like a gleaner of the aftermath,
Deckest thy tawny hair until the gleam
Sets youthful Damon in a tranced dream,
And makes him think that Marsya's sweet tune
Has called back, in thy stead, the leaf-crowned June.

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"THAT LITTLE RUSTIC."

BY EMILY LENNOX.

"I AM sorry you can't stay longer, Bob," Malcolm Ritchie said, regretfully.

"I'm quite as sorry," his friend Wynne replied, from behind a thick veil of tobacco-smoke.

"The fishing is really good, as you know from yesterday's sport."

"Excellent—never caught finer trout; and we couldn't have found a better boarding-place. Besides, Malcolm, for a flirting man like you, the facilities—"

Ritchie interrupted him with a hasty gesture, by which he sought to indicate that a certain lady was in the parlor, quite within earshot.

Wynne raised his eyebrows in an expressive manner, and glanced over his shoulder at the fair and delicate profile which the open window framed.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, in German. "So? *Sehr schön, nicht wahr?*"

"Yes, very pretty, the little rustic," Ritchie replied, in the same tongue, which they continued to speak thenceforth. "But her name is Jinnie."

"Oh, well. A rose by any—"

"Yes, I know. But," with a look of disgust, "that purple calico is too utterly—"

"Too, too," Wynne interrupted, with a laugh. "What a prig you can be, when you've a mind to, Ritchie. But I saw her yesterday, when I thought her about the prettiest girl I ever met. It was after we had come back from fishing, when I took a stroll, as you know, in which you were too lazy to accompany me. Well, as I was coming back, I saw, at the foot of the garden, somebody up a tree. It was this niece. She had mounted a ladder, and was feeding some little fluffs of birds in a nest: I suppose one where the parents had been killed. Fortunately, I was not seen, and so could watch without offense her interest in the little orphans. The sweet way in which she talked to them, as if they could understand her, was really charming. Besides, I caught a glimpse of just the neatest ankle in the world. My dear fellow, this is your opportunity."

"How so?"

"To be all alone, in an out-of-the-way place, with such an uncommonly pretty girl, with your well-known proclivities for flirting, you ought to score heavily."

"How absurd you are! I fond of flirting? Besides," with an air of solemnity, "it wouldn't be fair to flirt with her."

Wynne laughed outright. "Do you mean on principle? Or are you afraid of the old lady?"

"Neither. It's the girl herself. She might take it all in sober earnest—"

Wynne broke in with another laugh.

"Don't be a fool. She would take to flirting as a duck does to water. They all do."

"Did I understand you to say," interposed Ritchie, "that she's the old lady's niece?"

"So I infer. She calls Mrs. Goodrich 'Aunt Nina.'"

"Um! And Mrs. Goodrich calls her 'Jinnie'—Jinnie Gray. That's rather a sockdolager to sentiment, Wynne."

"Call her Jeannette—Miss Jeannette. Now, by Jove," brightening up, "that wouldn't be a bad way to begin. Take the affair in hand, Ritchie—do."

Ritchie smiled. He was a very handsome fellow, and rich, too. Women were apt to throw themselves at his head.

"Stay, and do your own flirting," he suggested. "Why can't you stay?"

"Couldn't possibly. I'm up for a case tomorrow, and—by Jove! I forgot to tell Mr. Goodrich I should want a team in the morning."

Ritchie got up lazily, and together they sallied forth to the barn.

It was quite dusk when they returned. The girl at the window had gone, but there was a light in the second-story front room, and out into the deepening twilight floated the soft strains of one of Gottschalk's most finished pieces.

"A piano!" Ritchie exclaimed, in surprise. "Well, Jinnie is the family prodigy. I suppose; and nothing which these hard-working people can earn is too good for her."

When the gentlemen came down to breakfast, the next morning, Farmer Goodrich's niece was just bringing in a plate of muffins, from the kitchen, and her cheeks were softly flushed. The coil of wavy brown hair, at the back of her head, met Ritchie's entire approval; but, alas! she still wore an ill-fitting, old-fashioned gown of spotted purple calico.

"Ah," Ritchie exclaimed, "here comes the siren. Miss Gray, you have cast a spell upon us."

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"Sir?" she said, with such a naive uplifting of her eyes, such a sweetly unconscious air, that Bob fairly gasped.

"It was you who played last night, wasn't it?" Ritchie asked, in confusion.

"Oh, yes," was the ready response, "I play every evening."

"Mr. Wynne and I were delighted. We sat on the porch and listened for over an hour."

"Why didn't you come up?" Jinnie asked, with the most unconventional freedom. "Just come up whenever you feel like it."

"Yes," interposed the farmer's wife, "jist you make yerself at home, Mr. Ritchie. Jinnie's got her pianny up in the front room, and if you'd like to go up there and set awhile, evenin's, jist dew."

"Thanks," Ritchie murmured, without daring to look at Bob, who seemed to be on the verge of a convulsion.

"My dear fellow," Wynne said, that morning, on the way down to the station, "as the girls say, it's just too funny for anything. Only keep me posted how your flirtation gets on. Think of Malcolm Ritchie and this little rustic." And he laughed a low, musical laugh of derision.

Ritchie did not go up to the front room for several evenings. When at last he did, his knock interrupted one of Chopin's sweetest nocturnes. Miss Jinnie was seated at the piano. She wore a brown calico dress with red flowers in it—a dress even more hideous than the purple spotted one.

"Ah, come in," she said, looking around, but not rising. "You are always welcome here, as Auntie says; but when you come, you mustn't expect me to talk: for I can never talk when I play." As she said this, she whirled around on the piano-stool, and let her hands droop softly on the keys, in a kind of caress.

It was Mendelssohn first, and then Mozart, and Liszt, and Beethoven. As Ritchie glanced from the sweet rapt face to the supple white fingers, gifted with such an exquisite touch, he began to think that he had stumbled over a social phenomenon.

"But, with all this," he wrote to Bob Wynne, "she is wholly devoid of taste in personal adornment. Her dresses are appalling; her shoes are an anachronism. You ask about the fishing. There's plenty of trout still, but I haven't been out much yet, except with Miss Gray. Now don't make more of this fact than you've a right to, which isn't much. She has a passion for spring-flowers, and grasses, and that sort of thing; and I help her to collect them. Farmer Goodrich has a rickety old buggy which he lets us have now and then. The uncle and aunt will do anything for Jinnie."

"You seem to have quite forgotten the original purpose of your stay there," Wynne wrote, in reply. "Three weeks have passed since I left you, and you are still driving Miss Gray about the country, instead of catching trout, and sending me a lot, as you promised. I'm afraid your old weakness has overcome you, and that you are flirting again. Don't break the poor girl's heart."

"You speak too late," was the reply. "Angling is now quite out of the question. I have assumed the sacred duties of companion to an interesting invalid. To be explicit, Bob, the buggy had the kindness to go to pieces, on the road, and it was my privilege to rescue Miss Gray from the wreck. She hurt her foot—quite a small foot, too, Bob, in spite of the shoe, and—well, it was very interesting. The doctor says she may be confined to the lounge for a fortnight. Picture me, at present, as her devoted attendant. I read and talk to her by the hour. She *does* flirt, Bob. How the little rustic learned, I don't know; I suppose it comes by nature, as you said. Indeed, I think she understands it better than any girl I ever saw: for I can't, for the life of me, presume upon a single privilege. I have said to her some of the softest things I ever uttered; but, upon my soul, I'd no more think of taking her hand than I'd think of flying."

The days and weeks slipped by, and Malcolm was still installed at Farmer Goodrich's. In the end, Wynne began to be seriously concerned for him, and wrote to inquire "what the deuce he was doing with himself."

It was one bright and unseasonably warm afternoon, that Malcolm came in, in a gleeful mood.

"I've raked up a buggy, Miss Gray," he said; "a buggy that won't break down, and, if you like, we can take a drive along the river."

"A last drive," Jinnie said, smiling, as she toyed with a letter which she held in her hand.

"I hope not the very last," said Malcolm, lightly.

"The very last, I'm afraid," she answered, with peculiar sweetness. "I have had a summons to Baltimore."

Malcolm looked very much disappointed.

"You have friends in Baltimore?" he said, suggestively.

"Oh, yes! I went to school there, you know."

"I am very sorry you are going," he said, awkwardly—more awkwardly than he ever said anything in his life. "We have had such a pleasant time; at least, I have enjoyed it."

"And I too," she answered, softly. "But the fishing is pretty well over, now."

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"It wasn't the fishing that kept me here so long," he ventured, quite boldly; and Jinnie blushed like a rose.

"I can understand that," she hastened to say; "I never knew a more delightful place to idle in."

"The buggy is here, Miss Gray," he said, walking to the window, and then back again. "Allow me to take you down."

When he had her beside him, alone, on the river-road, he turned to her, and said:

"You are one of the most baffling persons I ever met, Miss Gray."

She laughed; and there was a sudden flash in her clear, hazel eyes.

"You have flirted with me unconscionably," he continued.

"As to that," she answered, coolly, "I think, Mr. Ritchie, that I did no more than you desired."

Any other woman would have blushed and denied it. Her manner of receiving the accusation gave a new turn to his thoughts.

"Yet you stand wholly uncommitted," he said, discontentedly.

"That is as it should be. Otherwise I should not have taken up such a dangerous amusement. We have flirted, of course. What else could we do, under the circumstances?"

"Nothing half so interesting; but—excuse me, if I presume too much—where did you learn to manage a situation so adroitly?"

"You forget that I was educated in Baltimore."

"But school-girls have no opportunity of acquiring such finesse."

"Some women are born with it, Mr. Ritchie."

"I believe they are. But what would you have done, Miss Gray, if I had followed up your favors, and asked you to marry me?"

"The case is not to be supposed," she said, with the best of countenance. "You have more sense; but if you hadn't had, of course I should have refused you unconditionally."

"But suppose," he urged, bending forward eagerly to catch her reply, "suppose I had gotten beyond my depth—that—"

"Excuse me, Mr. Ritchie," she said, glancing up, and then down again, half in pique, half in amusement. "I have been abroad, and I have picked up a little learning, too."

She finished this speech in German, so pure and fluent that Malcolm stared. Then, like a wave, the recollection rushed over him of all he and Wynne had said that evening on the front porch. She must have heard and understood it all.

"I have behaved like a donkey!" he blurted out; and the color fairly flamed in his face.

A demure little smile twinkled about the corners of her mouth.

"Can you ever pardon so much conceit and presumption?" he said, in penitential tones.

"I will think about it."

"You have had your revenge," he went on, quite desperately; and then he tried to take her hand, but she waved it out of his reach.

"*Bitte, Herr Ritchie, sei nicht so freundlich.*"

Malcolm caught up the reins, and turned the horse so abruptly, that the buggy almost upset.

"Certainly," he said, driving back at a rapid rate. "I have no right to expect any mercy at your hands."

"How absurd you are! Don't let us quarrel. It is not worth while. I am going away to-morrow."

"To-morrow?" he exclaimed, with a start, and then he grew quite pale; but he said no more.

They drove back in silence.

The next morning, when he came downstairs, her trunk was in the hall, locked and strapped, all ready for the morning train. It was an immense Saratoga, on the end of which he read the following address:

MISS GINEVRA GRAY,
Baltimore, Md.

As he stood there staring at it, Jinnie came downstairs, and then Malcolm did feel queer.

She wore a traveling-dress, which had no kinship whatever with the purple calico. It was a stylish suit of olive-green camel's-hair, beautifully embroidered in silk of a lighter shade, and fitting her graceful form to perfection. A picturesque hat, heavily laden with plumes, drooped over her face; her feet were shod in dainty French boots, and she was just in the act of drawing on a pair of long chamois gloves.

Somehow, all at once, Ritchie comprehended that she was more at home in this elegant costume, than in the odious calico dresses she had been wearing.

"Good-morning," she said, with a slight flush on her cheeks; and then, after a moment's hesitation, she added:

"I have something to say to you, Mr. Ritchie."

Malcolm followed her into the sitting-room, and closed the door.

"I have come to confess," she said, trying to smile away her embarrassment. "Mr. Ritchie, I—I have deceived you. It was because of—of what you said to Mr. Wynne that evening. This is not my home at all. I live in Baltimore."

He leaned against the mantel with a sense of complete demoralization.

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"Mrs. Goodrich is not my aunt," she went on, rapidly; "she was my nurse, when I was a child, and I have always called her Aunt Nina. I am quite fond of her, and I often come here when I am tired of society and city-life. I only arrived here the day before you did, and, as my trunk was delayed, I had to borrow some of Aunt Nina's dresses. Then, after I had heard all you said, I made up my mind to—"

"I have been a fool," Malcolm cried, and there was something in his face that forbade her to triumph over him. "But nothing could be more complete than your revenge. You have taught me to love you. I can never be happy without you, and—good God! to think that I should have thrown away every chance I had in the world!"

His face was as pale as death; his voice quivered in passionate despair. She had not dreamed that he really loved her.

"Mr. Ritchie!" she cried, in astonishment. "I—"

"Good-bye!" he said, abruptly, holding out to her a hand that shook like a leaf. "You are not at all to blame. It was all my own folly. Forgive me, Miss Gray. I was a conceited coxcomb, and it serves me right."

Unable to control himself, Malcolm turned quickly, and started for the door. But he paused ere he had reached it, as though his strength, both of mind and body, had failed him utterly.

Covering his face with his hands, he cried, in a hoarse and broken voice:

"For God's sake, have pity on me!"

Then her serenity vanished all in an instant. A beautiful blush overspread her face, and she held out her hand with a most angelic smile (so Malcolm thought).

"Don't go!" she whispered, softly. "I will forgive you."

Ritchie could not believe his own ears. It seemed to him that he heard only the echo of his own wish.

"You do not—you cannot mean—" he stammered.

"Yes, I do," she answered, demurely. "Don't make me say it over again. It's so embarrassing."

Then Malcolm caught her in his arms.

"This is almost too much," he cried, passionately. "Oh, my love, my love!"

Malcolm married Miss Gray, just a year after that, and Bob Wynne was "best man."

DAPHNE.

BY FANNY DRISCOLL.

Over the hills she flees away,
  Apollo follows in wild pursuit;
Swiftly she flies to the new-born day,
That blooms like a flow'r in the Eastern gray,
  With the harp of the brook and the bird's sweet lute.

On and on in the fresh glad dawn
  She flies like the wind, as noiseless and fleet;
With wide dark eyes like a startled fawn,
O'er meadow, and plain, and emerald lawn,
  And Apollo follows the lissome feet.

His angry eyes see the golden hair
  Streaming out on the morning wind;
Never was maiden so slim and fair
As this Daphne, with bosom and ankles bare,
  He thinks, as he follows swift behind.

This wilful Daphne, who will not list
  To his eager wooing, but flees away
Into the morning's rosy mist
With scornful eyes, and lips unkissed,
  Farther and farther into the day.

River and crag, and wood and dale,
  Are left behind in her daring flight;
On and on till her footsteps fail,
She rushes blindly; her lips grow pale,
  Over her face creeps a film of night.

"O Mother Demeter, listen to me!"
  She prays, as she flies from Apollo's arms;
"Sweet lady, come! I have need of thee!"

Apollo comes nearer to her as they flee,
  And her young blood pulses with wild alarms.

Almost her happy freedom is done,
  Apollo will make her captive to him,
This royal youth with a face like the sun—
"Never! never!" she cries as they run,
  Flinging defiance, with eyes grown dim.

Her footsteps fall lightly as the leaves
  In Autumn-time when the winds are low
'Mid the purple grapes and the rustling sheaves;
"How close Apollo is!" she grieves—
  Ha! there the waters of Thessaly flow.

A moment she pauses, slim and fair,
  On the edge of the river, half afraid;
Her face gleams out from her yellow hair
Like a star. Her arms and her neck are bare,
  "Never so stainless and lovely a maid!"

Apollo thinks, in his eager flight,
  Almost he has her against his breast,
His fingers grasp her garments of white—
Ah, gods! she vanishes like the light,
  Under the river's silver crest.

Too late, Apollo mourns his chase,
  His tender madness that worked such woe;
And Daphne's archness and flower-face
Live alway in the laurel's grace,
  Where Thessaly's waters murmur low.

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A FIFTH AVENUE ROMANCE.

BY MARY V. SPENCER.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 135.

IX.

THE UNDERWOOD BALL.

ETHEL slept but little that night. She had felt no compunction on the polo-grounds, but when she had retired to her chamber misgivings began to assail her. As long as she was in the presence of others, she could forget: or, at the least, she felt she must keep up appearances; but with loneliness and darkness came self-scrutiny and the inevitable reaction, till, like many another in similar circumstances, she doubted herself, wondering if it was possible always to tell what was right to do.

"But it is too late for regret," she said at last, "even if I was wrong, of which I am not sure, after all. He is as proud as I am, and will never forgive me. Oh! can I have misjudged him? No, no, I was right. The proof is too strong. The baseness, the meanness of men."

On his part, Lyttleton spent the night not less unhappily. Yet he felt positive there was some misconception, some mistake. Ethel was of too noble a nature, he said to himself, after his first ebullition of anger had passed, to have treated him so disdainfully, if she had not fancied she had good reason for such conduct. He never connected the loss of the note, however, with her anger. Could Lord Avalon, he asked himself, have traduced him? But he dismissed this, after a moment's thought, as impossible: the young nobleman was too honorable to play so base a part. Ethel's behavior seemed all the more inexplicable, because such a little while had elapsed—only twenty-four hours—since she had written so kind a note to him. More than once he said to himself: "I will go to Mr. Malvern's to-morrow, and insist on an interview." But he reflected that he would be certain to be denied. "A girl who would look one in the face like that," he said, "wouldn't hesitate, even if I found admittance, to walk out of the room." Then he thought of writing. "No," he said, "she will return my letter unopened." And now, reflecting on the whole affair, his pride took fire again. He recalled her scornful air, her contemptuous words. "She has closed the gates against me; deliberately, too; she does not give me the justice even that the vilest criminal can claim: the right to be heard. I would not forgive her if she were to ask me. She is, like all her sex, a heartless coquette: and I—I—thought her so noble."

But with morning came more hopeful, more lenient feelings. Lyttleton could not believe, when all Nature seemed so bright, that his life was to be marred forever. A man in love forgives everything. "I cannot call, and I cannot write," he said, "but I shall be sure to come across her somewhere; and then I can get an explanation."

Nearly a week passed, however, yet they did not meet, though Lyttleton went everywhere in hope of it. At last, one day, he encountered Fostnett, at the club.

"You look forlorn, old fellow," said that jaunty, garrulous individual. "As bad as Avalon did, before he left."

"What? Has Lord Avalon gone?" said Lyttleton, eagerly. "Ah, that explains why I have not met him." And to himself, he added: "I wonder if she has refused him?"

"Yes," said Fostnett, "gone, and I don't wonder. Miss Sinclair's relapse, I suppose, has broken your hearts. What, not heard? My dear boy, the day after polo she was taken with a low fever. The doctors came, and, as usual, were puzzled about the cause. Doctors are awful humbugs; they never really know anything. One said it was having gone out too soon. The other vowed it was malaria: everything, you know, is malaria now-a-days. But the long and short of it is, that she was ordered change of air: and so the Malverns packed up, and took her to their place on the Hudson: it was only anticipating their usual hegira by a fortnight, they said; and there is nothing going on now till the races here, at Jerome Park, in June, and the great Underwood masked ball, to follow just after, you know. I believe Miss Sinclair wanted to return home, but her aunt and cousin wouldn't hear of it: she had promised to stay with them, they declared, till fall. Of course, after they had put themselves out, in this way, she couldn't say any more. For my part, I don't know what to do with myself, now that Loue's gone: for while Miss Sinclair is an invalid, they can't ask anybody to Malvern Park. However, I'm invited to Newport, in August, if all goes well. As for

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Lord Avalon, he's in despair, and has gone off on a tour to Chicago and the West. He was making such fine innings, you see. A week or so more would have won the game. I thought it had been won already, the day at the polo-grounds, Miss Sinclair seemed so gracious. But I suppose a girl has the same fun in landing a lover, that we have in playing a trout."

"Or a cat in torturing a mouse," said Lyttleton, almost ferociously. "I wonder if there ever was a woman that wasn't a coquette?" He turned away, as he spoke, and strode gloomily out of the club.

"Hard hit," said Fostnett, "very hard hit," watching him disappear. "But I hinted to him, long ago, that it wasn't any use entering the lists against an English lord. 'Gad, the girls all go in for rank."

The story was only too true, as to Ethel's state of health, and it was many weeks before she was herself again. She was too clear-sighted not to know that her illness was due in part to other than physical causes; but she was brave, even heroic, and she determined to conquer her weakness, as she called it. When anyone resolves, in this way, success is certain. Gradually, therefore, she began to recover tone. At last, late in May, came invitations for the great Underwood ball. Loue was wild to go. Ethel saw this; knew that, if she declined, Loue also would decline; and, therefore, she said: "Let us accept; I know I shall be well enough; and I am dying to see a fancy-dress ball." So it was arranged that they should leave Malvern Hall a fortnight earlier than they had intended, and stay a couple of weeks in New York, during which they would attend the ball.

The wealth of the Underwoods was counted, not by millions, but by tens of millions. "We have nothing like it in England," Lord Avalon had said. "Some of us—Sutherland, for example, and Bedford, and more than all, Westminster—are enormously rich, you know. But of course, Miss Sinclair," it was to Ethel he was talking, "you will say, with your radical notions, that we stole it all from the people; 'robber-knights of the Middle Ages' is, I think, the flattering phrase you apply to us. At any rate, it has been generations in accumulating. But this fortune has come up within a single lifetime, I am told. It is like something out of the Arabian Nights."

Ethel was familiar with the Underwood mansion. She had dined there, been at more than one reception; and had spent frequent mornings among its art-treasures. But her favorite was the copy of the famous bronze gates of the Baptistry at Florence. "I don't wonder they were called the gates of Paradise," she said to Lord Avalon. "It is impossible to conceive anything more beautiful. Oh! if this copy is so noble, what must the original be? I would give a hundred thousand dollars, if I had it, to own those gates. Oh! what a fine thing it is to be rich: I mean very, very rich, like Mr. Underwood. I never before wanted to be a millionaire."

It was in a mansion almost as sumptuous, but belonging to another member of this wealthy family, that the last ball of the season was to be given; and in order to make the ball more notable, it was to be a fancy-dress ball. It was understood that the costumes for the quadrilles were to be exceptionally beautiful. An Opera Bouffe quadrille was to be danced: a Hobby-Horse quadrille; a Mother Goose one; and others equally novel and picturesque. It was to be a ball unlike any other ever given in America. For that reason, above all others, Ethel, curious to see fashionable New York in all its phases, was glad she was to go.

But there was another reason, though one she kept deep down in her heart, and hardly confessed even to herself: Lyttleton would most probably be at the ball. She might meet him there, and all be explained.

Alas! for her disappointment. In vain she looked everywhere, and continued to look until the ball broke up; he was not present. Here went the Duke of Guise, there Louis XVI. Here were knights in armor, Circassian princes, Neapolitan fishermen, Hungarian hussars, French noblemen of the last century, and others in more quiet costumes; but neither among the more conspicuous, nor, as she had expected, among the less so, did she recognize Lyttleton. Yet, notwithstanding her pre-occupation, she was interested. The house itself was a triumph of architecture and decoration. The rich dresses of the ladies more than fulfilled expectation. There was the hostess, who appeared in the costume of a Venetian princess, copied from a picture by Cabanel; there was her friend, who assisted her to receive, and who wore a dress after Vandyke's picture of the Princess Croy; there an Egyptian princess in her wedding-dress; there Brunhilda, from the Niebelungen Lied; there Queen Elizabeth, from the picture in the Tower of London; there a Venetian lady, after the Titian in the Uffizi; there Mary, Queen of Scots; there a belle of the First Empire, in pale-blue satin, and train of gold gauze; there, perhaps most effective of all, Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire; there hundreds of others, dressed either with strict historical accuracy, or, with

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more or less taste, as Little Red Riding Hoods, Bo-Peeps, or in other fairy costumes. Diamonds blazed everywhere. Beautiful girls and handsome dames met you on all sides.

In the midst of all this splendor and novelty, a step, every now and then, would make Ethel's heart beat quick; for she thought it was Lyttleton's. But, alas! neither there, nor during the fortnight she staid in New York afterwards, did she see him. Business had called him to Chicago again, and he only heard of her recovery, and presence in the city, after his return, and when the Malverns had left for Newport, whither they took their departure as soon as the races at Jerome Park, that followed the ball, were over.

Ethel went back to her uncle's house, after the ball, to shed some of the bitterest tears she had ever shed in her life.

"To think that I should have so degraded myself," she said, walking restlessly to and fro in her chamber, "as to have gone there to meet him. I might have known better. He despises me. He did not go there, just because I was going." For, as yet, she was ignorant of Lyttleton's absence from New York. "Oh! I was right at first; he did slander me. To think," and she wrung her hands, "to think I should have sunk so low."

X.

AN OLD TOWN.

August had come, and Newport was full to overflowing. Every day there were teas, receptions, dinners, and lunch-parties without number. On the first day of that month, punctual to their invitation, Lord Avalon and Fostnett arrived, to stay till September.

The Malverns owned what they modestly called a cottage, but what was really a stately mansion. It was of brick and stone, standing on the eastern side of what is called the Avenue, with a wide lawn between it and the street, from which it was separated by a brick wall with stone copings. A handsome lodge flanked the gateway. The back of this stately mansion looked down upon the sea, from a terrace faced with brick and stone. This terrace, as well as the lawn, was dotted everywhere with beds of variegated flowers: coleas, geraniums, zania, and scores of others: while palm-trees in boxes, and other rare exotics, were scattered about.

"I was led to expect a cottage," Lord Avalon said to Fostnett, the morning after his arrival. "But this is a veritable château. The terrace here, overlooking the sea, quite brings back Italy."

He was interrupted by the appearance of Ethel, at a window, attired for driving.

"My aunt wishes me to show you the town," she said, as Lord Avalon advanced, bowing, "Lone is going to drive Mr. Fostnett out to the Glen."

"Delighted," answered my lord.

A few minutes after, he and Ethel were rattling down the Avenue, behind a pair of high-bred steppers, in a pony-chaise.

"It is up on this ridge, from which, as you see, the ground falls off on both sides, and along which runs this Avenue, that most of the summer-residents live," said Ethel. "Only a few years ago it was all open fields. There, just ahead, you see a big high building, in lath-and-shingle Gothic, as Ruskin would say. That is the principal hotel, the Ocean House. Newport is not strong on hotels, however: the correct thing is to live in a cottage."

"And such cottages! Some of them almost palaces," replied my lord.

They had passed the Ocean House by this time.

"Now we come to the Casino," said Ethel. "Suppose we stop, and go in?"

"Only too glad," answered her companion.

They pulled up. Lord Avalon handed Ethel out. The little English groom jumped down from the rumble behind, and ran to the horses' heads.

My lord stopped for a moment, to look up at the long façade.

"Awfully nice," he said. "A capital copy of the brick and timber style, such as we see in the west of England. It's not a slavish copy, either; but original, and full of true medieval feeling."

"I believe they call it Queen Anne," said Ethel, with a rippling laugh. "We are nothing, now, if not Queen Anne; and so everything is Queen Anne."

"Just so," replied my lord. "Queen Anne let it be. 'A rose by any other name.' But—after you."

They passed under a low, broad, brick archway as he spoke, Ethel preceding; and then went along a wide hall, to find themselves, at the end, in a spacious court-yard. This court-yard was surrounded by porches, balconies, and fanciful bits of architecture of every kind, part in wood, and part in brick. Lord Avalon stopped to look around him.

"Awfully nice," he repeated. "Very correct, no doubt. But I don't pretend to know. To me, this looks more like the court-yard of some old monastery, than of a real Queen Anne country-house, such as we have in England."

"You'll hardly think it a monastery," answered Ethel, smiling, "when you see lawn-tennis being played. Monks didn't play lawn-tennis, did they? And there's a theatre, also. We're

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rather early. If we came later, you'd see the place full of people; a sort of Social Bourse, or Public Exchange; ladies with their knitting, sitting and chatting; couples flirting; pretty girls, in all their bravery of attire; and even young Englishmen occasionally," with a sly look at her companion, "sucking the tops of their canes, 'taking their pleasure sadly, as is their fashion,' to quote Froissart."

As they turned to leave, Lord Avalon stopped again, in order to admire the effect of the clock-tower, which rose, quaint, yet stately, at the west end of the court-yard.

"I must say that I know nothing of the kind in Europe that is as fine as this," he said. "And how pretty all the girls are. You'll let me say that, won't you, when I add—"

"Add nothing," broke in Ethel. "The girls *are* pretty: for we Americans are a picked race. Only plucky younger sons came to America; and we," drawing herself up proudly, "are their descendants."

"That you are plucky goes without saying," replied her companion, as if not to be rebuffed; "it is only necessary to know you—"

But Ethel had not come out on this drive to have love made to her; so she broke in on the speaker with her pretty, imperious air:

"Pardon me, please, for interrupting you; but here we are at what is called the Old Mill," pointing with her whip. "I must not let you pass without calling your attention to it. I hold it is not an old mill, but that it was built by the Norsemen. They spent three years, as you must know, on these shores, about the year 1000. If you expect to keep in my good books, at all," shaking her head archly at him, "you must believe it is not an old mill, but a Norse fortress, or baptistry, or anything else you choose; only it must be Norse."

"Norse it is," said my lord, as Ethel turned down to the left, and then pulled up her ponies for a moment.

Lord Avalon now saw, on his right, in the centre of an open green, a circular tower, built of rubble-stones, on rudely-turned arches. The tower broke off square at the top, about ten feet above the keystones of the arches, as if unfinished.

"Norse, of course," repeated my lord, with great gravity. "I'll hold to that, against all comers. Built on arches, to protect it from the Indians."

"You begin very well," said Ethel, gayly. "I have hopes of you. Now we will descend this hill, though it is not much of a hill, and drive through the old town below. It was, as you will see, as great, a hundred years ago, as now; its prosperity was in the old Colonial times: even the names of the streets—Pelham, Thames, Duke, Marlboro—carry you back to them."

"What a quaint place," said my lord. "Really, a very respectable old borough."

"Borough? Take care," answered Ethel. "Why, this is a city, and has a mayor. I am taking you along Spring Street now; and old inhabitants say that it was built before the foundations of the world were laid."

While Lord Avalon was yet laughing at this sally, Ethel had turned sharply down towards the water.

"I am going to drive you out the Fort road, as it is called," she said. "Look how crowded the harbor is with yachts. Away ahead, off there, you can see Fort Adams, its grim walls rising grey above the water,"

They now left the bay, and drove for three or four miles over quite an open country, when suddenly Ethel turned to the left.

"Now we are at Bateman's Point," she said. "See—the ocean!"

And there, directly in front, looking southward, and stretching away till lost in the illimitable distance, was the Atlantic. "The first land you reach," said Ethel, pointing with her whip, "is the West Indies."

The sun shone brightly. But a slight haze, like the thinnest of gauze veils, hung over sea and land alike, and softened every detail. The ocean was as blue as the Mediterranean. On the edge of the water, at the foot of the rocks below, the little shore-snipe were running to and fro, looking for food. The wash of the waves on the shingle was as soft and soothing as a lullaby. To the west, the white houses at Narragansett glistened in the sun, miles away.

"I have never seen a sea the color of that, except at Sorrento," said Lord Avalon, enthusiastically. "It comes out quite ultra-marine, against those tawny rocks."

"And the faces of those black cliffs behind us," answered Ethel, flirting her whip backwards, "look like velvet. But stay: in a little while I'll show you something quite different."

They drove on, following the windings of the coast, with little bays and smaller indentations everywhere, for some two miles; crossed a causeway, and a bridge built over an inlet from the sea; rattled up a slight acclivity; and making a turn to the left, descended again.

"There," said Ethel, and she pointed landward, and towards the north.

Lord Avalon looked across some low-lying meadows, covered with the most entrancing

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colored turf, to a long, undulating, rocky ridge, silhouetted against the sky, in that direction.

"By Jove!" he cried, quite excitedly. "That is Scotland. I know a bit, between Callander and the Trossachs, almost exactly like it. The hills there are higher, but the shape and color are the same."

"I have been told so before," said Ethel. "I wondered if you would recognize it. I do not know for myself. I have never been in Scotland."

"Then I hope," lowering his voice, "to be the one to show it to you, the first."

XI.

THE FOX-HUNT.

It was the day of the fox-hunt. The Queen's County Club had brought its hounds to Newport, where they hunted, twice a week, meeting on different days, at different places.

"The meet, to-day, is at Paradise Rocks, beneath which Bishop Berkeley used to sit and muse," said Ethel, to Lord Avalon. "The story goes, that the good prelate, on one occasion, was interrupted by a fox-hunt. So, you see, fox-hunting is nothing new here. We have other antiquities, in Newport, besides the Old Mill."

Lord Avalon accompanied Ethel in the pony-chaise; Loue went with Fostnett on his drag; and Mrs. Malvern followed in the barouche. The meet was a brilliant sight; for nearly everybody was out. Many ladies were on horseback. Those in carriages were all dressed superbly, and displayed a perfect galaxy of color. The members of the hunt, in their scarlet coats, riding hither and thither, to pay their respects to such belles as they knew, added to the brightness of the scene. The crowd of equipages was so dense, that, when the huntsman appeared, with his dogs, it was with difficulty he could make his way through the throng.

"Oh! what beauties," cried Ethel, enthusiastically, as the hounds came trotting up. "Look at their lovely ears."

"Very nice," answered Lord Avalon, critically. "But where do they expect to draw a fox? I see no place, here, where one might look for Master Reynard."

"Don't you know?" cried Ethel, laughing. "They bring the fox in a bag."

"In a bag?" The accent was one of absolute horror.

"Yes. They drag a bag of annis-seed to lay a scent; and then, when the hounds have followed for a mile or two, let the fox out."

"And they call that fox-hunting? But I beg your pardon, Miss Sinclair. 'Other lands, other customs.' I have no right to criticize. And I believe the thing is done sometimes in England even. It is the riding, after all, that is the object; and I've seen some pretty stiff stone fences, as we drove along."

"You needn't apologize," replied Ethel, gayly. "I confess there appears to me to be a good deal of what we Americans call humbug about it. Without wild game, it seems to me, there can be no sport; hunting tame foxes is butchery, I think. The other day," and she broke into one of her silvery laughs, "the poor fox got on a stone fence, and wouldn't move; but stood looking, in a puzzled way, at the hunters, as if he did not quite know what it all meant; and at last they had to stone him down. However, it isn't every country that can afford the luxury of preserving Master Reynard. I suppose peers and foxes are the two pillars of the English constitution; and so must be kept up. Isn't it so?"

What my lord would have replied, we cannot say; but at that instant, the hounds were put on the scent; and away they went, streaming over the scrubby plain eastwards, and half hidden occasionally in the tall marsh grass, where you saw, not their bodies, but only the wagging of their tails. Everybody followed, horsemen and horsewomen first, then dog-carts, pony-chaises, Victorias, barouches, common wagons, and even enthusiastic boys on foot. The splendor of color, with the red coats blazing in front, and the crimson parasols of the ladies, was altogether indescribable.

The hunt, at first, took the direction of the sea; but before it reached the high sand-dunes, that here shut off the beach from the salt meadows, it swerved to the east, and next to the north. It passed over a little bridge, and so up a slightly rising hill beyond. Then, as the hounds crossed a green field, they were seen with great distinctness, till they reached a stone fence beyond, over which they tumbled, and so disappeared. The master of the hunt was close after them, and went over in most gallant style. Ethel, in spite of her pretended scorn, was so excited by the sight, that she clapped her hands. Two or three other riders followed the master, with equal success. Then a horse refused the fence, and shied, almost knocking over a rider who was following close after. Next came a lady, tall and slight of figure, and mounted on a rather weedy-looking chestnut. "She'll never do it—never, with that screw," cried Ethel. "But no—like a bird she goes over," clapping her hands again. "It was her light weight, however." And

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so it went on, rider after rider taking the fence, though a good many, as Ethel noticed, availed themselves of an open gate near at hand.

"Now," said my lord, when all the horsemen had disappeared, "if you'll drive just where I tell you, we'll be in at the death. I had a hint, yesterday, at the club, where the fox was to be let out of the bag, and probably killed. They seem, here," dryly, "to fix all these things before, which," with a quizzical look at Ethel, "really saves a deal of trouble, you know."

"You are an arrant humbug," cried Ethel. "You knew all this, it seems, and yet pretended to be surprised when I told you they brought the fox in a bag."

Everything happened just as Lord Avalon had predicted. He directed Ethel to turn down an apparently unused road, which a sign-board proclaimed to be Indian Avenue, and which brought them down to the arm of the sea, that here divides the island on which Newport is built, from the mainland to the east. For a considerable distance they could see the fox running straight down the wind; the hounds about half a field behind; and the red-coated riders, and ladies in their jaunty hats, following after. It was as pretty a sight as can be imagined. At last the fox took to the water, where he was captured.

"I retract my criticisms," said Ethel, as they drove slowly homeward, in the almost Paradisical twilight. "It was really worth seeing."

"I don't think it equal to a run in Leicestershire," said my lord, frankly; "but fox-hunting of any kind is awfully nice, as you say. I've seen the thing done at Rome, and not done any better than here. Only there they do unearth the fox. This bringing him in a bag is rather a staggerer."

"And having to pelt him off the top of a fence," said Ethel, going back to her cynicism. "That's sport, isn't it?" with a gay laugh.

"I believe you invented that story, Miss Sinclair. 'Pon my soul, I do," said Lord Avalon. "There isn't anything saucy that you won't invent, you know, if you think you can hoax a fellow with it."

Ethel and Lord Avalon had lingered so long, that the stars were in the sky when they reached the Malvern villa. At the door stood Fostnett, with a yellow envelope in his hand, waiting to receive them.

"Good news," he said. "My yacht has all her fittings completed at last, and sails for Newport to-day. Here is the telegram. Now we'll have that cruise out to Block Island, and then through the Sound, to Vineyard Haven and Nantucket—"

"And the Lord knows where else," interrupted Lord Avalon, with the memory of the overturn, in the coach-and-four, before him.

"Yes, the Lord knows where," replied Fostnett, and with a gleam of poetry quite above his usual level, he glanced at Loue, who had also come to the door, and who looked ravishingly pretty, and added: "Perhaps to the 'Isles of the Blest'. Who knows?"

"Who knows?" echoed my lord, with a look at Ethel.

"But the Isles of the Blest always evade the voyager," said Ethel, demurely. "The one thing known about them, and the only thing, is just that."

"But there's always hope," replied Lord Avalon. "They lie in the future, and in the future is always hope."

Fostnett's yacht had been considered the perfection of its kind, even before this year; but when Mrs. Malvern had deigned to accept an invitation to go with him yachting, and bring Loue and Ethel, he had given orders for the complete refitting of its cabin. When the ladies went on board, the day they were to start, they burst into exclamations of delight. They found the boat much larger than they had supposed; so large, that, in spite of her having a flush deck, her cabin was both roomy and high. Nothing so *chic*, Loue declared, had ever been seen. Ethel, having lived all her life in an inland village, had not been at sea before, and the experience was quite new and delightful. The skill and taste with which all things necessary to comfort, and even luxury, were compressed into such small compass, particularly impressed her.

A charming lunch was the first proceeding. During this, the anchor was hove, and sail made, so that when the guests came on deck, the schooner was slipping past Lime Rock, with Fort Adams dead ahead. As they drew out of the harbor, the breeze freshened; the yacht began to lie over; the sails drew taut overhead; and the green, translucent water went hissing past, and whirled off astern in a long, glittering wake of white.

In a little while the Dumplings were opened, on the starboard bow; and leaving grim Fort Adams on the left, the yacht stretched out towards the open sea. Beaver Tail soon receded behind them; and then, in turn, the shores of Narragansett followed, standing out white against the afternoon sky.

"We have a fair wind for Block Island," said Fostnett, "and will anchor there for the night. See, my lord, how she slips along. Have you anything like that in England?"

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"We've not such half bad boats there," said his lordship. "You know you beat us awfully, when you sent the America across. But that taught us a lesson, and we've improved since then."

They were now fast dropping the land, and soon began to come up with the Light-Ship; and after that with Point Judith, the latter well on their starboard. The yacht did, indeed, slip through the water at a spanking pace, so that, before an hour, Point Judith was far astern, and Block Island apparently close under their stem. The little breakwater was soon made, when the party landed, and walked up to the nearest hotel. The afternoon was whiled away in inspecting this curious, out-of-the-way spot, that, until within a few years, was practically as shut out from America, at least in winter, as the North Pole itself. Then, as the sunset trailed its long wake of gold across the waters of the Sound, they went back to the yacht, where a dinner was served to them, as delicate as one used to get, thirty years ago, in Paris, in the *Trois Frères* itself. After that, the four young people adjourned to the quarter-deck, Mrs. Malvern saying that she would stay below, as she was afraid of the night damps. But she heard Fostnett and his guests chatting and singing, even long after she had sought her cabin, quite up to midnight, in fact: till the Pleiades and Aldebaran had risen, and Orion in their wake; till the full moon, yellow as a shield of gold, had come up, out of the silent sea.

By this time, the group of four had broken up, separating into two distinct parties. Ethel had been asked, by Lord Avalon, to tell him the legend of the phantom ship, about which he had heard so much; and Fostnett and Loue, between whom evidently an understanding had been come to, had taken advantage of this to slip away by themselves.

"What do you think about it?" asked Loue, hanging on her lover's arm, and glancing towards the other pair. "Will she have him?"

"You ought to know. Girls always tell each other those things, don't they?"

"But Ethel is so reticent. At one time, I fancied she was in love with Lyttleton; but he stopped coming, all at once. I think there was some tiff between them, though I did not dare to ask. He never once called to inquire about us, after that day at polo. Now, I begin to believe, I really do, that she is going to marry Avalon."

"To be sure she is, you darling little goose. How could you doubt it? Listen how low her voice is. No girl, not in love, talks in that way to a fellow."

XII.

THE TRITONS' HORN.

FOSTNETT, however, scarcely understood Ethel's feelings. At this period, perhaps, she did not understand them herself. She certainly was not, as yet, in love with Lord Avalon. But it would be a mistake to suppose that she had not begun to consider the very great probability of a proposal from him. It was impossible to ignore his intentions. Equally impossible was it to deny him many good qualities, and even many singularly attractive ones. If Ethel had never met Lyttleton, she would, perhaps, and long before this, have been moved by my lord's assiduities. But though she had cast Lyttleton off, though she still believed him to be utterly false, though she had now little expectation of ever seeing him again, her heart had received such a shock, like some delicate rose beaten down by a storm, that it refused to open its petals, as yet, to the sunshine of any other love.

Nevertheless, as we have hinted, she was drifting unconsciously into an engagement. Let two ships come near together, it is said, on a calm sea, and they will insensibly yet gradually gravitate towards each other. It is so, also, with poor human nature. Affection is so necessary to our happiness, that when denied it in one direction, we crave after it, instinctively, in another. Or to put it differently, we may say that it has been wisely ordained that when two souls are thrown into contact, they inevitably see the good in each other. Hence the many marriages, and happy ones even, where, but for this propinquity, and but for a previous disappointment perhaps, there would have been neither union nor affection.

But Ethel was still so much under the influence of the past, that if Lord Avalon had proposed now, he would have been rejected. The sun had gone down for her, but something of his lost radiance still lingered. My lord, without knowing the full truth about Lyttleton—in fact, rather supposing he had been refused, since he no longer visited Ethel—was quite conscious that, as yet, the fruit was not ripe for him; and like a wise man, refrained from attempting to pluck it too soon.

The next morning broke bright and balmy. But before the voyagers had long left their little harbor, one of those thick fogs, so frequent in that climate, suddenly came up. Fostnett first called attention to it as it lay on the eastern horizon, like a long, low pile of fleece. The distant sails were seen in front of it, for a moment, and then disappeared; swallowed up, apparently, forever. Very soon it reached the yacht. Ethel had gone below for a book, leaving the sun shin-

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ing brilliantly; but when she came back, the foresail was already lost in the mist. It was not a cold, raw fog, however, such as drives in on Nahant; but a soft, soothing, semi-tropical one, delicious to the senses beyond description. It cast a strange, unreal glamor, however, on everything. One thought instinctively of Miranda, and Shakespeare's enchanted seas.

Suddenly, a strange, prolonged sound was heard, but where coming from it was impossible to imagine: it rose, and fell, and rose again, and then died off in long, sonorous reverberations. Ethel started.

Fostnett laughed, good-humoredly.

"Ha! we have frightened our hitherto unintimidated heroine, have we?" he said. "Come, now, Miss Sinclair, what do you think it is?"

"I'm sure I cannot tell. Oh, there it is again!" With another unconscious start. "How unearthly. It seems to fill all space."

"It is only the fog-horn at Point Judith," replied Fostnett, with an air of conscious knowledge.

"Yet," said Lord Avalon, "it seems to me, just as it does to Miss Sinclair, to come from everywhere."

The sound went on, at intervals of thirty seconds.

"Now that I have become accustomed to it," said Ethel, "it has a certain wild music in it. I can almost fancy that Tritons are blowing their horns, all around us. See, isn't that one, riding on a dolphin, there, with a conch-shell at his mouth?"

"Just so, just so," cried my lord, "only he dodged back into the spray, as soon as you spoke. We are really in the realm of enchantment, and the 'Isles of the Blest,' of which we were talking the other night, lie somewhere in the offing."

A gentle land-breeze was blowing from the west, and at this moment the scent of water-lilies was distinctly perceived, as it often is, on that coast; for behind Point Judith lie innumerable fresh-water ponds, filled with this most fragrant of all aquatic plants.

"By Jove," broke in Fostnett, with a touch of poetry foreign to him, "we are within hail of it already Don't you scent the enchanted air? What were 'the gales of Araby the blest,' to this?"

Nothing more was said, for some time. At last the fragrance died away, as suddenly as it had come. All this while, the fog-horn—or, as Ethel would still have it, the Tritons—went on.

"Look out!" cried Lord Avalon, suddenly, starting to his feet. "Hard down—*hard*—or we shall be run over."

For, rising out of the mist, close at hand, first her topmast being visible, then her mainsail, and then her hull, appeared a large schooner. Just for an instant, it seemed as if the two vessels would come into collision. But the sailing-master had discovered the intruder simultaneously with Avalon, and had put the helm down at once. In another moment, the schooner passed harmlessly across their bow, and disappeared as she had come—noiselessly, and like a spectre, her hull going first, then her lower sails, and then the tall topmast.

Ethel drew a long breath.

"How phantom-like," she said. "It is as if we were in a realm of ghosts."

And everybody looked, indeed, spectral, seen through the wan light that the fog emitted. So at least thought Ethel. "They are apparitions," she said to herself, "and I am an apparition too."

"All this romancing about Tritons, and the Isles of the Blest, is very well," interposed Fostnett, with a sudden assumption of practical wisdom. "But it's time to lay our course. We can't stay here, bobbing about, all day."

"But how can you 'lay your course,' as you call it, in this fog?" said Ethel.

"Let me show you. 'There are more things in heaven and earth,' you see, 'than are dreamt of,' even 'in your philosophy,' my sagacious Miss Sinclair. 'Nothing is easier than to lay our course."

"I am all attention," said Ethel.

"Very well," he said. "Here is a chart of these waters," unrolling it. "We are about here," pointing with his finger. "There is the light-ship; we must lay our course for it. We do that by the compass. But we wish to know, you will say, when we shall reach the light-ship. Very well. I throw overboard this line, with this drag at the end," suiting the action to the word. "That records on this dial, which I keep here—it is called the taffrail log—our rate of progress. I check off, by my watch, the distance we go. At the proper time I look out for the light-ship, and, *presto!* there she is."

Loue looked proudly at the speaker. For was he not her own especial property, by an engagement now almost a week old, and did not everything he said, have, therefore, the flavor of first love?

"There," cried Fostnett, exultingly, after the lapse of an hour or so, "didn't I tell you? The light-ship. *Voila!* Behold!"

And there, indeed, it was, looming up out of the fog, white and phantom-like.

The yacht, after this, was headed almost due

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cast. In a short while the fog lifted. The voyagers could now see the shores, by which they sailed: the cliffs back of Newport, West Island, Buzzard's Bay, and many other islands. As the sun began to decline, they made Gay Head, but as yet far in front, its orange-colored bluff glowing in the westering light, like some great topaz. Then they fanned gently by Vineyard Island, where they were greeted by the same subtle fragrance of water-lilies which had been wafted from Point Judith. It was all, Ethel thought, like some enchanted dream.

They did not land at Vineyard Haven, but kept on over the now darkening seas, till, long after the stars had begun to throb and twinkle in the almost purple sky, they reached Nantucket, and there cast anchor for the night.

XIII.

THE SUDDEN SQUALL.

"I WISH there was more wind," said Fostnett, the next day, as the yacht lay rolling languidly on the long swell, off the peninsula of Cape Cod. "We shall never make Provincetown, if it keeps as calm as this. Come, captain, whistle for a breeze."

They had lingered in quaint, old-fashioned Nantucket half the morning, admiring its antique houses, and talking of its decaying glories, and now noon had come, and they were only half-way to Provincetown; and meantime the wind had fallen to a dead calm.

Yet it was all, Ethel thought, very beautiful. She did not share Fostnett's nervous anxiety to be moving, a feeling that seems universal with American men of his type. She did not care whether the yacht was going or not. The glamor of unreality clung yet about everything. She preferred not to talk even. She lay, half reclining, on some India shawls, that Lord Avalon had spread on the deck for her; and leaning on her elbow, her chin supported by her hand, she gazed out over the quiet sea, lost in reverie.

If anyone had asked her what she was thinking of, she could not have told. All she was conscious of was the lazy heave with which the yacht, almost imperceptibly, rose and fell on the long undulations. For there was no sea on, properly so called: only the swell of the great deep coming in. At first sight, indeed, the ocean seemed to be as still as a lake. But when the eye followed the long reach of water to the eastern horizon, it was seen to lift itself slightly, with a slow, prolonged motion, like some mighty animal, respiring in its sleep. This shining surface, unbroken even by a ripple, had the sheen of satin. A strange light, by this time, too, had come into the sky, and was reflected on the water, which began to assume a weird, half-tawny hue.

As time went on, this color changed and deepened, and the sea began to look more uncanny. A glare, like that of an electric light, threw a greenish tint over everything. The faces of Ethel's companions seemed like those of the dead almost. The same ghostly radiance was on the deck, the sails, the spars, even on the brass-work of the yacht.

"It is like the Judgment Day," said Ethel, with a shudder.

It would seem, too, as if they had the ocean wholly to themselves; for though they were directly in the track of vessels coming south from Boston, not a single sail, for a long time, was in sight. At last one appeared: a schooner, evidently also a yacht. At first it was quite distant; but as the afternoon wore on, it drifted nearer, as if by that curious attraction of which we have already spoken.

"I never saw anything like this off the English coast," said Lord Avalon, at last. "Is it frequent here?"

Fostnett admitted that it was strange to him, and appealed to the sailing-master.

"I've heerd," said the latter, "that things looks like this, sometimes, in the Nor'west, when the forests are on fire; when the smoke is blown off for hundreds of miles, and hides the sun. Maybe it's that. I read, in a paper, at Newport, that the woods beyond Lake Champlain were burnin'."

When our voyagers went down to lunch, it was so dark in the cabin that the lamps had to be lighted. Perhaps it was on this account, that, on returning to the deck, the sky looked even more uncanny than before. Meantime a heavy sea was beginning to set in.

"This is unaccountable; what can it all mean, captain?" said Fostnett. "There isn't a breath of wind here. Yet yonder schooner, somehow, is a good deal nearer than when we went below."

"I can't make it out," said the skipper, examining the horizon all round, with a prolonged scrutiny, and shaking his head, with a puzzled look.

"I've read," interposed Lord Avalon, "of a sky like this, in the tropics, before a white squall. Have you ever seen a white squall, captain?"

"I've never been in the West Indies," said the sailing-master. "Them squalls come all at once, rippin' and tearin' everything, don't they?"

"Yes; and if we are to have one here, we

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had better take in sail, hadn't we? By the bye, I see that the yacht, yonder, is doing so."

Perhaps the skipper was a little nettled at the advice thus hinted; perhaps he really did not think there was any danger; so he shook his head again, but this time with an obstinate air, and answered:

"I never heard of a white squall, up in these parts; and, for anything short of that, I don't care. We are strong-handed enough to get her snug and safe, if we want to, before you can say Jack Robinson. Them fellers, I take it, air some young fools from Bosting, who know nothin' of yachtin', and are skeered at the first sight o' anythin' onusual."

"I'm of the captain's opinion," said Fostnett. "I see no cause for alarm. Besides, we shall want all the canvas we can spread to claw off the coast, if the wind comes out from the east. We've drifted so in-shore, that the breakers, as you see, are here just under our lee."

This conversation had occurred forward, out of hearing of the ladies. The gentlemen now went aft, and joined Loue and Ethel. Mrs. Malvern was sitting by herself, near the wheel, reading.

"There is nothing the matter, is there?" asked Loue, a little frightened. "Come, Fred, what were you talking of, off there by yourselves?"

Ethel, too, glanced up, and with something of apprehension. She hardly liked the look of Lord Avalon. He was evidently, she thought, anxious, but striving to conceal his concern.

"My dear little goose," said Fostnett, addressing his betrothed, "there isn't the least thing to fear. All this strange look in the sky is but the smoke from the forests on fire, up in the Adirondacks, as the skipper says. Don't you smell it?"

But Loue shook her pretty little head. Even her faith in her lover could not make her recognize smoke in the air, when, to her at least, there was no smell of smoke whatever.

"Will you take me forward, for a moment, or more?" said Ethel. Lord Avalon bowed, and obeyed her. "Why don't we shorten sail?" she asked, when they were alone. "Be frank with me. I did not wish to speak before Loue."

Lord Avalon hesitated, evidently embarrassed.

"The crew seem to think we shall have a blow," he said, evasively; "but the skipper, who ought to know best, believes not."

"But isn't discretion the better part of valor? What is to be lost by taking in sail?"

"You heard what Fostnett said. If it really comes on to blow hard, we shall want some canvas, at least, to keep clear of this lee shore, which, I confess, is dangerously near."

"You hardly appear as frank as usual. What is your own opinion?"

"I am neither the owner, nor the sailing-master," with a smile, "and have no right to an opinion. But whatever happens," earnestly, "I am here, remember: and will lay down my life, if necessary. Ha! what is that?"

His look, as he spoke, had been turned to the southeast. Here a thick mist had suddenly made its appearance, lying low and white on the water, like a pile of snowy fleece. There was silence for some minutes. In this interval, the mist could be seen very perceptibly to grow denser and denser, until it became a bank of impervious cloud, that began to drive down rapidly toward them. Lord Avalon and Ethel watched it, the latter breathlessly, as it approached. Great masses of cumuli now began to sweep from east to west across the sky.

"Here it comes," cried my lord, at last.

For a low, hissing sound was heard, at first apparently far off on the horizon, but which got louder and nearer every instant, until, almost as he spoke, it was close at hand; while the driving, whirling masses of vapor to the eastward were zig-zagged incessantly with flashes of lightning, accompanied by tremendous claps of thunder. The hissing sound had now become a roar; was beside them, above them—in fact, seemed to fill all space.

"Here it comes," repeated my lord. "Hold on, Miss Sinclair: hold fast. I must help to get her partly stripped." For the skipper was shouting to let everything go by the run; all were rushing for the ropes: even Fostnett and the cook.

Down it came. It seemed to Ethel, that, if ten thousand batteries had been discharged all at once, the roar could not have been greater. The spray, torn from the tops of the waves, drove past, cutting her face like small shot. It was such a hurricane, in both its suddenness and its fury, as had never been seen in that latitude before. There was a moment of suspense, but only a moment. The ropes were let go; the topsail tumbled to the deck; the mainsail came down with a run: and the helm was jammed hard. "Hard! harder!" the skipper shouted, as the yacht hung trembling. With a quiver, as if she was some sentient being, she answered it at last, and came partially up into the wind. Ethel, who had been at sea long enough to know the importance of this, drew a long breath of relief.

Perhaps, if there had been a single, undisputed authority on board, the yacht might yet have been saved. But all was confusion. Order and discipline were both lost. Fostnett shouted one thing, the sailing-master another; and the

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men knew not which to listen to: the cook, steward, and cabin-boy obeyed the owner, the rest the skipper. Lord Avalon was the only one who seemed to retain his coolness and judgment.

"Don't cut away everything," he cried, "or we shall go on the breakers. Keep something on her to give her steerage-way."

The breakers were visible, not a very great distance off: a long white line, that stretched far up and down the coast. As yet the sea on them was not so very high, but it grew higher with every wave that the hurricane drove shorewards. Beyond the breakers was a wide stretch of water, that all the afternoon had been as smooth almost as a pond, but that already began to be whitened with the foam of the shattered surges. It had been also comparatively shallow, but was deepening with every spent billow that swept over it; in fact, rapidly becoming a boiling vortex, in which even the best swimmer was sure to be exhausted and engulfed.

Ethel was, in one sense, quite aware of the danger, if the schooner could not be kept head on to the gale. But she only half realized this, in the stir and whirl about her. The tramp of the men's feet; the sharp, quick orders; the rattle of the blocks; the whistle of the wind in the rigging; the ripping of canvas, and creaking of spars: all these combined to distract her thoughts; and, for the moment, to paralyze her perceptions. But it soon became plain that the yacht was doomed; for notwithstanding what Lord Avalon had said, notwithstanding that the skipper rushed up to stop them, the frightened cook and steward, by this time, had cut the jib loose, as well as the foresail: and the yacht, now left without a rag upon her, fell off broadside to the coast, and drifted rapidly shorewards.

Ethel was surprised into a startled cry; for the breakers, which a little while ago had seemed comparatively distant and insignificant, now towered up close a-lee, seeming, to her excited imagination, almost to reach the sky. It was but a few minutes, at the utmost, before the crisis came; but it seemed to Ethel hours. The interval was so short, indeed, that Lord Avalon, who had started to join her, when he found that nothing more could be done, had not time to get to her, before all was over. For just as the yacht reached the breakers, "going like a race-horse," as Fostnett would have said—if he had not been too horror-struck, in that moment, to say anything—a sea took her under the quarter and turned her completely over. The masts snapped, and went by the board, and the ill-fated schooner danced, bottom upwards, in the wild gulf beyond.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

THE COQUETTE.

BY GERTIE V. MACK.

She stands there, tall, with her Bacchante grace,
Set off by a dress the color of wine;
There's a flash of diablerie in her face,
That otherwise were divine.

She speaks, and her tone is so soft and sweet,
You ignore other voices to catch the tone;
And your heart is thrilled to a quicker beat
At her smile—is it yours alone?

Her fan is a wonder of pearl and lace,
The fan, the modern enchantress's wand;
She flutters and waves it with such a grace,
In her lovely jeweled hand.

She turns to speak to that man at her side.
Did her voice sink down to a lower tone?
Is her damask cheek more deeply dyed?
Or is it your fancy alone?

You sneer, as you think how she greeted you, too,
And mentally term her a mere giddy flirt;
Then she flashes a look, full of meaning, at you;
And you smile and forget your hurt.

But she's keeping her heart for someone else,
And you guess who it is with a roguish smile;
And a gush of magnanimous pity melts
Your first contempt the while.

Rich music, full of a sensuous charm,
Comes chiming in with your pulse's beat;
You circle her waist with a thrilling arm—
Was ever a waltz so sweet?

Not she, but your vanity, leads you astray.
You will find your mistake and soon recover,
And smile in a very superior way
At the faith of the next poor lover.

We all have a talent for something, you know.
Hers is for charming; she does it well;
As the present state of your heart will show—
Can she help this natural spell?

You may think it strange that one so sweet
Can crush a heart in that roguish way;
But she takes your homage as perfectly meet,
And your wooing as nothing but play.

She will jilt half a dozen Apollos like you,
Then marry some fellow so commonplace,
That, barring the fact he is rich as a Jew,
You'll wonder what won him her grace.

And will she be happy? Why not? And blest?
Well, people, they differ in temper and taste;
And a lover and ball-dress suits her best—
Yes, more than the love you waste.

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LUTIE'S STORY.

BY EMMA GARRISON JONES.

"You've done quite enough for to-day, Lutie; so put up your work, dear, and go out for a walk with Jack."

It was my sister Valerie who said this, one lovely spring morning, as we sat together in the front room of our humble cottage.

"Why don't you come, too, Val?" I said. "You need air and exercise as much as I do."

"I think not, dear," she answered, with her pleasant smile. "Besides, this dress must be finished to-day. Run along, dear."

"Hop along, you mean," I said, half bitterly, taking up my crutch: for I was a cripple.

She kissed me in silence, and I saw the tears rise in her eyes. Val loved me with a tender, pitiful love, and strove to the utmost to shield me from everything. But her willing hands could not always accomplish what her loving heart desired; for we were very poor, though, before my father's death, it had been different.

Val did dress-making and fancy-work; and I made little dolls' wardrobes, of such odds and ends as I could pick up, and sold them for a trifle. Even trifles helped, however: for there were four of us to be provided for; and grandmother could not do much—only to make sunshine for us, as Val said, by her loving presence.

Jack and I accordingly set forth in great glee. He was, like the others, very tender with me, because of my infirmity. So he walked on slowly, when I know he was dying to run, leading me along the most pleasant streets of the town, and out into the suburbs, where there were a number of aristocratic residences.

Most of these had lovely flower-pots in front, and gilded cages, filled with singing birds, in their windows: and it all looked like fairy-land, in the golden spring sunshine. We came to a large park, at last, enclosed by a tall iron fence; and hearing the sound of merry voices, we stopped, and looked in, and saw a number of gaily-dressed children playing on the lawn.

"Look, Jack," I cried. "Oh, wouldn't you like to go in there? It's almost like heaven. How green and fresh the grass is; and how pretty those little girls are, in their bright dresses."

"Not one bit prettier than you, Lutie," said Jack, stoutly.

I laughed outright at the idea. The sound of my laughter reached the children's ears, and drew their attention to us. One little girl even came running across the lawn, and shyly peeped out at us. She was a lovely creature, dressed in white, with blue ribbons in her long, golden hair, and a broad blue sash round her waist.

"Oh, Jack, she looks like a picture," I said.

"Do you mean me?" said the little girl, "what sort of picture do I look like?"

"Oh, a lovely picture," I answered. "The picture of an angel."

She laughed, and clapped her hands.

"Pretty angel I'd make. Oh, dear! But aren't you tired of standing out there?"

"Yes, a little."

"Come in here, then, under the trees."

"Let's go in, Jack," I whispered; and we entered.

The rest of the children came trooping up, and stood and looked at us. I felt uncomfortable for a minute, and I'm sure Jack did. But our little friend soon made it quite pleasant for us.

"These are my cousins," she said, pointing out two little girls, "May and Gracie; and that's my brother Jack—"

"Oh," I cried, "my brother's named Jack, too."

"How funny," she cried, clapping her hands. "Brother Jack, and brother Jack," nodding from one to the other, "allow me to make you acquainted with each other."

A great laugh followed, and that was the end of all restraint. In a moment more, we were all sitting down on the grass, under the shade of the trees, and feeling as if we were old acquaintances.

"My name is Dollie," said my little friend, laying her soft hand on mine. "What is yours?"

"Lutie," I replied.

"Oh, dear, there you go again," she laughed. "Why, my big doll is named Lutie."

"Lutie makes dolls' dresses," put in Jack, who never lost an opportunity of praising me; "lovely ones, too; and cunning little cloaks and bonnets."

"Oh," cried Dollie, breathlessly, "is he telling the truth?"

"Yes," I answered; "I make a great many, when I can get stuff to make them of. I sold a whole wardrobe to the doll store, on Myrtle Avenue, last week."

"Oh, how nice. How clever you are," cried

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Dollie. "Wouldn't I like to do something like that? Do you make much money?"

"Yes, she makes lots," put in Jack, answering for me; "almost as much as Val does at her dress-making."

The three little girls looked at each other; and then Miss Dollie spoke for them all.

"We want you to make an outfit for each of us," she said, "a doll's complete outfit; and we'll pay you whatever you ask."

"Oh, I should be delighted," I replied; "but I'm out of stuff; and I can't afford to buy."

"That's nothing," said my little patron, jumping up; "why, I've lots and lots. Just you wait here, with May and Gracie, two minutes."

She darted off across the lawn, but in a very short time she returned, accompanied by a pleasant-looking lady.

"This is my mamma, Lutie," she said; "and we've brought you a nice lot of pieces," putting a pretty fancy basket in my lap, "and you're to make them all up in dolls' clothes."

I couldn't answer, my heart got so full, just then. But Jack spoke up for me.

"Thank you, miss, and you too, madam," he said, standing up, with his cap in his hand. "You are both very kind; and the work will make Lutie very happy, besides being a great help to the rest of us."

Then the lady asked me a good many questions, and I told her about grandmother and Val; and she said she would come and see us, some time, and bring the little girls with her.

After a little while, Jack and I bade our kind friends good-bye, and went home.

"Oh, Val," I cried, by the time I reached the door, "the grandest thing has happened to us. Oh, you couldn't guess in a month. Give me the basket, Jack. Now, Val, look—look; and I'm to make them all up, at my own price."

I poured the contents of the basket into her lap as I spoke. There were scraps, of every color and description—silks, and satins, and velvets; and lovely plush, as soft as swan's-down; and odds and ends of gay ribbon; and gorgeous tangles of floss and zephyr.

"Grandmother must see, too," cried Jack, catching up his two hands full of the scraps.

The dear old lady smiled, and, drawing down her spectacles, began to examine piece after piece, until she came to a half-square of exquisite white cashmere, embroidered with lilies-of-the-valley, in silver-white floss.

"Why—why, where did you get this?" she exclaimed, a startled look in her eyes, her old hands beginning to tremble. "Val, my dear, where did you get this?"

"A kind little girl gave them all to Lutie, grandma," answered Val. "Oh, isn't that beautiful?"

"It is your mother's work, Val," said grandma, her voice broken, tears beginning to trickle down her cheeks. "Your dead mother's hands did this. Child, where did you get it?"

"A little girl gave it to Lutie," said Jack.

"What is her name?"

"Dollie," I answered.

"Oh, I want to know her mother's name," cried grandmother; "I must know—I must find out. Your mother embroidered these lilies, my dear. I know them as well as I should know her dear face, if it could come back to me. Your father brought this lovely cashmere from Canton, and gave it to her as a bridal present; and she made a shawl for her dearest friend, some years later. That friend married a British officer, and went off abroad. And here it comes back to me, my poor Lucy's work—and she in her grave. What does it mean?"

Grandma pressed the soft cashmere to her lips, and sobbed like a child; Val was crying, too; and so was I. But Jack got up, suddenly.

"I'll go back and find out, if you say so, grandma," he said.

"I do say so," she replied. "Here, take this with you, dear," putting the piece of cashmere in his hand, "and ask the little girl's mother how she came by it, and if she ever knew Lucy Charteris."

Jack hurried away; and grandma went into her own little room. There I could hear her weeping softly, as I put my lovely materials together, and arranged my doll-patterns.

By and by, there came a sound of wheels.

"Oh!" cried Val, who sat by the window, busy with her sewing, "what an elegant carriage; and it is stopping at our door."

She had scarcely spoken, before the door opened, and Jack rushed in.

"I've brought the lady, grandma," he almost shouted; "and she does know Lucy Charteris."

Val rose, and went to the door, where she almost ran against a young gentleman.

"I beg your pardon, miss," he said, taking off his hat. "I've brought my mother to see the little boy's grandmother."

"Come in, please," said Val, blushing a little at the unexpected encounter, but still with her sweet smile. She ushered the elegant lady in, at the words, and then quietly gathered up her work and put it aside; and removed the scissors from her belt, and the thimble from her finger: all without the least embarrassment, or as if she was ashamed of it. But I noticed that the hand-

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some young gentleman watched her all the while; and looked as if he admired her courage and good sense as much as he did her beauty.

After a few minutes, grandma appeared, and by the time she was in the room, the elegant lady had her arms about her.

"Oh, my dear Mrs. Charteris," she cried. "Is it really you?"

"I knew I could not be mistaken," sobbed grandma. "I was sure that was my poor Lucy's work."

"Yes—yes, I've got the shawl yet," cried the lady; "one end was injured, and I cut it off, and had the lilies re-worked. But where is my dear Lucy?"

"In her grave," answered grandma; and then, after a pause: "But these are her orphan children."

The lady sat down, and cried fit to break her heart, for a little while; and then she got up, and took Val in her arms.

"My dear, you look like your mother," she said; "and she was the dearest friend I ever had. I want you to regard me as your mother."

Val thanked her very sweetly; and then the lady kissed Jack and me; and the end of it all was, that my pretty scraps were all packed into the basket again; and it was decided I should go home with Mrs. Houston, in her elegant carriage, and cut out and make the dolls' outfits, under the supervision of Dollie and her cousins.

The visit was a delightful one; and many others like it followed. Mrs. Houston, indeed, would have had us more in her grand mansion, but, in spite of all she could say, we remained in our humble cottage. I think grandma might have been brought to consent, but Val was inexorable.

"You are very kind, dear Mrs. Houston, and I am not ungrateful," was her reply, "but I am happier here. I am fond of my dress-making, and greatly prefer to earn my own bread, than to be dependent even on your generosity."

So the summer came and went, and Dollie Houston and I were almost constantly together. Mrs. Houston, in one thing, had her way, however; she took matters into her own hands, and put Jack into the Academy. Grandma passed half her time with her daughter's old friend. But Val remained at home.

Mr. Ralph Houston, the young man who brought his mother to see us, that first time, came almost every day, bringing lovely flowers, and choice hot-house fruits, and books, and music; and he looked at Val, as she sat sewing, as if he thought her the sweetest thing on earth; but she never seemed to notice him. One day, however, I had a bad headache, and went into the front room, and lay down on the little lounge in the alcove, and fell asleep. A man's voice awakened me, some time after. The curtains were parted a little, and I saw Val, sitting at her work-table, and Mr. Houston standing beside her.

"No, I won't be put off," he was saying. "I want my answer now. I love you, dear; I have loved you from the first. Why do you, who seem so gentle and kind to all others, take pleasure in my suspense and anxiety? Knowing, too, as you do, that your mother and mine were such good friends—"

"That's the trouble," Val broke in, her cheeks like roses, her eyes shining; "I wish they had been strangers. I'm afraid you think—you—you feel yourself bound, in some sort, to care for me, whether you will or not; and—"

"That I do," interrupted the young man, catching her two hands, and holding them fast. "I can't help myself, Val, even if I would. Oh! my darling, I hadn't seen you two minutes, before I loved you. Haven't you one kind word for me?"

"I am poor, and you—" she began.

"You are rich in all that makes woman sweet and inestimable, and I love you with my whole heart," he cried.

Val's proud head drooped, and her hands began to flutter in his clasp.

"Precious, brave little hands," he said, pressing them to his heart, "they have worked long enough. Give them to me, Val, to hold thus forever. Darling, speak—are they mine?"

"If you really want them," answered Val, at last, looking up shyly, but covered with blushes.

A few months later, there was a quiet wedding, and Val was the bride. And what do you suppose she wore about her shoulders? The lovely cashmere scarf, adorned with the silver-white lilies, embroidered by our dead mother's hand.

I make dolls' outfits yet, but not from necessity as of old. I have a lovely little boudoir of my own, filled with all sorts of beautiful things; and a guitar, and a piano, and teachers to instruct me; and Jack is away at college; and every wish of grandma's happy old heart is granted.

As for Val, she seems to live for the sole purpose of making those she loves happy; and she is herself, without doubt, God bless her, the happiest one of all, enshrined as she is in her noble husband's heart.

And all this good luck comes of our looking through the railings of the private park, that bright spring morning.

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A DEAD WOMAN'S REVENGE.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

She was dead—the woman to whom fate, or his own blindness and hers had linked his life—dead.

The news came very suddenly and very unexpectedly. Only a short time previous he had heard of her as well and apparently happy; passing the summer with relatives at one of the gayest of American watering-places, and now within the month followed the solemn tidings of her death. For a while he experienced no profound emotion of any sort; he felt dazed and bewildered; he knew that he was not sorry—he could be certain that he was not glad. As the hours went on, and through the haze of his aimless meditations there penetrated the consciousness that he was once more a free man, it brought a sensation of keen relief, though, in some odd, psychological fashion, difficult to explain, he did not connect her demise therewith. Indeed, had her dearest friend and his bitterest foe been able to search Malcolm Graham's heart to the core, he would have been forced to acquit him of any thought which its possessor need fear to expose to the most censorious regard.

In truth, Helen had died to him long since. In the antecedent years there had been seasons when he hated her, or believed that he did so; but the rancor and animosity had gradually lessened into a half contemptuous, half pitying indifference, from which even her genius in tormenting could seldom rouse him. A period of tolerable quiet had ensued—of mutual avoidance, even while the same roof covered them—which seemed likely to cast a chill vail of decorum over their future. But it was not to be; circumstances arose which rendered even that species of armed neutrality no longer possible—he left Helen with her friends and crossed the ocean.

Even then there had been no open outbreak; business in France gave a cogent reason for Graham's departure. The partner who had the management of their foreign house died suddenly, and it fell to Malcolm's lot to take his place. Helen's health did not permit her to reside in Lyons, or its vicinity—she must remain in America with her relatives.

A year had elapsed since Malcolm Graham landed on foreign shores: a black, dismal year, during which the claims of business, urgent as they were, and conscientiously as they were fulfilled, seemed to his tired soul mere incidental interruptions to the real work of his life—that of trampling to ashes a longing and affection which had, before he was aware, leaped into eager, passionate strength upon the altar of his lonely heart.

This was the story:

Several months previous to his departure from America, a relative of his wife came North after a prolonged residence in one of the Southern States. Elinor Howard was at this time nearly thirty years of age—a widow—with a host of such bitter experiences crowded into the brief season of her married life, that even yet it was difficult to look back with composure across the darkened path of her thwarted girlhood. Living through what she had would have left many natures hopelessly cynical and bitter, but it had not produced this effect upon Elinor. Suffering in her case had proved what it does less often than old proverbs declare, really a chastener and purifier: had given her patience and a wide charity, which added the crowning charm to her unusual mental gifts and personal loveliness.

She and Helen had not met since the latter was just blooming into girlhood, and Elinor a child of ten. But it needed only a brief stay at Inglewood, the country-seat of the Grahams, to show her that however wrong the husband might be, quite an equal share of blame must rest upon Helen. She was eager for admiration; morbidly susceptible rather than sensitive; determined to rule; persistent, even in the veriest trifle, to an exasperating extent; and taking refuge in wounded feelings and a general air of martyrdom whenever she was thwarted, even righteously. In fact, before long, Elinor's sympathies were enlisted upon his side. She saw he was a disappointed, embittered man, hopeless of the present and the future. He and Elinor, in truth, possessed too many tastes and sympathies in common for them not to speedily become friends. Yet neither in Elinor's heart, nor in that of Graham, was there a conscious feeling before which either had need to shrink; and the summer days floated tranquilly on, save when in occasional hours of idleness Helen found leisure to torment Graham, growing more determined when she discovered that her varied gifts in that line had, at last, completely lost all power to move him.

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The inmates of the great house were roused one night by the alarm of fire. The back part of the building, in which the kitchens and the servants' chambers were situated, was in flames. Suddenly a cry arose that Jenny Mason, who slept in the back building, was missing. Jenny was a girl of fourteen, who waited upon Elinor; and her intelligence and pretty face had caused Mrs. Howard to take a warm interest in her.

Elinor herself was the first to hear of the girl's danger. Without an instant's hesitation, she ran through the smoke-filled hall, and up the back stairs, and with difficulty reached the attic, where the half-suffocated girl had just woke up from sleep. A moment after, Graham heard also of the girl's peril, and of what Elinor had done.

"Great heavens, she will lose her own life," he cried. In that moment of maddening agony he learned the secret of his own heart: he loved this peerless woman. He rushed after her; and it was fortunate he did; for by the time he reached the attic the smoke was almost suffocating, and Elinor was blindly seeking to find the door. When he had carried her down he darted back for Jenny, and had just reached the open air, when the wall fell with a crash, and he was struck by a falling beam.

For weeks after this he was very ill. All this time Elinor could scarcely quit his chamber, for Helen had suddenly developed a nervous fever: "the result of the fright," she said; and there was no other woman fit to be a nurse. It was during the watches by his bed-side that Elinor learned Graham's secret.

"She is killed," he would moan. "I loved her, and I could not save her—she is killed!"

Reason came back at last, but even then Elinor could not desert her post; for the physicians declared that her presence was absolutely imperative, and so she remained. Still he got well very slowly.

"If you had not everything in the world to make life desirable," Elinor one day overheard the doctor say to him, "I should think that mental weariness, and disgust of existence in general, retarded your recovery."

Graham only smiled; but as he turned away his eyes Elinor caught the hopeless, tired expression in them, and knew that the physician had unwittingly hit the exact state of the case.

Helen's spasm of affection for her cousin had long since passed, as her sudden attachments for new friends was apt to do; and indeed for some time she had been so engrossed in the society of another relative, one who had lately come back from South America, that she was fully occupied. Dick Grosvenor had once been madly in love with her, and was still fonder of her than he was of any other human being; and Helen liked to feel her power over him, and exercise it: then, too, his hatred for Graham had a kind of satisfaction for her. One afternoon he spoke of Malcolm before Elinor in a most offensive manner. But Helen, so far from resenting it, only assumed her martyr air, attempting excuses for the invalid, which were fuller of venom than any complaints could have been. Elinor waxed indignant, and retorted sharply upon Dick, telling him in very plain language what she thought of his words and his conduct in general. Dick departed in high dudgeon, Helen sitting silent until he had gone. Then she turned on her cousin, with a cold fury, which fairly startled Elinor, it was so sudden and so foreign to her usual composure.

No woman ever possessed a bitterer tongue than Helen, when her temper was roused. She seemed, indeed, temporarily insane. There was something positively diabolical in the manner in which she found and used the means that could most deeply wound and gall her victim.

Elinor listened in silence for awhile, then rose to leave the room; but Helen started up, and barred her passage.

"You shan't go," she said; "I have borne enough. It is my right to speak, and I will."

"I think you are mad," returned Elinor, coldly. "For your own sake, I advise you to be silent."

"Ah, you don't like having the truth put in words," sneered she; "but you shall, for once—you shall! Do you think I am blind and deaf? Do you fancy I am ignorant of what has been going on—that I don't know why you have stopped here?"

"Because you begged me to—because you left me your duty to fulfil," Elinor answered.

Helen laughed contemptuously. Elinor struggled hard to keep her temper; but a fresh torrent of insults was poured out, which at length roused her into telling the woman what she thought of her conduct; and both grew so excited, that neither heard a step which, at that moment, sounded in the adjoining apartment.

Malcolm had been lying on a sofa, in his chamber. He had not, heretofore, gone beyond his dressing-room. But to-day, weary of the confinement, and vexed by the solitude to which he had been left during the morning, he had determined, with the wilfulness of an invalid, to leave it for a moment or two.

He had reached the parlor next the boudoir in which the cousins stood, but was obliged here

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to sit down. As he did so, he heard Helen's voice, sharp with passion; and caught distinctly the insulting words which she uttered.

"Malcolm Graham loves you. I heard him tell you so—I heard him."

"And I have already told you that, for the time, I consider you insane," Elinor replied.

"You can't deny that he said it."

"In his delirium, he certainly did."

"And, no doubt, many times before and since—when he was in full possession of such senses as he has," cried Helen. "Bah! you can't deceive me—I know you."

"You only know yourself, I think, Mrs. Graham," Elinor answered, contemptuously; "I am sorry for you that that self is what it is."

Again she tried to leave the room. But the frantic woman clutched her gown in both hands, and held it fast.

"And you love him!" she exclaimed. "You do; you may as well own it—I should respect you more."

"Let go my dress," was all Elinor said, making no attempt to free herself, but looking in her tormentor's face with eyes full of indignant contempt.

"You shan't stir till you answer; then you may leave as soon as you please—and I hope I shall never see you again. Your mother was a proud, imperious, false-hearted wretch, and you are her rightful daughter."

"And to the benefits my mother heaped upon yours, you owe the fact that your early life was made easy and bright. I thank God that neither of our mothers is alive to learn what manner of woman you have grown into."

"I'll tell Dick—I'll tell everybody," cried the infuriated woman. "Don't you move, or I'll rouse the whole house—servants and all. Answer me. If we stand here till midnight, you shall answer."

"Oh, Helen!"

"Ah, you tremble, and turn white; you are frightened—you are ashamed—no wonder."

"No, Helen," replied Elinor, her voice ringing out slow and clear as the notes of a silver bell; "not frightened, you know it; and ashamed only for you. There is no feeling in my soul for which I need blush, which I need hesitate to avow before the entire universe. I have for Malcolm the affection which a sister would. Had I met him when he was a free man, I could have loved him. You are answered—let me go."

She released her gown from her cousin's grasp, and walked on, followed by Helen's hysterical laughter and shrieks—the ordinary termination to her attacks of frenzy.

Elinor reached the outer room; as she closed the door behind her, she saw Malcolm Graham clinging to a chair, to support himself—whiter and more ghastly far than even his perilous illness had left him.

"Elinor," he exclaimed, involuntarily extending his hand, "Elinor."

She moved quickly towards him, and laid her slender fingers for an instant over his, saying, softly:

"Farewell, Malcolm."

"Is it forever?" he gasped.

"So far as this world is concerned, it is forever," she whispered.

She lifted her hand, pointed upward, and before he could speak, she had left the apartment.

How long Malcolm remained there, in the stillness, he did not know; whether he lost consciousness for a season, he could not tell. He was roused, at length, by the sound of carriage-wheels on the gravel below: he realized that Elinor had gone.

Six weeks later, Malcolm Graham sailed for Europe; and, since then, a twelvemonth had elapsed—months which had tried body and soul almost beyond endurance.

And now he sat in the silence of his room, holding in his hand the telegram which, hours before, had so unexpectedly reached him; and sat gazing out with blind, unseeing eyes, as startled and confused as if he had in sleep been borne into a new world.

Two months from that day, Graham set out upon his homeward voyage, and sought at once the quiet seaside haunt where Elinor Howard was spending the early autumn months.

"You know why I have come," were his first words; "you know, too, that if, amid the darkness of that buried past, there had ever been one wrong thought in my soul, I should not dare to stand here before you. Elinor—Elinor, tell me that I have not come in vain."

She held out her hand in silence, and though a heavenly smile irradiated her features, she looked at him through a mist of tears.

It was indeed a solemn moment to them both; as the coming of a great happiness must always be to those who have passed out of youth. During that season, it seems so much our right to be happy, that we seize upon the boon without wonder or deep reflection of any kind, but to men and women who have trodden the wine-press of affliction, and walked through a blackness deeper than "the valley and shadow of death," to come out into the light of a new day must be liker what the freed soul feels, after its resurrection, than any mere human emotion.

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They spent four blessed weeks together, then Graham was forced to go back to France; but, in the early spring, he should return: the present was to be their last parting in this world.

On the day before that set for his departure, Malcolm went up to New York; almost the first acquaintance he met, as he left his hotel, was Dick Grosvenor, Helen's cousin. He had never liked the man, and he knew that Dick hated him; he was passing on, without other salutation than a bow, but Grosvenor stopped, saying, half sullenly, half defiantly:

"Don't you mean to speak?"

"You declined to do so, the last time we encountered each other," Graham said, quietly. "I am surprised to see you; I supposed you were still in Peru."

Grosvenor looked pale and thin, and was dressed in deep mourning. He was a man of passionate nature and reckless habits; the only deep feeling he had ever known, concentrated on Helen; her he had loved from the days when she was a child. He had been in South America when the tidings of her death reached him, and her dying commands, conveyed in the last letter she ever wrote, had caused his return.

"I only landed yesterday," he said, staring at Graham with an angry frown; "I heard you were here."

"I sail for Havre, to-morrow," Graham replied.

"I needn't wish you a prosperous journey," said Dick, with an evil smile; "you are sure to have it—all the good luck of this world falls to your share."

"I don't know that I can be reproached with having enjoyed an undue amount," rejoined Graham.

"Perhaps you didn't appreciate what you got," said Dick, with smothered fierceness; "I know you didn't deserve all of it."

"A matter of opinion," responded Malcolm, coolly.

The two men looked straight in each other's eyes; Dick's right hand involuntarily clenched itself; an awful storm of wrath swept over his face; but Graham felt no anger; he knew that the man suffered, and, in his new-found happiness, he could be sorry for him.

"You have been down to Hampton," said Dick, after a brief silence. "I hope you left Mrs. Howard well?"

"Quite well," Graham answered.

"You are engaged, of course," Dick said, with a sombre fire blazing in his eyes.

"Yes," Graham replied, curtly.

Dick took off his hat and wiped the great drops of perspiration from his forehead, though the day was fresh and cool.

"You mean to be happy," he said, in a choked voice, "and Helen is dead—poor Helen!"

He raised his hand with a gesture that was a menace rather than a sign of farewell, and strode on without another word.

The next day Graham sailed, and between the beautiful weather and the glory of the dream in which he lived, the voyage was like a passage across some enchanted sea. For more than a month after his landing the dream endured; no premonition of evil troubled his repose. Life had drifted into the magic realm "where it was always afternoon"; and even at his age, and with his experience, Malcolm Graham believed that it would remain there.

At the end of that time, just as he had seated himself one morning to write to Elinor, he received a letter from her, which, when he could take in its contents, seemed almost to rend body and soul in twain.

She broke her engagement; she had made a terrible, terrible mistake—marry him she could not. In this world they must never meet again; all she asked was, that he would forget her.

Cold, bald, pitiless, were the lines—no softness, no sign of weakness. She flung her treachery down upon his heart with remorseless composure, and left him to bear the blow as best he might.

Three months later, he saw in a New York journal the announcement that she was engaged to Dick Grosvenor. Shortly after the reception of her letter he learned that Dick had, by the death of a relative, become the possessor of a colossal fortune. The motive of the woman's conduct was plain: she had perjured her soul and sold herself for gold.

More than two years went by during which period no news of the woman or man reached Graham. During the second twelvemonth he traveled a great deal, and as spring came on, he returned to Cairo, after a prolonged trip up the Nile and into the Holy Land.

On the evening of his arrival he learned that a countryman of his was lying dangerously ill in the hotel. He went to the sufferer's rooms to inquire if he could be of assistance, and found Dick Grosvenor. It chanced that the sick man had one of his brief seasons of freedom from delirium at the time; he recognized Graham immediately, and started up in bed, calling:

"What do you want here?"

"To help you, if I can," Graham replied, "though I did not know to whom I was coming."

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"Well, you do now," said Grosvenor, in a voice that shook with a sudden tremor, hard as he tried to make it dogged and sullen. "I'm not exactly the man that you'd wish to play the Good Samaritan to."

"I shall be glad to do anything in my power," Graham answered. "May I ask—is your wife with you?"

"I am alone, and I have no wife," Dick said, turning his face to the wall. "I wish you'd go out. I'd rather see a ghost—go out!"

That was the last gleam of consciousness which visited the sufferer for many weary days and nights, during which Graham scarcely left his bed-side. But neither attentive nursing nor the efforts of a skilful physician could save Dick Grosvenor; when reason came back, he was a dying man, though he lingered nearly a week.

"I want to make my will," he said, abruptly, to Graham, one afternoon. The Consul was sent for, the will made and duly witnessed, though Malcolm was not called upon to affix his signature.

The next evening Dick roused up suddenly, after lying for hours in a sort of torpor, and stared at Graham with his despairing eyes.

"This is the end," he said, and before Malcolm could speak, he added: "you know it; what would be the good of trying to deceive me? I know it too, and I'm glad. See here, Graham, I have hated you awfully—first and last I have done you all the injury I could."

"Never mind that—"

"Let me finish. Give me some of that drink—it makes me stronger." He swallowed the potion, and went on, brokenly: "I put that notice in the paper, just to torment you. I've only seen Elinor once—when I went to show her the papers Helen left—for revenge—and I helped. She begged me to—she wrote it in her last letter—I was glad to do what she wanted—I'd have sold my soul for Helen."

"Dick, Dick, what do you mean?"

"I'll tell you—I meant to die without doing it—but I can't—I can't! Helen wants it told—she came to me last night—I saw her, oh so plainly!"

"Dick!" called Graham, fearing that the sufferer's mind was beginning to wander again.

"I hear," Dick answered, raising his eyes, which began to glow with the radiance of approaching death. "There's a key in that table-drawer—open my trunk—take out the papers that lie in the tray."

Graham obeyed in silence, placing the package within reach of Grosvenor's hand; but he made a sign to Malcolm to open it.

"Do you want me to read them?" he asked.

Dick made another affirmative gesture, and Graham broke the seal of the envelope. Presently he found himself reading letters of his own, but so garbled and altered that they seemed proofs of his guilt in regard to a business matter in which he had been engaged years before.

"You understand," Dick said, suddenly breaking the silence. "Helen's last letter called me back from Peru—these were confided to me. I showed them to Elinor—I told her that perhaps you did not mean to cheat—but the evidence would send you to prison, and I'd use it if she did not give you up! That was Helen's revenge—I suppose you will never forgive either of us."

"I do forgive both," Graham answered.

"I'll—I'll tell Helen—she'll be glad," Dick muttered, and turned his head away.

That night he died.

A telegram had prepared Elinor Howard for Graham's return, and a fortnight later the pair met in New York. Within a week they were married, and as they walked down the aisle of the church, Graham whispered:

"Our happiness is worth the price we paid, my wife."

"Worth the price we paid," she answered, gazing at him with all her soul in her beautiful eyes.

When Dick Grosvenor's will reached America, it was found that he had divided his entire fortune between the pair. In every way possible he had made atonement for the woman whom he had loved with all the strength of his passionate, misguided nature.

IF YOU HAVE SECRETS, LEST YOU GRIEVE.

BY W. B. MITCHELL.

If you have secrets, lest you grieve,
Oh, trust them not to pretty Nell;
Let not her honest eyes deceive,
She knows not how to keep them well.

If you have heart or love to give,
And she doth deign to smile on you—
You'll never rue it while you live—
Trust it to her, for she'll prove true.

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CRAWFORD'S.

BY WILLIS BOYD ALLEN.

"ALPHA! Alpha! How long are you going to stay out on this piazza? Don't you see the clouds coming down? I declare, it's as bad as the Profile—the air's just wringing wet, and what will become of your crimps?"

"Only a few minutes longer, mamma, please. I want to see the moon rise. Oh, look—there, just over the edge of the mountain—isn't it—"

Just what it was to Alpha Garth, standing there in her dainty evening-dress, and breathlessly leaning forward to watch the eastern sky, she did not tell. Nor, to speak truly, did Mrs. Garth care, just then, to hear. To her superior matronly wisdom and experience, two phantoms overshadowed, with their dark wings, the brightening sky and gleaming moon-tip: they were Rheumatism and Straight Crimps.

She shrugged her shoulders, gathered her fleecy white shawl at her throat with one hand, and placed the other, half caressingly, half fretfully, on her daughter's arm.

"Not another minute, my dear. The music began half an hour ago; the Boston-train people have finished their supper, and are flocking into the parlor. They'll be sure to get the best seats if we don't hurry; and, besides, if you should wet the soles of your slippers through, you couldn't dance a step, to-night. Come, child."

The young girl turned with a sigh and a last sweeping look at the whole glorious night-landscape. On every side the mountains rose, solemn and black, almost from her very feet. At the end of the valley opened the great Notch, through which she could see the white clouds peering in, over each other's heads. Somewhere, far away in the forest, an owl uttered his wild call again and again, and was answered by a comrade

"Alpha, who do you suppose," said her mother, as the girl turned away from the landscape with a sigh, "came over from Fabyan's, to-day?"

"I don't know, mamma"

She stopped short: for, at that instant, the very person, an old acquaintance, Mr. Hudson, approached, and with him a stranger, his friend.

The introduction of the stranger—Mr. Burton—over, Mrs Garth seated herself on one of the broad parlor-sofas, from which she could see the blazing logs in the open fire-place, and watch the dancing, while Mr. Hudson chatted easily at her side, and Alpha walked off to join the dancers, with Mr. Burton as her partner.

Many eyes followed the couple as they wound in and out among the dancers, lightly touching the hands of their comrades, swaying gracefully to and fro, now mingling in a confused knot, and apparently losing themselves in the intricacies of the figure; now tripping away gayly with someone else's partner, but always finding their way back to each other with a salutation of exaggerated stateliness, and a merry word or two as the music paused.

"All prom-e-nade round the hall!" shouted the leader, at last, as he gave a final plunge at the strings of his violin, and laid it aside triumphantly.

The couples scattered to right and left, mainly seeking the broad hall-ways and office.

"What do you say to the piazza, Miss Garth?"

"Oh, do!" she replied, with the incoherence of her kind. "It's so warm here."

So her escort donned his wide-awake, and Alpha, throwing a cobweby mystery over her brown hair, placed her hand on his arm, and passed out of the little side-door into the sweet night-air once more.

For awhile they talked of what each had found to admire in the mountains. Burton, who was an old traveler in that locality, described the accommodations of former days: the great, lumbering coaches, covered with gay sight-seers: the dangerous roads, often rendered impassable in a single night by a slide or freshet: the rush of guests to the hotel-door, in the evening, when the Profile stage arrived: earlier still, the horse-back-parties, up Mount Washington.

"There's the bridle-path now," he said, pointing out the narrow gap in the little grove on the other side of the road. "The horses used to be drawn up here by the piazza, every morning, for the ascending party, and jolly times they had, Miss Garth, I can assure you."

"Oh, they must have had," she exclaimed, enthusiastically.

Then he began to speak of the formation of the White Mountain Range as compared with that of the Alps. Now physical geography had been one of Alpha's favorite studies, in her Boston school, and Rodney was, presently, rather surprised to find she knew more about the subject

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than he did. She talked simply and well: not like a school-girl, parading her knowledge, but like a woman who thoroughly appreciated and enjoyed what was grand and beautiful in nature.

The impulsive, girlish outbursts of enthusiasm and light-hearted merriment, be it said, he had been prepared for. His friend, Ned Hudson, had told him of her as they had come down from Boston, two days before.

"Awfully pretty—brown eyes, and light hair that sticks out all sorts of ways; says what she means, always ready for fun, has a good-natured mamma, dresses in the evening like those girls in 'Patience,' and was nineteen last May."

That was the description. But Burton saw that it had by no means done justice to its subject. Alpha had traveled much, but had apparently seen little of society, which fact showed itself at the outset, by a certain quaint preciseness and constraint of manner; and, a little later, if she really liked her companion, by a delightfully natural speech and bearing.

It was fully ten o'clock when Alpha heard herself called once more from the moonlit piazza. She came immediately, her eyes shining, and the mist-drops on the silky wisps of hair above them.

"Oh, mamma, we've had such a pleasant evening. The moon's been out all the time, and we've made the most delightful plan for to-morrow—Mount Willard in the forenoon, and a walk to Elephant's Head and the Notch in the afternoon. You're going, and Mr. Hudson, and perhaps the Clarks, to make up a wagonful."

"There—there, dear; we'll see, when to-morrow comes. I'm afraid you've tired Mr. Burton, after his journey."

No: Mr. Burton declared himself not tired, but, on the contrary, quite refreshed by the cool air—owed his apologies for deserting the parlor, etc. After this interchange of courtesies, they separated for the night, the girl nodding brightly over her shoulder as she mounted the steep office-stairs beside her mother.

The next morning was a perfection of sunlight and fresh, fir-scented mountain-air. At nine o'clock there was a clatter of harness and hoofs in front of the hotel, as the stout open-wagon rolled up to the main entrance and waited for its load, the four horses pawing the ground and shaking their heads in their eagerness to be off. Thereupon appear our friends of the preceding night, with staves and waterproof wrappings, in the most gleeful of moods. Even Mrs. Garth screams like a girl as she tilts slightly on the narrow board which serves as a sort of gangway, and then laughs herself over into her seat, amid the applause of all beholders. As for Alpha, she is the embodiment of the morning's fresh cheerfulness, and nobody could for a moment harbor an unkind or discontented thought within sound of her happy voice, or sight of the pretty color in her cheeks, and the light in her brown eyes.

"All aboard!" shouts the sturdy young driver, gathering up his reins; and "All aboard!" echoes the chorus from wagon and piazza. The brake-rod is lifted, the wagon starts with a lurch that makes everybody scream again, the whip cracks merrily just over the head of the off-leader, who was inclined to be a bit sulky, but who soon trots all the ill-humor out of himself; and away they rattle, around the grassy triangle, with its plashing, drifting little fountain, down the tawny turf-bordered road, across the railroad-track, and straight at the steep side of Mount Willard.

Alpha was with Burton, on the rear seat, from which the latter vaulted occasionally, to procure a bunch of ferns or fleck of bright moss pointed out by his companion. The air was full of fresh, wholesome forest odors, and the spirits of the party kept pace with their mountain-wagon as it rose steadily above the valley. In about half an hour they reached the level tract upon the summit of the ridge, and the horses, shaking their heads gayly once more, trotted along the soft road at a good pace, while the woods rang with shouts and laughter. At one point there was a little opening beside the road, and a battered sign-board bearing the words: "Hitchcock's Flume." Alpha at once proposed to visit this spot, while their team waited; but the driver admitted it was "a pretty good scramble for ladies;" and Mrs. Garth, supported by the two elder Misses Clark and indolent Ned Hudson, voted to go on.

"Think of the mud, my dear," said the leader of the party, "and those slippery rocks. I've no doubt there are snakes on snakes there, too."

"Yes," drawled Ned. "Fancy them all squirming up to the edge of the precipice, every morning, to survey the view, and then lurking in ambush, to prey upon unhappy tourists. Probably they use the Flume for their back-stairs. I think I see them on their way down, with their little green tails—"

Here he was interrupted by a stifled shriek of horror from one of the Misses Clark, and a coquettish tap from the fan of the other; and the driver being passionately urged to drive on, the long whip cracked, and the glistening red wheels started again on their rounds. Presently, just as the party were beginning to complain of the absence of any possible view, among the thick growth of forest-trees, they turned a sharp corner

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in the road, swept out upon a little open plateau, and halted.

For a moment there was simple wonder-struck, appalled silence. Fifty steps more, and they would have been over the precipice, down a sheer thousand feet to the bottom of the valley. They hastened to alight from the carriage, without a word; then delight got the better of fear, and various were the cries of astonishment and admiration at the wonderful scene before them. For they looked straight down the trough of two mountain waves, eleven miles long, and two or three thousand feet high, their roughened crests breaking, near at hand, into a thin spray edge of tossing bough and leaflet. No sign of human life, save a gray dot here and there, betokening a weather-beaten hut; and the mark of the railroad cutting, which lay like a long yellow straw drifting on the dark sea of fir and spruce.

"What do you think of it, Miss Garth? You have said nothing."

The girl was standing perfectly still on one of the outermost ledges, gazing into the distance with wistful eyes. She started slightly as she heard his voice, and, holding up a harebell she had plucked, said in low clear tones:

"I was thinking, Mr. Burton, what a combination of character—the perfection of man's and the perfection of woman's—was His, who, with one hand, did this," she pointed to the mountains, "while with the other He fashioned a little bell, the slenderest of flowers."

Burton took off his hat, as if he had strayed into a cathedral unawares. Still another side of this unconventional young person.

He "belonged to the church" himself, but his religion was of a steady-going, routine kind, which, while it formed a sort of clean and wholesome atmosphere for his daily breath—nay, had even helped him at times, when some subtle temptation had laid hands upon him—had never made his face flush, nor his pulses beat one whit the faster. He had looked down the valley of the Saco from the overhanging brow of Mount Willard many times, and had carelessly gathered knots of these sky-born harebells, for his buttonhole or hat; but never had he felt the meaning of the hills and the lilies of the field flash through him, as now when it was uttered by this pure-hearted young priestess.

His reply was grave and earnest; quite in keeping with her own mood. They talked quietly for a few moments, not directly upon the same subject, but with the contented consciousness that each knew and sympathized with the undertone of the other's thoughts. If Burton had answered Alpha lightly—on his usual society principle that it was "bad form" to talk religion—I think she would have found it difficult to have ever been even courteously friendly toward him afterward. As it was, he somehow felt called upon to talk his best, and before long was quoting Ruskin, in whom he suddenly felt a new interest.

"Do you remember, Miss Garth," he said, "his description of an Alpine precipice like this, the desolateness of which is shunned by every living thing, save a single tiny moth who flutters out from under the crumbling edge and hovers over the awful depths below? I think the passage is in Modern Painters."

"I've not read that," she answered, simply. "I only have the selections. But the description is beautiful." And she looked out dreamily over the vast sweep of valley and mountain, leaning forward as if in search of the daring insect wings. "I will tell you," she added, "what the flowers remind me of—Browning's lines:

> 'Such a starved bank of moss
> 'Till, that May-morn,
> Blue ran the flash across,
> Violets were born!'"

"Alpha, Alpha! I shall be distracted if you go so near the edge. Mr. Burton, could you catch her if she should fall?"

"I should certainly try, ma'am," he replied, looking up and smiling. "Won't you come down here with us?"

Mrs. Garth was not equal to that, but she compromised and took her seat near the brink of a more retired cliff, at least four feet high, the others joining her. Burton proceeded to make himself as agreeable as possible, and enjoyed it too; for he soon discovered that a portion at least of the daughter's finer character was inherited, and Mrs. Garth responded brightly and pleasantly to the young man's sallies and bits of anecdote. Both ladies had that exquisite charm of bringing out their companions' best qualities of conversation, and Burton felt the exhilaration of talking better than he ever had before. The rest of the party, together with several from Crawford's and the Mt. Pleasant, had meanwhile scattered over the rocks in picturesque little groups, to one of which Mrs. Garth was presently summoned.

"Mamma," said Alpha, as she turned away, "we shall be back in a few minutes. We're just going to run round to the Flume—Mr. Burton knows the way."

"Run round—" Poor Mrs. Garth was fairly speechless for a moment.

But the gentleman explained to her that the path was well worn and quite safe. They would

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follow it over the rocks and through the woods, along the side of the mountain, and return by the road. So she resigned her daughter to his charge with a sigh, and nobody knows what inward apprehension, and the two disappeared behind a clump of gnarled evergreens.

The path was bordered with harebells, nodding fearlessly on the very edge of the precipice, and the gray, mossy rocks formed a delicate background for the golden-rod, asters, and plumy grass which found a footing wherever a bit of soil had gathered in the crannies and seams of the ledge.

Every moment was full of delight to Alpha, whose hands were soon overflowing with blossoms and vines, and who forgot entirely what a final glowing touch of life and beauty she herself gave to the picture. She had dressed, for the day, in one of those bright combinations of scarlet and brown that were the favorites at summer resorts that season; and she seemed to Rodney altogether like a fluttering little maple-leaf, blown to and fro over the grim mountain forehead.

Presently they left the open ground, and passed through the silent, fragrant forest. The shadowy hush of the high solitudes was about them, and they said but little, until the irregular footpath met another at right angles, leading down a sharp descent to the right. A dozen steps in this new direction brought them to that strange cleft in the mountain-side which they had been seeking —Hitchcock's Flume. A narrow bridge crossed the chasm at a little distance below, and on this Alpha stood, clinging to the slender rail which separated them from certain death on the jagged, sloping rocks below. The ravine ran down the mountain-side as far as they could see, its vertical walls evenly cut, as if the whole had been made by a gash from some blunt-edged instrument. It was nowhere wider than five or six feet, and in places was exquisitely draped with ferns and lichens.

Over its gloomy depths bent the solemn firs, their dark sleeves falling back and their crosses held aloft as if in warning, while a few shivering birches shrank back from the treacherous, overhanging brink, pale with horror. There was a strange oppressiveness in the whole scene, and the girl shuddered, like the wan birches.

"Come," she said, half under her breath, "let's go. I don't like it. It's too still and dreadful."

"Don't forget that there are ferns here too," said Rodney, smiling and pointing to a dainty, dew-laden spray below them.

"Thank you," she answered, shaking her head. "I know I ought to think of that part. But somehow it isn't like that great wonderful precipice in the open sunshine. And ferns aren't harebells. And yet—oh, isn't that little frond lovely? See, it has just one wee spot of sunshine—why, Mr. Burton!" her tone changing, "don't, *don't!* I didn't mean—"

But he had left her side, and was already clambering down the upper end of the Flume, where its floor rose to the level of the hillside.

"Don't be alarmed, Miss Alpha," he called, cheerily. "I'll be up in a moment. You shall have the fern to remember the day by. I wish I could give you the sun-spot with it."

As he spoke, his foot slipped a few inches in the debris of rock and sand, and sent a mimic avalanche of sharp little boulders bounding down, down, until they could be seen no more. He had recovered himself immediately, but from her post on the bridge Alpha could see the sudden pallor of his face, and she noticed the slight change in his voice when he spoke again, which he did at once:

"No harm done—it's safe enough—"

Another slide, and fall of stones. This time he struck his hand sharply against a projecting point of rock, so that a red drop fell from it, as, by a violent effort, he checked his downward movement.

"Oh, Mr. Burton, don't mind the fern—I don't care for it—please come back!"

But the fern was almost within reach, and he was man enough, or boy enough, to persist in accomplishing what he had undertaken, though it was plainly at great risk.

Clinging, therefore, to the bare, wet face of the cliff, and planting his feet cautiously, each time uncertain the rock would crumble at his touch, he crept downward and outward toward the tiny plant. Nearer and nearer. Alpha did not speak again, but stood clutching the rail with white hands, while her heart beat as if it would shake her from her foot-hold.

At last Burton slowly stretched out his hand, and gently uprooting the innocent cause of his dangerous exploit, placed it in his bosom. Then he turned his back upon the valley, and began the ascent. For a minute or two he met with no serious trouble, gaining step by step upward, and holding his ground firmly with hands and feet. As the last part of the way was mainly unsafe by reason of the treacherous, steeply sloping bed of the gulch, he concluded to scale the wall, which at that point was from twenty to thirty feet high.

From point to point, accordingly, he clambered, and as Alpha watched him she could not but admire the powerful, easy way in which he

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raised himself by sheer arm-strength, seeming to use his feet merely to guide and steady himself in the ascent. And now he was almost near enough to touch the bridge. He paused, panting, and looked up with his bright smile.

"I'll make sure of the fern, Miss Garth," he said, cheerily. "Please reach down your hand for it." And drawing the little bunch of fronds from his bosom, he partly swung himself out from the ledge and held it up toward her.

She knelt on the boards, and did as she was bidden. Whether it was from inattention, or a careless movement, at that very moment Burton felt his foot slip.

"Quick!" he cried; but it was too late. With a rumble and crash, a half-ton or more of rock, loosened in the course of many winters, fell away from beneath him, and he would inevitably have followed, had not the girl, with wonderful presence of mind, seized the hand which was upheld toward her, and thrown her whole weight against the upright rail of the bridge. Burton still clutched the rock-wall with the fingers of his right hand, but there was no hold for his feet upon the smooth face of the cliff, which was now hollowed in where the fragment had fallen. He had turned toward Alpha and reached out farther than was necessary, and, hanging as he was at the full length of his arms, widely outspread, he knew as well as she that if she released her hold, he must drop. Nor could she move along the bridge, to bring his hands nearer together, as there was no other upright rail, and without that she would have been dragged over.

He looked up, and, even in his own extremity of danger, saw that the post was yielding perilously under the strain. The girl's face was blanched, and her teeth set.

"Let go!" he called out, hoarsely. "Let go, I say, or you'll be over, too!"

But she would not let go. She clung to the rail, with a full half of his weight hanging by her slender wrist, and shrieked for help.

It was all over in less time than it takes to tell it, though it seemed hours that she held him there. Half a mile below and beyond, she could catch glimpses of trees upon the other side of the valley, like moss beside the road. Then her eyes were blurred, and she felt herself growing dizzy. She vaguely wondered what Boston people would arrive at Crawford's that night, and thought how interested they would be in the tragedy of that fatal twenty-ninth of August, and how they would visit the Flume the next day, gazing with awe into its cool, still depths.

She could have saved herself at any moment by a single movement of the hand. Meantime the rail began to utter little fitful snaps and snarls, as it gradually leaned outward farther and farther. But she still held on.

"Help! Oh, help!" she cried.

It was an extraordinary, and not altogether pleasant sound, to smite upon the well-bred ears of the party just up from the Notch, and on the way—as a matter of duty—to "do" Hitchcock's Flume. Two or three kid-gloved young men were ahead of the rest, whistling languidly the latest Harvard round.

"Help—quick—oh-h!" and the sharp cry died away into a little helpless wail.

The whistling stopped. Down sprang kid-gloves number one, heedless of the mud that smirched his dainty patent-leathers, and down rushed kid-gloves two and three, after him.

An instant's glance at the little scarlet and brown heap out there on the bridge, and figure swinging in mid-air below, told the whole story. The college-men bounded forward with swift, lithe movements, and threw themselves, face downward, one on the bank, two on the bridge.

"Now then, let go, miss. We've got him." And while birches and bridge whirled around Alpha's giddy head in utter confusion, as she sank back upon the moss, these young athletes—from the sophomore crew they were—had Burton up in a trice, and laid him out on the bank.

This part of the work done, they turned to the girl, where, indeed, their movements were more uncertain. They did very well, however, rubbing and patting her hands, and shouting to their sisters, who were on the path, to hurry up, and take charge of the fair patient; which they—also kid-gloved—did with much womanly tenderness and skill.

What followed can be told in few words. As soon as her daughter recovered from the mental and physical strain of the adventure, which was not till after a whole week, Mrs. Garth left the mountains for a few restful, unfashionable days at the Isles of Shoals, and then returned to her home in Boston.

By the very earnest request of the family, who particularly detested the sensational, the story was confined to the few who were actual participants in the scene; and Alpha thus narrowly escaped being transformed to that most hateful of things—a newspaper lioness. Her life flowed on quietly as before, with her Hawthorne-Room Readings, her numerous social duties and pleasures, and her Sunday forenoons in Trinity, where the beauty of her character grew deeper and more winning under the strong, healthful sermons of the rector, Phillips Brooks.

If she was a trifle quieter and more grave than

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during the preceding winter, nobody could complain; for it was, at the same time, evident that her enjoyment in every-day human living increased, until her eyes took on a new brightness, and her cheeks bloomed more prettily than ever before. Evidently life had, somehow, a new purpose for her. What it was, perhaps she herself did not realize. At any rate, nobody else could guess, until it was noticed, by a lady across the street, that a certain young man in a drab wide-awake was often in waiting at Mrs. Garth's front-door; and inferences were accordingly drawn.

When, therefore, it became widely known that Rodney Burton was paying very particular attention to Alpha Garth—to the extent that he had already taken her to three out of the five oratorios of the season—that same watchful lady nodded her head wisely, and intimated that stores of knowledge were treasured up in her own prescient self, and that things were "getting along." With which remark she closed her lips firmly a moment, and then, for a change of theme, insisted upon discussing Joseph Cook's latest discourse; all of which maneuvre was not without marked effect upon her hearers.

It was a blustering evening in early April, when, among the many elegant carriages which rolled down Winter Street, toward Music Hall, was one in which sat the two persons who were occasioning so much curiosity and entertainment among their neighbors. Apparently, the surmises which had recently filled the air were really not without foundation; for Burton was at this very minute holding Alpha's little gloved hand, and pleading in tones of unmistakable intensity:

"Alpha—"

"Oh, but please, please wait—" she begged, gazing out at the snow as it fell in a great white disk around each flickering street-lamp; and trying in vain to think of sensible, right words for this importunate young man.

"But, Alpha—"

"See, we must get out!" she interrupted, with such evident relief, that Burton's heart sank. She walked up the long entrance by his side demurely enough, a large flake or two falling upon the saucy wisps of hair, and making her look more witching than ever. Her hand rested lightly—very lightly—on the big sleeve of his ulster, and he felt as if he were slipping away again from its touch, as on that terrible day in the mountains. If she would only look at him as she did then.

There was no opportunity for conversation during the next hour. The music was entrancing, to most of the audience, but he cared nothing for that. All he wanted was a chance to say—or hear—one word. In vain he waited. The solos were too low, and the choruses were too loud. At last he could bear it no longer. Right in the middle of a tremendous crash of organ, orchestra, bassos, sopranos, and all, he leaned over and whispered:

"Alpha—Alpha—*don't* let go!"

He could see the delicate crimson spread over her cheek. Music, people, and hall, flew away like Aladdin's palace. He was alone with her again on the desolate mountain-side, seeing only her, waiting only for her voice. Below him, he felt, were the jagged rocks.

Look—what was she doing? With her sweet brown eyes fixed upon the platform, as if there were nothing in the world to her but Bach and his music, she made a little movement of her hand. Just a wee flutter; but he saw it, and waited breathlessly. Then it came over to him, trembling, but none the less sure and strong, and—under cover of the dainty fur trimming of her cloak—clasped his own.

Sure and strong—and it remained: while the music, swelling to a grand, triumphant peal, rolled through the wide hall, thrilling the hearts of man and woman, finding its way out into the silence of the night, up through the softly falling snow, till it was lost in the star-lit heavens, high above every cloud.

WHAT SHE THOUGHT.

BY JEAN MAXWELL.

To love, nor dare to show it;
To hide it lest he know it;
The love that might be lasting
To starve with over-fasting;
To guard one's face, in fear it
Sweets from my heart inherit;
To mask my every feature,
Be false to my own nature,
And act a part abhorrent
To check my passion's torrent,
Lest he, not yet my lover,
My worship should discover;
And, with no heart to prize me,
Should pity and despise me.

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RULE OR RUIN.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1882, by Miss Ann Stephens, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.]

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CHAPTER XXV.

THE broad and beautiful valley in which the city of Auburn stands is in the very heart of the lake country of New York, and, at all times, must have been remarkable for its scenery, which is at once picturesque and Arcadian. Surrounded by woodlands, and farms that seem almost inexhaustible in wealth of soil: by noble orchards, thickly-grassed meadows, and fields green in the spring-time, but rich with ruddy coloring when the grain ripens or its stubble is left bare: the city, with its church-spires, its public buildings, superior private dwellings, and pretty cottages, possesses all the charm of country life, with much that gives splendor to a metropolitan city.

Thus, embowered in trees, blooming with gardens, and within easy distance of three crystal lakes, over some one of which the wind is sure to sweep freshness and fragrance with every change of the compass, the place might seem too quiet and rural for anything but rest and studious repose, were it not made picturesque by hills crowned with Indian fortifications of dimensions and antiquity that still puzzle historians, or covered with lofty trees, through which monumental shafts and funereal marbles gleam over the sleeping dead of the white man.

To this is added the force of a noble water-power, which comes with a bright rush of rapids from the Owasco Lake, and, sweeping the rural beauties of the valley, fills its atmosphere with life and such joyous noises as swiftly-running water alone can give.

This outlet in the picturesque windings of its laughing waters combines all the wild beauties of nature with a power of wealth that gives commercial importance to the city, and fills its streets with rare business activity. Dams flash their arches of curved crystal across it. Mills are built on its banks, that turn the abundant grain of the valley into flour. Flumes drain its swift waters off to factories worked by a thrifty people, who inhabit the pretty cottages, and plant their tiny flower-gardens in the outskirts of the city.

Still, in its present state of almost perfect civilization, it is doubtful if the Valley of the Owasco was not far more beautiful when it lay wild and wonderfully luxuriant in the heart of a great wilderness, more than a hundred years ago, when John Roach, with his Indian escort, caught a welcome view of it from the Genesee trail which forms a principal street of the present city.

Then, indeed, it was a scene of wild—almost savage—grandeur, enhanced in all the picturesque features of natural scenery by a spirit of eternal warfare: for the Cayugas were only second to the Senecas in their love of the war-path, and had learned something of the art of defense from the whites, with whom they had associated more than was usual, even to a tribe of the "Six Nations."

This was evident from the trail where John Roach halted; for there, within the fortifications crowning a high eminence before him, the Cayugas had built their medicine-lodge, and, still more conspicuous, their principal castle of defense.

Huge old trees, rooted on this hill, made historical by the magnitude and antiquity of its fortifications for centuries, clothed it with their massive verdure to the top. Oaks, chestnuts, pines, and hemlocks, that only seemed smaller because they were on a level with the eye, crowded down the valley, under which Indian lodges and wigwams clustered in picturesque groups—some close to the base of "Fort Hill," others sending up their blue smoke along the rapids of the outlet to the banks of the Owasco itself.

It was early in the morning, when John Roach, weary and travel-worn, halted his little party in sight of these fortifications, and pointing to the rudely-built castle of logs, on which the bright autumnal sun was shining, called out:

"At last we are near something human. Out yonder, we shall find enough to eat, and a warm welcome. This is a season of plenty, with our friends. It is like a festival to look that way."

It was indeed a season of wild harvesting, in the woods, where crops were to be gathered which no mortal hand had ever planted.

The whole valley was a scene of savage activity,

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wild, and yet peaceful. Blue smoke was curling up through the branches of those old trees, in every direction; women were busy about their wigwams, cooking the venison their braves had brought in, or dressing skins, so important for winter clothing. Other women were hard at work in the corn-patches, that filled such openings in the woods as permitted of rude planting. Children, too, were busy as squirrels in the hickory-trees, that were just beginning to drop nuts from their husks, and swarmed up the great, spreading chestnut-trees, rattling nuts like hailstones from the great star-like burrs, among crowds of younger children too small for climbing, who scrambled for them like wild kittens.

Young girls, with baskets of birch-bark, or vowen grass, were roaming through crab-apple thickets in search of fruit, or knelt down in the marshes on their hands and knees, gathering cranberries from the damp moss of the low grounds, now drained into fruitful fields. This was work for women and children; but the men of the nation were not altogether idle, though, just then, there was no war-path for them to tread. Occasionally, a shot was heard ringing out from the swamps or upland woods: sure proof that hunting-parties were abroad and busy as the women.

"Upon my word, this is a sight worth looking at," said Roach, dropping his bridle to the tired neck of his horse. "It is almost like coming back to a civilized home, to see human beings so full of life. I wonder if my old friend, the Sachem, will be glad to see me? I can answer for this: his pretty wildcat of a daughter would. If she were only here to cook my breakfast now —heavens, what a meal I could devour."

Roach spoke in English, and had no hesitation in framing his most selfish thoughts into words. Indeed, so weary had been that journey through the woods, that he took a sort of pleasure in talking with himself; and, hungry as he really was, allowed his horse to steal close to the side of the trail and crop some of the forest-grass, while his thoughts turned back to Okalona, and, with colder hesitation, to Angela, whom he sometimes almost hated, because she always seemed to stand between him and the only creature capable of arousing his heart to human emotion.

"Come," he said, shaking himself free from these inopportune thoughts. "So many fires are blazing, that I can almost smell the broiled venison here. Let us push on; the squaws will be sure to give us a breakfast. There—there, old fellow, manage to creep on a mile or two more, and you shall browse to your heart's content."

But the tired horse had got a mouthful of grass between his teeth, and shook his head viciously, when the bit was drawn rather tighter than he liked.

"Come—come, old fellow, we cannot go hungry, while you are feasting. Come, I say!"

Roach gave the bridle a sudden jerk; for, that instant, the sharp crack of a gun came from the underbrush close by him. The horse, frightened by the same noise, rose to his hind legs, wheeled, almost threw his rider, and came down again, trembling in all his heavy limbs. A great rush of some frightened body through the tree-branches and underbrush followed a shrill cry that had frightened the horse, and a huge wild-turkey seemed to hurl itself across the path before him: where it lay with its great wings spread wide in the dust, and the agonies of death shivering through his torn plumage.

Roach conquered his horse easily, and looked down in wonder at the huge bird that had died almost beneath his hoofs.

"By George, if we only had one of the squaws to cook it, here is a breakfast close at hand. I say," he added, in the Indian tongue, "one of you fellows swing the bird up before you. He looks in famous condition."

The guide, thus addressed, shook his head, and pointed toward a thick growth of underwood, through which a young Indian was making his way to the trail.

"Don't touch the turkey—it's mine," said the hunter; and stooping over the prostrate game, he lifted it by the legs, dragged it to one side of the trail, and stood by it, leaning on his gun.

"So, my good fellow, it was your shot that rattled so near my head. Upon my word, it was a close shave between me and the turkey."

Something that seemed almost like a smile came over the dark and really handsome face of the hunter. He looked down upon the game at his feet, and then at the man, as if a little uncertain which he should have preferred to see there.

"If you want the turkey to eat, it is there," he said, in pure English. "It was for Father Meda; but he never lets anyone go hungry."

"Father Meda? Ah, have I not seen you before?"

"Many times."

"And you know the missionary?"

"Yes."

"He, perhaps, taught you how to speak English?"

"Yes."

"Were you with him, at the Council-fire?"

"I was there."

"But you were young for a Sachem."

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"My father was a Sachem, and his father, also."

"And you?"

"Shall be one, if the wise men up yonder think me worthy."

Roach turned upon the Indian suddenly; a flash of intelligence shot over his face, darkening it somewhat.

"When you speak of the wise men up yonder, it is Dahionet you are thinking of."

"As he is the wisest among all our Sachems, yes."

"And as he has a beautiful daughter, who also studies English with Father Meda."

The young man was a savage, brought up in the woods like a wild animal, but he rebuked this coarse speech as a prince might have done, simply because of the manhood within him.

"We do not speak of our women to strangers," he said.

Roach flushed a little, but laughed carelessly.

"Can you tell me where Father Meda is, just now?" he questioned. "I wish to see him."

The hunter did not answer at once; then he said, anxiously:

"Do you bring him news of his daughter?"

"Perhaps. Why not? Is he still at the lodge by Skaniateles?"

"He is there—quite alone."

"And you are going to him?"

"He has no one else, and is sick at heart."

Roach looked around. He was yet some distance from the village, and shrunk somewhat from the coarse hospitality that would be offered him there; after a long journey through the wilderness, the repose of Father Meda's cabin seemed like heaven to him. He was very tired and hungry; but fastidious, also.

"The Skaniateles trail should be somewhere near; but I am not sure of it."

"You have news of his daughter—I will find it for you," answered the hunter.

Roach turned to his escort, and directed it, in the Indian tongue, to go on to the village, and wait for him there.

The men, who belonged to that broken tribe picked up from stragglers from the "Six Nations," called "Christian Indians," and were almost entirely under the influence of French priests, moved forward. With them was a white man, who seemed to understand no language that was spoken, but sat on his horse in stolid silence, simply obeying when orders for an advance were given. The young hunter looked at this singular person more than once, as if trying to recollect his face; but the calm, set features baffled him, if he had, indeed, ever seen them before.

"Now," said Roach, "let us set our faces toward the missionary's cabin. The very thought of it cheers me."

The hunter lifted his turkey by the legs, and swung it over his shoulder.

"I will show you the trail," he said, "and then go forward. My steps will be too swift for your horse: but you will not miss the way."

"Not if once put in the right direction; and you seem a safe guide. Come, old fellow," he added, forcing his horse back from the grass he still persisted in cropping, "a few miles more, and you shall browse to your heart's content."

The horse very unwillingly put his stiff limbs in motion, and bore his rider along the broken road with the dull patience of an Indian woman under burden. For some little distance they retraced the Genesee trail, then turned down a scarcely perceptible path in the woods. Here the hunter left his charge, after giving him all needful directions, and disappeared down the trail with the step of a chamois-hunter.

Roach followed the easy grace of his movements with a certain feeling of uneasiness. Something he remembered of a young Chief and prospective Sachem, whom the tribe had selected as a husband for Okalona. Could this stately young savage be indeed her lover? He spoke English, like herself. Had they been educated for each other by the old missionary?

CHAPTER XXVI.

Father Meda had returned to his lodge on the banks of the Skaniateles Lake: an humble but not unpicturesque dwelling, that had for years sheltered his small household, while the best energies of his life were given to the Indians with whom he had taken up his abode. Among the Cayugas he was best known as a missionary; but he had come among them as the emissary of no church, and seemed far more anxious to bestow useful knowledge and kindly ideas of self-government upon them than he was to secure proselytes to any particular creed. Certainly he was no sectarian, bigoted in his own belief and intolerant of all others, but a man of broad generous views, both in religion and all social usages that lead to higher knowledge and greater prosperity among men.

No church or society paid a stipend for this man's support. What few wants he had beyond the rude way of living known to his savage friends, were provided for by some unexplained means of his own. Still he seemed only to have brought with him into the wilderness the great wisdom gathered up in former intercourse with civilized life, and a knowledge of those secrets

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of nature that close study of the sciences alone can give.

Thus endowed, and with no other companion than one little girl, this man had taken up his abode with the Cayugas, and seemed to have cast his lot, for life, with them, gently guiding their superstitions into a more reasonable form of worship, without destroying their poetry, suggesting methods of cultivation into their rude ideas of husbandry that were fast turning the wild luxuriance of nature into forms of comfort unknown to other tribes.

Thus teaching the active charities of religion with all the useful appliances of life that his savage friends would accept, this man reserved nothing for himself but the child that seemed dear to him as the blood that warmed his own heart. To him she was the one object of love snatched from the world and borne away into that wilderness as eagles hide their young in inaccessible crags and allow no meaner birds to approach their eyries.

In teaching this child he found supreme happiness, as if his own soul was being developed over again. That she might be spared all the loneliness of solitary study, he had gathered the brightest and most enterprising children of the nation and formed a little community of scholarship, of which she was the centre.

In this way Okalona had received her bright flashes of knowledge, and the young Indian hunter, who was bearing his game along the trail, far ahead of John Roach, had become an intelligent student.

But Angela was gone. The crag to which this old eagle had carried his young had been scaled, and all sense of security had left him. The wilderness had not been deep enough to hide him and his one treasure from the world he sought to evade. The old man was disheartened and bewildered by events that had brought what he had believed to be the dead past so unexpectedly upon him. Feeling safe in his wild retreat, he had given himself no thought of this danger, nor had he really become aware that the child that had grown up with him in the still life of the woods was, in fact, a beautiful woman, who had a right to her place in the open world. In this the old man had blinded himself, or, as sensitive people turn their minds from ideas of terrible pain, refused to reason on the subject; but now he was forced to think—forced, perhaps, to condemn himself, and that was worse than pain.

The girl's life was before her; she had become conscious of her own individuality; the intuitions of a pure womanhood were filling her soul with sweet trouble. To her natural longing to see the world he had yielded reluctantly, and thus led her into companionship of which he alone could measure the full peril.

This great trouble was upon him now. The log cabin which had been a peaceful home so many years was like an empty bird-cage to him. Angela and Okalona were both among the people he dreaded. Oh, how he missed the sweet companionship of his child—the bright vagaries of Dahionet's bewildering daughter. But he thanked God that Clinton's swift-winged vessel had swept them out of reach while the party of Lady Fausbrook and her son were likely to become guests among the Cayugas—guests, it might be, even in his own home: for how could he refuse to share with them the hospitality that had never been refused to the meanest tramp of the woods?

Sometimes Locarne, the young favorite of Dahionet, would leave the more active settlement at Owasco and come with the step of a swift runner down the forest-path to Skaniateles and spend a night with the old man, always bringing delicate small game, shot on the way, or ripe fruit from the marshes.

The sound of Locarne's footsteps on the turf outside his cabin-door brought a flash of pleasure to the heavy eyes of the old man, and he looked up eagerly.

"Ah, you have come at last," he said, as the door opened and the young man entered with some resistance; for the wings of the turkey brushed heavily against both door-posts and dragged away quantities of a late-flowering morning-glory vine that had wound its tendrils around them. "I have been wishing for you."

Locarne forced his game through the opening and laid it at the old man's feet with a look of proud satisfaction.

"It is the finest of the year. Dahionet has its mate. I killed this on the trail, and almost shot the white trader instead."

"The white trader—has he come, then?" said Meda, turning his eyes from the game at his feet, and questioning the youth with sudden interest. "When did he come in—and how large is his party? They must have traveled through long trails; for we have been home—"

"Less than a week," said the young Indian, interrupting him.

"Less than a week. Oh, it seems years and years," repeated the missionary, with melancholy thoughtfulness. "And all the weeks that are to come—will they be tortured into a deadly drag of time like this?"

"Our canoes are swifter than the white man's horses," said the young hunter, scarcely know-

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ing how to answer this mournful speech. "The Mohawk makes its own trail, and we had nothing to do but follow it; but guides sometimes get the wrong path, and horses are not like Indian runners; they will get lame and tire out."

"But the lady?"

Locarne shook his head.

"And the English officer?"

"There was only one white man—yes, another, that might be a priest—and two guides."

"The rest may be lingering on the trail," said Meda, drawing a heavy breath. "They will be here, and then—"

The old man did not complete his sentence, for just then came the sound of hoofs moving slowly over the turf, and a minute later Roach stood on the threshold of the open door, soiled and travel-stained, but smiling as usual.

"It is fortunate that you got ahead of us, my dear old friend," he said, with a strong effort at cheerfulness, "for no person ever wanted rest more than I do. Our journey out has been fearfully tedious."

"For the lady it must have been," said the missionary, meeting his enforced guest at the door. "Indeed, it was a dangerous journey for her."

"Oh, my lady thought little of it. She is not so very romantic, after all. Such fancies come and go in the mind of a woman, like butterflies in a wheat-field; but they are harmless, after all. Lady Fausbrook changed her mind at the last moment, and has gone back to New York, with the Governor and his party."

"Gone back to New York, with the Governor—with my Angela?"

The missionary repeated these words sharply. A look of keen apprehension darted like steel to his eyes, and over his features came the pallor of growing dismay.

"Gone back to New York—at least, are on their way there. I saw them all embark from the wharf at Albany, and a jolly procession it was."

"But the young officer—Lord Fausbrook—surely he is left behind with his regiment?"

"He was left behind; but the Huron was hardly out of sight, when he, with an officer or two of his staff, took to the road and went southward, also. Albany, you will admit, must be a dull place after the splendor of that Council-fire. The young nobleman could hardly be expected to content himself there."

The missionary, whose hand had been grasping the back of a chair more and more firmly as he listened, now released his hold and sank into the seat, overwhelmed with dismay.

"Mother and son both there—and she helpless as a bird in the jaws of a serpent," he thought, with a force of pain that almost wrote the thoughts on his countenance.

Roach looked at him keenly a moment, striving to fathom the meaning of so much anguish.

"Ah!" he ejaculated softly to himself, "there is some reason for this. He fears these people. This is the man. You seem surprised," he said, aloud; "disappointed, too. Well, my dear friend, comfort yourself with the thought that you have only one hungry traveler to feed and lodge, instead of a dainty lady and a dashing English officer."

"At least, we will attend to his wants," was the hospitable answer; and conquering the surprise and distress this man's news had brought him, the old gentleman passed into another department of the cabin, which served as a kitchen. In this humble room, a slave-girl, whom Father Meda had rescued from among the victims of a war-party brought in for torture, had grown into useful womanhood, and retaining the knowledge learned among the whites, gave to the old man's household a kind of civilization and domestic comfort unknown to any other home in the wilderness.

John Roach certainly brought a keen appetite to the table, upon which the woman placed a dish of broiled venison, and a trout, taken that morning from a bright little brook that came laughing down the hill-side and emptied itself into the lake close by the cabin. A hoe-cake, made of corn pounded to meal between two stones, gave additional relish to the meal, and potatoes, dry from a garden fenced in from creeping animals with a rude barricade of closely-woven young cedars, crowned it with unusual luxury.

Hungry as he was, Roach did not for a moment forget his mission to that hospitable roof. He was beneath it for observation as well as comfort, and watched everything, from the countenance of the missionary to the movements of the negro cook, with keen but seemingly careless scrutiny. In ordinary houses, the room in which his meal was served would have been a library: for all the books contained in the cabin were arranged in shelves against its wall, over which curtains of silk, faded till they had no definite color, were drawn. In his former hurried visits to the lake, these things had struck him as singular, but as some member of the family was always present, he had found no opportunity of examining the volumes so carefully preserved, or of forming a definite opinion regarding them.

Now everything was changed. With Angela always at home, and Okalona coming and going

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as a bird flits in and out of a cage, it was impossible for any strange man to find a home under that cabin-roof; but dull and lonely as it was with both these bright spirits absent, he had only to claim a little rest and the shelter of a white man's roof for a few days, and it could not well be denied him.

Indeed, it was hardly necessary for this wish to be expressed; for hospitality, in those wild regions, was held sacred as religion, even by the savages; and, once under his roof, Father Meda had no idea of sending him forth, though the news he had brought there was of a kind to make him feel that every hour that kept him from the trail to Albany was laden with disaster to himself and all that he loved.

These feelings of apprehension grew so strong in the old man, that he left Roach at the table, and followed Locarne down to the shore of the lake, where the young brave had betaken himself, in a most dissatisfied condition of mind.

"You know this man," said the missionary, speaking with more excitement than was usual to him; "both here and in Albany you have seen him."

"Yes, Father, both here and there I have seen him."

"You do not like him, Locarne. His presence here disturbs you."

"His presence here or anywhere alwyas disturbs me. I only wish to see him on the warpath, face to face; each with a sure rifle. There should be no fighting behind trees then."

The old man smiled very faintly; perhaps he guessed at the feelings that gave so much bitterness to Locarne's speech.

"But he has done no harm, that you should think of revenge. It is of other things I wish to talk about. I must go away from here."

The young man started, unfolded the strong arms that had been crossed on his bosom, and held them out in sudden appeal.

"You go away—you, Father Meda—but where?"

"I do not know. I cannot think. But first down to the great city, where I shall find my child. Will you go with me?"

"Down to the great city where Okalona is?" exclaimed the young man, with a swift flash of fire in his eyes. "Do waters grow brighter when the sunshine breaks over them?"

"Then you will go? You and I alone. We know the way."

"But when—but when?" cried the young man, beginning to load the gun he had carried with him, as if that were necessary preparation for a long journey. "To-night—to-morrow morning—now?"

"Have patience; my son, we must wait a little. This man has asked food and shelter of us; our latch-string must not be drawn in, even from an enemy."

"But what brings him here?"

"He is a trader, you know."

"But our furs are all sold. He cannot come for them. Besides, Father, there was another white man on the trail; I do not like him more than this one. His face is a lie—a cold, cruel lie. Both are snakes, only the one up yonder coils himself and strikes without the stir of a rattle. This one opens his jaws and lures a thing to death with smiles; the difference seems great, but both of them kill."

"Why do you think so much evil of this man? Tell me if there are any grounds for the dislike that makes me shrink away from him most when his smile is warmest and his voice most caressing." said Meda, with great earnestness. "Tell me, if you know anything."

"He was a friend of the great English lady."

"Yes, I know that."

"And so is this other man. I remember him now; only then he wore the garments of a priest—a French priest."

"Oh!"

"The man in yonder and the traveler I left on the trail were together in the woods back of our Council-fire, that night when our Sachems and the Governor brightened their treaty-chain. I saw them more than once, among the shadows, talking with the great English lady. What had those two men to say when she stole back from the light to hear them?"

The old man listened intently.

"You saw those three persons together—and one seemed like a French priest?"

"As he seems like a trader now. The Cayugas do not permit French priests to harbor in their villages, so here he is a trader."

The old man was very thoughtful. He felt that some danger was near him, but could not comprehend it. John Roach he had never really liked. The natural antipathy of natures discordant in every thought held these two men apart. What object had brought him into the wilderness? Why had he so unwillingly been forced to receive him as a guest?

"Still, you intend to go?" questioned Locarne, rendered anxious by the long silence maintained through these reflections.

"Come to me in the morning. Yes, we shall surely go."

The old man reached out his hand. It was hot and feverish.

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CHAPTER XXVII.

"The day is wonderfully beautiful," said Roach, as he sauntered down from the cabin and joined Meda on the bank of the lake, where a group of canoes lay rocking in a willow-shaded inlet. "If one could only manage one of these water-cradles, it would be a temptation to go upon the water. As it is, I will take a bath, shake the dust from my clothes, and rest myself in this flood of yellow sunshine. It will seem like Paradise, after my experience in the woods. But you, my kind friend, must not be made a prisoner on my account."

The missionary seized upon this suggestion. He had been strangely disturbed, and the very presence of this man added to the wild bewilderment of his thoughts. He longed to get away into the solitude of those sleeping waters, where the fever of anxiety that possessed him might give place to reflection.

"I have seen you manage one of these queer things lightly as a duck takes to water. Your daughter, too—"

The very mention of Angela sent a thrill of such angry pain through the old man's bosom that he turned away from this seemingly unconscious tormentor, and hurriedly untying one of the canoes, pushed it out of the inlet. Then he looked back, thoughtful of what appeared like rudeness to a guest; but Roach waved his hand, and moved along the bank, as if to find some secluded spot for his bath. Then, with a feeling of relief, such as a charmed bird knows when the serpent turns his eyes away, he moved, with a gentle motion of the paddle, into the deep and still deeper waters of the lake.

John Roach was, in many respects, a self-restraining man. When he had work to do, good or evil, he usually went about it with calculating coolness; no angel could have bathed in that lake with more satisfaction than he felt when its pure crystal waters laved his tired limbs and at times sparkled over his head. When his travel-worn garments were relieved of dust and carefully arranged, he seemed to have been endowed with new life, and while the pleasant sunshine was falling around him, went back to the cabin, free to pursue his object in coming there unmolested.

"First," he thought, looking around as generals survey a battle-field, "first of all, let me find access to any cabinet or box that may hold secret papers or other relics of a past life. Something there must be if this old gentleman is the person my papers speak of. Here, for instance, is an article that I could not permit myself to investigate when he was by—for he is a gentleman, I can swear to that—a fork of silver, three-pronged, such as no poor missionary ever carried into the wilderness for his own use; heavy silver, too, with something here upon the handle that has been roughly defaced. I would give fifty pounds to be certain what it was. The crest would be enough proof for me at least."

Here Roach laid down the fork that had been placed by his plate at the table with a dissatisfied gesture. Then he pushed back the curtains and examined the book-shelves, seeking for some drawer or secret place in which papers or treasures of some kind might be hoarded.

One after another he took down the volumes: some of them were in Latin, others puzzled the young man with Greek characters he did not understand. Some were in English; but no publisher's mark among them bore a date more recent than thirty years. The search was discouraging; now and then a marginal note appeared on the yellow edge of the page, but nothing that could give a clue to the owner.

Still the man went on searching volume after volume—English, Italian, and back among remote languages of which he knew nothing. At last, packed behind larger volumes, some of them bound sumptuously in vellum or specimens of exquisitely carved wood, he found a singular book, old and worn till the golden devices on its cover were almost obliterated. A heavy silver clasp, of exceeding richness, held the covers tightly together, and on it, engraved with such delicacy that it was almost lost in the bronze of oxidization, he discovered a coat-of-arms.

Roach examined this minutely, then laid the book on his knee, and drew a long, deep breath. For a moment he sat there, pale as death, gazing down upon the old volume; then he arose, moved softly to the door, and looked out upon the lake Father Meda was visible, drifting in his canoe, as if he did not care to use the paddle.

Roach knew that he was safe for half an hour, at least, and, returning to his seat, sat down and opened the book.

It was all there. The record of an ancient Florentine family, dating back to a period far beyond the fur-trader's recollection of Italian history—a grand family once, but broken down and impoverished by the vicissitudes that change dynasties, and disrupt or consolidate nations. All this was beyond the young man's sphere of knowledge: but that which he searched for, and really cared about, was the name and crest. He had seen them before, carefully drawn and written, and knew well the value of their significance.

The pallor that had settled on the young man's

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face, when the secret he had come across the ocean to find out was made clear to him, subsided slowly, and was replaced by a glow of triumph as he read the recorded history of this great race over and over again. There was no necessity that he should search further. All that he wanted was a certainty that the last descendant of this broken family was known to Father Meda, among the Cayuga Indians. It was the identity of the man, not the grandeur of his race, that the fur-trader was seeking for.

"This was what the woman wanted. This was the chestnut I was to draw out from the fire for her. But why? She had a motive. When do such quiet, sweet creatures purr about us, like kittens, without one? But she did not know that we were both on the same trail, and that the chestnuts may all be eaten up before she gets one. What is it that she fears? What can she know that I have to learn—and what part is the young Earl taking? Having come to a certainty, I must at once put myself in a position to learn. Thank heaven, my errand in the wilderness is so far accomplished. No—no, I must first make friends with this old man: with him on my side, it will not be difficult to defeat my lady's shallow schemes, let them be what they may."

All these thoughts ran through the man's plotting brain. Suddenly the canoe's bow was turned landward, and it came drifting toward him through the dazzling sunshine.

"Shall I take the book, or leave it?" he thought, with hurried anxiety. "It has done its work. Where is the necessity that proof should be given to others? No—no, I am satisfied. I am ready to act. The rest is sure to come, when I have once secured the girl. But Okalona—my poor Okalona! if it were her now."

Father Meda was fast approaching the shore now. Roach saw this, and hastily returned the book of records to its place behind the other volumes. Then he walked quietly down to the shore, and helped the old man secure his canoe in the willow cove.

"That cold bath, and an excellent breakfast, have done wonders for me," he said. "I longed to join in that pull upon the lake, before you were half-way out."

"Yes, it has done me good," answered the missionary, with his usual gentle kindliness.

"But the sun is warm, and we shall find the shade of your cabin pleasant after your long pull on the lake. Besides, I—excuse me, but I have had an object in coming here, which it is the first wish of my life that you should approve."

There was some embarrassment in the young man's speech, that rather surprised his host; but he simply bowed his head, and walked on.

"You will, at least, hear me with patience," continued Roach, when they were seated in-doors, still speaking with unusual hesitation. "Perhaps I cannot expect a person of your age to enter into my feelings."

One of those faint, sweet expressions of regretful memory, that make an old man's smile so pathetic, stole across the missionary's face.

"I shall never find myself so old that the troubles or pleasures of my fellow-creatures will seem unnatural to me," he said.

"But the feelings I wish to explain are so far removed from your time of life," replied Roach, seeking to give himself both time and courage.

"There is no time of life when a man forgets that he is human," rejoined the missionary. "But you wish to consult me about something."

"It is—it is of something very dear to you that I wish to speak."

Roach absolutely faltered in his speech as he said this. The old man looked at him in mild surprise. It was impossible that he should comprehend the meaning of this embarrassment: for, with all the humility that he had thought for and found, this man seemed much further removed from a share in his own life than the Indians to whom he had devoted it.

"It is of your granddaughter I wish to speak."

"My granddaughter?"

The old man was fully aroused now; his eyes lighted up like steel, a look of haughty wonder fell on the trader's face.

"Did I hear aright, Mr. Roach? Were you speaking of my granddaughter?"

"I hope it does not seem like presumption that I have found it impossible not to love her."

"Love her—love my Angela?"

"If love were a sentiment that anyone could control, I should feel myself almost culpable in speaking of mine; but from the first day on which I had the happiness, or misfortune, to see the young lady, she became very dear to me."

The old man did not speak—he could not. The swell of proud wrath that rose to his throat conquered all power of words. Thus, for one full minute, he sat, struggling against the passion he had thought conquered and dead in his nature long ago. When he did find the power of utterance, his voice was calm, but cold as ice.

"You are not angry with me?" pleaded Roach, with something like real humility; for there was something about the missionary that awed him. "As I said before, love awaits the free will of no man."

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"True—true," repeated Meda, bowing his head. "I have no right to be angry."

"And you will not altogether discourage my pretensions, let me hope?"

"Your pretensions—well?"

"The life of Miss Angela here in the wilderness cannot be so pleasant that any change might not be for her happiness—"

The old man bent his troubled eyes to the floor. Something in this speech struck him like a just rebuke. This emboldened Roach, who went on with more confidence:

"I may not be considered a despicable match in the world to which my wife will be introduced."

"Your wife?"

"Surely you did not think that I was harboring any other idea in my mind. She may have been brought up with the Indian idea of marriage, but it is the first wish of my life to take her to England, and win for her an honorable position there. Believe me, I can do this, however great the impediments may seem."

"My granddaughter—does she know of this? Is it with her consent that you come to me?"

"I thought it more respectful to speak to you. Her consent will follow."

"Will follow? Have you dared—have you spoken to her of this project?"

"I have thought it best to first consult you."

"Then she knows nothing?"

Roach smiled one of those meaning smiles with which vain men insinuate an idea they dare not utter in words.

Meda did not see this smile, or his next words might not have been so moderate.

"Then she knows nothing of your journey here, or its object?" he repeated.

"Only what she may naturally conjecture from my absence from her side; for I cannot imagine that she is ignorant of my devotion to her, or in any way wishes to discourage it."

A sigh of relief escaped the old man. He arose with an air of cold and gentle dignity, more imposing than any burst of anger could have been.

"It is my will that no word on this subject shall ever pass from your lips to my granddaughter or any other human being."

"You refuse me, then?" exclaimed Roach, passing from self-confidence to anger. "You consider me unworthy your granddaughter's hand? In what way am I her inferior? Surely I have been considerate enough to satisfy the pride of any man. While I offer you all knowledge of my own position, this appeal has been made in total ignorance of what relates to the young lady's previous life or history. I do not even know the name of her father."

Even this coarse man was startled by the effect produced by this rude speech. Pale, still, but suddenly upright as a young man, the missionary stood before him, a blaze of indignation in his eyes, a curl of scorn on his lips.

"We do not turn guests from our doors in the wilderness," he said. "You have been made welcome under this roof. Remain here as long as it may suit your convenience; as for myself, I have business elsewhere."

Roach was struck dumb; astounded as much by his own outbreak of passion, that had led him on to irreparable imprudence, as he was by the calm pride of this dismissal.

"Fool—fool—hot-headed idiot that I was, to sting him so," he exclaimed, stamping up and down the cabin-floor, as Meda took the trail to Owasco and disappeared among the trees. "A little delicate handling might have brought the old man round—now my madness has left but one way open. Yes—yes, there is another. What I have said will take the old fellow off. He will be going southward with a small escort. I will strengthen mine. Well, at any rate, the time for action has come. It is not likely that either of us will ever see this place again."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"THE WIND FROM THE NORTHWEST."

BY ALICE MAUDE EWELL.

The wind from the Northwest came over the hills,
Came over the hills with a shout and a song,
Driving the East-wind before him along,
Laughing and bounding over the hills.

In the glorious pride of his beauty and strength,
Shaking back the bright, far-streaming locks of his hair;
And the clouds from the East fled away in despair,
In terror, beholding his beauty and strength.

He ruffled the waters with turbulent breath,
He shook from the roses the rain-drops away,
Then over the meadows swept recklessly gay;
All the flowers in the meadows were stirred by his breath.

O'er the heights—forest-crowned—he triumphantly swept,
And the pines and the oak-trees at sound of his voice
Lifted up their proud heads and began to rejoice,
As through the dark forest, triumphant, he swept.

All the waters reflected the light of his eyes,
All Nature looked up with a smile as he passed,
Till the few scattered cloudlets that lingered at last
Blushed red at the glance of his beautiful eyes.

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THAT TEA-POT.

BY SIDNEY DAYRE.

"I'D NEVER in the world 's' thought of buying it myself—that tea-pot—for, betwixt you and me, it was an ugly little thing enough. Squatty No shape to it at all, and the spout sticking out in just the way you thought it hadn't ought to. And it wasn't nice and clean-looking like my gold-banded china, but dingy. The flowers on it, though, was the worst. Not painted in neat little nosegays, but just as if they had been pitched at it—stary and scraggy, and with great streaky green things running clear off the edges.

"The way I come to have it was: when I carried my sweet flag-root down to the store where my nephew—John Caleb Plummer—clerks, he was just unpacking a lot of crockery, and he held up that tea-pot.

"'Now,' says he, 'ain't that a beauty?'

"I thought it or'nary-looking enough, myself, but, of course, I wasn't going to run his goods down.

"'Antique, you see,' says he. 'They're all the rage down to Boston. They've sent this out for a sample, and it's the first one that's come into the neighborhood. I ain't forgot how I broke yours, long ago, when I threw a turnip at the cow, when I left the gate open and she got into the garden, and it went smashing into the pantry-window. So, now, I'm going to give you this.'

"He spoke as if he thought it quite a thing to do, and, of course, I couldn't let on I didn't think so myself. Not that I was going to say I thought anything I didn't think, but he talked away so fast, I hadn't a chance to say anything but a thank-you. That was always the way with John Caleb. The gate left open, and the cow, and the turnip, and the broken tea-pot, and now me given this humbly little thing instid of it, from which, you'll see when I've told you, I was going to have quite a deal of worry—was all along of his way of stopping to talk—talk—talk, about all the big things he was going to do, the summer he chored at our place.

"Of course, I had to use it, for fear of hurting John Caleb's feelings if I didn't, and it soon got dingier 'n ever with the hot water, and when a nick came on the spout, and another on the rim—I found it nicked awful easy—it didn't begin with a tin tea-pot scoured up with whiting and the least morsel of soft-soap.

"Folks from Boston's been coming out here to our neighborhood for the last few summers. The old tavern is all fixed up with long porches, and it looks gay when they go driving about in their style carriages. And, one morning, as I was setting my bread to rise, someone knocked at the kitchen-door, and I see two ladies there: one of 'em was plump and nice-looking, and the other was older, and taller, and scrawnier.

"'Good morning,' says the little one. 'Beg your pardon for coming around: we knocked at the front-door and no one heard, and we came to ask you for a drink—and besides, we were so much attracted by your lovely old-fashioned roof, and the vines clambering over it.'

"'I always thought the vines was pretty,' says I, 'but I can't say I think much of the old gambrel-roof.'

"As the tall lady was drinking the water I gave 'em, t'other one gave a little scream.

"'That old tea-pot!' says she, pointing to where it set, on the back of the stove. I was provoked enough to think they'd seen such a common-looking thing about.

"'Yes,' says I, 'it does look old enough, and mean enough, but they didn't stop to hear anything I said after I said 'old.'

"'Perhaps a hundred years,' says the oldish lady, while she put on her glasses to look.

"'Such a darling, stumpy little thing,' says the young one.

"It did look a hundred years old, if it looked a day, and I hadn't the face to contradict 'em.

"'Just the kind of thing you might expect to see in such a charming old house,' says one.

"They turned it round, and kept going on over it till the tall lady said:

"'I s'pose you wouldn't like to part with it, would you?'

"I couldn't, for the life of me, tell whether they wanted to make fun of me or not, so I wasn't very quick to speak: but the little lady didn't give me much time, for she said, provoked like:

"'Now, aunt, you always get before me. I want it, if it's to be had.'

"'Could you be induced to part with it?' asked the aunt.

"'Why, ma'am—' says I.

"'What would you be willing to take for it?' says she, very eager.

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"Now, I'd heard John Caleb tell someone how them tea-pots was worth seventy-five cents—and dear enough at that, to my way of thinking—so, though I'd 'a' been glad to give it away to anybody for nothing, only for fear of giving offense, I began calc'lating how much I ought to throw off for the use I'd had of it, and the nicks I'd made in it, though how anybody could use the thing without nicking it, would be past my understanding, and I thought it would be about right if I said forty cents. I knew I could get a good tin one for less money. So says I:

"'I'm sorry about the nicks, ma'am—'

"'Oh,' says the young lady, 'the nicks are just charming. They look as if they might have been made by your great-grandmother. Perhaps they were.'

"'Indeed, ma'am—' says I.

"'Please set a price on it,' says the old lady, without giving me a chance to say that it wasn't at all likely my great-grandmother ever had such a poor piece of stuff in her house.

"'I'll give you five dollars for it,' says the young lady.

"'But' ma'am—' says I.

"'I'll give you six—seven—eight—' says the old lady.

"I was so dumfounded I couldn't speak a word, but stood looking first at one and then at t'other, which, like enough, was why they thought I didn't think it was enough to pay, when goodness knows I was wondering whether or no they mightn't be a little bit crazy.

"'You can take time to think of it,' says the aunt. 'Have you any other pieces of old-fashioned ware, or china?'

"Right glad I was of the chance to show 'em I had something a little decent; so I stepped to the cupboard where my gold-banded china was, and threw open the door. But the taste of some people is amazing. I see they meant to be polite, but they turned away from that cupboard and says:

"'Oh—thank you,' and looked again at that tea-pot. They talked over it till I felt more and more sure they must be a little touched in their intellects, and then went away, saying they'd call again.

"And that very afternoon the old lady came again.

"'You see,' says she, 'my niece and I, we're trying who can make the largest collection of old china, and if you're willing to take ten dollars for it, I hope you'll let me have it.'

"'But, ma'am—' says I, and then I tried my best to tell her it wasn't worth no such money, and I didn't set any particular store by it, and she could have it for forty cents. But, without being such a chattery one as her niece, she had such a persistent ride-over-you way of saying her say, that the next thing I knew I was standing there with a ten-dollar bill in my hand, and she gone, carrying that tea-pot as if it had been a king's crown.

"Soon, though, I began to think more of how the money was to go than how it had come. Maria Ann Plummer, my namesake, sister to John Caleb, had wrote me how her children was puny and her husband laid up with a sprain just at harvest-time, and they had hard work to rub along and hire help. I always did believe in helping one's own kin, so the next morning, after I'd got my work done up, I put the ten dollars in a letter and stepped down to the village and put it in the post-office. Then I went in to ask John Caleb how much dried boneset they could take of me this season.

"He was unpacking crockery again, and the first thing I set my eyes on was two or three of them tea-pots, as like to the one he'd given me as one pea is like another. I was most afraid he'd see me color up at sight of 'em, for it brought to my mind how I'd gone and sold his present; I didn't mean he should know it as long as I could help it.

"But as soon as I'd settled about the boneset, I turned round and went straight to the tavern where all the city folks was staying. You see, I was glad of the chance of doing one of them two a little good turn, seeing I'd got such a deal of money from the family.

"The youngest one was setting out on the long porch, but when she see I wanted to speak to her she took me to her room.

"'I'm glad enough to be able to tell you,' says I, 'being your mind was so set on one of them tea-pots, that they've got more of 'em down to the village, at the store—my nephew, John Caleb Plummer, he clerks there—and I come to let you know so they wouldn't be gone, though I can't honestly advise you to get one, for truth is truth, and it's my plain duty to let you know they don't wear well.'

"'Do you mean,' says she, 'that your tea-pot was got at the store?'

"'Yes,' says I.

"'When?' says she.

"'Why, it must be well on to a month ago,' says I. 'I never see anything get shabby-looking quite so soon as that tea-pot did.'

"And then—well, you'd ought to seen that woman laugh. Laughed and laughed till the tears come out of her eyes, and I couldn't for the life of me help laughing along with her.

"'I'm glad you're so pleased,' I says. 'You've

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done better by waiting, too, for the new ones is a deal brighter and prettier, if folks wants such shaped things, which I'm free to confess I don't—'

"'I am pleased,' says she, 'it's the best thing I've heard for ever so long.' And she laughed again, till I thought she never would stop.

"When she did stop, I took the chance of telling how I'd been feeling it a weight on my mind about the old tea-pot. How her aunt had been so persistent I couldn't well say no, and then without stopping much to think about it I'd sent the money to Maria Ann, she being near kin to me and needing it, and so I couldn't very well give it back just now, but if she'd only tell me a place where I could direct a letter to her aunt when she went back to Boston, I'd be proud and glad to do it just as soon as I disposed of my boneset and other yarbs, and anyone could see it would be no more'n fair and right now that she could get a better one so cheap—

"But she wouldn't let me talk about it at all. After she'd done laughing, she took my hand, in the sweetest sort of a kindly way, and kissed me.

"'Don't you think any more about that,' says she. 'It's all fair and right as it is: for my aunt insisted on doing as she did. She's got more money than she knows what to do with, and never values anything unless she pays a great deal for it. I think the money must have come to you just for the sake of Maria Ann.'

"It was good of her to say so. As I was coming down through the hall, she went acrost it to another room, and soon there was more laughing—as if plenty more folks was tickled to hear they could get some more of them ugly little tea-pots. I could hear it all the way downstairs.

"But dear me! as I went along past the end of the house, what should I see coming down from a window and going smash into a heap of bricks, but that tea-pot! And I just caught sight of the old lady, with her lips set together, looking mad.

"'There now,' says I to myself, 'some of them giddy things in there's managed to drop the poor old lady's tea-pot that she set her heart on so, and paid so much for. No wonder she looks worked up over it.'

"A while after, I asked John Caleb if the Boston folks had bought all his tea-pots, and he said they hadn't so much as looked at 'em. Queer, wasn't it?"

THE OAK'S SECRET.

BY MARIE CORINNE.

Near the deep forest, dim with leafy shadow,
Relieved by sunny glade,
A sturdy oak, o'er green and fragrant meadow,
Once threw a welcome shade.

Here children oft in summer days were playing:
Here lovers held their tryst
When all the verdant boughs were gently swaying,
By evening zephyr kissed.

In stately pride the monarch stood for ages,
Through sunshine and through storm;
And no rude blast, that round the forest rages,
Had marred his kingly form.

One day the sky, aglow with noon-day gladness,
Grew dark with sudden woe;
The cyclone wild, descending in its madness,
The mighty oak laid low.

When morning sunshine bathed the earth with splendor,
Crowds came and by it stood,
And noticed, as they spoke in accents tender,
A curious knot of wood.

They hewed it open, that they might discover
The secret buried there,
And found—no doubt 'twas hidden by a lover—
A lock of sunny hair.

Within the oak's tough bark the knot was driven,
Two centuries before;
They counted, from the place the trunk was riven,
Two hundred rings and more.

The silent oak repaid no farther question;
That waving trees of hair
Betrayed the secret, with the sweet suggestion
Of lovers' meeting there.

When summer moonlight tinged with silver glory
The velvety green earth,
Beneath its boughs was told the wondrous story,
As old as Eden's birth.

Sweet promises were made, fond vows were spoken,
And sealed with solemn oath;
This golden curl was given as a token—
Bright emblem of their troth.

In kindly heart of oak, through years unnumbered,
Reposed the precious trust,
While the fair head, from which the curl was sundered,
Had mingled with the dust.

And many youths and maidens, hither straying,
Had owned love's potent spell;
Yet still the stalwart trunk and branches swaying
Had kept the secret well.

While tales of cruel strife, and warriors' glory,
The world may well forget,
Around the humble sweetness of this story
The fragrance lingers yet.

For still, though empires fall, and monarchs perish,
Though planets cease to move,
Throughout all change, mankind will ever cherish
Thy name, O deathless love!

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EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

No. 1—Is a charming costume, for a young lady, composed of nun's-veiling and velvet. The skirt is of velvet, perfectly plain, and two and a half yards in width. It is bordered with a ruche of the veiling, which is lined with soft surah silk. Our model is of garnet velvet, and pale-pink veiling. The ruche is lined with silk to match, and made into a rose quilling, and placed nearly upon the edge of the skirt. The tunic is very simple and only hemmed upon the edge; it loops quite high at the sides from the front and back. The bodice has double box-plaits at the back, and collar and cuffs of velvet to match skirt. Small bullet-shaped buttons, crocheted, or of fancy metal, are mostly used. The edge of the bodice is faced with velvet. Six yards of vel-

No. 1.

No. 2.

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vet, eight yards of nun's-veiling, double fold, two yards of silk, for lining ruche, will be required for this dress. Garnet with cream-color,

No. 3.

or brown with écru, black with white· any of these combinations will be pretty and effective.

No. 2—Is suitable for either a traveling or walking-costume. It is made of striped woolen material with plain to match the dominant color The skirt is bordered with two knife-plaited ruffles of the plain material, over which is a straight kilted tunic of the stripe, hemmed and trimmed with three rows of narrow braid or velvet ribbon. The bodice may be either a plain round waist with belt and sash, or it may be made into a simple basque, with box-plaits at the back. The wrap is also of the striped material, and is made into what is called a sportsman's cape. It has a seam down the back, and is cut to fit the shoulders, plaited into the back, and again at the neck in front. Almost any lady can cut it for herself by experimenting with some old muslin, to get the proper fullness at the back. A dark satin bow and ends for the back, and the same for the collar and bow at the throat. Ten to twelve yards of double-fold stripe, and six yards of plain for the skirt; two yards of wide satin ribbon for the back, and two yards of two and a half inch width for the bow in front.

No. 3—Is a costume of cashmere, or camel's-hair, in any self-color: designed for a young girl. It has a simple plain round skirt, bordered with first a box-plaited ruffle, and over that two knife-plaited ones. The upper one is headed by a band of velvet, two inches wide, or eight or ten rows of very narrow velvet ribbon or braid. The waist has a gathered yoke to fit, and the fullness is then fitted into a belt at the waist, being made

No. 4.

over a tight-fitting lining The waist buttons at the back. Half-long sleeves, with two knife-plaited ruffles at the elbow. A velvet collar,

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velvet belt, with long loops and ends at the right side. Eleven to twelve yards of double-fold goods will be required.

No. 5.

No. 6.

No. 4—Is designed for either the house or for walking. The skirt is of twilled plaid camel's-hair. The kilted skirt is mounted upon a deep yoke. The tunic is formed of one width of the material, from three to three and a half yards in length: begin with one end at the left side, and use the piece lengthwise, plaiting it to form the apron-front, as seen in the illustration; and drape in the back in irregular puffs, rather short. The jacket may be of cloth or velvet, to match with the prevailing color of the plaid. It is a simple cuirass coat-basque, trimmed with passementerie of tubular braid. A most useful costume for the early autumn.

No. 5.—For a girl of five years, we have a model

No. 7.

in the Princess form, of a little costume of Nelson-blue serge, with a scarf of Turkey-red surah silk; Cromwell collar and cuffs, of linen.

No. 6.—We give the front and back of coat, for a little girl. The material is a light-gray lady's-cloth, with pockets, collar, and cuffs of plaid velvet. It is gathered, back and front, at the neck and waist, bringing all the fullness in those places, as seen in the illustration. The cape is adjustable, and is lined either with red flannel or twilled silk. For a winter wrap, the whole should have an interlining of flannel.

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No. 7—Is another stylish wrap, for a little girl. Here the cloth is of a very light drab, with trimmings of velvet: dark-green, navy-blue, or garnet. It is a simple close-fitting sacque, with the full-

No. 8.

ness thrown into two box-plaits at the back. The cape has a turnover collar, with revers of velvet; collar, sash, pockets, and cuffs also of velvet.

No. 8.—For a boy of eight to nine years. Knickerbocker pants, and jacket, of navy-blue serge. Vest, collar, and cuffs, of very light gray or white flannel. The pants have the edge at the knee cut in squares, and bound with silk or worsted braid. The cuffs are cut out in the same way. Several rows of braid or machine-stitching finish the edge of the jacket and outside seams of pants, pockets, etc. The trimming on the fronts of the jacket are cut out of the material of the vest: three of the pieces on each front, as seen in illustration. These may be left off, if preferred.

LADIES' PATTERNS.

Any style in this number will be sent by mail on receipt of full price for corresponding article in price list below. Patterns will be put together and plainly marked. Patterns designed to order.

Princess Dress: Plain,	.50
" " with drapery and trimming,	1.00
Polonaise,	.50
Combination Walking Suits,	1.00
Trimmed Skirts,	.50
Watteau Wrapper,	.50
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Basques,	.35
Coats,	.35
" with vests or skirts cut off,	.50
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Waterproofs and Circulars,	.35
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CHILDREN'S PATTERNS.

Dresses: Plain,	.25	Basques and Coats,	.25
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Polonaise: Plain,	.25	Waterproofs, Circulars	
" Fancy,	.35	and Ulsters,	.25

BOYS' PATTERNS.

Jackets,	.25	Wrappers,	.25
Pants,	.20	Gents' Shirts,	.50
Vests,	.20	" Wrappers,	.30
Ulsters,	.30		

Infant's wardrobe, including seven pieces, $1.00: Slip, Dress, Baricoat, Band, Shirt, Bib, Cloak.

We have marked in the catalogue the patterns we always keep in stock.

In sending orders for Patterns, please send the number and month of Magazine, also No. of page or figure or anything definite, and also whether for lady or child. Address, Mrs. M. A. Jones, 28 South Eighth Street, Philadelphia.

FLORAL DESIGNS IN EMBROIDERY, Etc.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give six new floral designs. These represent, respectively: violets, forget-me-nots, convolvuluses, field-flowers, lilies of the valley, and rosebuds. Although the working-stitches for embroidery are so plainly visible, these graceful clusters may be adapted to any kind of decorative work, and easily reduced or enlarged. With regard to embroidery, the designs can be utilized for furniture purposes, or for lawn-tennis dresses and aprons, executed in crewels on oatmeal, huckaback, or any other coarse linen fabric, as well as on canvas. However, they look best on the sheeny surfaces of satin, silk sheeting, velvet, etc., softly brought out in their long stitches of silk, arrasene, chenille: rendered more brilliant still by the gleam of metallic thread or the sprinkling of beads. Indeed, the sprays might be entirely wrought with beads and tinsel, either in all their solidity or by a mere outline. In the latter case, they would answer splendidly for aprons and tunics in net, gauze, or fine canvas, and even dolman sleeves in wide-meshed grenadine are often encrusted with similar tufts and scrolls in jet, steel, and gilt beads. The patterns can be imitated either in their natural colors—a

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real art among modern embroideresses—or in a single hue, as an instance of which we may note the model of an elegant mantle, from Paris, —which we have seen—having dolman sleeves, lined with light-colored silk, and ornamented on its black ground of open silk grenadine by a powdering of bells, flying about as though they were just being swung from side to side. Small jet beads marked out their shape, and a line or two for shading as well as an end of the rope from which each apparently hung. In a similar style, the flowers of our cuts, either detached or grouped, would have a very pretty effect. The lilies of the valley and forget-me-nots might be charmingly transferred to the sachet of a bride, or the birthday-present of a young girl.

WALL-POCKET: IN EMBROIDERY.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

We give, here, a new and pretty design for an embroidered wall-pocket. Everything of this kind is now done in embroidery or painting. The shape is first cut out of card-board, the required size; then covered with velvet or satin, on which floral designs have been previously worked for the back and for the front pocket also.

This embroidery is done in colored floselle. Some ladies, who can paint on satin or silk, prefer to ornament in that way. The back and inside of the front pocket are lined with satin to match, and the whole is finished with a thick gold-colored silk cord. This wall-pocket is rendered still more useful by the addition of a watch-hook.

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LANGTRY POLONAISE: WITH SUPPLEMENT.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give here a new-style polonaise, called the "Langtry." Folded in with the number is a SUPPLEMENT, containing full-size patterns to cut it out by. It consists of a pointed basque, on to which the skirt-part is draped. There are five pieces:

No. 1.—HALF OF FRONT.
No. 2.—HALF OF BACK.
No. 3.—FIRST SIDE-BACK.
No. 4.—SECOND SIDE-BACK.

The letters and round dots show how and where the pieces must join.

No. 5.—UPPER AND UNDER HALF OF SLEEVE.

For the skirt-drapery of the polonaise, take three yards of double-width goods, and make an inch-wide hem all round; then begin at the left side, and with the upper hem of the three-yard piece begin to arrange the drapery as seen by illustration—from the left side down across the point of the basque, then around to the centre of the back—this fits quite plain; then take the other end of the three-yard piece and begin at the left side, a trifle beyond where the other side began, and carry this end to meet the other at the middle of the back, and either straight across the back of the basque, or slightly pointed. Then the remainder of the fullness is put in: by taking up the middle of the drapery as it comes here you can make two long loops, the rest falling naturally: this makes a very graceful drapery; or you can arrange the fullness in irregular puffs, to suit the fancy. Finish with a rosette of two-inch wide satin ribbon at the side and at the centre of the back. Long loops are added to the rosette. From the front of the basque, where the dress buttons, the drapery is not sewed down, but left loose, to be pinned in place, or fitted with a hook and loop. Pinning will most likely be the most satisfactory, as it can always be made to fit smooth and close. The rosette is fastened to this side. If preferred, the drapery may be made to open exactly in front; this is a matter for the individual taste to decide. The waist may be trimmed or not, with the lace and plaited plastron, which is made separate and fastens at the back under the collar. The sleeve, we have given long, as more desirable; but the same pattern shortened gives the one in our model. This pattern is cut for a thirty-six inch bust. Allow all seams, except for the neck and arm-holes.

We also give, on the SUPPLEMENT, two designs in embroidery: One is a rose, to be worked in outline-stitch or embroidery-stitch. The other is a spray of poppies, to be done in outline-stitch.

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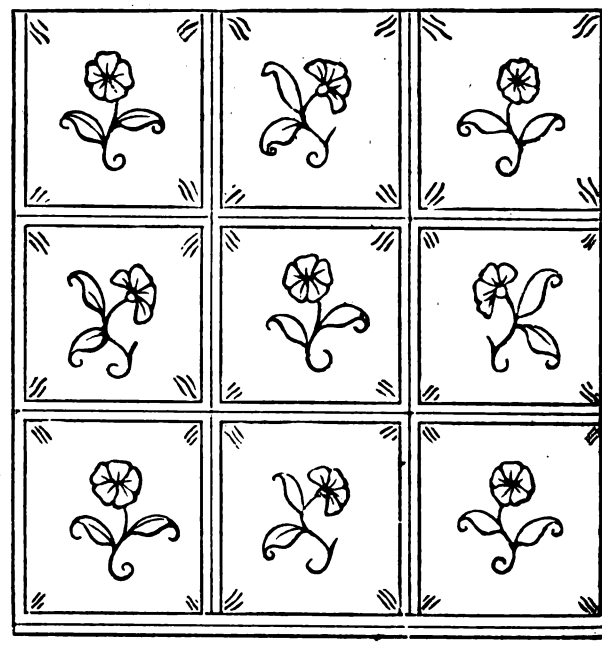
ART EMBROIDERY. No. V.

BY HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.

In former numbers of this year, we gave various patterns in art embroidery, some purely conventional, some more realistic. We now give, here, two designs for cushions.



The first of the two designs is a section of a cushion, to be worked either on linen or on a light-colored Roman satin. It has a good effect, and is so very simple, both in design and execution, that almost any person could undertake it. Conventional sprays are best to use, and you may have as many different ones as you please, so long as they match well in character and in amount of work. The lines which form the frame of each spray must be carefully marked by the thread, and then it can be very well worked in the hand, in simple crewel, or, as it is more properly called, stem-stitch. In the same or in different shades of the same color, if worked on linen, it would make a very useful corner for a cushion which is likely to be much used, as it will then wash or clean any number of times. If you are making this cover for any special cushion, you must be careful to divide it into so many squares, according to the size you want, as halves or unequal squares left at the edges would spoil the effect of the whole.

The other, given here, is the corner and centre of a cushion, of conventional pomegranate. The lines round this are only intended to keep the design in its place. It is to be placed about an inch from the edge of the cushion, which can therefore be any size you re-

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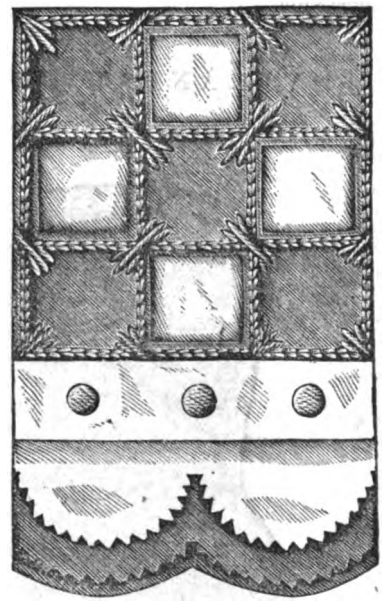
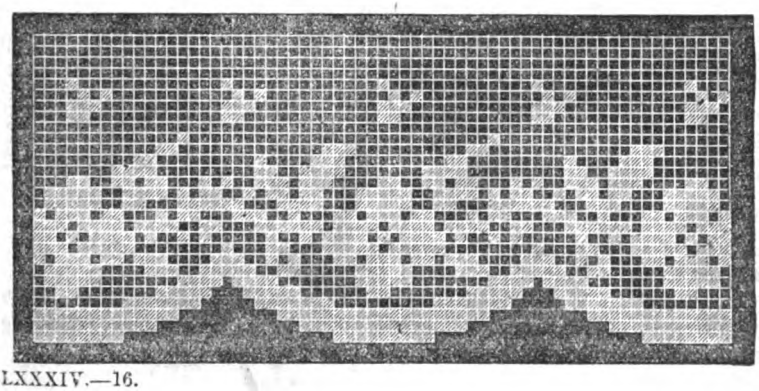
quire, and need not be drawn to fit any special shape or size. Cushions are extremely handsome, worked on some dark material; on dark-brown velveteen, for instance, in rich gold colors, or on dark-green velveteen in light-olive; but, for our part, we prefer them rather light in color. This design would work well on old-gold, or on pale-yellow or blue, either solid, in natural colors, or in outline in two or three shades; or it could be outlined with gold thread, and filled up with silk. We have seen pomegranates so beautifully worked and shaded in natural colors as to be real works of art; but it is necessary then to work the pattern in a frame, and it requires much experience to blend the shades and colors into each other in a harmonious and effective manner. The design we give is, however, too decidedly conventional—especially as regards the centre—to render a natural treatment desirable. It would be best to work it in outline, putting in the seeds of the fruit both in the corners and centre—which is intended to represent a pomegranate split open and flattened in the conventional manner—solidly, in the lightest shade of whatever color you may be using, and outlining them with a kind of lattice-work stitch of the darkest shade.

DESIGN FOR A BABY'S QUILT.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

This quilt is made of square pieces of cloth, light and dark. These blocks may be made of silk, or satin, or flannel. The light blocks are filled with down, and are double. The dark blocks being single, they are then run together flat, and the joinings hidden by chain-stitches of silk or wool; the corners are hidden by long stitches which cross them. The border is a dark piece of cloth, with the edge pinked in a large scallop; over this is laid a light piece, done in the same way, and to conceal the joining to the squares a broad worsted braid is sewed on the top, and an embroidered design of circles in silk finishes the quilt. There should be no lining to the quilt; it will be warm and light, and a lining would make it heavy. A more costly and elegant quilt could be made of satin blocks filled with down, and the dark ones—unlined—of silk. These quilts serve for cots or sofa-quilts, or, mostly, for placing midway over a bed from the centre to the foot, as extra covering.





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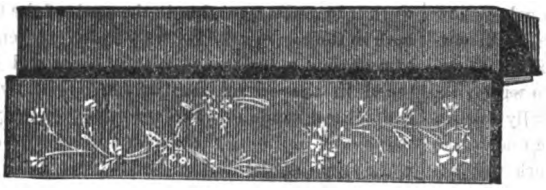
GLOVE-BOX: WITH DETAIL.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This box is intended to hold the long gloves now so fashionable. It is covered in plush, either embroidered or painted after the design which we give in detail. The box may be made of wood or of stiff card-board. The inside is lined with quilted satin.

VERANDAH CHAIR.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

The chair is of willow or cane. The cover for the back and the cushion are of plush, satin, or écru linen. The design is done in Kensington-stitch with crewels. Fit the cushion to the seat, over an under-cushion filled with cotton wadding or feathers, then fit the curtain edge, which has only a narrow vine running through the centre. Edge with narrow worsted fringe. The back is done in the same manner. Wadding or canton-flannel for the back.

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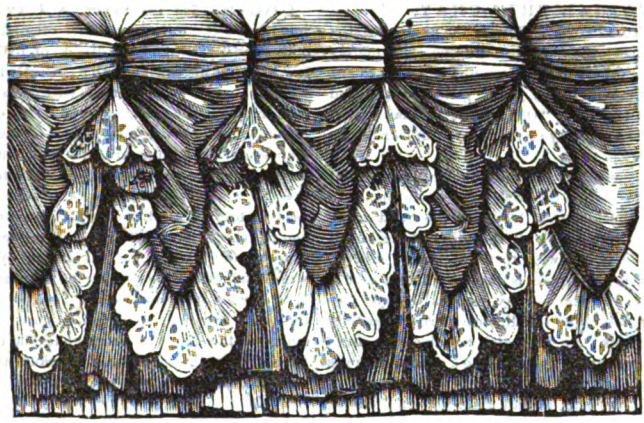
DRESS TRIMMING.

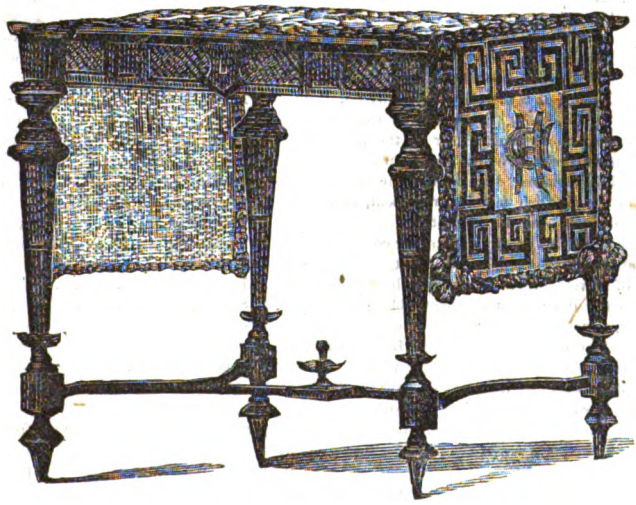
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Foulard, cashmere, or nun's-veiling, cut out in deep vandykes, which are edged with cream-colored lace, and then draped over a box-plaited flounce; under which flounce is a narrow plissé.

TABLE-COVER.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This cover is made of plush, and the ends only are ornamented. A monogram in the centre, set within a border, like the old Greek border of our model, or any other border which the taste may suggest. Line the cover with canton-flannel of the same color, and add a narrow worsted fringe, with three balls in a group at the ends. Nothing can be prettier of its kind.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

As To "Going To Europe."—This is the season of the year when rich Americans swarm to Europe, some merely for a month or two, others to begin a round of travel to last very much longer. With many young girls a visit abroad is the dream of their life. "Oh! I'll never marry anybody," we once heard a pretty creature say, "unless he can take me to Europe."

In one sense this desire is not only unobjectionable, but really praiseworthy. When the wish to go to Europe is to study, or even see, the historical localities, the great cathedrals, the picture-galleries, and all the other things about which one has read, it is a wish to be respected. Travel, carried on with such a purpose, is itself a "liberal education." Nothing, as the Indians say, "opens the eyes" so much. Nothing enlarges the intelligence more, or banishes narrow, illiberal views. An impartial traveler soon finds that, after all, a Frenchman is more like a man than he is like a Frenchman; and that the same is true, as well, of other nationalities: German, Italian, Danish, even Russian; that we are, literally, all "brothers of one blood." "Going abroad," to such persons, is really a benefit, therefore.

But to those who go to Europe, as so many thousands do, in hopes "to touch elbows" with the nobility, it is a different affair altogether. The Old World is full of rich Americans, whose only aim in life—and a miserable one it is—seems to be to make the acquaintance of titled families. There are hundreds of American girls, now abroad, whose dearest ambition is to marry "a lord." All this is disgraceful. It is "snobbishness" of the worst kind. A true American, man or woman, is proud of his or her country, not ashamed of it. A true American thinks "a man's a man for a' that," and that rank, after all, is "but the guinea-stamp." At best, a title is only the reward given to some ancestor, generations ago, for some service done to the State; it is not the reward won by the personal merits of the present earl, count, baron, etc.; and therefore he ought not to be worshiped for it. Generally, however, the title has been bought by borough-mongering, either in the past or present age, or has been conferred on the base-born descendant of some worthless monarch, like Charles the Second. Four-fifths, even of the English nobility, represent, in no respect, honor or nobleness, even in the past.

No! To be a citizen of this great and growing country—this land, where, above all others, men are freest, and have the best chance of development—is really a higher distinction than to be the descendant of some robber-knight of the Middle Ages, some Norman "filibuster" of the days of the Conqueror. American girls who go to Europe, and there practically deny their country, by their worship of rank, are no true daughters of America. Perhaps the best thing for America, after all, is that such girls should marry abroad: at least that they should never return; for this land, where all are "free and equal," is not the place for them.

This Is The Only Magazine that gives the real Paris fashions, engraved on steel, printed from the plate, and colored by hand. The others give, at best, but cheap lithographs: and the styles are those of second-rate dressmakers.

Waste In Little Things is what makes income fall short. And we Americans are the most wasteful of people.

Charcoal: Its Influence on Plants.—Pure charcoal acts in an extraordinary manner on unhealthy plants. An orange-tree which had the disease of its leaves turning yellow, acquired within a month a perfectly healthy green color when the upper surface of the earth was removed from the part in which the tree grew, and a ring of fine charcoal, an inch in thickness, was put in place of the earth. The same plan succeeded with a gardenia. A cactus was planted in a mixture of charcoal and earth, and it attained to double its size in a few weeks. It has been found that when charcoal was used instead of sand, the vegetation was always stronger and more vigorous. When the experiments were made with charcoal only, without a mixture of soil, the best results were obtained. The experiments were tried upon more than forty species, including hollies. Leaves and pieces of leaves took root, and in fact budded, in pure charcoal; so also did leaves of the Begonia, the Euphorbia, the Oxalis, Indian-rubber (Ficus), Cyclamens, Polyanthus, Mesembryanthemums, and others; also pieces of the American aloe, and the tufts or crowns of pine-apples. The charcoal employed in these experiments is the dust-like powder of charcoal; or it can be pounded into small dust very readily. The plants treated with it require water, or the roots would dry. The explanation given of this marvel is that the charcoal undergoes decomposition after four or five years, and thus carbonic acid is produced, the principal substance necessary for plants.

What Are Wedding Anniversaries?—A fair subscriber asks us if there are any wedding anniversaries to be observed except the silver and golden ones. We reply that we believe there are the following:

First,	Paper Wedding.
Second,	Straw Wedding.
Third,	Candy Wedding.
Fourth,	Leather Wedding.
Fifth,	Wooden Wedding.
Tenth,	Tin Wedding.
Twelfth,	Linen Wedding.
Fifteenth,	Crystal Wedding.
Twentieth,	Floral Wedding.
Twenty-fifth,	Silver Wedding.
Thirtieth,	Pearl Wedding.
Thirty-fifth,	China Wedding.
Fortieth,	Coral Wedding.
Fiftieth,	Gold Wedding.
Seventy-fifth,	Diamond Wedding.

Of course the celebration of none of these is obligatory; it is altogether a matter of taste. Most persons, we fancy, will be content with observing their silver and golden weddings.

Iron-Rust May Be Removed from delicate garments, upon which you dare not try oxalic acid, by mixing the juice of a lemon with some salt; put this over the rusted spots, and then hold over the spout of a steaming tea-kettle. This is almost always effectual.

When Getting Up Clubs, do not be deceived by big-sounding promises. Every year, trashy magazines come out with grand promises, but after a few months die, cheating their subscribers, or else fizzle on, third-rate in every respect, and so deceiving in another way.

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A New Volume Began with the July number, affording an excellent opportunity to subscribe. *We still continue to offer a choice of three costly premiums for getting up clubs.* The first is the steel-engraving. "Christ Before Pilate," of the size of 27 inches by 20, by the great Hungarian artist, Munkacsy. This is one of the most wonderful pictures ever painted. A copy should be had by every family in the land.

Or, in place of it, we will give, for a premium, either a Photograph Album, or our Quarto Illustrated Album, both of which were so popular last year. The Photograph Album is bound in leatherette, or imitation leather: the Quarto Album is bound in morocco cloth, gilt.

For many clubs, *an extra copy of the magazine* will be sent. For others, and larger ones, an extra copy of the engraving, or either of the Albums. The inducements to get up clubs were never before so great, and probably will never be so great again. But see Prospectus.

Now is the time to get up clubs for 1883. It is never too late to do this. We can always supply back numbers to January, inclusive, when desired. *Be particular, when remitting, to say whether you wish to begin with the January number, or that for July.* Specimens are sent, gratis, if written for.

The English Language is a very expressive one—so expressive, as often to seem contradictory. Here is an example:

"Write, we know, is written right,
When we see it written write.
But when we see it written wright,
We know it is not written right.
For write, to have it written right,
Must not be written right, nor rite,
Nor yet must it be written wright,
But write, for so 'tis written right"

Consonants, frequently, have it all their own way. Take, for example, the word "strength." Here are seven consonants, and only one vowel. No wonder that foreigners, especially those of the Latin races, find English so hard to pronounce.

The Young Mother who must tend baby, and sew at the same time, will find it a great aid to have a large square pillow. For this hens' feathers will answer, if the feathers of the goose are too expensive. Cover the pillow with bright-colored calico or bits of cretonne, when completed, lay it on the floor and put baby on it on his stomach. He will amuse himself in many ways, and often learns his first lesson in creeping here. He will lie and pull or kick at the flowers on the carpet, and will kick and roll and gain strength in his limbs; and an occasional accident, caused by his getting too near the edge, will not affright a baby who has proper spirit and determination.

We Give No Premiums of any kind, we would remind Julia, to subscribers *for subscribing*. All that we can afford we put into the magazine; and hence it follows that "Peterson" is the cheapest and the best. Where a premium is given, the cost, of course, is taken out of the magazine, which is, to that extent, just so much the poorer. "Peterson" not only has never had to stoop to such tricks to get subscribers, but is opposed to them on principle. The method is a clap-trap one, at best, and should put all wary people on their guard.

It Is Not Too Early to begin talking to friends and neighbors about a club for next year. A long and successful career enables 'Peterson' to say, confidently, that it will be in the future, as in the past, "the best and cheapest." Do not be taken in by worthless clap-trap affairs.

"Secret Of Its Popularity"—The Saginaw (Mich.) Courier says of this magazine: "Its fashion-plates and patterns are worth as much as the entire magazine, which is the secret of its popularity. This grand old favorite grows in value as it grows in age."

Additions To Clubs may be made, at the price paid by the rest of the club, *at any time during the year*. And when enough additional subscribers have been sent, you will be entitled to another premium, or premiums, precisely as if it were a new club. Go on, therefore, adding to your club and earning premiums. Back numbers, to January, inclusive, can be had, if desired, with the whole of Mr. Benedict's popular novelet, "The Professional Beauty."

"Combines More For Less."—The Paris (Ill.) Gazette says: "We do not see how any lady can do without 'Peterson,' for it combines more, of a better quality, at a less price, than any other."

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

The Ladies Lindores. By Mrs. Oliphant. 3 vols., 12mo. Edinburgh: Messrs. Blackwood & Sons.—After the poor type, and poorer paper, on which novels, in their cheap form, are printed in this country, it is a real pleasure to come upon the large type, and the fine paper, in which they appear in England. Such a dress, too, is especially worthy of a novel like this, one of the very best that has been written for many years. We doubt, indeed, if Mrs. Oliphant is appreciated as she ought to be. People will not concede that one, who writes so much, can write so well. It will only be after her death, when the public realizes what it has lost, that, as in the case of Anthony Trollope, her merits will be properly acknowledged. Yet, even at her worst, she is at the head of living female novelists; while at her best she is excelled by George Eliot only, and in some things, not even by her. In her Scotch novels, such as this, Mrs. Oliphant is especially happy. We believe she is Scotch by birth. At any rate, no writer, since Sir Walter himself, has depicted Scotland so well as this author. From "Katie Stewart" down, she is as graphic as she is correct; and yet her pages are never dry and lifeless, but always vivid with imagination. The school of fiction to which she belongs is the only true one, the only one that will live, for as the Saturday Review well says, "it does not overdo the 'analysis' business." It does not carry you, so to speak, into a dissecting-room.

The Prince of Politeness: A Help to School Government. By Alex. M. Gow, A. M. 1 vol., 12mo. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.—The author of this little volume says, that all that is hinted in it is known to well-bred people, but that such knowledge is not intuitive, and must be taught, if taught at all, to the majority of children at school. He proposes to devote fifteen minutes a day to the discussion of the principles involved in his treatise. The idea is a good one, and, if carried out, would do much to increase good manners. Very wisely, the author bases the latter on moral obligations principally, and does not regard them as a mere conventional varnish.

Those Pretty St. George Girls. A Society Novel. 1 vol., 12mo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—In the dearth of readable novels, the present year, this popular story will be very welcome. The story is one of fashionable life, the scenes transpiring in England and on the Continent, and the whole is exceedingly lively, fresh, and entertaining. The reader is taken to Ascot, to a fox-hunt, and to a dozen famous fashionable resorts in Europe. The dialogue is spirited, and the scenes exciting. Altogether it is just the novel for a warm afternoon.

The Natural Cure of Consumption. By C. E. Page, M. D. 1 vol., 12mo. New York: Fowler & Wells.—We are not sufficiently an expert in medical science to pronounce on the merits of this treatise. But its advice seems generally based on good sense, and it comes highly recommended. It is designed, as the author claims, not for the profession, but as a manual for the people.

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OUR ARM-CHAIR.

WHAT THE NEWSPAPERS SAY.—The newspapers, as well as the letters of subscribers, continue to testify to *the superiority of "Peterson" as a first-class lady's magazine.* On this point they are unanimous. Its literary matter, its steel-engravings, its colored fashions, its patterns in embroidery, etc., etc., are all, they say, the best of their kind, and very superior to any to be found elsewhere. The Whitestone (N. Y.) Herald says: "It is the only magazine that gives colored plates printed from steel: the fashion engravings are numerous, and always of the latest Paris costumes. No home is completely furnished even with reading-matter, unless 'Peterson' comes to it monthly." The Williamsport (Pa.) Gazette says: "The letter-press is choice and full; it is fresh, vivacious, and brilliant: and the fashion-plates and patterns alone are worth the price of the magazine." The Plainfield (N. Y.) Bulletin says: "No fashion magazine in the country has yet succeeded in rivaling it in actual excellence in this line, or in literary, pictorial, and other attractive features." The Auburn (Ill.) Citizen says: "Everything in it is delightful: engravings, tales, sketches, poetry, all: how this magazine can be offered for two dollars a year remains one of the great unsolved mysteries of this nineteenth century." The Antigo (Wis.) Republican says: "We do not see how anyone can do without 'Peterson,' for it combines more for the money, and of a better quality, than any other." The Honeoye (N. Y.) Press says: "The stories are all exceptionally good: the present number is even more brilliant than usual. 'From a Pretty Girl's Note-Book,' by Frank Lee Benedict, is the best sketch of its kind we have seen for a long time." The Lock Haven (Pa.) Republican says: "The July number, just received, is ahead of all others: the illustrated article, 'Where Colonel Newcome Died,' will be read with the greatest interest by every admirer of Thackeray. These are but a few out of hundreds of similar notices. They prove that 'Peterson,' while others rise and fall, because they make promises only to break them, keeps on its way, always progressive, always reliable, always ahead, and always the *cheapest as well as best.*

THE NEW EDITION of the Waverley novels, advertised by T. B. Peterson & Bros. in this month's number, to be completed in Twenty-six volumes, is an enterprise that speaks volumes for the energy of that long-established firm. The price—fifteen cents a novel—is almost incredibly low. And, after all, there is no romance-writer like Scott. His "Ivanhoe," "Antiquary," "Rob Roy," "Quentin Durward," "Heart of Mid-Lothian," "Old Mortality," etc., etc., are each worth a dozen of the trashy fictions that are generally written now-a-days. The sale of this new edition of the "Waverley" novels ought to exceed a hundred thousand copies, at the least. For Three Dollars the whole twenty-six volumes will be sent to any one, to any place, post-paid. Address all orders to T. B. Peterson & Brothers, 306 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa. This is a rare opportunity.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE makes a cooling drink, with water and sugar only. Try it.

ANOTHER SEASON brings to us many of our old friends with even yet greater claims to our favor, and among them all none have improved the short interval between the last season and this to greater purpose than the "Arcadia Velveteen." For depth of beauty, and richness of color, and durability, the "Arcadia Velveteen" is surpassed by nothing of its kind. It is shown this season in all the latest and most beautiful shades and tints that are ruling in the most fashionable Parisian novelties, and we would equally commend the exquisite designs in the "Arcadia Broché Velvets," done in black and all desirable colors which can be combined with great effect either with silk or woolen dress materials.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

[MEDICAL BOTANY—OF THE GARDEN, FIELD, AND FOREST.]

BY ABRAM LIVEZEY, A. M., M. D.

No. VIII.—JEWEL-WEEDS—JAMESTOWN-WEED—LARKSPUR.

JEWEL-WEEDS—*Impatiens fulva et pallida.* Called also Touch-me-not, Balsam-weed, etc. Stems smooth, tender or fragile, sub-pellucid or nearly transparent, with tumid joints. *I. fulva:* leaves rhombic-ovate, flowers saccated, longer than broad, with a closely elongated reflex spur, deep orange-color, spotted. *I. pallida:* leaves oblong-ovate, the flowers broader than long, saccated, with a very short recurved spur, pale-yellow, sparingly dotted.

These plants are lovers of wet shades or damp grounds. Common along small shady streamlets, mill-races, etc.; and doubtless well known. Mentioned here merely to warn mothers, (1) against administering an infusion of the plants internally, as has been done, to the serious injury of the patient; (2) that an ointment, made by boiling the tops in lard for a time, then strained, may be employed with safety and advantage as a local application in piles; (3) the flowers can be used for dyeing yellow; and (4) these are the wild, uncultivated sisters of the *Impatiens balsamina:* balsamine, touch-me-not, lady's-slipper, of the gardens.

JAMESTOWN-WEED—corruptly, Jimson-weed, Thorn-apple, etc.—*Datura stramonium.* Stem two to three feet high, stout, smooth, pale-green to purplish, branching widely; leaves four to eight inches long, ovate in general outline, but sinuate-dentate, with petioles one to four inches in length; calyx tubular, prismatic, five-angled, nearly half as long as the corolla; corolla pale to pale-purplish, about three inches long, funnel-form, the border plicately five-toothed; capsule sub-globose, prickly. Flowers large, solitary, axillary.

This is a rank, nauseous, troublesome weed to farmers, and very offensive when handled. It is an active narcotic poison, and shunned by all animals: the potato-bug and a few insects will eat the leaves with impunity. Poisoning has occurred from the use of the leaves for greens, producing a wild, idiotic look, dilated pupils, muscular spasms, etc. Children are occasionally poisoned by eating the seeds. In such cases mothers should administer fine-ground mustard-seed, or ipecac in warm water, freely, or anything that is at hand which will induce vomiting, then camphor, ammonia, etc., while awaiting the arrival of a physician. Sometimes the dried leaves are smoked in a common tobacco-pipe for the relief of spasmodic asthma. This practice is said to have had its origin in Ceylon. A strong tincture, rubbed on a part affected with neuralgia, will often relieve the pain. Mothers can only safely use the leaves of this plant, steeped in hot vinegar, locally to swollen, painful joints, the abdomen, and to soften and remove hard and painful conditions of the breasts of females. Also, they can simmer the green leaves in a little lard for a time, strain while hot, and use as an ointment to painful and inflamed hemorrhoids or piles. It makes a soothing local application.

LARKSPUR—*Delphinium.* Flowers white, blue, and red. Formerly found in almost every garden, and familiar still to the old dames and mothers in the country who rejoice in a garden. Old favorites are passing away, one by one, but roses and geraniums hold their places in the affections of all. How strange! Well, larkspur is a valuable anti-emetic. An infusion of the tops will generally promptly control the vomiting of autumnal fevers. Though nauseous at first, the relief is so prompt and delightful, that the patient will

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always be willing to repeat the dose. Take a half-ounce of leaves and flowers, add one pint of boiling water. Dose: one wineglassful every half-hour, if required to allay the vomiting. More than two doses are seldom required in any individual case.

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

☞Everything relating to this department should be addressed "Puzzle Editor," PETERSON'S MAGAZINE, Lock Box 437, Marblehead, Mass.

No. 202.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in dolphin, but not in turbot.
My second's in dace, but not in burbot.
My third is in smelt, but not in gliss.
My fourth is in whale, but not in thriss.
My fifth is in koret, but not in mullet.
My sixth is in shad, but not in limpet.
My seventh's in cod, but not in shark.
My eighth is in salmon, but not in carp.
My ninth is in grampus, but not in bream.
My whole is of its kind the cream.

Portland, Me. LEAD PENCIL.

No. 203.—EASY WORD-SQUARE.

1. An ensign. 2. Fondness. 3. To affirm. 4. A seed-bud of a plant.

Harlem, N. Y. MINNIE S. YOST.

No. 204.—CHARADE.

My first signifies great attention; my second, not so much; and my whole, not any.

Prescott, Kan. ETHA BROCK.

Answers Next Month.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER.

No. 197.

PETERSON'S.

No. 198.

R
B E T
R E B E L
T E A
L

No. 199.

1. Draft, raft. 2. Down, own. 3. Drag, rag. 4. Grate, rate.

No. 200.

Lawsuit.

No. 201.

T
A R T
T R A I L
T I N
L

FLOWER GARDENING.

GERANIUMS.—Where there is a small greenhouse to keep plants during the cold weather, it will be well to strike hard ripe shoots of geraniums in the open air, and in a warm sunny border. Mr. Shirley Hibberd, in the Gardener's Magazine, suggests that "the cuttings be planted thickly in shallow boxes; three in a three-inch pot, or a dozen cuttings in a five-inch pot, at the option of the purchaser, with every possible chance of success."

VERBENAS AND PETUNIAS.—Cuttings from the points should be inserted in shallow pans; also cuttings of Dwarf Lobelias. These require the shelter of a frame, which geraniums do not.

SOIL FOR CUTTINGS.—These should be inserted in clean pots, with means for a good drainage, and a light sandy soil; then, for all but geraniums, the pots be placed in a cold frame—a box covered with glass, and shaded, will do—and so kept shaded till the cuttings are well rooted.

ALL HERBACEOUS PLANTS, calceolarias excepted, which were sown during the preceding months, to be planted out now, to give them opportunity to bloom early in the spring; they should be planted in good loam and leaf-mold.

EAR-WIGS IN DAHLIAS.—Place dry moss in small pots, and put them bottom upwards on the tops of the stakes to which the dahlias are tied; the insects crawl into the moss, and can be quickly destroyed in the morning by shaking the pots into hot salt and water.

LILIES that have made new roots, should be divided and re-planted at once. As soon as the flower-stems have died down, the bulbs begin to make new roots.

HERBACEOUS PLANTS.—The seeds should be sown now, without delay; the method is preferable and more certain than spring sowing. This in the first week in August.

HOLLYHOCK CUTTINGS.—Take off the side-shoots that rise round the base of the flower-stem, insert them round the side of a flower-pot, and place them in a cold frame. The seed may be sown in a sheltered corner, and, when grown, then plant out.

CHRYSANTHEMUMS must not again be stopped.

PINKS, PICOTEES, AND CARNATIONS.—Plant out well-rooted layers, and finish layering the shoots, if this part of the work be yet uncompleted.

HARDY ANNUALS.—Pansies may be sown, and also the seed of most hardy annuals. The latter on poor, dry, hard ground, to induce short, hard growth. The best annuals to sow are: coreopsis, clarkia, collinsia, godetia, larkspur, lupinus, nemophilia, blue and white, nolana, French poppy, and dwarf Schizanthus.

HARDY PERENNIALS, to be sown at once: antirrhinums, delphiniums, dianthus, hollyhocks, Indian pink, lupinus, phlox, potentillas, silene—which is the pretty honesty, or moonwort plant, sweet-williams, and wall-flowers.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞*Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

VARIOUS SEASONABLE RECEIPTS.

How to Make Coffee.—Thrifty housekeepers who consider strong coffee injurious, declare that a teaspoonful of coffee is sufficient for half a pint of water. Ordinary individuals will, however, in all probability prefer to drink coffee made with a heaped tablespoonful of coffee to the half-pint of water. If café-au-lait, or three parts coffee and one part milk, is wanted, only half the above measure of water should be used, and the coffee (which will then be strong) should be weakened with milk, but never with water. If

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coffee and chicory are preferred, three tablespoonfuls of the mixture will be needed for a pint of water. Whatever the quantity may be, put the coffee into the coffee-pot and pour over it the requisite measure of boiling water. Let it stand a minute or two, then put it back on the fire, and bring it gently to the boil. Take it off, pour out a cupful, and return it to the pot from a good height. Repeat this operation twice. Throw a tablespoonful of cold water into the coffee, let the pot stand by the side of the fire for three or four minutes, then strain the liquid through muslin into the heated vessel from which it is to be served, and send it at once to table.

Pears for Dessert.—Take finest pears just ripe, just cover with water, simmer till tender, but not in the least broken; lift them out into cold water. Now measure the water you have simmered them in; to each half-pint put one pound of sugar. Boil up the syrup, then simmer the pears for five minutes; repeat this for three days, but allow ten minutes' simmering the last day. Keep the pears in the syrup; the day before any are wanted, remove from it, and dry in a very cool oven. Or you may stew pears in syrup of five ounces of sugar, six cloves, six allspice, half-pint of water, and a half-pint of Port wine. This is the proportion for eight large pears. Pure claret may be used instead of wine and water. Simmer slowly till tender, probably three hours. A few drops of cochineal improves the color if water has been used. Pears and plums in equal quantities, with a few of the kernels of the latter chopped, preserve beautifully in the above syrup.

A Hint for a Winter Salad.—In September or October collect a quantity of dandelion plants with roots; pick off all the green leaves without injuring the crowns (where the leaves shoot from) or the roots; but if the latter be inconveniently long or forked, they may be shortened. Plant them as thick as possible in common garden-mold and in flower-pots, with their crowns on a level with the edge of the flower-pots. Give one good watering to settle the earth about the root. When they have drained, set them away in any convenient corner of a dark warm cellar—complete darkness is necessary. After a time, according to the warmth of the cellar, the dandelions will have sent up shoots of ivory whiteness, and when about four inches long they are fit to cut for salad: fresh, crisp, and delicate, with a delicious nutty flavor.

To Keep Chestnuts.—To preserve chestnuts, in order to have them good and fresh, to eat through the winter, you must make them perfectly dry after they come out of their green husks; then put them into a box or barrel, mixed with and covered over by fine and dry sand, three gallons of sand to one gallon of chestnuts. If there be maggots in any of the chestnuts, they will come out of the chestnuts, and work up through the sand to get to the air; and thus you have your chestnuts sweet, sound, and fresh.

Pickled Beets.—Boil your beets till tender, but not quite soft. To four large beets boil three eggs hard, removing the shells; when the beets are done, take off the skin by laying them for a few minutes in cold water and then stripping it off; slice them a quarter of an inch thick, put the eggs at the bottom, and then put in the beets with a little salt. Pour on cold vinegar enough to cover them. The eggs imbibe the color of the beets, and look beautiful on the table.

Apple Preserve.—Peel and core two dozen apples and place them in a jar with three pounds of powdered loaf-sugar, and one-quarter pound of ground ginger, distributed in layers. Let them remain two whole days, and during half that time let one-quarter of a pound of bruised ginger infuse in a pint of boiling water; strain and boil the liquor with the apples for about an hour, skim and take off the fire when quite clear.

Apples, Buttered.—Peel and core apples of the choicest kind, stew in their syrup as many as will fill the dish, and make a marmalade of the rest. Cover the dish with a thin layer of marmalade; place the apples on this, with a bit of butter in the heart of each; lay the rest of the marmalade into the vacancies. Bake in the oven to a pale-brown color, and powder with sugar.

Vegetable Sauce.—Slice half a dozen large tomatoes, put them into a stew-pan, with about a pint of button mushrooms, and an onion minced fine. Season with Cayenne pepper and salt. Thicken with a piece of butter, rolled in flour. Stew very slowly. When the vegetables are tender, serve it. This sauce is good with cold meat.

Beverage from Cherries.—To one pint of cherry-juice put one pound of sugar. Boil it ten minutes, and skim it. When cool, bottle it, and cork it tight.

FOR INVALIDS.

Food for Delicate Infants.—Take a piece of gelatin about one inch square, dissolve it in half a gill of water over the fire, then add a gill of milk. When it comes to a boil, stir in a good half-teaspoonful of arrowroot. When taken off the fire, stir in two tablespoonfuls of cream. This food is suitable for a child four or five months old. As the child becomes older, increase the strength of the food.

Bread Jelly.—Cut the crumb of a roll into thin slices, and toast them equally a pale-brown; boil them gently in water enough to rather more than cover them, till a jelly is produced, which may be known by putting a little in a spoon to cool; strain it upon a piece of lemon-peel, and sweeten to taste; a little wine may be added. This is a light and pleasant repast for invalids.

Barley Water.—Wash two ounces of pearl barley thoroughly, and boil it for a few minutes in half a pint of water. Strain the water off and throw it away. Boil the barley in two quarts of fresh water until it is reduced to one quart; then strain it, and add sugar and lemon-juice to the taste.

FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

FIG. I.—WALKING-DRESS, OF MYRTLE-GREEN SILK. The underdress is of plain green silk, laid in kilt-plaits; the tunic and jacket-bodice are of foulard, figured in a darker shade of green; the tunic is draped quite high on the right side, and not quite so high on the left, and forms a large puff at the back; the bodice is open, with points in front, over a vest of the plain green silk. Bonnet of myrtle-green plush, lined with lemon-colored satin.

FIG. II.—VISITING-DRESS, OF YELLOWISH-GREEN SURAH. The skirt is trimmed around the bottom with three knife-plaited ruffles, and is draped with scarfs of surah, so as to show the underskirt; the upper draperies cross in front, and fall in puffs at the back; the bodice is tight-fitting. Plush hat, of the color of the dress, trimmed with blue feathers.

FIG. III.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF BLUE CASHMERE AND FINE WOOLEN PLAID. The plaid skirt is cut in wide tabs, and opens over a trimming of blue cashmere, edged with two narrow knife-plaitings; the Princess overdress, of blue cashmere, is simply draped far back, and has collar and cuffs of the plaid woolen.

FIG. IV.—EVENING-DRESS, OF BLACK SATIN AND BLACK BROCADE. The skirt has a knife-plaiting around the bottom; above this is a loose puffing of the satin; the draped overdress is of the draped satin, trimmed with a flounce of black lace and jet; the bodice and draperies at the back are of the brocade, and the front of the bodice is trimmed with ornaments of jet and bows of satin ribbon; the half-sleeves are trimmed with lace and jet.

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FIG. V.—WALKING-DRESS, OF PLAID WOOLEN MATERIAL. The skirt is plaited; the tunic turns up in front to the right side, and falls in short drapery at the back; the jacket is of black cloth, cut in turrets at the bottom, and is close-fitting; the muff is of the same cloth, edged with fur. Felt bonnet, of the color of the ground of the dress, trimmed with feathers of the same color, and feathers and strings of terra-cotta red, and lined with terra-cotta red silk.

FIG. VI.—HOUSE OR WALKING-DRESS. The skirt is of plaid woolen, laid in large side-plaits, and the tunic is draped scarf-wise, and formed into a large, short puff at the back; the bodice is of electric-blue cloth, cut in a point, back and front, and has pieces added which form a turret trimming; the cuffs are cut in turrets.

FIG. VII.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF BLACK SILK GROS-GRAIN "CACHEMIRE MARGUERITE." The plaited overskirt and the pointed bodice are of the cashmere; the underskirt has a narrow plaiting around the bottom, of dark-red or black plush—as the wearer's taste may prefer; and the front is also in the plush, in much narrower plaits than those of the overskirt. The plush may be attached to the overskirt instead of having two separate skirts; the waistband, the cuffs, and the half-waistcoat are of the red plush; a large pearl buckle fastens the waistband.

FIG. VIII.—YOUNG LADY'S DRESS, OF WOOLEN PLAID. The skirt is laid in large kilt-plaits, and there is a drapery of the same at the back; the jacket is of dark-brown cloth, with folds of the same on the front, and the basque is finished with tabs which are lined with silk, and made long enough to turn up and form loops; waistband of the cloth, with silver buckle; sleeves buttoned on the outside, nearly to the elbow. Brown hat and feathers.

FIG. IX.—WALKING-DRESS, OF BLACK NONPAREIL VELVETEEN AND WOVEN BROCHÉ. The lower part of the skirt is made of the broché, as well as the straight plaited fall at the back; the drapery in front is of the Nonpareil velveteen, laid in deep plaits, and falling in a point near the bottom of the skirt; the puffing at the back is also of the velvpteen; the bodice is of the woven broché, with velveteen collar and cuffs. Hat of gray straw, trimmed with black velveteen and gray feather.

FIG. X.—CAPE, OF BLACK VELVET, to be worn over white, gray, or any colored dress. The back is round, and the fronts are cut out in leaf-like vandykes; the right side crosses the front, and fastens with a buckle to the velvet waistband.

FIG. XI.—MANTILLA, OF BLACK CASHMERE, embroidered in chenille or silk. The mantilla is cut in turrets, and the lower part is draped as a wide sash. Bonnet of black satin, with a full quilling of white lace inside the brim, and trimmed with yellow roses.

FIG. XII.—BROOCH, OF GOLD AND ENAMELS, for lace scarf.

FIG. XIII.—COLLARETTE, OF LACE AND VELVET. The lace is turned over the upright velvet collar, and the small jabot is plaited.

FIG. XIV.—VISITE, OF CHECKED CLOTH. The back is plaited and set into a yoke; the front is plain, and the high-shouldered sleeves are ornamented with bows, at each side of the back. Gray straw hat, with long ostrich-plume.

FIG. XV.—JACKET, OF LIGHT FAWN-COLORED CLOTH, trimmed with gimp of the same color. The pointed sleeves are trimmed with bows of satin ribbon. Bonnet of black velvet, lined with plaited fawn-colored satin, and trimmed with a fawn-colored feather.

FIG. XVI.—PLASTRON, FOR MOURNING, to be worn either over a plain black waist, or inside of an open bodice. It is made of black *crêpe lisse* and jet.

FIG. XVII.—COLLARETTE, OF BLACK VELVET. The lace is attached to soft surah silk, of any color that may correspond with the dress with which it is to be worn, and is laid in plaits; a jet buckle fastens the velvet.

FIG. XVIII.—BONNET, OF YELLOW STRAW, lined with a reddish-brown velvet, and trimmed with wall-flowers, and with satin ribbon of the color of the lining.

FIG. XIX.—THE OLIVIA BONNET, OF MYRTLE-GREEN SATIN, with a pale-yellow bird on the left side.

FIG. XX.—HAT, OF BROWN FELT, with brim lined with velvet of a darker shade of the same color; the feathers are of a shaded brown.

GENERAL REMARKS.—There are never any decidedly new fashions in September; as the days grow cooler, the wash-dresses and other kinds of thin dresses are brightened up with bows and trimmings of darker ribbons than those used in the summer; and the spring flowers and summer ribbons, on straw bonnets, are replaced by scarfs, ribbons, feathers, and flowers of darker shades. There is no change, as yet, in the make of dresses; vests are popular and economical in making over an old dress, as a bodice can be made to look like quite another thing if a vest, collar, and cuffs are added, of any suitable material; of course, some little trimming, at least, should be put on the skirt, like that of which the vest, etc., is made.

The new shades are wonderful in variety and tints—much too numerous to be described; but we will state that the blues, browns, greens, reds, all range in every shade, from those nearest black to those nearest white, the lighter shades, of course, being reserved for house or evening-wear.

Black China crêpes, camel's-hairs, cashmeres, and even Henrietta-cloths, are much used for persons out of mourning, usually, of course, brightened up with some gay or bright knots of ribbon, etc., etc.

Tailor-made suits are too neat, convenient, and unpretending to be abolished. It must be understood that these suits are not always made by a tailor, but they have the close fit, and are usually made of some rather heavy material, which gives them the appearance of clothes cut by a man.

Full draperies, wider skirts, and a more French style of dressing generally, it is said, will take the place of these plainer costumes, but it will be very gradual; the large tournure is even now worn with these suits, and in cutting a jacket or basque, a greater slope should be made at the back, in order to give room for the increased size of the "bustle."

The high sleeves, to which we have become familiar in dresses, are now seen on mantles; but it is a fashion that should be adopted with caution, as the fullness at the top of the shoulders is not generally becoming.

Short jackets are made single-breasted with the military standing collar, and sometimes their edges are cut into slender tabs, which are braided. The more dressy cloth mantles are visites, of colored cloth, made with high shoulder-pieces. They are ornamented with braids of cashmere coloring, arranged in simple but effective designs as a bordering above the chenille fringe, which matches the cloth in color.

In black silk mantles, heavily corded ottoman, and satin brocade, with very large figures, take the lead for the present. Visites, with high shoulders, and very full at the back, and mantelets with cape backs and half-long fronts, are the two popular forms, and both have strings underneath that tie round the waist, so as to make the back fall closely to the figure. The new passementeries are convenient trimmings; they are of satin cords in large figures, and may be cut apart and arranged where required. The laces used are Spanish guipure, with thick silk designs and cords on guipure meshes; laces, with Spanish designs, on the fine round meshes of thread lace, and French imitations of thread lace. Whichever lace is selected, it is gathered round the mantelet or visite in two full rows, and sometimes there are two lace jabots in front.

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OUR PARIS LETTER.

RUE DES PETITS CHAMPS.

It is said that the short waists of the First Empire are to dethrone basques and pointed waists, and some society leaders of exceptionally perfect form have already tried the experiment. I doubt if this new mode will take, as it is so very trying, to ladies of a stout figure especially. It is positive, however, that basque and pointed waists are already worn a good deal shorter than they have been for some two years past. Belts are also worn with polonaises, especially those of a wash-material; they are closed at the side, and the fastening is concealed with a rosette of ribbon. Lace is very greatly in vogue, not only for trimming dresses, but for composing entire toilettes. Dresses of black Spanish lace are made up over underskirts and linings of scarlet or of apricot surah or satin merveilleux.

A very magnificent dress, prepared for a recent wedding and composed for a Russian princess, was entirely in Valenciennes lace, set off with knots of pale-pink satin ribbon. The parasol was in Valenciennes lace lined with pink, and the bonnet was of the same delicate lace, with a tuft of pale-pink ostrich-plumes at one side. But for those who cannot or do not care to afford such gorgeousness, there are quantities of inexpensive laces that will make a very pretty as well as durable costume. Even the lighter forms of torchon lace make up very tastefully over a colored foundation, and the old-fashioned lama-lace flounces, and shawls, and mantillas, that have been packed away for years, may now be utilized to make these dresses.

I have seen a very elegant costume compounded of a lama shawl and flounces, the corsage being covered with lace net, which may be purchased by the yard. Or, if that prove too costly, a dotted black net may be used for the corsage.

The newest fall bonnets and hats are in Leghorn-straw, which has suddenly regained its long-lost popularity. They are trimmed, when of large size, with a profusion of pale-yellow, pale-pink, or cream-white ostrich-feathers. The approach of fall is signalized by the introduction of velvet ribbon as a trimming for bonnets. The velvet used is of the new light brilliant colors, the darker tints being reserved for winter. The prettiest of these colors are the "ripe lemon" and "crushed raspberry" hues. The former is a very delicate shade of yellow, which, in velvet, has a charming white bloom upon it. "Crushed raspberry" is of a brighter red than the "crushed strawberry" color, which has fairly been worn out by over-popularity. Pineapple-color is a very peculiar shade of sickly yellow. Then there is the "green orange," which is a really beautiful tint of yellow-green, something like the linden color that was so fashionable a few years ago, but it is deeper and more on the green than was that famous and trying hue.

In stockings, solid colors are still worn; and in silk, open-worked stockings are the most popular. Slippers are still cut very low over the instep. The Louis XV heel has gone entirely out of fashion, even for ball-room wear, which is a sensible and much-to-be-commended change. Low shoes of kid, foxed with patent leather, continue to be popular for out-door wear. They are of the Voltaire or Louis XVI style: Morning slippers are embroidered with jet, and are set with large black ribbon bows. In bronze, the embroidery and bows match the kid. Plain satin slippers are more worn than are embroidered ones, for full-dress occasions, except when the dress itself is embroidered. In that case the slipper is generally worked to match.

In the matter of gloves, undressed kid still holds its own but *glacé* kid is now becoming more popular for evening-wear, either in white or in pale tints to match the dress. Undressed kid gloves in the natural hues continue to be fashionable for walking-dress, but they divide the suffrages of fashion with the Biarritz gloves, which are a peculiar make of *glacé* kid, in buff, yellow, and pale-brown shades, and of the Mousquetaire form. These are very stylish when drawn over the tight coat-sleeves of a traveling-dress. Immensely long gloves in white undressed kid are sometimes worn in full-dress; they reach to the hem of the short sleeve, are closed with buttons, and must fit the arm to perfection, the wearer being measured for them as for a pair of corsets or a dress-waist. Only ladies with very finely moulded arms have adopted this fashion, and as a beautiful arm looks best uncovered it must be considered a very absurd innovation.

Handsome old-fashioned chatelaines, with watches to match, are again in vogue. The latest novelty in brooches is to have the first three bars of some popular song or opera aria in diamond notes on lines of black enamel. The sentiment of the music selected should always have some reference to the wearer, either introducing her name, or conveying in the words some allusion to her tastes, her character, or to some event in her life.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—GIRL'S DRESS, OF WOOLEN PLAID. The skirt is laid in box-plaits; the short tunic crosses in front, and is draped at the back; the bodice is laid in plaits, back and front, and a belt of the material confines the waist. The sleeves are not very tight, and are put in rather full at the top. Black straw hat, with dark-red ribbon and plumes.

FIG. II.—GIRL'S DRESS, OF DARK-BLUE FLANNEL. The skirt is laid in kilt-plaits. The paletot is of gray tweed, fastened down the front with horn buttons. The back is plaited. The sleeves are set in the back, dolman fashion, and gathered at the wrists. Gray straw hat, trimmed with a dark-blue silk scarf.

FIG. III.—LITTLE BOY'S COSTUME, OF CINNAMON-BROWN CASHMERE. The bodice is double-breasted, and the skirt is set on in box-plaits. The cape, the braid, and the tabs, are of a darker shade of brown plush. Brown hat and feathers.

FIG. IV.—GIRL'S BONNET. The crown is of very dark-blue velvet; the brim is composed of two frills of satin, of a somewhat lighter shade, and the bows are of blue satin ribbon.

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AN IGNOMINIOUS FLIGHT.

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LES MODES PARISIEN

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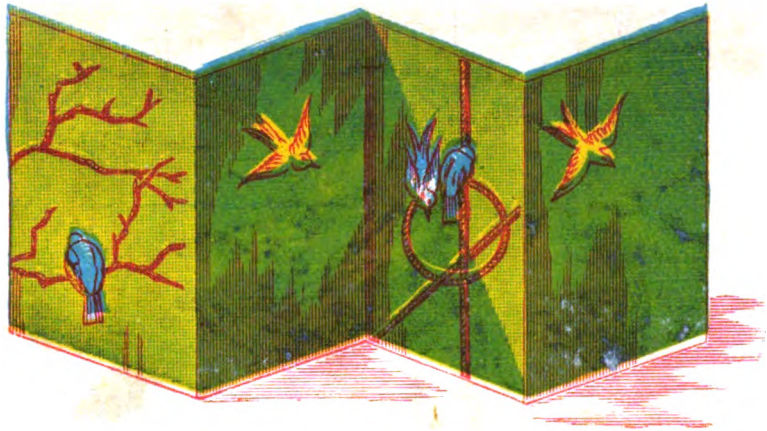
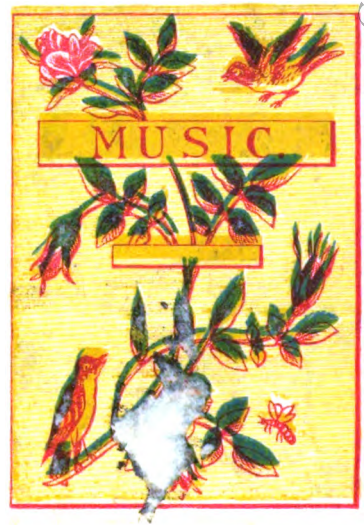
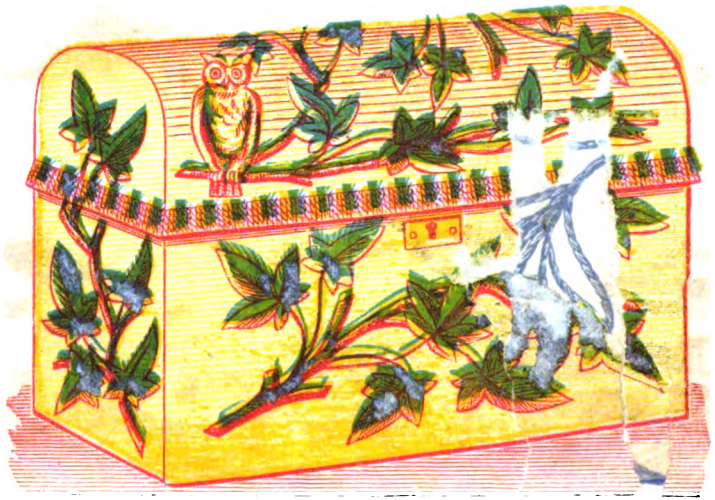
Peterson's Magazine

October, 1883







Miniature Screen, Blotting Case, Jewel Box, and Music Book

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Designs for Chair Covers, Tidies, etc.

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A DANGEROUS POSITION. [See the Story, "Hers and Mine."]

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CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER. GIRL'S BONNET.

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WALKING-DRESS. HAT FOR THE FALL. BASQUE.

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HOUSE-DRESS. BONNET FOR ELDERLY LADY. FICHU FOR MOURNING.

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NONPAREIL VELVETEEN COSTUME, AND NONPAREIL VELVETEEN AND WOVEN BROCHÉ COSTUME.

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WALKING-DRESS. HOUSE-DRESS.

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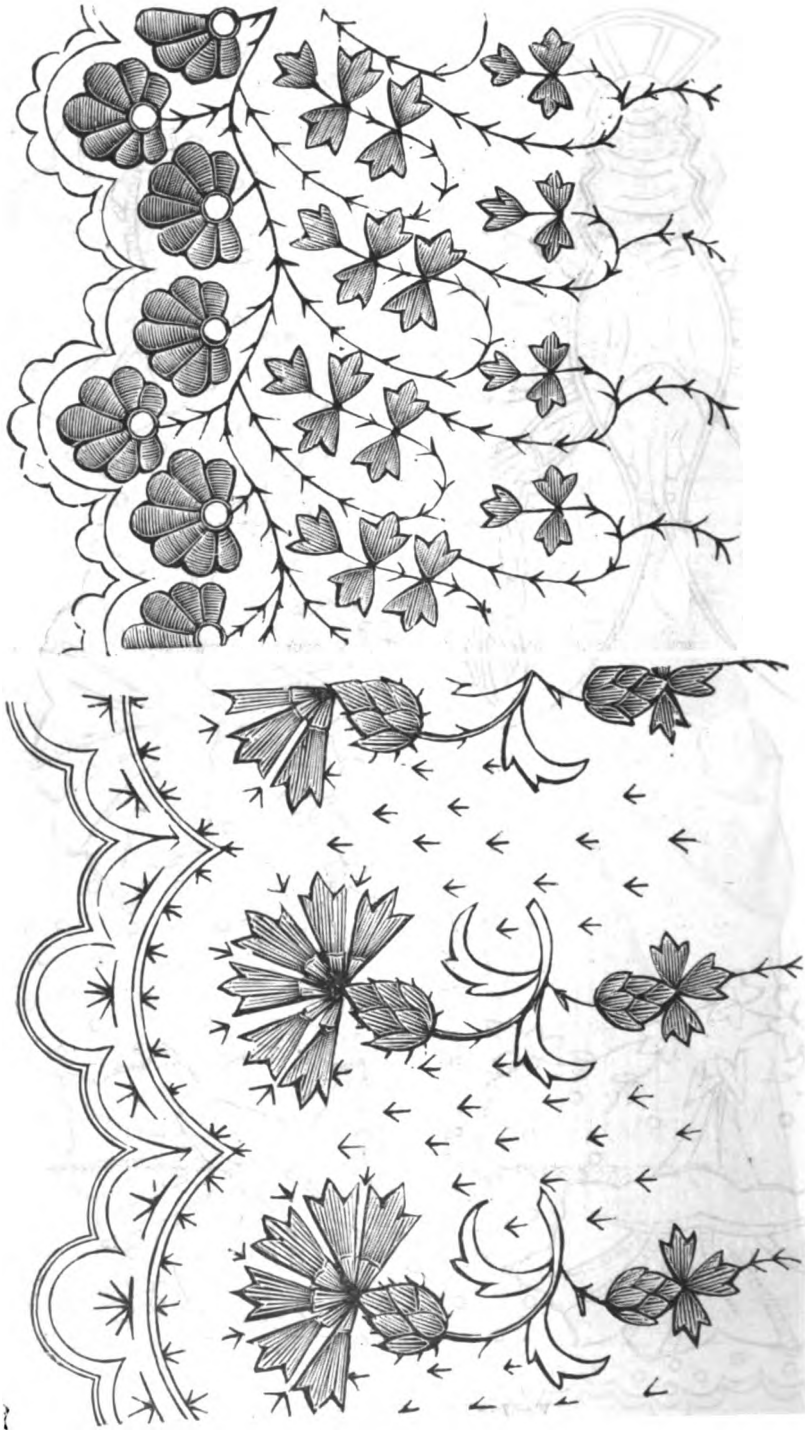

EMBROIDERIES ON FLANNEL, CASHMERE, MUSLIN, ETC., ETC.

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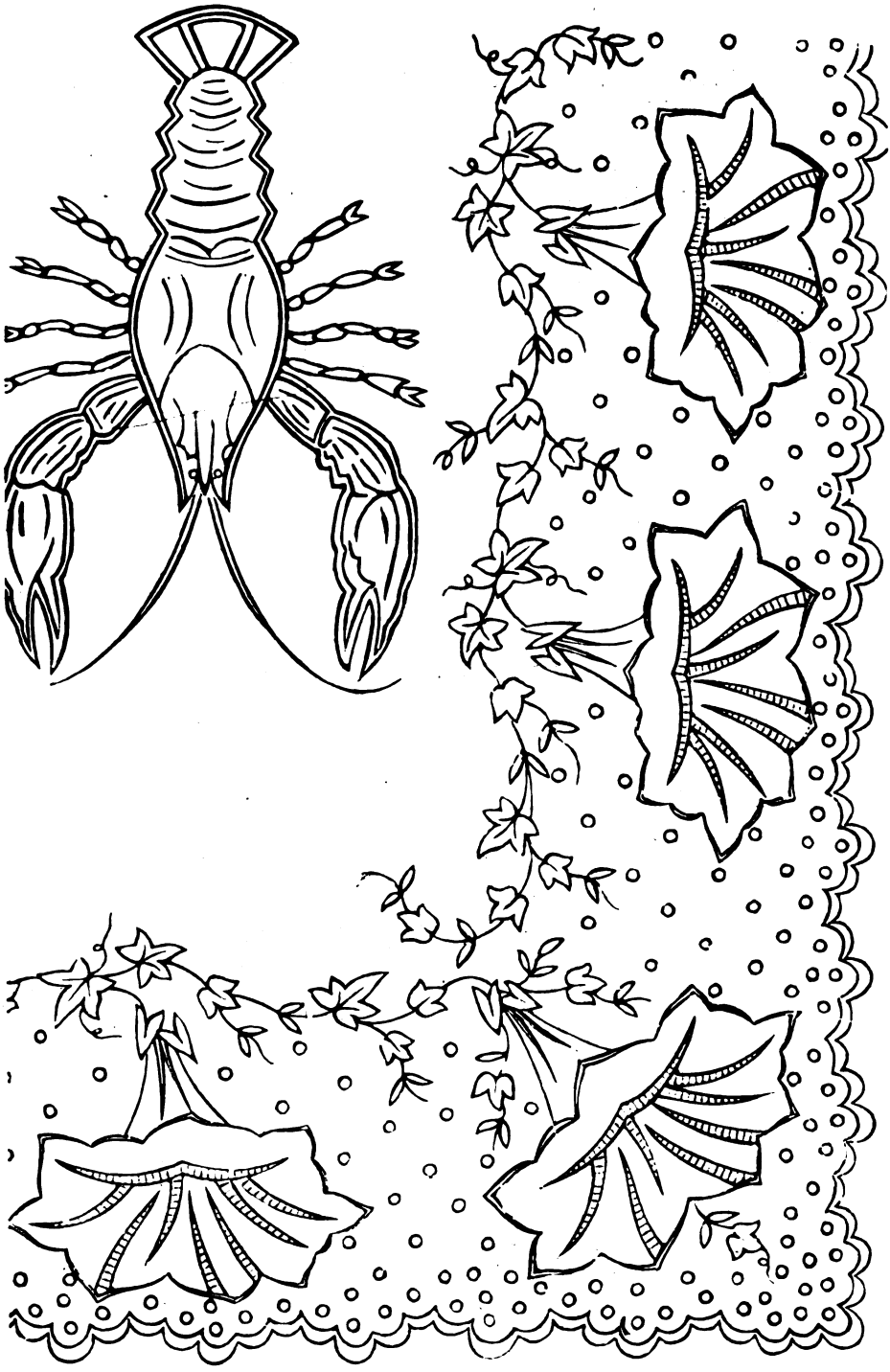

CORNER IN EMBROIDERY. LOBSTER NAPKIN.

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THE GOLDEN SHORE.

As Published by SEP. WINNER & SON, 1007 Spring Garden St., Philadelphia.

A. S. GATTY.

Andante con espress.

p Ped. * Ped. *

1. I re - mem - ber, I re -
2. I re - mem -ber, I re -
3. For - ev - er, Ah! for -

p

mem - ber, In years long pass'd a - way, A
mem - ber, A sail - or bold to be, I
ev - er, Those days have flown a - way, And

lit - tle maid and I would meet Be - side the stream to
left the lit - tle maid be - hind, And crossed the dis - tant
now, no more be - side the stream, As chil - dren shall we

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play; We used to watch the sun go down Up-
sea; But when the ship came back a-gain, And
play; But still I know in fu-ture days, When

on the gold-en tide; And count the ships that
touched the gold-en shore; I found the lit-tle
life's dark jour-ney's o'er, That lit-tle maid and

mf

glid-ed by To reach the o-cean wide; And
maid and I Would meet on earth no more; I
I shall meet, Up-on that gold-en shore; That

cres.

ad lib.

count the ships that glid-ed by, To reach the o-cean wide.
found the lit-tle maid and I Would meet on earth no more.
lit-tle maid and I shall meet Up-on that gold-en shore.

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FALL HAT AND DRESS.

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PHILOSOPHY IN THE ADIRONDACKS.

BY LUCILLE LAFORET.

PORTIA PLATO had tried everything in the way of a summer resort, including Newport, Saratoga, Mount Desert, Lake George, and Long Branch, and finally wearying of all, had decided to try the Adirondacks. She was pretty, sympathetic, and accomplished; but nevertheless many would have called her strong-minded: certainly she was of an independent character. She had been educated after philosophic plans, by a philosophic father, and had marked out for herself, now that her father was dead, and she was left with a competent fortune, a philosophic career. "Why do I go," she said, "to the Adirondacks? I go because I am tired of fashionable society." "Why do I go alone," she added, "and without a chaperone? Because I am twenty-one, admitted to be of age, even by the law; and because I am quite sure I am able to take care of myself. Oh! yes, I have any number of aunts, and elderly spinster cousins, who would go with me; I need not be an 'unprotected female,' if I did not choose; but I do choose; and I hate conventionalities, and there is an end of it."

As fate would have it, Otto Schelling went to the Adirondacks at the same time. After years of study and travel he had come back to his native land, that he might finish, in comparative leisure, his first important literary effort, which, he fondly hoped, was to signalize the end of his *Lehrjahre* and *Wanderjahre*, and be the beginning of a bright *Meisterjahre*.

A mutual friend had introduced Portia and Otto at the hotel, and congenial tastes and studies, combined with the freedom which the Adirondacks give, had led speedily to intimacy, so that scarcely a day passed that they were not together for hours; now making excursions up to the higher hills, and now to the forest: now going fishing, with only the old boatman to accompany them, and he only because he knew the best places for fishing.

"Have you noticed," said Portia, one day, after this intimacy had become quite close, and when she could speak frankly, without fear of being misunderstood, "that while the world smiles assent to such friendships as those of Nisus and Euryalus, or Damon and Pythias, yet it rejects the idea of similar cases among women, and fairly derides the possibility of a calm, philosophic affection, between young people of different sexes?"

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"Yes," replied Schelling, "I have thought much of this matter. If Plato, with the men and women of his school, formed life-long attachments, which originated and were nourished in the head rather than the heart, why cannot we moderns do the same?"

"We can, I hope," she answered. "But the world, perhaps, would say, after all, that we are not competent judges: that we are exceptional."

"No, not exceptional, I trust. You, or any sensible woman, would be angry, and justly, if paid silly compliments. I believe in Platonic friendship, just as you do. So, let us show the world, by our living examples, that what she sneeringly calls an impossibility can and does exist—that ours is a calm, philosophic affection, unmixed with that sentimental mystery called love. You have your hopes and aspirations, and I have mine; by this connection we can be mutually benefited. What say you?"

"That the plan has my heartiest approbation. There is my hand on it."

"Agreed then," he cried. "We will be the frankest, truest of friends. You are to tell me all my faults; we are to aid each other in every possible way; in short, we are to become—"

"Otto and Portia of the nineteenth century," she laughingly interrupted.—"And so shall we be recorded in the annals of history."

Time passed quickly. Life in the open air, by day, in forest excursions, in boating, and in fishing, alternated with evenings devoted to philosophy. Together Otto and Portia discussed the eclectics, atomists, and sophists; or walked, in fancy, along the streets of Athens, with Socrates; or retired to classic groves with Plato; or bowed before the shrine of Aristotle; or visited the Stoics; or dined with the Epicureans; in short, went over all the knowledge to be mastered in that line, in which Otto was such a professor, and which Portia was so eager to acquire.

Busy days, and happy ones. To be sure, Otto was sometimes conscious of an unfilled longing, a curious void, for which he could give no reason, but attributed to his anxiety for the success of his book, which was soon to appear. "It shall be our joint book," he said. "You shall help me with it." So he wrote at intervals, reading the new chapters to Portia as soon as finished, and often adopting her corrections. Portia, however, seemed troubled by no such unrest. But could one have seen her when musing alone, he

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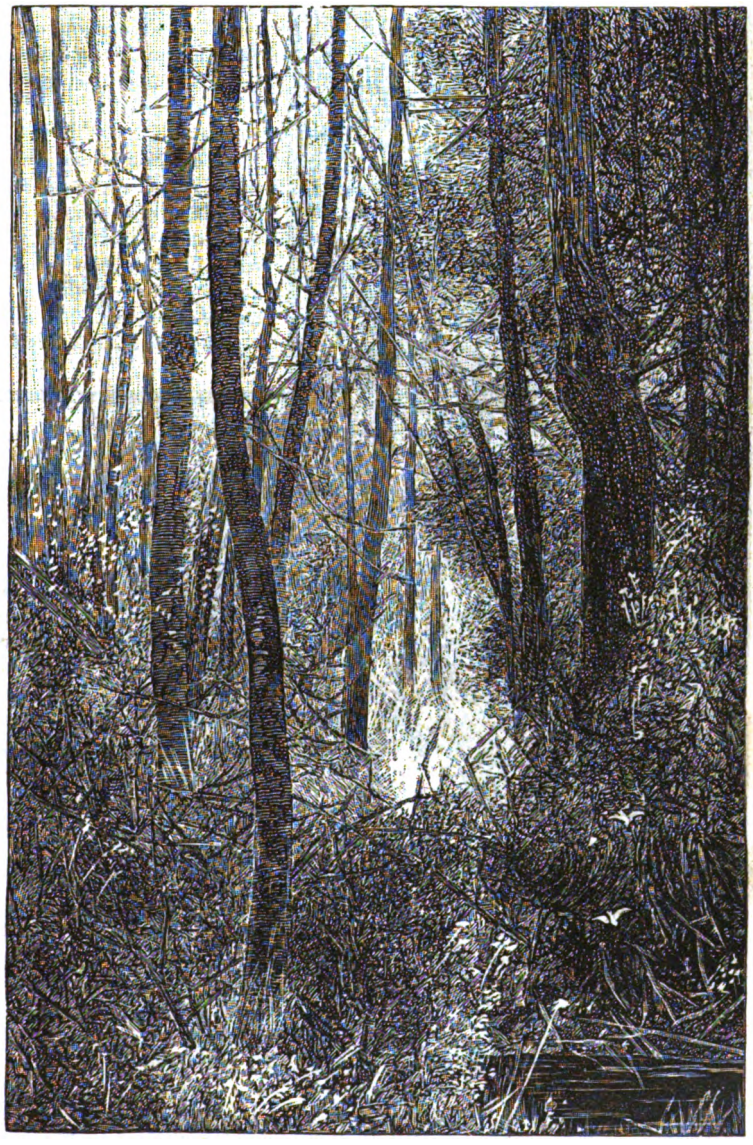
would have wondered at her occasional sighs, her fits of reverie.

The summer was now nearly over, and but one chapter remained to be written. But that was to be *the* chapter of the work. For was it not headed "Platonic Affection"? And were not Otto and Portia proud of their successful demonstration of the possibility of such a relation?

"There," exclaimed Otto, on that last evening, "it is finished. And this chapter will attract more attention than any other portion of the book. Mark my words, Portia, this very chapter makes or unmakes us."

"Let us hope it will make," she replied, "for we have labored hard enough to win success." And she sighed.

Early the next morning, Portia received a note from Otto, enclosing a telegram which ran as follows: "Take the next train to New York There is quite an opening for you. We leave in ten days." The telegram was signed "A. SCHELLING." The note said: "Dear Friend: This telegram is from my uncle, who goes to spend four years in Asia Minor, in investigating Dr. Schlieman's discoveries in ancient Troy. Knowing my tastes in that line, he has probably secured me a position in his party. I leave for New York at four this morning, but will return in three or four days. Please look over and correct our book, that it may be ready for the publisher. I send you the MS. Platonically, O. S."



Had a bomb exploded beneath her feet, Portia could scarcely have been more astonished. What feelings took possession of her: what surmises as to the future: what—but there—she would not allow herself to think now of aught save his good fortune. In correcting the book, and in reading it over and over again, especially the parts written entirely by him, her time was fully occupied, until the third evening brought Otto himself back, looking pale and spiritless. As he

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entered she met him with a cheerful smile and greeting. "Are you ready for congratulations?" she said. "Am I to rejoice in your success?"

"The Commission offers me the position of secretary," he said. "A great compliment. But I am undecided as to accepting it."

"Undecided?" cried Portia, in astonishment. "Why, I thought this was just that for which you had been longing. And your book is finished, so that there is nothing to keep you."

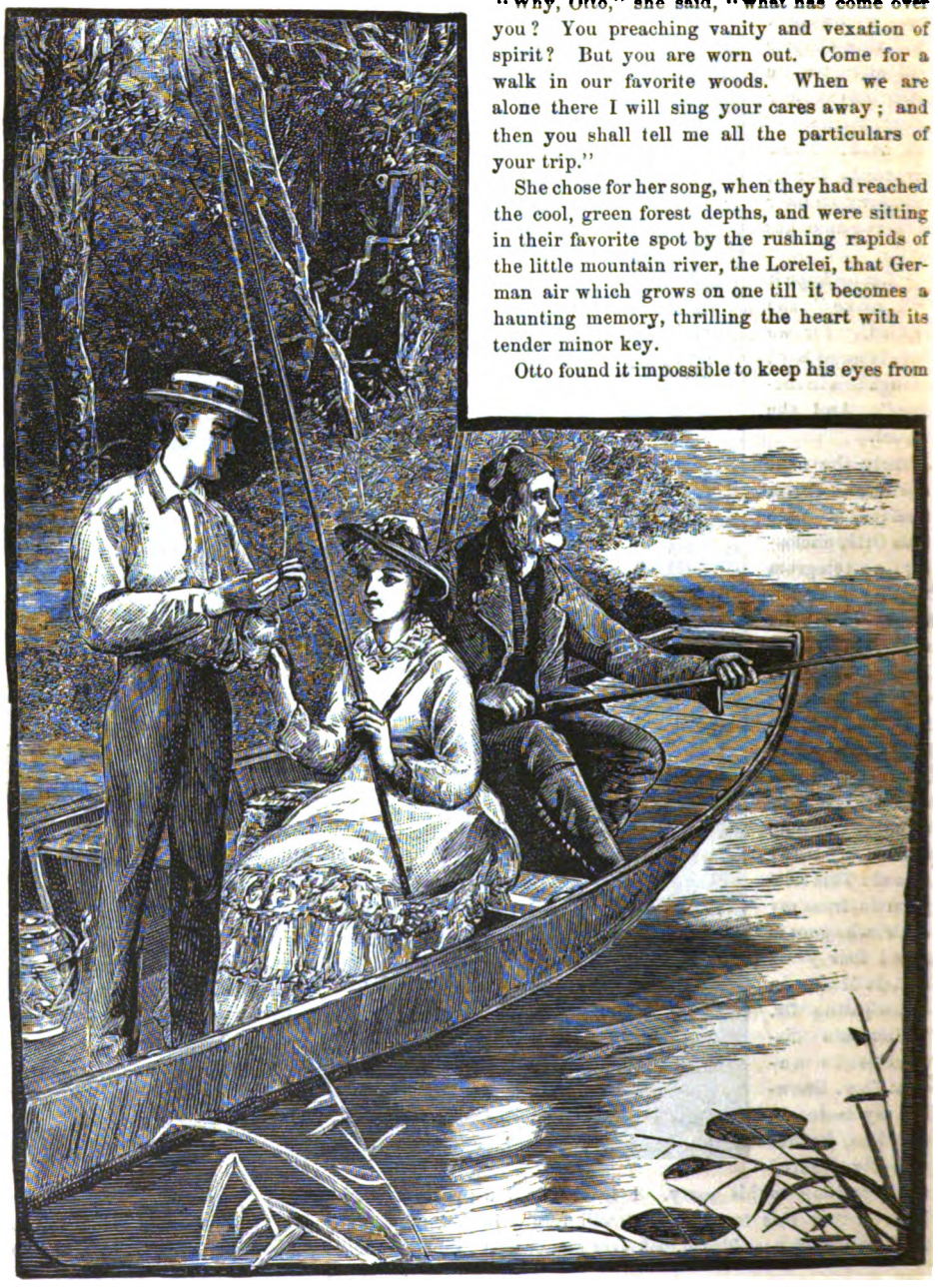
"But," he replied, with some hesitation, "will the trip be worth the trouble? After all, what is this fame which you and I are striving for? We are giving our best energies for what? A bubble, a phantom, a show."

Portia regarded him with surprise.

"Why, Otto," she said, "what has come over you? You preaching vanity and vexation of spirit? But you are worn out. Come for a walk in our favorite woods. When we are alone there I will sing your cares away; and then you shall tell me all the particulars of your trip."

She chose for her song, when they had reached the cool, green forest depths, and were sitting in their favorite spot by the rushing rapids of the little mountain river, the Lorelei, that German air which grows on one till it becomes a haunting memory, thrilling the heart with its tender minor key.

Otto found it impossible to keep his eyes from



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the pretty picture which she made. Her earnest face, her pliant figure, her sweet voice, all struck him as they never had before. Strange thoughts filled his mind. A sudden impulse seized him. But dare he speak the words, he asked himself, that his heart prompted? What would she say? Would she not remind him of their compact, and secretly, if not openly, pity—perhaps laugh at—his weakness? No; he would be strong; he would conquer this impulse. She shared none of his feelings. But this dull, heavy pain, how it tugged at his very heart-strings! Oh! what cared he for fame, position, or philosophy now? He must speak. He must tell her how he loved her, no matter how she might take it.

"Portia," he said, leaning over toward her, "tell me truly, do you advise me to go? Think of everything I must leave: home, friends, books. I must leave you, too, who have been so faithful a friend and companion. In your hands the matter lies. Shall it be?"

She was sitting on a low rock amid the rushes, and he was reclining at her feet. He looked up eagerly to her as he spoke.

It was a trying question, and Portia realized, for the first time, what it meant. Her eyes also were suddenly opened, but her woman's pride gave her strength to answer; for, passionately as he had spoken, he had said no word of love, and how could she, under such circumstances, betray her secret? "I cannot," she said, "advise you on so grave a matter. You know your own circumstances and plans; you alone can decide."

As she spoke she folded her hands softly, on her lap, and looked down on him as he reclined on one elbow in the long grass at her side.

"But, as my friend, you are bound to give your candid opinion, when I insist on it," he said. "From all you know, what is your counsel? Do not hesitate to speak."

He was cruel to try her so; his persistence was inexcusable, she thought. But the sweet voice replied, without a tremor: "Since you will have my opinion, it is this: Go, of course. With your former purposes, I do not see how you can do anything else. Your friends will be sorry to lose you; but they cannot complain, since it is for your good."

"Ah!" he thought, "it is as I feared: she does not care. Alas, what has come over me? Why did I not sooner realize how much she was to me? Friend! I cannot be satisfied with such a word. Platonic friendship—bah! Yet what if I should lose her friendship, and gain nothing in exchange? No; I dare not risk it by avowing my love. I wonder if she has a heart, after all, or is only a mere thinking machine." Poor Otto, has your philosophy, after all, come to this?

"You have decided, then," he said at last. "I obey, and I go, and must say good-bye, for my uncle desires me to join him at once."

"So soon!" exclaimed Portia, almost betraying herself. But she rallied immediately. "After all," she said, "shortest leave-takings, I suppose, are best."

They talked then of the voyage, the route, the work each was to do, and the correspondence they agreed to keep up. But through it all there ran a vein of forced lightness, a calmness that each felt to be unreal.

"And now, dear Portia," said Otto, in a voice that he could not control, "I must really go. It is saying good-bye for what seems a weary, weary time. You will not forget me?"

"No," she answered, "that could not be."

What sudden inspiration came over him he never knew. But as he saw her averted look, and heard how faltering were her tones, he suddenly took both her small hands in one of his, and, raising the bowed head until her eyes met his, he looked into their liquid depths with a gaze that seemed to search her very soul, to read her every, her most secret thought.

One moment sometimes does the work of years, makes or loses a kingdom. That moment lost to the world a shining example of Platonic affection; for as Otto saw those averted eyes, in which tears now began to gather, he forgot fears, philosophy, all. Rising on one knee, and encircling her with his strong right arm, he cried: "Oh, my darling, you *do* regret my going. You are not so cold as you seem. Can you help knowing, dearest, that I love you, and with my whole heart and soul? It is a love, too, such as a man feels only once in his life. I can no longer play the hypocrite. Look up, Portia dear, and tell me I need not go alone."

She did not try to escape from his embrace.

"But your philosophy, Otto," she could not help saying, with a woman's teasing perversity. "The chapter—our book." And now she half drew herself away. "You know—"

"Hang philosophy!" he cried, as he detected her mischievous smile. "Let it retire to comfort departed shades. This," and he pressed kiss after kiss on cheek, brow, and lips, "this affords me more pleasure than all the philosophy and fame the world has to bestow."

"But do you think," no longer struggling, "there is such a mysterious, such an unphilosophic, sentiment as love?"

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And she looked archly at him.

"No, I do not think it—I know it; and you, love, have been my teacher. I confess freely that, as a disciple of Plato, I am a failure. Deuce take Plato," he added, energetically.

We need go no further. It was the same story, so old yet ever so new. Love had proved stronger than philosophy.

Otto did go to the Orient, however; but not alone. The book, too, proved a success, though, somehow, the last chapter was left out.

On the blank page of this doomed chapter, Portia drew the picture of a grave in a forest, with a monument; and the latter bore the following inscription:

"DIED, on the 31st of May, 1881, Platonic Affection. Killed by his arch-enemy, Love, IN THE ADIRONDACKS."

FAR AWAY.

BY CLARA B. HEATH.

How far away
My childhood fancies seem to-day!
I thought the sky a veil of blue,
With stars and angels peeping through;
And when a bright cloud seemed afloat,
I fancied it an angel's boat,
And wished myself amid the crew,
Bound for a land beyond my view.
The earth seemed limitless and grand,
With gems for every empty hand,
And golden ways we need not miss,
That led to every earthly bliss.
Some of these fancies still I know;
But ah, the years have dulled them so!

How far away
The friends of childhood seem to-day!
The dear home-circle is no more—
They wait me on an unknown shore.
The grave is cold, and wide, and deep,
And never bridged except in sleep.
In dreams I meet them, grave or glad—
Though one dear face is always sad.
My school-friends now and then I see;
They live and love—but not for me;
Each buoyed by hopes that glint and shine
In their fond eyes, but not in mine.
Their paths and mine no longer meet;
Each learns her lesson—sad or sweet.

How far away
The years of childhood seem to-day!
Not for the fancies that have flown—
Not for the years that we have known:
It is the thoughts that intervene,
The wants and woes that come between;
The faith that lies so white and dead,
Or, cloud-like, soars so far o'erhead;
The fears that could our rapture chill,
And mock at love and human will;
The gales that left our gardens bare;
The joys and griefs that none could share:
These make the years of childhood seem,
To-day, a half-forgotten dream.

THE BLACK SHAWL.

FROM THE RUSSIAN OF POUSHKIN.

THE shawl is a common one. Why do I stare?
'Twas hers, and I killed her—oh, madd'ning despair!

'Twas a dream: but soon o'er. In my credulous youth,
I loved a Greek girl—with such passionate truth!

I was feasting gay friends: ere the banquet was o'er,
A Jew—the accursed!—softly knocked at my door.

"Thou art laughing," he whispered, "in pleasure's mad whirl,
But she hath betrayed thee, thy pretty Greek girl."

I cursed him; but gold as a guerdon I gave,
And took as companion my trustiest slave.

My charger I mounted. At once we depart.
And the soft voice of pity was stilled in my heart.

I entered her dwelling—alone, and amazed.
An Armenian was kissing the girl as I gazed.

I saw not the light; but I seized my good blade.
The betrayer ne'er finished the kiss that betrayed.

On his warm headless body I trampled, then spurned,
And silent and pale to the maiden I turned.

I remember her prayers—in her blood how she strove—
Then perished my Greek girl—then perished my love.

I tore the black shawl from her head as she lay;
Wiped the blood-dripping weapon, and hurried away.

When the mists of the morning frowned gloomy, my slave
Threw each corpse to the Danube, and that was their grave.

The shawl is a common one. Why do I stare?
'Twas hers, and I killed her. Oh, madd'ning despair!

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A FIFTH AVENUE ROMANCE.

BY MARY V. SPENCER.

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 211.

XIV.

THE STRANGE YACHT.

All the summer, Lyttleton had been trying to drive Ethel from his thoughts, but in vain; his moods fluctuating between indignation at her treatment of him, and a passionate desire to see her once more. He had heard, on his return from Chicago, of her recovery: of her presence at the Underwood ball: and of her going, afterwards, to Newport. Gossip had even told of what it called her triumphs at the latter place, especially after Lord Avalon had appeared on the scene.

At times he felt almost angry at the fate which kept him at the treadmill of the law, when my lord, more favored by fortune, had leisure to follow Ethel wherever she went. But deep down in Lyttleton's heart was a consciousness that work was the noblest, after all. He felt this the more, because his reputation was now rising so fast: practice was pouring in on him; and every new triumph—and they were many—stirred his blood with exultation. "If she scorns me," he said, to himself, "she shall see that others, at least, do not do it. And work makes one forget."

A very heavy bankruptcy case, at this time, which was being settled out of court, and in which he was the principal counsel, kept him in town even later than others of his profession, so that August had come before he could take his holiday. Occasionally the temptation to go to Newport, in the hope of meeting Ethel, was almost irresistible. But he heard, one day, at the club, not only that Loue was engaged to Fostnett, but also that Ethel was engaged to Lord Avalon. This decided him. An old friend, for a week past, had been wanting him to join a yachting excursion to Mount Desert: he had almost given up all thought of it: but now, on the spur of the moment, he accepted the invitation.

Nothing could have been more charming than the trip: but it did not make Lyttleton forget. As one of the objects of the party was to see the quaint old towns that fringe the whole Atlantic shore of New England, the yachtsmen hardly ever spent a night on the ocean, but generally put into some harbor, where they dropped anchor, dined, and smoked awhile, and finished the day, or rather evening, by going ashore and exploring the town. In this way they visited Edgartown, Nantucket, Provincetown, Salem, Gloucester, Newburyport, the Isles of Shoals, Portsmouth, Portland, and other places further east, until at last they reached Mount Desert, where they remained for nearly a week. On one occasion, after leaving Portland, they had determined to sail all night, but finally changed their minds, and steered for the first place that looked like a harbor. The wind almost entirely failed them, and it was long after sunset when they found themselves, on turning a sharp point, in a small land-locked passage that, at first, seemed like a bit out of fairy-land. Only the dim outline of the shore was visible, but out of it rose what seemed an Aladdin's palace—vague and shadowy, but with lights all over it, as in some magic scene in an opera. They could hear oars, as if muffled, rowing about, and voices singing on the water, but could see nothing distinctly; and, directly, the sound of dancing, from the opposite shore, chimed in and increased the illusion. In the morning they awoke to find themselves near two or three hotels, in "Booth's Bay," one of the most romantic spots on the coast of Maine: and so the puzzle was explained.

It was a beautiful afternoon, when they came in sight of Mount Desert. Passengers on steamers, going to that place, lose half the effect of the scenery, because the boats run so close in to the shore. But our yachtsmen stood off at sufficient distance to give a foreground to the picture: the water in front; the lower hills rising from the beach almost; beyond them the great mountains. For though the elevations, even of the highest hills, are not great, and hardly such as to deserve the name of mountains, yet the outlines are so beautiful, and the hills themselves are so lofty as compared with surrounding objects, that they impress most persons even more than the White Mountains themselves. The yacht dropped anchor at Bar Harbor, and within an hour half the town was on board, some one of the yachtsmen knowing somebody on shore, and everybody, very soon, seeming to have known everybody else for years: for, as yet, Bar Harbor has a free and

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gracious air of good-fellowship, that it will soon lose, it is to be feared, in the increasing irruption of merely fashionable society.

The return was something more rapid. The yacht ran, in half a day and night, having a favorable wind, from Portland to Cape Cod light. "We shall be in Newport to-morrow," said the skipper, "if the wind holds." Lyttleton was not sorry that the old town was to be, for a while at least, his destination. "I may meet her there," he said. "I shall certainly see her, even if at a distance: on the Avenue, or driving somewhere else, or at one of the hunts. Even if she is to be Avalon's, the sight of her will make me happier. After all, the poet is right: it is 'better to have loved and lost, than never to have loved at all'." But the wind did not hold; it died out. Fanning slowly along, they sighted the other yacht early in the afternoon. Then the breeze left them entirely. Meantime, the singular appearance of the sky puzzled most of them, as it did those on the other schooner. But Lyttleton had happened to have been yachting, one winter, in the West Indies; and when he was appealed to, he pronounced at once that a squall was impending. "It will probably be short-lived; but it will be something you don't often see up here," he said.

It was in consequence of this oracular opinion that the schooner was put in fighting trim, so to speak, as we have seen. "We must keep a little sail on her," said Lyttleton, "or she'll lose steerageway." And hence she was not entirely stripped.

Lyttleton had never been on board of Fostnett's yacht, and therefore did not recognize the schooner now. But his friend, the owner, thought he knew the craft, and said, after examining her signal through a glass, that it was Fostnett's. "And there are ladies on board," he added. "I wonder who they can be."

"Oh, his *fiancée*, of course," replied one of the guests; "pretty, good-natured, jolly little Miss Malvern. There are two other ladies, I see," scrutinizing the passengers in his turn. "One must be Mrs. Malvern, and the other is probably Miss Sinclair. If so, Lord Avalon is on board. Yes! that is he. I know him by the way he carries himself. You can tell an Englishman a hundred miles off."

Lyttleton's heart was in his throat. This near presence of Ethel affected him in the strangest manner. He felt his pulses quicken, yet all his hopes were now dashed again. For, as the schooner was bound east, she was only beginning her cruise, he said; and Ethel would not be back in Newport until long after he had left: and at this reflection, a feeling almost of despair came over him.

"They are all too absorbed in spooning on each other," said the last speaker, after a while, "to know what danger they run. Not a foot of canvas has been taken in, and though they're doubtless strong-handed, it will bother them when the squall comes. Fostnett's schooner, too, is a deuced cranky craft. She can sail like a witch, with the right kind of a wind; but with the wrong kind of one, she'd go over like an ox felled by a butcher's axe."

"Couldn't we signal them?"

"Fostnett would never forgive us. He thinks nobody can teach him anything about yachting, you see: a good-hearted little cuss, but conceited—all those calf millionaires are. The only thing we can do is to creep up to them as close as possible, so that if anything happens, we may be on hand to give help. If the squall holds off awhile, we may be able to get quite near."

"Where shall we have the wind?"

"It will be sou'east," said Lyttleton. "The shore, unluckily, is dead to leeward, as you see. We'll have a hard job, ourselves, to claw off."

The knowledge that Ethel was on board the schooner, the intimation that she was in peril, revealed to Lyttleton how false and hollow had been any pretense that he loved her no longer. He was in an agony of suspense from that moment. He could not take his eyes from the yacht. As moment after moment passed, his nervous excitability became almost intolerable. He thought no longer of his wrongs, nor of Ethel's inconstancy, but only of the danger which might so soon assail her.

At last the squall came. But the schooner had been so skilfully prepared for it, that she only shivered for an instant, and then shot gallantly up into the wind. The driving spray was so thick, however, and the obscurity, in consequence, so intense, that for a moment everything was shut out from sight.

In this emergency, all turned to Lyttleton. It is strange what an ascendancy can be gained, by some men, over others. It is not alone mere intellect that wins in such circumstances, but judgment and firmness, and that sum-total of all, which we call character. The owner of the yacht was a young man of sufficient ability, but he was not the equal of Lyttleton in this respect; and his guests generally were of the same well-bred but commonplace type. Moreover, Lyttleton was a better seaman than any of them: for from the time he had sailed his skiff on the waters of the Charles, up to the winter when he had cruised in the West Indies, he had spent more or less time on the water. One day, in this very cruise, when they were off the western

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end of Penobscot Bay, a sudden fog came up, just as they were entering a narrow, circuitous passage, nearly a mile long, with rocks on both sides, and sunken reefs here and there. The sailing-master himself was almost in despair. He had never been through the passage, and regretted that he had not taken a pilot at Portland, as the owner had suggested. But Lyttleton came to the rescue. He brought out the charts of the coast, kept the lead going, and carried the yacht triumphantly through. The next day he achieved a problem quite as difficult, by navigating what are called the Thoroughfares, in the same way: a feat which the half-farmer, half-sailor population of Fox Island, Deer Island, and all that region, talk of, over their pipes, to this day. "Never heerd o' it bein' done afore," said an old fisherman, "without a pilot."

His coolness in peril, his knowledge of seamanship, had given to him, in short, that ascendancy which, in this moment, made every eye turn to him. Even the sailing-master, at the wheel, looked wistfully up at him. For this skipper had sung his praises, in season and out of season, ever since that fog off Penobscot. "Great Jehoshaphat!" he was wont to say; "and he's a lawyer, you say? Why, if he'd only follered the water, he'd get to be captain o' one o' the Bangor and Boston steamers, some day, or commander even o' one o' the Liverpool line. To waste all that, and make a livin' by jabberin' at juries—well, I swan, it's wonderful."

XV.

TO THE RESCUE.

We have said that the driving mist, for awhile, hid everything from sight. But suddenly there was a break in the obscurity.

"Where's the other yacht?" cried the owner. "I wonder how she stands it?"

"She is there," answered one of his guests, pointing to leeward. "Going straight on the breakers."

Yes, there she was, emerging from the flying mist, a short distance dead ahead. Her foresail, at that moment, was rattling to the deck, and her jib flying out loose, bellying like a balloon; but, notwithstanding she was thus devoid of canvas, she seemed to be coming up into the wind. But this was only for an instant, and was the result of the momentum that the gale had given her before she had been stripped. She fell off directly, and began to drift in-shore, and nearly broadside on.

"My God, yes," cried Lyttleton, "she's going on the breakers."

"Can't we help them? Can't we get out the boats?" asked the owner, half distractedly. "Why, good Lord—they'll all drown."

Lyttleton turned, and looked at him searchingly, for a moment.

"Do you mind risking the yacht?" he said.

"Curse the yacht," was the emphatic reply. "What's it worth compared to a single life even?"

"Then give me the command, for I think I can save them."

"By the Lord," cried the other, "you're a trump. Give you the command? Of course."

Lyttleton had not waited for the speaker to finish, but had sprung at once to the wheel, waving the skipper away. The latter took his deposition in good part: like all the rest, he had more confidence in our hero than in himself even; but he was seaman enough to divine what was intended. "Ah," he said, "I see, sir: you're going to drive her ashore. Well," with a glance at the wild sea, and then upward at the straining masts, "she'll strike, whether or no, if the gale holds on any time; and we might as well strike heads up, and save ourselves—besides, mayhap, being able, after that, to save some of the others. If it can be done at all, you can do it."

Lyttleton made no reply. He grasped the wheel, and shouted his orders to the crew in quick, sharp tones, that made them spring to their work as if at a trumpet-call. The spokes flew around in his hands, and the yacht, like a steed that feels the spur, wheeled about and made straight for the other schooner, which was by this time on the very verge of the breakers.

"Stand by to man the boats," was Lyttleton's next command. "Ready to lower away!"

They were now almost abeam of the other yacht, which, at this instant, drove into the breakers and toppled over, as we have seen. The crash of the masts snapping off was heard over all the roar of the hurricane; and Lyttleton fancied he even distinguished, as others fancied also, the cries of the crew, as the wreck turned bottom upwards and her living freight was precipitated into the boiling gulf.

But he uttered no exclamation of horror, as the owner and others did. He stood at the wheel, strong and great as another Ajax, his mouth set firm, alive with energy and invincible resolution.

"Up with the centre-board," he cried.

The men had the great movable keel up in an instant, the result being that the yacht now drew only half as much water as before, and could pass easily where otherwise she would strike.

With another quick whirl of the wheel, Lyttleton headed his charge directly for the break-

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ers, and the mettled thing sprang forward like a racer at the winning-post.

There was a moment of intense suspense. Chivalrous as it all was, there was hardly one of the guests, much less of the crew, who did not draw his breath with a start. Would the yacht capsize in the breakers, like the other? Would she strike there and stick fast? Was it possible that she could pass in safety and be beached "heads up," as the skipper had said?

They had not long to wait. A mighty roller took the yacht and swept her onward. A moment more and she was in the very midst of the breakers. For an instant her speed seemed checked; but it was only for an instant. Lyttleton felt her bottom scraping the bar: she quivered all over. The owner gasped: "Good Lord! we are gone!" But the next moment she had ploughed her way through into deeper water, where the tumbling surf had scooped out a trough, as it were. Then she swept on wildly, but still with an even keel, and grounded a short distance further on.

The shock of her striking threw most of the guests off their feet; but not a spar was started, not a rope snapped: the masts still stood firm as forest pines, and only quivered, as if in sympathy with the stranded hull.

"Lower away!" shouted Lyttleton, throwing the wheel, if we may indulge in such a figure of speech, at the skipper, whom he left to take in the little head sail that remained; and as he spoke he sprang into the stern of the yawl, that rattled from the davits, the crew leaping in as she reached the water.

"Give way!"

The boat, propelled by four stout oars, shot out from the schooner.

Not an instant was to be lost. All around men were seen struggling in the water. Two or three, clinging to the keel of the capsized vessel, appeared and disappeared, as she danced up and down, and the waves swept over them. But it was not for them Lyttleton was looking. He was seeking for Ethel. Alas! was it all over with her? Could no one—could not Lord Avalon, in this crisis, have risked his life for her? "Great God!" cried Lyttleton, in his agony, "Fostnett was occupied with Loue, and they have left Ethel to die."

But he was unjust to Lord Avalon. We have seen that, when the schooner went over, he was still separated from Ethel by an interval of several feet. He had started to join her, but had been too late: the yacht capsized before he could reach her. He saw her torn from her hold by the violence of the movement, and flung into the water as if she had been shot from a cannon's mouth. His only thought was to save her; and though he also was precipitated head-foremost into the angry sea, he struck out gallantly the instant he rose to the surface. But, alas! his right arm fell powerless at his side, and he then remembered that, as he went over the side, he had been flung against the rail, and that a sharp pang had followed. The arm was broken, and so far from being able to succor Ethel, it was with difficulty he could keep himself afloat. As for reaching her, even that was now impossible.

Nor was there any hope of help from any other quarter. A quick glance around assured him of this. Fostnett, he knew, would try to save Loue. The sailing-master, he saw, had fortunately found a broken spar, to which, at that very instant, he was assisting Mrs. Malvern. But where was Ethel? She did not seem, as yet, to have come to the surface. "She has been struck and stunned," he said, "and will never rise." But as he spoke, he saw, some thirty feet distant, a white object floating. It was the insensible figure of a woman: it was Ethel, apparently lifeless.

Lyttleton saw it also: for, by this time, his yawl had reached the scene of action. Ethel's hair had become loosened, and now streamed on the water, far behind her; she was plainly insensible; she was only kept afloat by her garments, which were inflated temporarily. "Too late—too late," was the agonized cry that half rose to Lyttleton's lips.

With a turn of the tiller-ropes, however, he was at her side, and leaning over, drew her to the gunwale, and then lifted her, with superhuman strength, as if she had been but a feather-weight, and laid her in the bottom of the boat.

At the same moment, Lord Avalon, who had been swimming hard, with his one arm, to reach Ethel, appeared at the bow of the yawl, and, with the aid of the stroke-oar, was pulled in, his right arm, as Lyttleton saw even at that agonizing time, hanging broken and limp at his side. He nodded, and said: "Miss Sinclair is insensible, but breathes, I think." Then, turning to the crew, he said: "Pull for the shore: I see a farm-house close at hand: it is better to go there than risk the yacht, which may be hammered to pieces yet."

Was it these commanding tones that, as he spoke, made Ethel faintly open her eyes? Or was it that subtler sympathy of soul which, even in the jaws of death, they say, can sometimes call back the departing spirit? Whichever it was, she gave a faint sigh, opened her eyes partly, seemed to recognize Lyttleton, smiled in his face, and then closing her eyes again, sank once more into insensibility.

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XVI.

THE CONFESSION.

MEANTIME, Fostnett and Loue were clinging to a spar, as Mrs. Malvern and the skipper were. A few strokes brought the yawl to their side, when they were taken on board. The other boat, in the interval, was picking up the crew, all of whom were fortunately saved. "But it was a near shave," Fostnett said. "By Jove! if Lyttleton hadn't come up just in the nick of time, I believe half of us would have been drowned. And who but he would ever have thought of beaching a yacht, in order to save us; and beaching her, too, without losing a spar."

When Loue came on board, and kneeling in the bottom of the boat, took Ethel's cold hand in hers, the girl again revived, and this time more completely. She was a good deal dazed at first, and could not quite realize where she was, or what had happened. When it all came back to her, she asked immediately how she had been rescued. Loue looked at Lyttleton, and Ethel understood at once. The color rushed over her pale face, and dyed even her ears and throat. She put out her hand faintly to him; tried to speak, but her voice failed her; only her eyes were able to convey her meaning, and they looked infinite gratitude.

Lord Avalon observed this emotion—for he had come back to the stern-sheets—but said nothing until they reached the shore, when, while arrangements were being made to prepare a rude litter to carry Ethel, he came up to Lyttleton, offering his uninjured hand.

"Excuse the left one," he said; "the right, as you see, is not good for much just now. I want to say that I congratulate you. Yes! you needn't shake your head; you have won her, and deservedly. I never saw as gallant a thing done, in my whole life; and not one in a thousand would have thought of doing it in that way. God bless both of you!" And then, somehow, he choked, and could not go on, which was the first and last time in his life that he ever gave way, in the presence of others, to emotion.

With the aid of the oars, an impromptu litter was constructed, and Ethel carried up the bank to the little farm-house. There she was, at Mrs. Malvern's instigation, immediately put to bed and plied with hot drinks; for that excellent matron, though at first greatly shaken by her narrow escape from death—and that of her daughter—had now rallied, and was once more, not only the great lady, but the judicious nurse in the sick-chamber. "You must take this, my dear," she said to Ethel, pressing a hot draught on her. "Your nerves, as indeed all our nerves, are quite shattered; but, thank heaven, you are in no danger, and a sound sleep will restore you entirely. I and dear Loue occupy the next apartment, and if you need us, you have only to call."

Meantime, Lord Avalon had hired the farmer's chaise and driven to Provincetown, as the speediest way of getting his arm set; but he rejoined the party the next day, when they all took the train for Newport.

Ethel did sleep at last, as her aunt desired. She fought against her drowsiness at first, for she told herself she had too much to think about; but the narcotic which had been given to her was too powerful, and after awhile she fell into a profound and prolonged slumber.

When she awoke, the early dawn was just beginning to break. There was a night-lamp hung in her room, but its tiny radiance was already paling before the whiter and stronger light of day. No sounds were heard except the monotonous ticking of a wooden clock on the mantelpiece, the sough of the wind outside, and the grinding of the surf on the beach, at no great distance. Her first thought on awaking, as her last one before going to sleep, was of Lyttleton. She remembered, as if in a sort of vague dream, how she had come to, for a moment, after she had been lifted into the boat. "But," she said, "he would not have looked at me in that way if he had not loved me still. And he is my preserver: I owe him everything. Oh! how unjust I have been. But how sweet the morning air is, as it comes in through that half-open window! I will go out and see the sun rise."

She left her bed, and, after having dressed herself, stepped out on the porch by a door that opened on to it; for her chamber was on what they call there the ground-floor.

Her brain still felt dull and heavy, the consequence of the sleeping-potion. She was ignorant of the cause, but she knew that the fresh air would cure it—would reinvigorate her, even—would give her clearness of mind to settle the problem before her. How should she make amends? Should she wait for Lyttleton to speak first? But suppose his pride prevented? She—not he, she now believed—had done the wrong. Was it not, therefore, her duty to send for him? Her frank, generous nature told her that, at this crisis of her fate, mere conventional scruples should not stand in the way of her doing what was just. Such, at least, was the bent of her thoughts as she let the fresh air blow over her brow, and watched the stars overhead, with Aldebaran almost directly in the zenith.

She stepped out on the piazza and advanced a

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few paces, then started: for a solitary figure, that she well knew, was leaning on the railing, a short distance off. Her heart gave a bound. Yes, there could be no doubt of it. This was her judge; and one who might probably condemn her—possibly even unheard. He might refuse to hear her, as she had refused to hear him. Yet she knew now that she loved him—had long loved him; that his anger would be more than she could bear; that to humiliate herself before him, and then be rejected, would break her proud heart forever.

For one instant—just one instant—she hesitated. Then all her courage came back. What was the right thing to do, that she would do, she said to herself, even if the heavens fell. She would not seek refuge, like a coward, behind the privileges of her sex.

She moved a step forward. The rustle of her garment, faint as it was, broke the profound stillness. The solitary watcher turned, with a quick, eager movement; and then they were face to face—the injurer and injured—Ethel and Lyttleton.

She was the first to speak. She had prepared herself for the interview by long and severe schooling, as we have seen; while he was taken by surprise, and for a moment was struck dumb—was even incapable of thinking.

"Mr. Lyttleton," she said, her voice trembling at first, but gathering strength as she went on, "I am glad to come upon you so unexpectedly, for it gives me an opportunity of saying what I have been waiting impatiently to say ever since yesterday. I must thank you first for saving my useless life."

By this time, Lyttleton had regained his composure. He had no idea but that Ethel was merely seeking to express, in proper terms, her obligation; and believing that this, under the circumstances, would be painful, even humiliating, for her, he interrupted her at once.

"Pray, Miss Sinclair, do not trouble yourself," he said. "I only did what any other man would have done—what Lord Avalon" (for, notwithstanding my lord's words, he believed the nobleman to be the favored suitor) "would have done." For you see, in his way, he was as magnanimous as his rival.

"Let us put Lord Avalon aside for the present," replied Ethel, with a little hesitation. "If you will not allow me to thank you, permit me to do what else I came to do: it is to ask your pardon for the way I behaved to you at the polo grounds. Stay; listen first; hear my tale out."

And then she proceeded, in as firm a voice as she could command, to tell the story of the anonymous note. She finished by saying:

"I am now sure that I have wronged you—wronged you inexpressibly. Some secret enemy of yours wrote that note. Of course, I know no more than I knew at first; but I no longer blame you: I only wonder I ever did. You are incapable, I feel assured, of a base action."

"God bless you for those words," cried Lyttleton. "You are your own true, frank, generous, noble self. But it is all strange." Then he explained how he had lost the note. "But I never connected the loss of it with your treatment of me. Ah! I see how it is," the experiences of his profession flashing the truth on him at once. "The note fell into the hands of some enemy—though I never before knew I had one—who fabricated the falsehood, fortifying it by repeating to you the sense of what you wrote. It was cunningly devised. I don't wonder you were misled. But I, too, have to ask forgiveness—forgiveness for having entertained hard thoughts of you at times, and so having done injustice to you."

"No, no, no!" cried Ethel. "But you forgive me?" And she held out her small ungloved hand, as she spoke.

As she did this, their eyes met. Hers had the shy, proud look of a woman who loves; his the eager, passionate questioning of a soul that for the first time has a gleam of the heaven held out to it. Then her long lashes suddenly dropped.

He had taken the offered hand, but now he quickly flung his left arm about her, and drew her to him.

"You love me, you love me?" he whispered. "A little, at least? A tithe as much as I love you?—Oh! say it is so."

She raised her eyes again, now full of happy tears, and held up her sweet lips. And that was his only answer. Nor did he ever think he could have had one more eloquent or satisfactory.

XVII.

CONCLUSION.

The part which Fausbane had played was never discovered: he took too good care to keep his own counsel. As he and Lyttleton had only been the most distant acquaintances, their intercourse having been confined to a mere nod, or a word about the weather, his avoidance of our hero, after Lyttleton returned to New York, did not arouse suspicion. We let him now drop from our pages. Fortunately, there are but few Fausbanes in the world—though alas! there are a few, both male and female.

Lord Avalon behaved with all that high chivalry which distinguishes the best of his class: for with such, even when no moral obligation is

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acknowledged, there is a *noblesse oblige*. He was, however, one who believed in right for right's sake, and not merely as a point of honor. He continued to accept his defeat in the same frank, gallant way in which he had acknowledged it when Lyttleton first stepped on shore, after Ethel's rescue. It was, in fact, only carrying out the mutual pledge which he and Lyttleton had taken, and on which they had shaken hands, at the club; the pledge that, though their rivalry meant "war to the knife," it was one that, once over, should leave no unmanly or embittered feelings behind it.

Perhaps the best way to describe Lord Avalon's feelings is to copy part of a letter which he wrote, a few weeks later, to his father. Between Avalon and the earl there had always existed the most entire confidence; and their intercourse had been, in many respects, that of an elder and younger brother rather than that of parent and son.

"My dear father," he wrote: for in addressing the earl he always used that sweet, home-like name, "it was all of no use. You were so kind, when I told you of my wishes as to Miss Sinclair —for I could scarcely, as I hinted, call them hopes—to say that you would receive her as a daughter-in-law, dowerless as she was. You were good enough to add that you had entire confidence in my judgment, and that however convenient a fortune might be in a wife, the earldom of Glastonbury, fortunately, did not require to be propped up in that way. But alas! she would have none of me; I had feared it from the very first, as I hinted to you. I do not know that I could have had a chance, under any circumstances. But she made the acquaintance of a young lawyer, the same evening she made mine; and with him, from the very beginning, she seemed to be in entire sympathy. There is in those things, you will say, something quite inexplicable; you will affirm this, to spare my feelings. But, my dear father, I, who know Mr. Lyttleton, admit his superiority to me. He is not only brilliant, but has a rare judgment: he is not a man of mere words, but a hero in action."

Lord Avalon then proceeded to narrate the rescue. "After that, as you may well suppose, I had no chance. For a while before, I had begun to think I had. Something, I fancied, had happened to separate Miss Sinclair and Mr. Lyttleton. But, after that, I felt, even before I saw them together, that my suit was hopeless. We shall always be friends: not only she and I, but he also. Our rivalry was a fair and open one; now that he wins, I shall not sulk. I suppose a man gets over these things in time. I shall certainly not give in, and whine like a coward about it. But I fear you must not look for me as soon as I had hoped. I start to-morrow for the West and South, and shall bring up, in due time, at San Francisco. From there I shall take a steamer to Japan, and afterwards visit China, Hindoostan, Egypt, and the Holy Land. In fact, I shall make the tour of the world, and be gone for a year at least, perhaps for two. I shall come home not without scars—who can, who has been in battle?—but they will be honorable ones, I hope: and they will not prevent my doing my 'derring-do' as old Froissart has it—as bravely, I hope, as our ancestor at Cressy, though in a different way. All this I say, while repeating that I fear I shall never see another of her sex to equal Miss Sinclair: one so good, so true, so womanly, so beautiful, so noble in every way.

"You will hardly believe me when I say that my rank, if anything, was against me. I do not mean to imply that, under no circumstances, would she have married one of our class. But I think she shrank from the imputation of marrying a title. Men hesitate about marrying money —men of the right kind, I mean; and from a similar honorable scruple. At one time I thought, with most of my countrymen, that all American girls were ready to cringe in the dust, if only they could wed rank. It is a great mistake to believe so. There are some, doubtless, especially in the great cities, who would do this; but the majority, I am quite satisfied, are too womanly, too good, to do it, unless they really are in love."

So farewell, Lord Avalon. Or shall it be *au revoir?* Your class may include many spendthrifts, and many that are even worse; but it includes, also, many that belong, like yourself, to the highest type of manhood. Let us hope that time may deal gently with your hurt, and that you may yet find happiness with some fair girl, whom you may learn to love bye and bye. When one considers the temptations which title and wealth bring—when one reflects on the servility that "crooks its knee" to both—one wonders that there is, or ever could be, even a single Lord Avalon. Even our own American youth of the "millionaire" class, with fewer temptations, hardly hold their own as well.

The wedding took place, not in New York, as Mrs. Malvern was anxious it should—for she wished Ethel to be married on the same day as Loue, and in the same church—but in the quiet little chapel, by the Blue Hills of southeastern Pennsylvania, where Mr. Sinclair officiated, and where Ethel had worshiped all her life.

Loue spoke her vows at the altar surrounded by a brilliant group of bridesmaids, and wearing

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a dress that had cost a fortune—one of Worth's very greatest triumphs; while all that was most select in New York society looked on, the Rev. Cream Cheese himself officiating, with the famous Bishop Dalmatica to pronounce the benediction. Tickets had to be issued, indeed, to keep down the crowd at the church. At Mr. Malvern's house, afterwards, there was what the newspapers called "the most superb reception of the year," the carriages filling full three blocks on Fifth Avenue, and even overflowing into the side streets. The presents to the bride were roughly estimated at a hundred thousand dollars, not including the furnished house on Fifth Avenue, opposite the Park, which her father settled on her, or the million in Government bonds which he added, and which were registered in her name.

The wedding of Ethel, in everything, was a complete contrast to this. Only a few of her most intimate friends were present. She walked from the rectory to the church, the distance being but short; and her sister Sybil, three years younger than herself, was her only bridesmaid. Her father officiated. If the good man's voice was not as sonorous as that of the Rev. Cream Cheese, it faltered once or twice with an emotion that went to the hearts of all present. After a modest collation, the bride and groom left on a tour, preparatory to settling down in their comparatively modest home in New York, the happiest of the happy.

For what more of earthly felicity could they have? To be unsuitably mated has wrecked many a life; but to be fitly wedded is literally "a foretaste of heaven upon earth." And this has been our heroine's destiny. She is too wise to sacrifice the quiet content, the assured felicity, to be found at home, for the tinsel and glitter of what is called "society." Not that she secludes herself in isolated selfishness. When the occasion calls for it, she is the most gracious of hostesses. If her husband should ever be summoned to high political position, which is almost certain, she will dispense her hospitalities at Washington with a tact and grace that, if we are to believe our sires, has long been known only by tradition. For she is one of those women who hold that, while "society" should not be made the sole aim of life, it may yet, if properly understood, be converted into a means, not only of pleasure and happiness, but even of usefulness.

Meantime, the unpretending house, on a quiet street, is already a resort for all that is most cultured and intellectual, and that has the highest aims, in the great metropolis of this continent.

"Why can't we get such people to come to us—I mean in the sociable way they go to the Lyttletons'?" said Loue to her husband, pettishly, the other day. "These people appear at my receptions, but that is all. A bow, a word, and they are gone. A card left afterwards. But they go to small dinners at Ethel's all the time."

"My dear little goose," replied Fostnett, who had more sense, in some directions, than people gave him credit for, "you and I are only rich swells, after all: they are more. They are distinguished: we merely FIFTH AVENUE."

QUESTIONING.

BY B. STARR MORRISS.

Do they come to us in dreams—
  The friends we used to know,
When our sleeping fancy teems
  With the scenes of long ago?

Do they come to ease our pain,
  When our hearts are filled with sorrow?
Do they whisper hope again,
  When we dread the sad to-morrow?

Do the parents that we've lost
  Bend in pity o'er our bed,
When our spirits, tempest-toss'd,
  By the tempter on are led?

Do the children that we've loved
  Come to us with kisses sweet?
Do they leave the realms above,
  Our yearning souls to meet?

Do they, waiting just before
  As we climb the hill in youth,
Keep us in the narrow path—
  Guide us in the way of truth?

When we reach the dizzy height
  Of life's successful strife,
Do they stand beside us there,
  Pointing to the better life?

Do they slowly go before
  Down the west-side hill of life,
And cheer our spirits sore
  With the weary, weary strife—

When we reach the river's brink,
  Will they stand beside us there?
And, if our spirits shrink,
  Point us to the mansions fair—

On the glorious hills of light
  That lie beyond the river,
Where the presence of our God
  Shall delight our souls forever?

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HERS AND MINE.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

I HAD driven into the village, with my sister Annette; and after we had completed our purchases, and left our letters at the post-office, she was suddenly seized with the idea that it was our duty to go on to Willow Glen, and inquire after old Mrs. Ross and her lumbago.

"It may be your duty to go, but it isn't mine," I said. "Old Mrs. Ross is disagreeable enough, malicious enough, and tiresome enough in her normal state, but when she can coax a lumbago into afflicting her, she is unendurable."

"Humph!" quoth Annette.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," I continued, "I'll walk home by the south road. It's a lovely afternoon, and the exercise will do me good."

"But if you go that way, you must cross the creek, and I know you will fall off that dreadful beam some day," said my sister, anxiously. "I declare, it is a disgrace to the neighborhood that the bridge isn't rebuilt yet."

"Well, your great favorite—Judge Howell—is one of the superintendents. You'd better scold him about it," said I.

Annette grew as pink as possible, on the instant, and doing so made her look wonderfully pretty and young. She gave me an indignant glance—or as near one as her soft gray eyes could manage, and then laughed.

"The Judge is an old goose, and you are a young one," said she. Then added: "But if you mean to walk back, you'd better start at once; so good-bye, Mabel dear."

She hastened on: and I turned down a side-street, which took me speedily out of the village and on to the pleasant country-road, shaded by long lines of maples. I was thinking of Annette. She was past forty, and nothing vexed her so much as having it thought she could be induced to marry. But men would still try their persuasions now and then, nevertheless; and the Judge had done so only a few months previous, much to my amusement, to Nett's annoyance, and to the Judge's own discomfiture.

Annette and I were but half-sisters, and were now alone in the world, both our parents being dead. We lived in the old family mansion, blessed with many kind friends, and having a sufficiency of this world's goods to be termed affluent. A very happy life we had. I was eighteen, and dreadfully spoiled by Annette. I could not help knowing that I was pretty, and not exactly a fool. People, in fact, called me "bright and so witty."

A mile and a half beyond the village, the road curved abruptly to the right, and ran close to the bank of a stream, so bright and clear beneath its willow-bordering that it deserved a prettier appellation than Toby Creek. As a rule, the creek was as well-behaved as one could desire; but occasionally, in the summer, it would get too lazy to run, and so nearly dry up; and sometimes, in the autumn or spring, after heavy rains, it would go raging across the meadows on either side, carrying off fences and any other available thing it could lay its hands on. It had taken one of those freaks in the previous March, and swept away the bridge which traversed it, nearly opposite the entrance to our grounds. Foot-passengers could still cross; for one great beam had resisted the shock of the freshet, and fallen so that it stretched from bank to bank, though, having landed on the stone-work, it lay so high above the water that it required a rather steady head to traverse it in safety.

I left the road, and struck into a narrow path which wound along the margin of the creek. The dog-wood blossoms were all gone. But the sumac-bushes were beginning to blush; the tag-alders were already as fuzzy as a modern young lady's front-hair; the king-thorn was putting out its coronals; the wild clematis was swelling with impatience in every vein; and the birds—but it is useless to tell you about them—they sang, on that June afternoon, as no birds in this mortal sphere ever sang before or will ever sing again. So I strolled along till at last I reached that rudimentary effort at a bridge of which I have just spoken. I had got half way across, when I saw, on the opposite bank, a gentleman, with a sketch-block on his knee, and a pencil in his hand. Now, whatever I may have been mentally, I was far-sighted physically; and I detected at a glance that he was putting me into his sketch. I saw, too, that he was nobody belonging to the neighborhood, and, naturally, I felt indignant at his impertinence.

"I'll spoil your work, sir," I said to myself, and began to run. I would have succeeded in crossing safely, but a splinter—do you believe in the total depravity of inanimate objects? I do!—caught my skirt, and as I turned to extri-

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cate it, I lost my footing and went plump into the water nearly up to my waist.

I never was so furious in my life. I tugged at my dress. I tried to climb up on the beam, and the next thing I knew I was held tight in two strong arms and carried to the shore before I had even time to get my breath.

My assailant, or rescuer, just as you please—mentally, I gave him the first title—set me down there; and I faced him, dripping like a mermaid—but I faced him! I don't know what I meant to say, though I am certain it was something very unpleasant. But there he stood, looking straight at me, with the most heavenly pair of brown eyes that ever a young woman encountered, with an expression of such mingled fun and admiration in their depths, that I vowed on the instant I never would forgive him.

"I am so sorry," he said.

"So am I," was my curt answer.

"I am so glad to have been able to be of some assistance," said he.

"And I wish—I wish you'd been in Jericho!" cried I; and before I knew it, I was sobbing like a baby. Off I ran, never once looking behind me. Luckily, there was a side-gate to our grounds, quite near.

In I dashed, and away I flew, and never stopped till I reached the house, which I entered without meeting a soul. I got up to my room, where for some time I raged about like a mad thing, leaving little pools of water behind me at each step, till, before I got my senses back, the carpet looked as if Toby Creek had extended its inundations into the privacy of my virgin bower.

That evening, at tea, Annette asked me if I was unhappy about anything. I soon convinced her that I was only in a bad temper; and then she petted me, and was so sweet that I cried again from very shame, and then waxed amiable and penitent; but I kept my own counsel.

The very next morning, as we were out walking, whom should we meet but that abominable life-preserver—looking, I must say, handsomer than ever! I knew it was brutally ungrateful to pass him without a bow; but I was not grateful: so I made up my mind to do it—and I did—and he revenged himself by gazing full at us and lifting his hat as he passed.

"Who can that be?" said Annette.

"I don't know," said I. "Whoever he is, he's a very rude person, to stare in that way."

"Perhaps we stared at him," said Annette, laughing. "Indeed, I know I did, I was so taken by surprise. It is so seldom we meet a stranger here—especially such a handsome one."

"Now, Nett, don't let me have any giddy nonsense, else I'll lock you up," I retorted, and immediately began teasing her about Judge Howell.

I spent a lazy afternoon in my own room. But towards sunset, I roused myself to the necessity of dressing and going downstairs, as the Norris girls had warned me that it was probable they and their brother might descend upon us to pass the evening.

I had just finished my toilette, when Nora knocked at the door, with a "Please, Miss, there's company."

I stopped to fasten a bunch of roses into the corsage of my blue dress, and downstairs I went into the drawing-room, which was already pervaded by a soft twilight, thanks to a mania of Annette's for keeping the curtains down. And there I found, not only the Norris party, but Colonel Jefferson and his dear old wife. The Colonel was a great ally of mine, and I rather neglected the others, at first, to give him a hearty greeting; but before I had finished, I heard Annette speak my name, following up the summons with:

"My sister Mabel, Mr. Challoner."

I turned; and there, within two feet of me, stood my enemy, cool and self-possessed as a May morning, bowing in the most stately fashion, though I caught a quizzical glance from his great dark eyes, which made every drop of blood in my body tingle and burn.

I flatter myself that if ever a man received a salutation calculated to freeze the very marrow in his bones, it was that same Mr. Challoner. Then I resumed my speech to the Colonel. Then I felt an inspiration to pet his wife, and beguile her into a long story in regard to her household woes, which were always numerous. Then I was seized with a spasm of affection for Bella Norris, who invariably bored me to death. Then I swooped upon my miserable slave, her brother Frederick, and drove him to the verge of imbecility in exactly three minutes and a quarter. But, somehow, whatever I was doing, I could not help seeing that tall, haughty-looking fellow making himself agreeable to Annette; and several times he addressed me; but whenever he did, I became as deaf as an adder; and Annette would call me gently, and I would beg pardon, make him repeat his words, answer as briefly as possible, and return to Fred.

But, mind you, though the thing itself was rude, I did it in a very superior fashion: my worst enemies always admitted that I could go to the furthest extreme of insolence in a graceful way!

The Colonel being a bit of an invalid—thanks

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to years of hard work among the frontier Indians, and too much high living since his return—dined early, like ourselves; so it was agreed that the whole party should stop and have supper with us.

We all went out of doors, for Annette wished to exhibit her garden—the chief pride of her heart—and we lingered till the early moon came up broad and full. Somehow, I was in a state of such odd excitement—it was not exactly anger, though I tried to call it so—that I managed to get away from the others, under a pretense of wanting to cut some roses for Mrs. Jefferson. I got rid of Fred Norris, by dispatching him to the house to search in a particular spot for a particular pair of scissors, which were safely hidden somewhere else.

I stopped near one of my favorite white lilac-trees—oh! I can smell the odor of the blossoms yet!—and was taking myself to task for being such a nervous, excitable goose, when a voice said, just behind me:

"Am I not forgiven yet?"

I turned, and there stood Mr. Challoner. I suddenly felt so ashamed of myself, that I had three minds to hold out my hand and say so; but I wouldn't—I do believe I positively glared at him. Without warning, his face, which had looked so grave and sad, brightened, his eyes began to laugh, I could see the corners of his mouth twitch under his long mustache, and he cried, gayly:

"If you will forgive me, I'll make you a promise. Next time you fall in the water, you may drown, for all me."

Now he laughed outright; and, in spite of myself, I joined in his merriment.

"Is it a bargain?" he asked.

"I'll tell you when the next accident happens," said I, demurely.

It was an odd thing, but in ten minutes I had forgotten all my vexation; and there we stood talking like two friends, until Annette's voice from the veranda reminded me that I ought to go in.

"It was horribly rude of me to stay away from the rest," I said to him, as I turned to obey; "and it is all your fault."

"Everything seems to be my fault," he replied, in a tone of mock penitence; but though he laughed, his eyes looked serious—oh, those wonderful eyes!

"Ah, well," said I, "if you will always continue in that proper state of mind, we shall get on nicely."

Two other gentlemen had strayed in, and Annette had asked them to stop; so the Norris girls were provided for. What a supper we had! What a delightful evening after! Everybody said so, except Fred Norris; and really I think he did not enjoy it a bit. Annette had given Mrs. Jefferson some white wool she wanted, and I thought it would be easier for her to carry it home in a ball than a skein, so I asked Fred to help her wind it; and she was such a dear, slow old thing that she kept him occupied a whole hour.

They insisted on my singing—and I did. If ever I put my whole soul into my voice, it was that night! Mr. Challoner stood by the piano, and held his peace when the others burst into ridiculous praises; but he looked at me from under his downcast lashes, with an expression which said as plainly as words could have done that his appreciation went too deep for speech.

I could not sleep after I went to my room, but sat and watched the moon, lost in vague dreams, which had no more to do with my life than if I had been an inhabitant of the cold, white planet above my head.

The next three weeks were unusually gay ones for our quiet neighborhood. It so happened that almost everybody had guests; so, of course, amusements were the order of the day. Luncheons, dinners, picnics, excursions to every place of interest within reach, croquet-parties, dances—oh, three such weeks as only come once in one's lifetime, and then only in one's youth!

Of course you have seen long since what the end was to be, so I may as well tell you at once how it came about.

I did meet with another accident, and again Rupert Challoner was my rescuer—this time from actual peril. One afternoon, that silly little Fred Norris came to the house to say good-bye, for he was obliged to go to St. Louis to attend to some business for his father. Finding me alone, he proceeded to make a goose of himself; and when I told him that I should as soon have expected my own brother to talk such nonsense, he waxed lachrymose, and vowed that he had been badly treated. Then I grew angry; then I cried; and then he came to his senses, and admitted that he was behaving ill; and we parted, finally, good friends. But I was a good deal disturbed with all this, as you may suppose.

To divert my thoughts, I went out into the garden. The gardener was not there, but had been at work tying up some roses that had climbed high on the garden wall. The step-ladder which he had been using was still there. The temptation seized me to pluck a bunch at the very top: no others would satisfy me, for none were so blooming and large. I found them, how-

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ver, almost beyond my reach, and stretching up to get them, lost my balance. Usually I was not giddy, under any circumstances; but now a strange faintness came over me, and I would have fallen if two strong arms had not grasped my waist from behind, and a voice cried: "There, the danger is over. The girl at the door told me you were here, and I came to seek you. Pardon me, pray."

I was again ready to be angry. But how could I? When I descended, I saw that his face was flushed with the excitement, and his hat had fallen off as he ran, for it was lying at some distance on the ground. No, I could not be angry. And when he took my hands, and looked into my eyes, and begged pardon again for what he had done, what could I do but thank him? And perhaps something in my voice or look gave him courage, for before we got to the house—yes, long before that—everything was settled between us—we were engaged.

But I felt ashamed—it was so sudden. It seemed unmaidenly bold in me to have to own that I loved him; and I cried heartily as I tried to say so. Then he kissed away my tears, and this was what he said:

"My darling, from the moment I set eyes upon you, something told me that I had found the woman who was to rule my life, and be my guiding-star—my all! Love knows nothing about time. Could we know each other better if we had lived for years side by side?"

Then—but I need not weary you with long descriptions or details of a conversation which perhaps would not sound so fresh and new as it did to me.

When we started to go home, I said:

"Mr. Challoner"—then he stopped me, and it was ever so long before I could get my sentence out. "Rupert, I hate having secrets, but I don't want to tell Annette yet: I am sure she would—would not understand—"

"My darling," he cried, when I broke down, "let it be our own precious secret for awhile. I have received a letter to-day that forces me to go away for a week, perhaps more. When I come back, we can tell our dear, sweet Annette."

So we went to the house together, and spent the evening alone, for my sister was taking tea with old Mrs. Ross.

After Rupert was gone, I sat alone in my room, dreaming, dreaming. Much as I knew I should miss him, I was glad that business forced him to leave early the next day, for I wanted a few days to myself. I was so confused, so bewildered, that only solitude could help me to composure. I refused even to write to him or to let him write, for I knew Annette would wonder. He submitted to my decision, saying: "Your wish is my law, dearest." But oh! how lonely I felt after he had gone.

So a week went by. You can picture what that week was to me. Young or old, commonplace or imaginative, your own experience will enable you to do so. This was the way it ended:

Nora brought me a letter one evening when I was in my room; for Annette had guests—special friends of her own—and I had made a trifling headache an excuse for not going downstairs. I recognized the writing on the envelope. It was that of my dear, darling May Hosmer, whom I had not seen since we had met in New York the previous winter. She had promised me a visit during the spring, but had afterward written to say that she was prevented coming. She did not give me her reason then, but said I should have it later, and would then confess it a good one. No doubt this letter contained the clue to the mystery. I tore it hastily open. Alas! this was its story:

Just after I left town, May had become engaged to a man whom she had met in Europe. He had followed her home: but her old aunt—who guarded her like a dragon, believing that every male creature who came near had an eye to the dear girl's fortune—had conceived an inveterate hostility to this particular suitor.

But Aunt Agnes had at last changed her mind. The death of a relative had endowed the lover with wealth greater than May's own; and meantime the perverse old lady had learned to like him, and now that he was rich, was eager for the match. So everything was settled, and May the happiest damsel in the world.

Aunt Agnes was not well: the doctors had ordered her to Bubbling Springs, from which place May wrote, and where she desired me to join her and spend at least a month. Her lover was there, but business forced him to leave for a time. I must come and keep her company during his absence, and wait to have the vicarious bliss of seeing him on his return.

The name of May's lover was Rupert Challoner.

I never knew how I lived through that night! I had been duped—deliberately trifled with. He was a mean, despicable coquet. He had vowed to pay me back for my girlish insolence in the beginning of our acquaintance—to bring me to his feet—harness me, a slave, to the car of his vanity; and he had succeeded!

Annette's friends, I found in the morning, had stopped all night. I had no intention of evading them. I dressed and went downstairs. My eyes

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were bright, my cheeks red. I never looked in more brilliant beauty; and my heedless tongue was never quicker at *bon-mot* or repartee. I suffered only from a horrible sense of degradation and humiliation.

You will tell me it is odd that my friend should never have mentioned my name to her lover, so that he would have recognized me when we met. She might, and no doubt had done so; but Johnson was a cognomen too common to attract attention, and May had a horror of the name Mabel, and invariably used my second one, Florence.

The morning wore on. Annette embroidered; the two old Miss Dinsmores knitted; and I played and sang for them. I recited burlesque poems; improvised absurd costumes; gave an exhibition of Mrs. Ross indulging in lumbago, of Judge Howell on the bench, of Freddie Norris in love, of the three Miss Winters at a ball. I spared nobody; and try as she might to scold, Annette, like the others, was forced to laugh till she cried.

No matter what I did—anything rather than be left alone! Suddenly a strange, tired feeling came over me. I felt dizzy and sick. I retreated to a great easy-chair towards the further end of the room, declaring that I was sleepy. I would have gone away then, but I was afraid of falling or fainting. I felt that I must sit still till the death-like sensation passed.

There came a speedy cure: the door opened, and Nora announced:

"Mr. Rupert Challoner."

The dizziness and faintness were gone. I was well and strong on the instant. I would have my vengeance then and there, I said to myself. I would mortify the dastardly wretch as he deserved. He had no heart, no soul, no honor: he merited no mercy. Fortunately, through his boundless vanity I could make him feel, and I would pierce it to the very quick.

My chair was turned so that I was invisible to a person entering the room, but in a mirror near I could see all that passed. Annette received the visitor graciously, and introduced him to her friends. They exchanged a few commonplaces. Then he said, inquiringly:

"Miss Mabel is not in?"

"Oh, yes, she is," I called, lazily. "Sound asleep, too; but she hears you. Come and say how do you do, Mr. Challoner."

He hastened towards me, seized my two hands, and murmured softly:

"My darling—at last—oh, my darling!"

I burst out laughing, looking full in his face the while. What he read in mine made him start back as if something had stung him.

"Mabel!" he exclaimed.

Still laughing, I spoke. I affected to lower my voice, though every word I uttered was, I know, distinctly audible to the trio, who sat exchanging wondering glances.

"You most gallant of bedlamites," I said, "have you never read Mrs. Browning? Don't you know that colors seen by candle-light do not look the same by day? Now, listen! It was all very well to accept your devotion for three weeks; but if you have come back as crazy as you went away, I must tell you that the man to whom I am engaged vows he will have no more of such nonsense!"

"Mabel!" he said again, gazing at me with dilated eyes.

Absolutely, he thought to keep up the pretense still! I had to clasp my hands tight on the arms of my chair to keep quiet. But again I laughed.

"You seem dazed," said I. "Well, I suppose it does astonish a vain man to find that here and there in the world exists a woman who is his superior in trifling. But don't look so black. You have been victorious so often, that you ought to bear a defeat with better grace! Now, like a gallant knight, shake hands, to show that you bear no malice, and" (here I lowered my voice so that it could not reach the others) "and go!"

I believe that a long tirade of the bitterest words could not have expressed a tithe of the scorn which I put into that one monosyllable. He grew white to his very lips—oh, I had thrust deep—deep—and I was glad—glad!

He turned from me, silent, dumb. What could he say, indeed? Found out—foiled—beaten with his own weapons, the coward!

He paused by my sister's chair, spoke a few broken words of apology, bowed to the spinsters, and took his departure.

For a few instants, nobody stirred. The three ladies sat staring into each other's eyes. I rose, went to the mirror, arranged a flower in my hair, and passed out of the library, humming an opera air as I went.

I dared not go to my room. I hurried into the garden, and walked up and down, recklessly plucking the flowers within reach. At last I heard Annette call.

"Mabel! Mabel!" she cried.

I turned; she was coming down the walk, pale and troubled.

I advanced to meet her.

"Not one word!" said I, in a voice which I hardly recognized for my own. "I have given an insolent dandy the lesson he deserved: don't you interfere."

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"Mabel, Mabel!" was all she said. She checked a sob, and went on: "My dear, we have just got sad news—the rector has had a stroke of paralysis. Miss Graves has sent for me. I shall send my friends home, after the carriage leaves me at the house."

They were gone. I don't know how the day passed. I have vague recollections of trying to play, to write; of walking up and down the house like a demented person: that is all. In the evening, Annette sent word that she could not return: she might be obliged to remain for several days, as poor Dora Graves was helpless with grief.

I dashed off a few short lines in reply, to say that I should start the next morning for Bubbling Springs, to visit May Hosmer.

I passed the rectory on my way to the station, and Annette came out to bid me good-bye. But we only exchanged a few sentences. We talked more of Mr. Graves' seizure than anything else. But the anxious look in Annette's eyes forced me to say at last:

"Don't worry over me, dear. I'm sorry I vexed you."

"You never did that," she whispered, putting her arms about me as I sat in the low pony-carriage. "But oh, my child, I can't understand! What does it mean?"

"I think I made it pretty clear," I answered. "But I shall miss the train, if I don't take care. Good-bye."

So we kissed each other heartily, and on I drove. At three o'clock I reached Bubbling Springs. I had sent May no warning of my arrival, and a more astonished creature never lived than she was when I entered her rooms in the hotel. But she was as overjoyed as she was surprised. Directly she said:

"My dearest, I had another surprise last evening. Rupert came. He's in his room. I'll call him. Aunt is having a nap; so, while waiting for her, you shall see Rupert."

"Stop, May," I gasped; "I must tell you something. I know him—he is worse than a villain—a mean, contemptible coquet, whom you will despise as I do when you hear—"

"How dare you!" she broke in, stamping her foot, then bursting into tears. "It is not true, it cannot be; you slander him."

"It is, May. He has been at Arkley—he—oh—"

May dried her eyes, and stared at me with an expression so strange that I thought she had gone mad. She ran out of the room, and left me alone for some time. I had flung myself into a chair, and was sitting with my face buried in my hands, when I heard the door open again, and persons entering.

"Here is Rupert," said May.

I sprang up, and turned towards her. There stood May, radiant with smiles, and beside her stood—a man on whom I had never before set eyes!

I fell back into the chair, speechless.

"I understand everything now," said May, "even to my Rupert finding his poor cousin here when he got back last night, much madder than you are, Mab—and that's saying a good deal."

Then the door opened again, and through a thick mist, into which I seemed slowly floating, I saw Rupert Challoner enter, and then—

Well, I knew nothing more for a long half-hour; but when I came to my senses, they were all three still there, hanging about me like demented creatures; and before May and her lover stole out of the room, my bewildered brain was able to comprehend that there were two Rupert Challoners, and one was hers and one mine.

A MEMORY.

BY ALEXANDER A. IRVINE.

The breeze through my window comes bringing,
Dew-laden, the musk of the rose.
"Love Not" a late loit'rer is singing,
As home in the moonlight he goes.
Once more I am young as I listen.
The mocking-bird echoes the strain;
The stars in the southern sky glisten:
My lost one is with me again!

She sings the same "Love Not," uplifting
The light of her radiant eyes.
The voice of a seraph seems drifting—
So softly she sings—from the skies.

I walk with an angel, unknowing;
I whisper: "Life's worst I can brave."
Ah me! the June roses are blooming,
And have been for years, on her grave.

The dream was but short, yet forever
Its bliss with my being is blent.
I've loved: that is living: whatever
Shall come to me now, I'm content.
Storm-swept, ocean-toss'd, thunder-riven,
I stand up and face it unmoved.
Oh! better one glimpse of that heaven,
Than ages, unloving, unloved.

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THE MYSTERY OF THE BROCKEN.

BY MRS. M. SHEFFEY PETERS.

CHAPTER I.

It was Spring in the Brocken. Along the cliff-ledges overhanging the banks of the silvery Roanoke, up the ridge, and in the woodland beyond, the Judas-tree was showing its red passion-buds, in vivid contrast to the dogwood's white blossoms. In sheltered spots, smoke-gray fronds were unfurling their queer little banners; and the mossy sward everywhere was starred by waxen-petaled anemones. In sunnier spaces, marguerites and buttercups were fringing the woodland paths; while wild columbines were swinging their red bells above, kissed by the redder lips of flame-hearted pinks.

Loaded with hatfuls and handfuls of these flowers, Priscilla Brock and her young Canadian cousin, Amide Hurkamp, were coming up the ridge into the woodland, having left Eustace Hurkamp down on the river, fishing, with only black Dan to keep him company. Here, at one point, the swiftly-flowing waters deepened and widened, and settled into a still pool. Just beyond, the ridge jutted boldly into the river, narrowing the channel to a span, and rising above it precipitously.

"That seems to be a promising pool yonder; suppose we try our luck there," said Eustace, pointing to it.

"I specs hit's er mons'rous fine hole fur de fishes," Dan answered, after evident hesitation. "De pool mought be full ov 'em, you see, ez nary a pusson in dese parts 'ud toch 'em, underneaf dat tree, wi' er forty-foot pole."

"Why not?" questioned the other, curiously.

"Bekase dey dassent, Marster Tacy," drawing a step closer, and keeping a furtive outlook upon the pool. "'Taint talked about much, but hit's knowed all de same ez dat bend o' de river's haunted. And dat"—in an awe-struck voice—"is de tree, de very same tree."

"What tree? What do you mean? I see only an oak—and not such a big one, at that."

Dan shook his head.

"Hit mayn't be so big; but what wuz done on it made a big an' black enuff mystery fur de Brocken, shore ez yer born."

"Ah! I see now. That's the tree where black Daddy Ike was hung, that dreadful night during the war?"

Dan nodded. He and Master Hurkamp looked strangely at each other for a moment. Then the latter said:

"Was it certain that the bush-whackers did it?"

"Nobody can't edzackly say who 'twuz, ner fur what dey did it, Marster Tacy," replied Dan. "But dar he hung, nex' mornin', stone-dead."

Eustace shuddered, yet moved a few steps closer to the tree.

"On which limb was the old man hung?" he asked.

"'Twere dat big limb er retchin' out over de pool. Dey mus' hev drawed him up from de bank fornent de pool."

"I'll see how that was," said Eustace, advancing, almost as if drawn by some influence he could not resist, and Dan reluctantly following.

"Granny Soph 'ud swinge my back, ef she knowed I were down about here," he protested, however, dolorously.

"Mammy Soph was the wife of Daddy Ike, was she not?"

"Dat she were. An' him an' her both had been in de Brock fam'ly nigh on ter fifty yar; an' dey trusted 'em, de white folks did; an' dat's hussum Mars' Rolfe Brock tuk him, dat night, ter help hide de silber an' things. He were de piousest ole man on de plantashun, Daddy Ike were, a-singin' ob nights, an' workin' ob days, Mammy Soph tells."

"Strange that no trace has ever been found of Uncle Rolfe, or of the Brock valuables," said Eustace, perplexing his brain about a subject which had perplexed older heads for twenty years. "It's as strange as the hanging of old Ike."

"Ki! ef a body could jes' come acrost dat gol' an' silber! I've heerd Granny say ez how de Brocks's—Miss Helen, an' ole Mistress, an' de balance—needn't never want fer nuthin' arter dat; an' how de Brocken mought hol' its head high agin."

"Who knows," said the other, "but that the gold was poured into that pool yonder? In twenty years the very fish may be turned into gold. I mean to try for them, anyhow."

And, to Dan's boundless horror, a moment later, the speaker, stepping on the root of the haunted oak, dropped his hook into the black pool below.

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"Bless' ef Dan'l totes home de debbil's fish he'll cotch out o' dat," the boy said to himself.

Nevertheless, when the daring angler had, after scarcely twenty minutes, thrown out upon the bank two mammoth suckers, a red-eye, and a silver perch, the angling instinct was aroused in Dan, in spite of his supernatural fears, and he drew near. Suddenly he cried:

"Cracky! what's dat you got hol' ob now?" And he drew back, shaking all over.

"It's something," cried Eustace, excitedly; "I hardly know what. Perhaps only a water-dog. Ah, here it comes."

"Grimsirs! how cur'us," cried Dan, as the catch was landed. "Whatsomever mought it be? 'Taint er mud-turkle, ner er bull-frog, ner er craw-fish nuther, ez I kin see. Jeemes's River! ef dese ain't mussel-shells a-kiverin' some sort ob er—"

In truth, the object seemed to be imbedded in living barnacles or mussels. Eustace knelt down, and scraped off some of the shells.

"It seems to be a bottle or glass jug of some kind," he said. "This is a glassy surface below. But how under the sun—"

"Eustace, Eustace!" called the clear voices of his sister and cousin, from the ridge above, at this moment.

"Amide! Priscilla! come down here quick," shouted Eustace, in return.

"What is it?" both girls asked, hastening down.

Eustace held up the article just fished out.

"Pshaw! it's nothing but a lot of mussels that have covered an old glass bottle," said Priscilla.

"It may be a bottle, and I think it is one," said Eustace; "but it's cut-glass—something like the toilette-bottle that mamma has, you know, Amide."

"Isn't there something inside?" asked Amide. "I thought I heard a clicking as you turned it over."

Eustace shook the bottle. Surely there was a distinct rattling within.

The cousins looked at each other, startled and curious. Dan, with a frightened face, fell back several paces.

"'Clar ter grashus, Miss Prissy," he said, "ef I wouldn' jes' drop de tarnal critter back whar it come from. It may be a torpeder, put dar durin' de war."

"This is no torpedo," said Prissy, decisively, examining it again. "Nor is it only a common glass bottle, Eustace." And she walked a step or two aside, and lowered her voice. "I verily believe the mate to this bottle stands on the mantelpiece up in gran'mer's room. There's always been something queer about that bottle. None of us children were ever allowed to touch it."

"Somebody up at Brocken Hall, then, ought to see the thing," said Eustace. "It might be recognized. Would"—hesitating—"would gran'mer know, do you suppose?"

"Gran'mer? No. But it may have been Uncle Rolfe's. He may have dropped it in the pool that dreadful night. Gran'mer! Bless you, gran'mer has not spoken of Uncle Rolfe in twenty years. She has forgotten. No—not gran'mer. Sister Helen would be better. Or Mammy Soph—that's the idea! Mammy Soph's the one to show it to."

But Dan, when this decision was communicated to Amide in his hearing, broke out into loud opposition.

"Granny Soph'll make sausage-meat o' Dan'l," he cried, "ef she hears he's been a-fishin' in dis pool; dat she will, Miss Prissy. Dont'ee tell her, dont'ee."

"Your granny," said Priscilla, soothingly, "needn't know you were with us. We won't tell on you, Dan, whatever else we do."

Thus assured, Dan took up the poles and the basket of fish, and followed the others homewards.

CHAPTER II.

A BRISK walk soon brought them to the Hall gate, on the high-road, where a long avenue led up to the house. Here they met a strange horseman, young and good-looking, who had stopped irresolutely.

"Is this the entrance to Brocken Hall?" he asked, touching his hat to Prissy.

"Yes," answered the girl. "Dan, open the gate for the gentleman. You are, I suppose, going to the Hall?"

"Yes! And you? You are Brocks?" said the young man. "I too am a Brock, and we must be cousins."

"Then you are Mr. Archibald," said Prissy. "Sister Helen told me that she was expecting you. But I don't think she knows you have returned to America." She spoke rather coldly.

"No," answered Mr. Archibald Manning, for it was he; "my plans were not definitely settled when I last wrote to your sister. Business interests recalled me to Blenheim, the old Manning estate on the Peninsula, you know," slightly smiling; "so I am enabled to reach the Brocken somewhat sooner than I anticipated, and hence to make the acquaintance of my fair cousins." And he bowed again.

"And to look after the mortgage, and his other business interests at the Brocken, no

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doubt," thought Priscilla, in bitterness of spirit. The expression of her face did not escape Manning's notice.

"It is plain to see that my little cousin," he said to himself, after he had ridden on, "is in the confidence of her older sister, and that she suspects a selfish motive for my appearance here. I wonder if the fair Helen is as proud as this one."

"I know I ought not to hate him, but I do," muttered Prissy, biting her lip, as she gazed after the handsome horseman. Her evident disturbance was noticed by the others, also.

"What has Mr. Archibald Manning ever done to you, Prissy," asked Eustace. "You look as if you absolutely hated him."

"Done?" she retorted. "He has done everything for us, Helen says. She thinks he is a model of all the Christian virtues. But I can't help, for my part, disliking a man who has the power to turn us out into the road, to beg for our living, if he has a fancy to."

"If he had the power to turn me out into the road, and didn't do it," said Amide, "I should be very fond of him."

"That's what Helen says. But," with a passionate stamp of her foot, "how do we know but that he has grown tired of being patient, and has come, like any other Shylock, to claim his pound of flesh? Sister Helen wasn't able to meet the last interest when due, and she wrote to him that she was afraid she'd have to sell the Brocken—she couldn't struggle on any longer."

"Yes," said Amide, "she wrote to mamma so, too; and that was the reason mamma came—one reason, you know."

Priscilla nodded.

"Yes. Sister would rather Aunt Eunice had the homestead, if it must go: but I don't want anybody to have it—but just Helen."

"Mamma thinks—" began Amide: but Eustace unceremoniously interrupted her.

"What a pity that a fine place like this should be mortgaged, anyhow," he said, sympathizingly, to Prissy. "Why, it has been in the family for nearly two hundred years. For my part, I can't see how gran'per got into debt so. Mamma has often told us how rich he was when she was a young girl, and how they lived in almost royal style here."

Priscilla shrugged her shoulders.

"But that was way back," she said, "when Aunt Eunice and papa and Uncle Rolfe were young. There's not been much living like royalty since. The silver went that night, you know, when Uncle Rolfe disappeared. So did gran'mer's jewelry: the diamonds and the money. When the war ended, it found us ruined. The servants had all left, except the old and sick: and there was no one to make the crops. The whole time, too, gran'per was paying money, here and there and everywhere, in the search for Uncle Rolfe."

"How awfully terrible and sad that story about him is," said Amide, shuddering. "Mamma will hardly ever speak of it to us. As for Eustace and me, we know but little more than the outlines."

"I tell you what," said Priscilla, "there's one person knows about the whole thing, just as it happened. That's Mammy Soph. Maybe, when we take this bottle to her, we may persuade her to tell us the story."

"Poor old woman," said Amide. "I wonder she would be willing to talk about it. How dreadfully she must have been distressed by the fate of her husband!"

"Yes, indeed," interposed Eustace, with a sly glance at Priscilla; "the poor old lady told me, boastingly, only the other day, how she had 'enjoyed sich er 'mazin' sight o' trouble in her time.' Those were her very words."

"Truth to tell," said Priscilla, "the awfulness of that night's work elevated Mammy Soph into a person of great importance; and, like most of her race, she delights in being consequential. But see: we turn off here, if we are going to Mammy Soph's cabin."

CHAPTER III.

MAMMY SOPH looked up as her visitors darkened her doorway. Attenuated and wrinkled with age, but turbaned and stately, she instantly dropped a brisk curtsey, in response to the salutation of the cousins.

"Come in, honeys; come right in," she said. "You'se welcome ez roses in May."

"Mammy," said Priscilla, dashing at once into the object of their visit, "we want to hear about that night, a long time ago, you know, when Uncle Rolfe disappeared."

The old woman's dark cheek took on an ashen hue, all at once.

"Chile," she said, sharply, "de Bible say hit's bes' ter let de dead bury de dead. Dere's ghos'es hauntin' dem ole times. What fur you want ter stir 'mong der graves an' bones?"

"But, mammy, you've told Helen and me, many a time; and now Eustace and Amide want to hear. Why not tell them?"

Mammy Soph knitted her brows.

"Dey hain't lived in de mystery der lives long, ez we hev, honey. What use, den, fur dem ter strain der young eyes ter peek inter

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things what nobody hain't peeked inter from dat night till now?"

"But there's a reason for us to want to hear about it, mammy," persisted the girl. "We've found something, you see, down there—"

"Down whar? Chillun, chillun!" She looked at them aghast.

"It's only a bottle—a glass bottle—that's been in the water ever so long," explained Prissy, in a hurry. "We thought we'd best show it to you first, as it was found there under the oak-tree."

"Lord hab mussy! Under dat oak-tree? Chile, didn' I tell you 'twere bes' fur de dead ter res' in der graves? Show me what you done find. But dat oak-tree hain't never fetched nothin' but evil ter we'uns. Mars' Eustace, you gib it ter me."

The young man, for reply, placed in the unsteady fingers, so eagerly extended for it, the bottle he had fished out of the pool. Mammy Soph turned it about sharply, her lips growing more ashen. Suddenly she sank upon her knees, bursting into a passion of sobs and prayers.

Amide and Eustace stood dumb, not knowing what to do. But Priscilla dropped down beside the shaking figure, and began to soothe her with kind words.

"Dat'll do, Miss Prissy, chile," Mammy Soph said, presently, getting on her feet. "Seein' dat bottle hev been like seein' young Mars' Rolfe takin' it outer my han' dat night, jes' 'fore he set off wi' my ole man. Lord, Lord! wuz it him, er wuz it my poor ole Isaac dat dropped it down in de water, dat night? Miss Prissy, chile, sumpin' gwine ter come o' findin' dis. Don' you know dat bottle dat sets on de mantel-piece, up in yer gran'ma's room? Well, dis bottle's de bery mate o' dat 'un, an' it set on de udder end; an' dat night, sez ole Missus ter me, sez she: 'Sophia, yer Mars' Rolfe wants 'n air-tight bottle ter put my string-pearls inter. Give him dat silver-stoppered one.' So I clum on de cheer-rung, an' retched it offen de mantel, an' stood dere, an' saw Mars' Rolfe slip de necklace and de bracelets in, an' screw down de top, an' set it on de bureau wid de udder jewelry."

"You saw him put the pearls in this bottle?" cried Priscilla, excited. "Here, Eustace," taking the bottle from Mammy Soph, "let's scrape off all these mussels, and see if the pearls are not inside yet. Something's in there, you know. Mammy, give us a knife, please."

But Mammy Soph interposed. She took the botttle, and said:

"Now, honeys, don't you fret 'bout havin' ter leave dis. It will take a long time, and your dinner-time hab come. Leave de bottle here. Ole Mammy'll scrub and watch it till you come arter dinner agin. Jes' you run 'long, an' Mammy Soph'll rub and soak de whole time, an' it'll be clar ez er winder-pane when you comes—see ef it don't. Take dis dish o' tarts ter Miss Helen wi' you, but dont'ee say nothin', chillun, 'bout dis—dont'ee say one word."

Eustace and Priscilla willingly gave the required promise; but Amide was already off at a quick pace for the house, and, a moment after, they followed her.

CHAPTER IV.

In the meantime, Mr. Archibald Manning had reached the house, and been welcomed by Miss Helen.

"It is so good of you to come in person," she said. "You have always been a true friend, and—and—" hesitatingly, "a forbearing creditor."

"I have only done what was right," was the reply. "Say nothing about it. Perhaps I may be able, when I hear all about your affairs, to help you out of your difficulty. I met your little sister, by the bye, near the gate, and," with a smile, "I think she took me for a robber, or a Shylock—"

"Oh, I hope she wasn't rude," cried Helen. "But she is young and impulsive, and—and very proud."

"Not at all rude. And perhaps she was right to judge only from appearances. But you, at least, know better, and that I am willing to wait."

"I appreciate your forbearance, but I doubt if any good will come of waiting. I don't see how I can go on paying interest. Hence I wrote to you, that it would be wiser for you either to foreclose the mortgage or take Brocken at once."

"Ah, well," returned her cousin, quickly, "there's time enough to talk of business matters. Perhaps, before I go, I can succeed in conquering my cousin Priscilla's dislike. The young people with her are the Hurkamps, our Canadian kinsfolk, are they not?"

Miss Brock's eyes dropped a little under his earnest gaze.

"Yes; the younger son, Eustace, and Amide, the only daughter of Aunt Eunice, who, you know, was herself the only daughter of my grandfather."

"Since you wrote me they were coming, I have been acquainting myself with Madam Hurkamp's history," he answered, quietly stroking his mustache. "From my father's papers I find that she was married to Colonel Hurkamp, commanding the Federal Brigade that was encamped in this neighborhood, but a month or two after the disappearance of your uncle, Rolfe Brock."

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"Yes," replied Helen; "and married against grandfather's wish. But she was very young—scarcely seventeen; and the house was overshadowed by that terrible calamity; one hardly wonders that she wished to escape from it all."

"Colonel Hurkamp took an active part in the search, didn't he? Both for the missing brother, and the Brocken valuables?"

"Yes—at least while he was encamped on the Brocken. But, owing to circumstances, he could not make the investigation thorough."

Mr. Archibald Manning shrugged his broad shoulders.

"And he was so compassionate, that when he departed, the luckless house had lost its daughter, as well as its son, and its material prosperity."

"You are hard," said Miss Brock. "I see you share the suspicions of your father and of gran'per; but I really think they are unjust—"

"Well," said her cousin, interrupting, but smiling, "let that go, at least for the present. There are other matters I wish to talk with you about. In the first place, what of the mystery enveloping the fate of Rolfe Brock? I know of the occurrence only in a general way. I would like to hear the details, if you do not object."

"No one knows more than the outline," returned Miss Brock. "It is a mystery, and, as a mystery, has been talked of in whispers, at the Brocken, ever since I can remember. But the facts, unsatisfactory as they are, are these."

She paused for a moment, and then went on:

"My grandfather was from home at the time. The plantation, being out of the way of the contending armies, had suffered but little. There were, of course, occasional alarms from raiding-parties; and again and again the horses and cattle and servants had been hurried off to the mountains, when such alarms occurred. Uncle Rolfe, who was a cripple, and so exempt from military duty, and Daddy Ike, as he was called, always accompanied these expeditions, carrying provisions from the Brocken for the people and the stock. It was their habit, however, to return the next day, so as to be ready, if necessary, to convey the silver and other valuables to a place of safety. That such a place of hiding was known to Uncle Rolfe, and doubtless to Daddy Ike also, cannot be doubted.

"As the war progressed, the country about the Brocken became more and more unsettled. There were raiders, bush-whackers, bandits, runaways, deserters—all sorts of outlaws—ranging over the whole neighborhood. My father was with his regiment, in Northern Virginia; and, as I have said, gran'per was in Richmond. One day news came that a large force was moving rapidly in this direction. Only gran'mer, Aunt Eunice, and Uncle Rolfe were at home. Once more the servants and stock were hurried off to the uplands. They went before daylight; and in the afternoon, late, Uncle Rolfe and Daddy Ike returned. It was determined then that the other valuables had better be secured. The silver was packed in bags, so that the two men could handle it easily. There was a zinc box, too, containing valuable papers, bonds, and other securities; and some gold, also. The box contained, possibly, about fifty thousand dollars in value, all told. Gran'mer's jewel-casket had a valuable set of diamonds in it; and there were other gems, pearls, etc. Mammy Soph—at that time gran'mer's maid—gran'mer, Aunt Eunice, and the two men did the packing. It was after nightfall—quite late at night, indeed—when Uncle Rolfe and Daddy Ike got into the cart, and drove away through the darkness. All night the three women waited for them to return. But they never came back—they never came any more."

Helen paused, and drew a deep breath. But she rallied immediately, and went on:

"It was nearly noon of the next day," she continued, "when the horse which they had taken returned to the Brocken, soiled, muddy, and forlorn-looking, as if he had been driven fast or far. Hanging about him were the tattered lines and harness: but the cart was gone, and the men and valuables with it. Later in the day, Daddy Ike was found hanging, dead and cold, as you have heard—swung out on the branch of the oak-tree, over the river. Along the ridge, above the cliffs—below which the murderers had committed their crime—the tracks of the cart-wheels were traced for a mile or so, until they stopped at a ford of the river; but it was not until a week or two later that the cart itself, broken and empty, was found, overturned, in a gorge of the mountain.

"Along with the ruts of the cart, on the ridge, were hoof-marks of several horses; and there were indistinct traces of footprints up and down the cliff, where doubtless the murderers had descended and returned, after hanging old Ike."

"And there was nothing—absolutely nothing—brought to light concerning the fate of your Uncle Rolfe?"

Helen shook her head.

"It is only known that he disappeared as utterly as if the earth had opened and swallowed him."

"It would appear so."

"Those midnight robbers," said her hearer,

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"must have been tangible beings, however—creatures of flesh and blood. Did the earth swallow them? Somebody did the deed."

Helen shuddered, and shook her head.

"You are as prejudiced as your father," she said.

"My father always suspected the Colonel: your grandfather's convictions were the same."

"That's only too true. His belief that Colonel Hurkamp was mixed up in the tragedy was the cause of his uncompromising opposition to his daughter's marriage."

"And he carried that conviction with him to the grave?"

"I fear so. He certainly disinherited Aunt Eunice. Even gran'mer's life-interest in the estate is to come to my sister and myself, after gran'mer's death."

"From my father's papers, I learn that your aunt bitterly contested this will: but in vain."

"Yes," smiling a little, "for your father was as stern an enemy of the Hurkamps as I fear you are inclined to be."

"Or, rather, he was a staunch friend and supporter of the orphaned children of his cousin and comrade, Paul Brock. My object is to succeed him in this. And—"

Miss Brock's dark eyes glistened with feeling as she spoke: "My sister and myself ought not to wish you to make personal sacrifices for us," she added.

"May I ask why you communicated with the Hurkamps regarding the contemplated sale of the Brocken?"

"I thought it but just to Aunt Eunice that she should be informed that the homestead was likely to be for sale. In no case could you have been a loser. Your mortgage secured you—"

"And this is why Madam is here?"

"Partly. I wrote to her, also, of the failing health of her mother."

"Ah! does the gallant Colonel think of investing in this patrimony of the Brocks'?"

"My aunt seems to act in the matter independent of her husband. I do not think he will thwart her. She has a strong desire to own the place."

Mr. Archibald Manning smiled.

"So, so!" he said, with his slow smile. "It will be a pity to thwart their fine projects. But I have means of knowing that your grandfather declined, distinctly, negotiating with this Colonel Hurkamp for the sale of the place: and that, too, when the Brocken was in a more dire strait than it need be at present."

Helen Brock started. "Are you certain of that?" she said.

"Yes. And I may as well confess that your letter telling me that your Canadian relatives were about to pass the summer here hastened my own coming. I wished to get from you a promise that you would not sell the Brocken to anyone without consulting me."

"What you have just told me," said Miss Brock, quickly, "would render a promise unnecessary: so far, at least, as transferring the place to the Hurkamps is concerned. Colonel Hurkamp cannot get the place, at any price."

"I am more than satisfied with that assurance," he said, rising from his chair. "So, now, let business rest for awhile."

"And I, by the bye, must see about dinner. We are so poor now," she said, blushing, "that we have to be our own housekeepers. For two centuries the Brocks were great people—magnates, as you know; but now—"

She laughed pleasantly as she said this, and jingled the bunch of keys that depended from her waistband. But as she turned to go, the smile died from her face: for a cry, full of mortal anguish, rang through the house.

"What is it?" she cried. "Oh, what is it? What can it mean?"

Even as she spoke, the cry was heard again and again.

"It is gran'mer!" she said. "What can have happened? Oh! excuse me—what can have happened?"

As she spoke, she hurried into the hall, where she encountered Mammy Soph, coming from a side-door that led into Madam Brock's own private apartments.

CHAPTER V.

HELEN grasped the old woman tightly by the arm. "What is it, Mammy—what is it?" she cried.

Mammy Soph wrung her hands. "It's de ole Missus, honey—it's her. Lord, Lord! ter think her ole Soph should a' hurt her like dat. 'Twere ole Soph dat done it, Miss Helen."

But Helen had passed into the chamber, and Archibald Manning could hear the soothing of her voice, blending with the moaning cries still issuing from within. Mammy Soph, crouching on the lower step of the hall stairway, had thrown her apron over her head, and, swaying her gaunt figure back and forth, was weeping passionately. Manning laid a firm but kindly hand upon her shoulder.

"What is the meaning of all this, auntie?" he demanded. "Is your mistress ill?"

"Oh! 'twill nigh be de death o' her, dat it will; an' 'twaz jes' dis miserbul ole Soph, what

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done it. But who'd a' thought she'd a' knowed dem things, los' dis many a year. But she did, sirs—she did. She knowed 'em all—de bottle, de pearls, an' de finger-ring Mars' Rolfe wore. Oh, Lord! an' she dat hain't 'membered nothin' 'tall 'bout dat night fur years an' years; an' mought a' gone on peaceful ez er baby ter her res', but jes' fur ole Soph. Lord, Lord! Dis worl' an' anudder, an' den we'll be done a-worldin'."

Despairing of gaining any further satisfaction from the old creature, Manning was turning away, when a light step sounded along the upper corridor, and Priscilla came dashing down the stairway, more eager than ever; but at sight of Manning, she moderated her pace.

"What has happened?" she cried, wonderingly, stopping on the step above Mammy Soph.

Her glance of inquiry was directed at Manning. He shook his head, glancing down at Mammy Soph.

"She does not explain," he said. "It is something about pearls and a ring. But I fear your grandmother—"

Priscilla interrupted him.

"Hush!" she cried. "Is it gran'mer I hear moaning? Is she ill? Has she— Oh, Mammy Soph," she burst out, gripping the old woman's shoulder, "you didn't dare to show that bottle to gran'mer?"

Mammy lifted her face, tear-wet and wrinkled with grief. "Honey-chile," she said, "dont'ee blame ole Soph. Lord! who'd a' dreamed she'd 'member? I soaked dat bottle, an' I scrubbed it wi' vinegar an' ashes, ontill it come clar, honey—clar ez er window-pane; an' den I see de pearls a-shinin'. Den I try de stopper, an' I onscrewed dat. Den de pearls slipped out, an' wi' 'em dat very ring what Mars' Rolfe wore dat night. T'inks me: 'Wonder ef ole Missus hev forgot dese teetotum.' An', honey-chile, dat's hussum dis fool Soph ups wi' de ring an' bottle an' all, an' fetches 'em, an' lays 'em in her lap. She smile at me, she did; den she picks up de pearls, an' dey cling roun' her po' old fingers, jes' like dey done dat night twenty year ago. Lord, Lord! An' den she juk up de ring, an' she stare at it; an'—you hear dat now? Hear? Jes' so she's been gwine on ebber since she see dat ring."

As the old creature once more addressed herself to her lamentations, Priscilla raised a white, terrified face to Manning.

"I cannot think what I should do," she said, trembling. "Eustace and I gave that bottle, with the things in it, to Mammy; but we did not think—we—"

Her cousin reached up, and took her by the hand.

"Come with me a moment," he said. "Perhaps I can tell you what is best to be done, when I know what has already been done. Now, what is all this about the bottle and pearls?"

Wholly forgetful of her late distrust of him, Priscilla did not hesitate to tell her story.

"But how came the bottle in the pool?" he asked. "The fact that most of the barnacles were alive inclines me to think that it had not been long submerged. It must have been washed from the grasses or weeds next the bank. Was that possible, do you think?"

Priscilla looked thoughtful.

"We had heavy freshets early in the spring," she said; "and in places the banks were flooded. It may have been washed down there."

Mr. Archibald Manning would have pursued the conversation, but at that instant Helen, pale and excited, appeared at the door of her grandmother's ante-room, to ask Priscilla to send Toby for the doctor.

"It is another stroke, I fear," Helen said to Manning. "Gran'mer is quiet now: but it is because she is forgetting again. Will you come in, please? Now and then she talks of that woful time I was telling you of, only an hour or two ago; and you may help me to learn, from what she says, something—"

"I know," interposed Manning, gently, as he followed Helen.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

OUR VILLAGE: THEN AND NOW.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

THEN.

When winter came, the maiden's heart
  Began to beat and flutter:
Each beau would take his sweetheart out
  Sleigh-riding in the cutter.
Or if the storm was bleak and cold,
  The girls and beaux together
Would meet, and have most glorious fun,
  And never mind the weather.

NOW.

But now—it grieves me very much
  The circumstance to mention—
However kind the young man's heart,
  Or honest his intention,
He never takes the girls to ride
  But such a war is wagèd;
And if he sees her once a week,
  Why, surely they're engagèd!

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"SADDEST OF ALL IS LOVING."

BY E. C. WINTER.

I.

MANY and serious obstacles had stood in the way of Madge Hilton's marriage with Aubrey Villiers, but she had overcome them one by one; and it was a significant fact in the history of their courtship that the woman had trampled on all the difficulties which had beset their path. But Madge did not think of that as she turned away triumphantly from the altar, leaning on her handsome young husband's arm.

One thought alone had room in her happy mind—one joyous feeling in every throb of her heart.

"At last my own—at last all my own, till death part us—and after, too: for what death could part us? I would follow you so quickly, darling," she whispered, as she leaned on his shoulder, in the carriage that whirled them from the church, "that my spirit would enter heaven even with yours. Tell me, Aubrey, would yours hasten so to follow mine? Could death part me from you?"

Something like a shudder passed over the less enthusiastic husband, but he answered tenderly enough:

"Don't speak of such terrors, dearest, when the sound of marriage-bells alone should be ringing in our ears."

But Madge only laughed in glad triumph as she declared that death possessed no terrors for her, so long as she felt sure of his companionship.

"But I won't speak of such things, if they seem gloomy to you—only, traitor," she added, playfully, "if your love was so entire as mine, you would feel just as I do. Oh, Aubrey, tell me that you love me even as I love you—will your love ever die? For that death alone could part us," and a chill foreboding struck cold to the young wife's heart, and her glowing cheeks grew pale.

Aubrey Villiers drew her yet closer, and, with passionate kisses, whispered:

"My darling—my own! I adore you!"

Madge smiled, re-assured: for even her own passionate love could not have uttered more ardent and tender expression.

And now the carriage drew up before the stately mansion that had so long been her home; the good-byes were spoken: already the happy young people were off on the path of life henceforth to be pursued together, with the full conviction on the part of one, at least, that the honeymoon was to last forever. The first stage of their journey ended in New York; the next day they set sail for Europe.

To Madge everything was full of a joy almost painful in its excess, and Aubrey was happy in seeing her enjoyment. They had youth, health, wealth; and life was all before them; so, on their arrival, they moved slowly, stopping days and weeks at any place that took their fancy. They remained nearly a year in England; crossing to the Continent at last, where they joined a party of friends; and another year passed away in their slow and happy pilgrimage, till, at last, the close of the second year found them back in England.

"This beautiful country," declared Madge, "I love it; and dear, smoky, dingy London: it is the greatest city in the world. You will think me fanciful, Aubrey, but I feel sometimes as if an irresistible attraction drew me here—some mysterious magnetism, that I dread even while I obey."

Aubrey laughed lightly: for he often called his wife fanciful, and silly, and romantic; and if she had been less lovely and fascinating, he might have even thought her a bore at times. But, though not nearly so much in love with her as she was with him, the novelty of her complete adoration for himself had not yet worn off, and he was willing to be charmed with all that she said or did. Already, however, he had begun to take precautions against being left exclusively to her society; and presently he said:

"By the way, Madge dear, the new actress, whom all England has gone crazy over, plays *Viola* to-night, and I have had the good fortune to secure a box. I heard you say you wished to see her."

"How nice of you, you darling!" And with a swift kiss on her husband's wavy golden hair, Madge ran from the room and bounded upstairs, two steps at a time, to get ready for the theatre—light-hearted as a girl going to her first ball.

The curtain had just risen, when Madge entered her box that night, leaning on her husband's arm; and when *Viola* entered, a few minutes later, she missed the reception that usually greeted her: for half the eyes in the audience were turned admiringly toward the box of the beautiful American.

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Madge Villiers was indeed lovely just then, and calculated to eclipse, for the moment, even more extraordinary beauty than that of the woman before her, and to whom her entire attention was then given, quite unconscious that she had temporarily rivaled her in attractiveness.

The spirits of the public favorite were visibly dashed by her reception: for she was as sensitive to the mood of her audience as the most delicate flower is sensitive to the atmosphere. Nor was she long in discovering to whom she owed the indifference so unexpected by her. Having crossed the stage, and glanced about her with a look of wonder, she approached the footlights with the swift graceful walk that was one of her chief charms.

"What country, friends, is this?" asks *Viola;* and every pulse in Madge Villiers' heart throbbed responsive to that voice. For it was a voice that takes captive men's and women's hearts indiscriminately—a thrilling, magnetic, and dangerous voice.

A moment before, Madge had asked herself: "Is this the woman of whom half the world is raving? Is this she who wins the hearts of men, and breaks the hearts of women, at her pleasure?" But when she spoke, the mystery was solved; and Madge found herself entranced by the potent spell of this enchantress.

For this actress was one of those rare women of a personal magnetism so great, that men—and women too—followed her lightest look, and listened to her most trivial utterance, spell-bound: often wondering why, but seldom resisting her influence.

Before she had occupied the stage three minutes, her peculiar power was strikingly manifested.

Leila Nunez, the actress, the half-Spanish gypsy, picked up in the street by traveling show-people when a poor, starved, ragged child —evolved from squalor, wretchedness, want, she scarce knew how herself, and clutching, somehow, a scanty existence and a more scanty education, from one side and another—was, nevertheless, after the first admiring glance, a thousand-fold more attractive to the public eye than Madge Villiers, who was unquestionably handsomer, better dressed, more distinguished-looking, and a thorough lady by birth, breeding, instinct, and education.

But though the charming *Viola* felt that she had already regained her sceptre, she still resented the momentary neglect; and, spoiled by her unparalleled success, her naturally passionate and jealous nature grew every night more exacting. Her quick glance soon espied Madge; and while taking in her beauty with an artist's perception, she hated her for it, and determined to make her suffer for the temporary slight she had experienced. The means to do so was at hand: and perhaps the means suggested the idea—for Aubrey Villiers was a strikingly handsome man.

With Leila Nunez, to resolve was to act. She gave one long, deep look into the blue eyes of Aubrey Villiers, and then she acted the part of *Viola* wholly for his benefit. Her acting of this charming part was exquisite. The tender and passionate lines spoken to the *Duke*, but really addressed to Aubrey, had never before been uttered with such melting sweetness, nor with such fatal effect: for when the curtain fell, Aubrey Villiers knew that he had never really loved Madge, his wife—never really loved any woman till that hour, when he felt his heart go out from his keeping in search of Leila Nunez.

It may be that Madge, too, knew it then. She placed her slender gloved hand upon her husband's arm; but he neither turned toward her nor seemed conscious of her presence. Her fingers closed convulsively in a grasp that must have pained him: yet he never felt it.

"Take me home, Aubrey—I am ill," she gasped.

He never looked at her, but answered, carelessly:

"Nonsense, Madge! Wait till the play is over!"

Madge did wait. She said no more. Her grasp relaxed, and her hand fell from his arm. With a feeling of sickening disappointment, she leaned back in her chair. She did not look toward the stage again. Instead of watching the actress, she watched her husband.

So far, her jealousy had taken no definite form; but one terrible thought haunted her.

"In all our lives, since we first met each other, Aubrey never looked at me as he is now looking at that woman. What can it mean? He cannot love her—and yet in that look there is more, far more, than admiration."

The curtain fell at last. The queen of the hour had been recalled; applause and flowers had rewarded her; she had bowed adieu with a coquettish kiss blown from the tips of her fingers. Then, and not till then, Aubrey Villiers turned to his wife.

"Why, Madge dear, how pale you are—what is the matter?"

"I told you I was ill, Aubrey; and I asked you to take me home."

"My darling! I had no idea you were really ill—pray forgive me." And with tender care he

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folded her cloak about her, and wrapped her graceful head in its fleecy covering.

Madge's sudden jealousy fled as quickly as it had come, and the warm glow of pleasure blushed like damask roses in her cheeks.

"Oh, what a fool I am becoming!" she thought. "Jealous of Aubrey's admiration for that fascinating creature: how I hope he does not suspect me!"

Aubrey continued anxious and lover-like, not only for the rest of the evening, but for many days afterward; and Madge, conscience-stricken at having doubted his affection, in her restored confidence went to the other extreme, and refused to admit even a thought of Leila Nunez. When she heard the actress' praises on every side, she joined in them with equal enthusiasm; and laughed good-naturedly when a mutual acquaintance remarked that her husband was even a more ardent admirer than herself of the lady in question.

Although Madge laughed, a swift pang went through her heart, and the deadly fang of jealousy sought once more to send its poison through her soul. But she resolutely strangled all bitter thoughts; and with a smile of confidence at Aubrey, kept that peace of mind which was to her as the peace of heaven.

II.

"Don't wait for me this evening, dear," said Aubrey Villiers, one evening about a fortnight later. "I have made an engagement to dine with a party of American gentlemen. I really couldn't help it, dear; and you know I would much rather be home here with you: but one must do this sort of thing occasionally."

"Certainly, Aubrey; there's no need to apologize," Madge answered, stifling a sigh, and forcing a bright smile to conceal the disappointment that she feared must show in her face. It was not the first time of late that her husband had found it necessary to conform to the social necessity for "this sort of thing." But Madge, so far, had borne it well; and though she felt more than usually lonely at the prospect of his absence on this particular evening, she tried to persuade herself that she was foolish and unreasonable.

It was in the small hours of morning that Villiers returned; and Madge was worn out with waiting and thinking: for she had turned to the daily paper, in the course of her long watch, to help her while away the hours; and there she had seen that Leila Nunez was to make her first appearance as *Rosalind*, in the play of "As You Like It," on that evening. From the moment that she read the name, all the jealous thoughts that had been smouldering in her heart burst into violent flame.

She was jealous of the beautiful actress, and she knew it, and hated herself for being so; but she could not subdue the feeling, nor reason herself out of it. One thought filled her brain till she was almost mad: for the first time it had occurred to her that these absent evenings her husband spent in going to see Leila Nunez act, instead of in the company of his friends; and from the moment the suspicion entered her mind, nothing could displace it.

He had never, in all their married life, remained away so late as this! Where could he be? It was now long past the hour when every theatre in London had closed. The wildest fears took possession of her. Had he become utterly infatuated? Oh, how bitterly she remembered his face on that first fatal night, when they had seen the lovely *Viola!* Perhaps the actress was equally in love with him—how could she help it? thought the adoring wife. Had they eloped together? Was she forsaken in a strange land? Or had some accident befallen Aubrey—was he killed—had death taken him from her? Suspicion and jealousy fled at so awful a thought; and it was at that moment that the door opened softly, and Aubrey entered.

The reaction was almost too much; and with a passionate cry of joy, Madge threw herself into her husband's arms, and found relief to her pent-up feelings in an almost hysterical burst of tears.

Aubrey was alarmed, and then penitent; and so earnest in his entreaties to be forgiven, that Madge began to laugh, first at herself and then at him.

"It was so hard to get away from them," he said. And Madge unconsciously repeated the plural pronoun to herself—"from *them*, from *them*." Oh, how could she have been so silly? But it was past; and she would not even allow herself to remember the wild delirium of thought that had whirled about the image in her mind of Leila Nunez.

In her recovered happiness, Madge scarcely noticed how changed Aubrey appeared next morning; and when she did observe that he was absent-minded, impatient, even cross, she only thought: "Poor Aubrey! He so seldom takes wine: evidently dinner-parties don't agree with him!"

He remained at home all day, to her intense delight; and when Madge's friends began to drop in, toward five o'clock, for the customary half-hour's gossip and the accompanying cup of

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tea, Aubrey also begged for a cup of the cheering beverage, in the hope that it might dissipate his headache.

"I saw you at the theatre last night, Mr. Villiers," said Mrs. Arnold, a lady who sat close by Aubrey, as she gave him her cup to have it replenished. "The fair Nunez was divine: didn't you think so? But I needn't ask—your face told what you thought of her. I think you are the most liberal of wives, Mrs. Villiers, to allow your husband to go night after night to the play without you. I know I would rebel at such public devotion, unless I was there to share it."

Madge felt her heart contract, as though something hard and cruel had gripped it. Her hand shook so that she nearly dropped the dainty Japanese tea-pot; but with an effort she steadied it, and calmly poured out the steaming tea.

"I'm afraid I am too liberal for a young wife, Mrs. Arnold," she said, with forced calmness; though her voice would tremble, despite her utmost efforts. "Aubrey, you are not to go to the theatre without me any more—particularly while Miss Nunez acts, when you know I admire her."

"But, my dear, you—ah—don't you remember that you begged me to take you away in the middle of the play, last time?" Aubrey answered, with evident confusion.

"Did I? Oh, yes, I remember. That was because the heat made me ill. But I am going to insist now on going when you go."

"You don't need to insist, dear: I shall be glad to do anything you wish."

The answer was received with a little burst of playful laughter by the company, and complimentary remarks on Mr. Villiers' docility. Then came more cups of tea; the interrupted rivulet of gossip flowed on, till Madge's callers were gone; and husband and wife were left alone.

An awkward silence followed. Madge was wretched. Indignant anger, as well as grief, swelled her heart almost to bursting. She was suffering too keenly to seek refuge in ordinary commonplaces; and she would not lower herself by taking Aubrey to task for a neglect of her which was already the subject of gossip among her friends. She remained silent, expecting him to speak; but Aubrey, though feeling himself to blame, would neither defend nor explain till openly accused. Finding that Madge would not speak, he rose with a yawn. "I believe your tea has made me sleepy," he said. "I will go and dress for dinner."

"Are you going to dine out to-day, too, Aubrey?" asked Madge, sadly conscious of a tremulous voice.

"Certainly not; but I must dress for dinner, all the same." And, glad to escape a painful *tête-à-tête*, Villiers hastened from the room.

Madge rose with an irrepressible sob, and went to her own dressing-room, where she flung herself on the lounge, weeping as if her heart would break.

"He loves her—he loves her!"

That thought, in a thousand different forms, filled her mind.

She felt herself eclipsed, forgotten—worse still, that she had never been really loved—that Aubrey loved now, for the first time, with a desperate, reckless passion, such as she could never have inspired.

"What shall I do? How am I to bear it? What ought I to do? I cannot upbraid him—I would rather die. And yet is it not unwifely, unwomanly, to submit to his open preference for this woman? Oh, that he had never seen her—if we had never crossed the ocean! But it is fate—or perhaps a warning to take him away from here before it is too late. Would to heaven something would call us home—something terrible something inexorable. I will go, however—I will go, even if he refuses. It is the one course left to me. Will he go? He cannot refuse—surely it is impossible. But if he does, then I will go alone, if need be: but go I will, and without an hour's delay."

The sharp agony of grief at length gave place to indignation: and resolutely subduing her tears, Madge Villiers bathed her eyes till all traces of weeping had disappeared, then summoned her maid, and dressed for dinner.

The spirit of rivalry prompted her to make herself as beautiful as possible, and the mirror gave back a lovely vision of shimmering satin, glimmering pearls, and here and there the star-like glitter of a diamond: and outshining all, a face as pure and fair as a lily on its stem. Too fair, too colorless—that was its only fault; but Aubrey's involuntary glance of admiration sent the most brilliant rose-flush to her cheeks, and, for a few moments, she was happy as in the first dear days of her wedded life.

"Ah, if he had never seen the syren who has come between us!" she thought. "But I will take him away—it may not be too late. He will not refuse to go with me—he cannot be so cruel."

At that moment a waiter entered, bearing an ominous-looking missive on a silver salver.

"It is a telegram!" Madge exclaimed. "Open it quickly, Aubrey: I have such a horror of telegrams."

Aubrey obeyed in silence, and as his glance took in the few brief lines, he looked in alarm at his wife.

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"Someone is ill—" she cried, "dead, perhaps! Oh, don't keep me in suspense, Aubrey!"

"Calm yourself, dear; no one is dead; but your father is ill, and wishes you to return home immediately."

Madge's heart gave one wild, exultant bound, then sank heavy as lead.

"Ill? Oh, Aubrey, he must be dying; he knows himself dying, or he would not telegraph; give me the dispatch."

She read it, and, even from the stereotyped message, seemed to gather fresh terror: for, with a moan of pain, she sank back fainting. When her senses came back, she found herself supported in Aubrey's arms, while he murmured a thousand fond and lover-like words in her ear.

"You will go with me, Aubrey?" she said, entreatingly; "you will not let me go alone?"

"Do you think me crazy, or an absolute wretch? My own darling!"

"I thought you might not like to leave here so suddenly," faltered Madge. "You are so fond of London."

"It is enough that you are in trouble, Madge, and that you need me. But, aside from that, darling, I am glad to go—understand me, my sweet wife, I am glad to go."

It was seldom that Aubrey Villiers spoke with such deep feeling as he now put into these words; and Madge saw that he meant her to understand more than the words conveyed. She did understand, and her face was radiant as it lay pressed close to her husband's heart.

"Dearest, we will go at once," she whispered. "A steamer sails to-morrow—it is not too late, I think—we will go on that vessel."

Madge drew his face toward her, and kissed him.

III.

THE voyage was a quick one. How Madge thanked heaven for fair weather and favoring breezes! For with the utmost speed, she only reached home in time to receive her father's blessing, and to feel his arms enfold her once more in his true and fond embrace.

The shock of her father's death, following upon a grief that had been very keen and trying, brought on a serious illness; and it was then—when he realized how nearly he had lost her—that Aubrey knew how dearly he loved his wife. He had been glad to fly from the infatuation which had nearly mastered him; but now he execrated the memory of the woman who had caused Madge such bitter suffering. Nor did he spare himself: and his penitence was sincere as his regret. Madge slowly returned to health and strength. A little comforter, for which she had sighed and hoped, came to blot out all dark memories; and, for the next three years, Madge and Aubrey might have been selected as the most devoted father and mother in America. They had every thought in common: for all their thoughts revolved about little Margaret. She was the centre of their existence, and in their plans for her present happiness and future welfare their two lives seemed merged in one. Had their happiness been less perfect, it must have been monotonous; but neither ever found it so, and, when the thunderbolt fell that was to mar it, to both it was as unexpected as it was terrible.

At breakfast, one day, as Aubrey glanced carelessly through the morning paper, he grew a shade paler, and stifled the exclamation which had risen to his lips. He had read the announcement of Leila Nunez's first appearance in America, the part of *Viola* being selected for the initial performance.

He read the lines over and over again. He had resolutely denied himself all thought of her; he had never spoken her name, or heard it spoken, since he left London: he had sworn to his soul that she should be nothing to him—not even a memory; yet now he felt himself shaken in every nerve of his being by the knowledge that she was close at hand, though in a city many miles distant. Distant, but too easily reached, alas! within one brief hour of easy travel.

A sigh that was almost a groan burst from him, and, looking up from the printed words that danced before his eyes, he saw that Madge was regarding him curiously.

"Did you speak to me, dear?" he asked, in a bewildered tone. "I thought I heard your voice."

"Yes; I spoke some minutes ago. I asked if you would have some coffee."

"Yes, thanks, another cup—without milk or sugar."

Madge poured out the coffee as requested, and handed it to him. He took it without a word, and drank it off hastily. Then crumpling up the newspaper, he thrust it in his pocket, and left the room.

"How strange!" thought Madge. "There must be news this morning." But she was never a curious person, except for some special reason; and she had presently forgotten Aubrey's singular behavior. It was by the merest chance she was reminded of it: but how painful was the reminder!

Little Margaret, romping with her mother that night, picked up the evening paper, which Madge quickly snatched away from her, on seeing that

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her hands were stained by the printer's ink. Mechanically she smoothed out the paper, intending to put it aside for Aubrey—Madge never read newspapers—when her eye fell on the column of Amusement Advertisements: and there she read a name that had once been burned into her memory. "Does Aubrey know? Does he care? Was this the cause of his abstraction this morning? No, no, no—I will not even think it." But her heart beat wildly; her breath came and went in short gasps; and the thought she would fain have crushed to death returned again and again to torment her.

Day succeeded day; and from Aubrey's manner, Madge could not even be sure if he knew of the great actress' arrival in America. She longed, yet dreaded, to hear him mention her: but he never spoke that name.

The week passed by, and the first appearance of Leila Nunez had been chronicled with glowing enthusiasm; but Aubrey remained apparently unconscious, though he somewhat ostentatiously ignored the newspapers. But Madge read them in secret, and did not grudge the fair and talented actress these glowing tributes to her beauty and genius.

A few days later, Aubrey came to Madge with an open telegram in his hand.

"I am called to New York immediately, Madge; would you like to go with me?"

"Would you like to have me go, Aubrey?"

"I want you with me always, darling—you might know that; and in this case, your presence may be as necessary as my own. It is a matter of business that concerns you even more than it does me."

"Then of course I will go, with pleasure."

When they arrived at their hotel, it was already too late for transacting business on that day; and Aubrey proposed that they should go to the theatre for the evening.

With a sinking heart, Madge answered:

"Very well; where shall we go, Aubrey?"

"I have got tickets to see Salvini. I felt sure you would prefer that—"

"Oh, thank you, dear; I have wished to see him: they call him a great actor. How good of you to guess my preference."

"I remembered hearing you mention it."

Madge was delighted. Their stay in town was for nearly a week, and every evening they went to the theatre or opera. They went everywhere, except to see the English actress; and if Madge observed that Aubrey especially avoided the theatre at which Miss Nunez played, she could not fail to appreciate his reason.

When they returned home, the business that had called them away had not been finally settled; and they knew that one or both would be required in New York again within a fortnight. When the dispatch arrived, it was imperative, and admitted of no delay. As before, Aubrey asked Madge to accompany him, but she refused. Even when he declared that he would not go without her, Madge still refused: her reason being that little Margaret seemed fretful and feverish. After some persuasion, Aubrey went alone; and with a cold presentiment of evil, Madge bade him adieu.

Two days passed away, and she heard nothing from Aubrey: but anxiety for her child prevented her from noticing it. On the third day, little Margaret was very ill; and her mother's worst fears were confirmed when the attending physician declared her sickness to be scarlet fever. She telegraphed an urgent message to Aubrey; but the day and night passed, and brought no answer. In the morning she wrote a second dispatch, but happily her husband arrived before the messenger left the house. Aubrey looked pale, hollow-eyed, haggard: but that his wife attributed to anxiety about their child.

"Oh, Aubrey, I have been so terrified! Why did you not answer my telegram?"

"I was away when it reached the hotel, Madge. When I received it, the last train was already gone, although I hastened to the station. I remained there till morning."

"Poor Aubrey, how tired you must be!"

He pushed her gently aside, and passed on to the door of the sick-room.

"How is Margaret?" he asked; and Madge remembered afterward that his voice sounded strange and far away, as of one speaking in a dream. He seemed scarcely conscious of her presence, and neither returned her affectionate greeting nor even looked at her.

But in her anxious mind there was no room for wounded feeling. She answered, tenderly:

"She was delirious during the night; but don't be frightened, dear. Dr. Newton says it is a mild attack, and there is no cause for alarm."

Aubrey did not answer. He entered and sat down beside the child, and took both hot little hands within his own cool palms. Little Margaret was awake, and recognized her father; but she turned fretfully from him. Though she idolized her mother, she had always shown a singular repugnance toward her father, notwithstanding his passionate fondness for her.

Aubrey was aware of the child's feeling in regard to him; but, contrary to his habit, he now referred to it with bitterness.

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"As usual, you love your mother best, Margaret—and perhaps it is only fair you should: but don't you think it is a little hard on me, my pet? But no matter—I shall love you just the same."

He soon rose and left the room; and if Madge had been less absorbed, her husband's manner must have affected her painfully. Preoccupied as she was, she could not long remain unconscious of the singular change in Aubrey. At last she did notice it, and in vague alarm asked herself what could be the cause of it. The answer came in a heart-rending manner.

On the day when little Margaret was pronounced out of danger, Madge, in the height of her relief and consequent good spirits, bethought her of various little duties forgotten during the child's illness: among others, that of sorting Aubrey's books, papers, etc., etc. But on this occasion she never got beyond a certain little private drawer in which he kept his artist-materials. In this drawer she found an open letter, hastily thrust among the chaos of paints, pencils, and crayons, and probably forgotten. Had it not been an open letter, Madge would not have read it. The first words she saw were "Leila Nunez." It was not in human nature, certainly not in feminine human nature, to refrain. After one quick shudder of dread, of repulsion, she smoothed the crumpled paper, and read:

"DEAR MR. VILLIERS:

Why have you not been to see me? Of all my American friends—and I have many—you alone neglect me. Why? We were such friends in London. Ah, I was not then obliged to beg you to visit me, though you did not come so often as you would have been welcomed. Need I say how welcome you will be now? Ah, come!

Yours always,

LEILA NUNEZ."

As Madge read, the cold despair and benumbing jealousy which at first possessed her gave way to fiery indignation. Her cheeks blazed, and her eyes flashed angry lightnings.

"Shameless creature!" she exclaimed, "to dare write such words to another woman's husband. What could he think of her? What answer did he make her? I will confront him with this letter, and demand what reply he made to it." And turning haughtily from the room, she went in search of Aubrey; but she failed to find him.

She rang the bell violently.

"Where is your master?" she asked of the startled servant. "Say that I wish to see him at once."

"If you please, ma'am, Mr. Villiers left the house nearly an hour ago, and the coachman has just given me this letter for you."

Madge felt every vestige of color leave her face. She took the letter mechanically; and knowing by instinct that she ought to be alone before reading it, she hastened to her own room. With the same instinct to preserve herself from observation, she turned the key in the door, tore open the letter, and read the few and hastily-scribbled lines it contained:

"I have received a telegram from Haskell, my dear Madge. That tiresome law business requires my presence again. If I stay to explain, I will miss the train; so you must forgive this hurried good-bye. Dear little Margaret is out of danger: kiss her for me, though she cares nothing for me.

AUBREY."

A harsh, bitter laugh burst from Madge's pale lips.

"He does not even *ask* for my presence this time—ah, no! he has gone to *her*, and his wife would be sadly in the way. I will go uninvited, however. Hush, my foolish pride!—it is my duty to follow him."

But at the first step, the air seemed to darken, her senses fled, and she fell heavily to the floor.

How long she lay there the poor woman never knew; but when consciousness returned, she was still alone, and thankful that she had taken the precaution of locking the door.

It was still Madge's intention to follow her husband to New York, and, with the letter she yet held in her hand, upbraid him for his perfidy. But she was so weak and faint that her limbs refused to obey her. With a desperate effort she reached her *escritoire*, concealed both letters, then, having unlocked the door and summoned assistance, she fell into the nearest chair, swooning for the second time. The terrified maid, who entered almost at the moment, called a fellow-servant; and they managed to undress their mistress and put her to bed. The physician was in attendance with all speed; but when Madge again recovered from her faint, she raved in delirium, and Dr. Newton expressed the conviction that she had contracted the fever in nursing her child. The illness was not only severe, but dangerous; and Mrs. Hilton telegraphed for the immediate return of her son-in-law. Receiving no reply, she sent a servant to acquaint him, personally, of his wife's sickness. But Aubrey was not at his hotel; and his lawyer, on being applied to, said he had not seen Mr. Villiers for several days, and believed he had left town.

Mrs. Hilton, alarmed and perplexed, could

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only wait till Madge was recovered sufficiently to be questioned on the subject; and as the poor girl was delirious during the greater part of her illness, it was comparatively easy to keep her in ignorance of her husband's continued absence. At last the crisis was passed, and Madge was pronounced out of danger; and then her mother ventured to speak of Aubrey, and to ask her advice in regard to what ought to be done.

Madge Villiers, in the first stage of convalescence, could not become paler; but a death-like pallor whitened her lips, and a wild, haggard look was in her eyes.

"Has Aubrey been absent during my illness?" she asked, in a hollow voice: "absent all the time?"

"Yes, my darling: but don't be frightened—he has come to no harm. When you are able to think it over, perhaps you can suggest some clue to his whereabouts. You had a letter, you know, just after he left for New York."

"I remember: yes, I think I can guess where he is," Madge answered, with a pitiful effort to seem indifferent. "Bring me all the morning papers since the day he left."

Mrs. Hilton, desirous of humoring her daughter, though she believed her still wandering in mind, complied with her request; and Madge, propped up with pillows, ransacked the papers for news—reading only the theatrical intelligence. From that she learned that Leila Nunez had completed her New York engagement on the day Aubrey had left his home. From New York the actress had gone to Boston; thence to Philadelphia, where she then was. Madge pushed away the newspapers, and turned to her mother.

"I think Aubrey is in Philadelphia," she said, in an icy voice, whose steadiness surprised herself. "Telegraph to the principal hotels there, mother, telling him of my illness."

Mrs. Hilton, acting on her daughter's suggestion, soon received this reply:

"Detained here on business. Impossible to return at present. Let me know when my wife is out of danger. A. VILLIERS."

Astounded, incredulous, Mrs. Hilton showed the message to her daughter.

Madge read it, and her heart died within her. With the calmness of despair she said:

"I thought he was there. Send no answer, mother."

Mrs. Hilton, indignant as she was amazed, agreed in her daughter's decision, and obeyed her implicitly.

Madge did not suffer a relapse: on the contrary, her convalescence seemed to proceed favorably; but it was an invincible determination that supplied her strength. She never asked for her child, who had been sent away with her nurse, for change of air. But the once fond mother did not notice her absence, and seemed, indeed, to have forgotten her existence.

The one subject of interest to Madge was contained in the various newspapers—weekly as well as daily. She read the theatrical intelligence contained in each, then tossed them aside as useless rubbish.

One day she declared herself well. She dressed carefully, ordered the carriage, and was driven to the railway station, where she took the train to New York; and before midnight she was well on the way to St. Louis.

Many a glance of admiration and interest, and also of curiosity, and even of alarm, was directed at the lovely woman whose face was of such death-like pallor, save where fever had hung out its crimson flag on the thin cheeks—fever that burned with raging fire in the great, hollow, dark eyes. But ill though she was, Madge reached St. Louis without breaking down, and was driven to the hotel where, informed by the ever-accommodating newspaper, she knew that Leila Nunez was lodged. She did not ask to see the actress, but asked for Aubrey Villiers. Seeing the waiter's hesitation, she at once dispersed it by placing a large gold-piece in his hand, and was immediately shown the way to a private parlor, at the half-open door of which she was left to announce herself.

Madge glided noiselessly into the room. Aubrey stood at a window, gazing out into the street, absorbed, and unconscious of any presence save his own. A table was laid for dinner, and glittered with cut-glass and silver. It was already laden with wine, choice fruit and flowers, and only waited some expected arrival for the dinner to be served.

Madge closed the door heavily, and advanced a step. With a glad exclamation, Aubrey turned and came toward her.

"My darling!" he exclaimed, with outstretched arms. "What a long rehearsal! I have counted the minutes—" He recognized his wife, and the words froze on his lips. His arms dropped, and he remained rooted to the floor, as if turned to stone.

Madge laughed, and the sound broke the spell: for it was so horrible that her husband recoiled as one might from a maniac.

"What a welcome, Aubrey!" exclaimed his wife, in the voice of ice which now replaced her once sweet and musical tones. "Surely you are not afraid of me?"

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"By heaven, I am!" groaned the guilty man; "and so I should be."

"Nonsense!" laughed Madge, with the same awful merriment. "I have not come to upbraid you, dear. I shall not say one cross word, and see how you receive me. I am tired, Aubrey—won't you give me a glass of wine?"

She sat down by the table, and Aubrey mechanically took up a decanter of Madeira. He filled a small glass, his hand trembling so that the wine was spilled on the table-cloth.

"You will drink with me, Aubrey?" continued Madge, taking up the glass. He turned from her, glad to escape her eye even for a moment, and filled a second glass from the decanter. In that instant, Madge had dropped a tiny white powder into her wine; and as he faced her again, she smiled and held out her glass.

"Let us change glasses—stop, I will taste mine first: don't you remember, dearest, how you once said it improved the flavor?"

Raising the glass to her lips, she swallowed half the contents, then gave the rest to him; and like one in a dream, the guilty husband obeyed her look and gesture.

She raised his glass as he took hers from her outstretched hand.

"Pledge me, Aubrey," she said, "to our happy future."

But he seemed stricken dumb; and, failing words, he raised the glass instead, and drained the contents.

An expression of infinite peace rested on Madge's face. Her smile, though sad, was sweet and natural; and when she spoke, it was in her own soft, natural voice.

"My poor Aubrey! I am so sorry for you—you must have loved this beautiful enchantress to madness."

"To madness? Yes—God help me, Madge, that is the truth—to madness!"

"Well, it is over now, dear; and I forgive you."

"You forgive me, Madge?" gasped Aubrey, a stifling sensation already choking him. "Impossible! No woman forgives such a wrong as yours."

"Not in this world, perhaps—but we are—already—gone from earth! It was till death part us—you remember, darling! Ah, kiss me, Aubrey! You know—I said even death—could not—part us—"

She had risen and tottered toward him; and Villiers—his brain benumbed, his senses failing him, but with a last kind thought for the wife who had adored him—tried to reach her. His arms enclosed her trembling figure; her head drooped on his breast; there was a heavy fall: and the next moment the door was thrown open, eagerly, joyously.

The beautiful actress with the starry eyes and radiant smile flashed into the room, bright as a ray of sunlight.

The smile fled from her face; the light died in her eyes; she looked a figure of Horror stricken into stone by the gorgon stare of Murder.

It was a strong tragic scene: but Leila Nunez never cared to repeat the performance.

"YOU ARE ALL THE WORLD TO ME."

BY ELLA WHEELER.

Somehow, as I sat to-night
Dreaming in the firelight,
That old, tender, foolish phrase
Echoed back from long-lost days
With the sweet and earnest ring
Your voice gave to everything
In that vanished used-to-be—
"You are all the world to me."

Not a vestige now endures
Of that love of mine and yours.
That frail blossom of our May
Scarcely lived its little day.
And it did not wait to know
Autumn's chill or winter's snow.

Since our morning lost its grace,
I have won full many a race.
Gained the glory of a name
Roseate with the hues of fame.
Won my meed of gold and power.
But I'd give them all this hour,
Give the fame, and give the gold,
Just to hear you, as of old,
Whisper, low and tenderly,
"You are all the world to me."

Honors weary, riches tire,
Each ambition and desire
Loses lustre when 'tis gained,
Brings a burden when attained.
With the world here at my feet
Life is very incomplete—

Homage is not love, you know.
Just that echo, soft and low,
Seems to me more precious far
Than the whole world's praises are,
That lost strain of melody:
"You are all the world to me."

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SUSAN'S LITTLE TEST.

BY MRS. E. W. DEMERITT.

"I WONDER when it will all end! It has been nothin' but cook, and scrub, and change about from garret to cellar, for the last two weeks. From the fuss that's made, a body would think the King of England himself was a-comin' to Cloverdale."

"Be patient, Susan," answered a tall, sweet-faced woman. "We are almost through; and I must say the old house looks wonderfully fine."

Susan sniffed contemptuously. "For my part, ma'am, I liked the old way better; and I'd like to know who this Mr. Wynne is, that the house and everybody in it should be turned topsy-turvy to get ready for him. I don't see why Miss Effie couldn't have been suited with a steady young man who loves the very ground she walks on, and who has grown up with her from a child. But girls is mostly alike now-a-days—a little show and city airs just sets 'em crazy. But it's none of my business, I suppose you'll say—and p'raps you're right about it."

"I don't say anything of the kind, Susan, for we are all interested in our sweet girl. I only hope she has chosen well. Of course we all expected, if she married anyone, it would be John—it seemed only natural. But we can't always have things to our liking."

"I've always been sorry that you let her spend the winter with her aunt and that upstart cousin Fanny. A pretty girl like Miss Effie was sure to take the fancy of some fine gentleman, who would put plain Mr. John out of her mind."

"Well, Susan, we must hope for the best. Mr. Wynne may turn out good enough even for our Effie. Remember, we haven't seen him yet: we can only judge from his picture."

"And that's enough for me," returned Susan, with a toss of the head. "I never did admire handsome men: 'handsome is as handsome does,' I say."

Susan was a middle-aged spinster, the maid-of-all-work in Doctor Harris's household. She had all the energy, the capability, and the outspoken independence of the typical New England "help." The other members of the family were the Doctor, a hard-working country physician; Miss Hester, his sister, who had had the charge of his house ever since the death of his wife, some fifteen years before the opening of this story; and Effie, his only child, a blooming girl of eighteen.

Miss Hester stooped to pin a tidy on the sofa, when her attention was attracted by the sound of a step and voice in the hall.

"Good afternoon, Miss Hester—how d'ye do, Susan?" and a manly young fellow entered the room, with the freedom of a privileged acquaintance. "I thought I'd drop in, on my way home, and see the new improvements."

He glanced at the new carpet, and paper, and pretty table-cover, and mantel and window-draperies—the work of Effie's deft fingers. "I hope his Serene Highness will be duly impressed by the magnificence of these preparations," said he, quizzically.

"It is a great gratification to Effie," answered Miss Hester, in an apologizing tone. "Of course, John, it is only natural that she should want to make the house look attractive."

Susan could keep silent no longer. "For my part," she broke in, wrathfully, "I should think it would be a dretful strain on a girl's nerves to have to keep putting her best foot foremost all the time. If I was a young woman, and had a beau, I should want him to see me and my house as I was everyday-like, and not fixed up in reg'lar Sunday-go-to-meetin' fashion."

"Wouldn't you like to take a peep at the dining-room, John? It's very pretty, with grandmother's old china on the mantel and on the sideboard."

Miss Hester led the way; and when she turned to look at John, she saw him standing in the middle of the room, with a strangely sobered face and manner. She held out both her hands, with a sympathetic little cry. "My dear boy! It is just as much of a disappointment to us as it is to you. If it was only for you that all these changes had been made, how different it would have seemed! It's a miserable affair every way. From what I can find out, Effie's cousin Fanny would have liked to marry Mr. Wynne, and he was quite attentive to her until Effie came: so you see they are soured and disappointed, and we are disappointed. It seems wrong all around."

"If Effie is satisfied, I am sure we ought to be," returned the young man, gravely. "And I don't quite give up yet." His face brightened as he added: "I love her so well that I can't help hoping, somehow, that it will all come out right in the end."

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"You ought to have spoken before she went away. I always thought she liked you; and it does seem as if you might have won her if you had only told her."

"She was very young, Miss Hester; and it was only fair that she should see something of the world, and have a chance to compare me with other men. You know I have but little to offer her. A young man beginning to study law can't make a very luxurious home for a wife, and mother can't help me much—she has barely enough for herself. I wanted Effie to be quite sure that she would be satisfied with my humble lot before I asked her to share it. If I am to lose her, I shall try to bear it like a man; and if Mr. Wynne only proves to be worthy of her, it will be all the easier for me."

"Stay to tea, John," pleaded Miss Hester, following him to the door.

"Not to-night," he answered, gently. "I will call and pay my respects soon; and in the meantime I'll go home and practice some profound salaams, so as to greet his majesty in a becoming manner. Good-bye." And he walked rapidly away.

As Miss Hester came downstairs dressed in her best black silk, and wearing her pretty lace cap with lavender ribbons, the family carriage drove up to the door, and the Doctor alighted, followed by a tall young man, who gave his hand to Effie as she sprang lightly to the ground. During the brief salutations, Miss Hester's heart sank within her, as she noticed the foppishness of the stranger's attire, his affected drawl, and his languid grace of manner. The Doctor showed his guest to his room, and then came downstairs.

"Where's Effie?" he asked.

"Gone to her room. Well, John?" and Miss Hester looked up inquiringly.

"He's a howling swell," said the Doctor, with a frown. "He's even worse than I feared. He would make a capital husband for that silly Fanny, but I can't see how a girl brought up as our Effie has been could ever fancy such a brainless fop."

While this conversation was going on, the Doctor's man had entered the kitchen. "Well, Sol," and Susan turned quickly, "what do you think of the city beau?"

"He's a tarnal fool," said Solomon, contemptuously. "What with his everlastin' twistin' o' that 'ere tow-colored mustache o' his'n, and his drawlin' out his words, and his bowin' and scrapin', and talkin' poetry to Miss Effie, he's jest the miserablest fool that ever ye see. And he's a coward, too! You know the black horse gets pretty frisky at times; and I jest touched him up, and made him rear and prance, and it scared the poor fellow 'most to death. What's that you're sayin' to yourself?"

"I'm a-sayin' that I'll find a way yet to open Miss Effie's eyes, or my name isn't Susan Bean."

"And if I can help you, jest let me know: it's a shame to have our Miss Effie taken up with such a piece o' nothin'. Why, Susan, did you take note of the posy in his buttonhole, and his hair down over his forehead like those factory-girls down at the Falls. It's a wonder he doesn't wear ear-rings and a bunnet, too—he's so dretful soft-spoken and sorter lady-like." And Solomon threw back his head with a loud laugh.

During the week that followed, Mr. Wynne received much attention from the hospitable neighbors. Effie was a universal favorite, and the whole town had a kindly curiosity to see her stranger-lover. But his affectation and patronizing ways made an unfavorable impression, and people generally thought she had made an unwise choice. The Doctor and Miss Hester disliked him more every day, while blunt Susan went about her work muttering her disapprobation.

Effie at first seemed proud of her handsome lover; but there were times when her aunt, who watched her closely, thought she seemed positively disgusted. The young man himself became very weary of the simple life and people around him, and took no pains to conceal his distaste. He thought of the stylish Fanny and her luxuriously-appointed home, and began to wonder if he had not made a mistake in choosing an artless country girl. In fact, the elegant Mortimer Wynne was falling out of love as rapidly as he had fallen in.

Poor Effie! She was deeply chagrined and mortified. Her hero had turned out a very poor sort of hero, after all. During the few days of his stay at Cloverdale, she learned to know him better than in the winter's round of parties and receptions; and his selfishness and weakness of character came out more strongly every day.

It was the last day of Mr. Wynne's visit. The Doctor had taken Miss Hester to see one of his patients, and Solomon and Susan had gone to the pasture for the cows. As Effie sat on the piazza entertaining her guest, John, who had been away from home, came over to pay his respects. After a short talk, he proposed a walk to the hill behind the house, in order to get a better view of the beautiful sunset. As the three stood there, Susan darted wildly in sight, with her mouth and eyes wide open, followed by Solomon on a full run, his long ungainly arms working like a windmill.

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"Mad dog! mad dog!" they shrieked, and rushed down the hill toward the house.

Mr. Wynne's cheeks grew deadly pale. He dropped his cane, and fled to the only tree in sight; and in a moment more he was seen embracing the trunk, and frantically scrambling up to a safe perch on the upper limbs.

John threw an arm around Effie, and picked up the cane. "When the dog comes in sight," he ordered, hurriedly, "start at once for the house, and leave me to grapple with him."

But to his dismay, Effie refused to stir. "No! oh, no!" she said. "Perhaps I can help you in some way. You must not be sacrificed for me."

But in vain they looked up and down the road and around them: there was no dog to be seen.

"Thank heaven!" said John, fervently; "he has probably gone in some other direction."

Just then Solomon's lank figure came in sight. "Ha, ha!" he laughed, pointing to the tree. "I say, Mister, how did a-city chap like you ever learn to climb a tree like that? There isn't a country boy round here that could have shinned up in better shape."

Mr. Wynne lay stretched out on a high limb, his white hands tightly grasping the bough. "Where's the dawg?" he asked, hoarsely.

Solomon scratched his head meditatively. "Waal now, that's a puzzler. To tell the truth, there ain't no dog—me an' Susan thought we'd play a little joke. You can come down now. We'll all form a ring around ye, an' escort ye safely to the house."

Amid John's indignant remonstrances and Solomon's impertinent banter, the discomfited Wynne was forced to descend. "A word with you, if you please," he said to Effie, following her to the parlor.

"After this insupportable affront to me," he began, in a lofty tone, "I think it is better that our present relations should cease."

"After this insupportable affront to *me*," hotly retorted Effie, "I quite agree with you in thinking that they cannot end too quickly."

"If it is any great disappointment to you, I am sorry," he continued. Then he raised his eyes to her face, and saw that she was actually laughing at him. He turned abruptly, and in a few moments more was walking toward the village, to take the evening train.

Effie stood watching him out of sight, and John, in his turn, stood anxiously studying her troubled face. "Two miserable fools!" she said, with a nervous little laugh; "I don't know which is the worse."

"You don't take it very much to heart, Effie."

"There never was much heart to it, anyway," she said, contritely. "Oh, how you must despise us both."

John bent over her roguishly. "Do I look as if I despised you, Effie? Will you let me try to fill the gap that Mr. Wynne's departure makes—"

"Please don't make fun of me, John."

"But I'm in earnest. Miss Hester told me that she thought if I had spoken sooner, this never would have happened. How is it?"

For an answer, Effie hid her tear-stained face on his shoulder; and just then Solomon came around the corner of the house, and caught a glimpse of the two figures on the piazza. "Whew!" he whistled softly; and he returned hastily to the kitchen. "Susan," he said, with a sheepish grin, "since they've gone into the love-makin' business yonder, suppose we jine in too! I've known ye many a year, and set great store by ye; and if any danger comes along, ye can reckon on my not climbin' a tree and leavin' ye to yourself."

Susan finished filling her tea-kettle. "I don't mind," she returned, calmly. "You're a steady man, Solomon; and as for me, I'm not handsome, but you might go farther and fare worse."

ASTERS AND GOLDEN-ROD.

BY FANNY DRISCOLL.

Aster looks with purple eyes
  Upward, shy and sweet:
Golden-rod, with kingly mien,
Calm, and gracious, and serene,
Smiles upon her as she leans
  To his royal feet.

Smoke has wreathed the autumn hills,
  Hazy, dreaming, dun;
Amber glory fills the hollows,
To the southward fly the swallows,
Lazy butterfly slow follows
  O'er the slumb'rous run.

Aster, with her loving eyes,
  Cares not for the dying
Of the languid Indian days—
Of the grand triumphal blaze
In the mystic woodland ways,
  Where the bees are flying.

For her king doth love her well—
  Tenderly and deep;
Gives her golden crown, and throne,
Sceptre, kingdom, for her own:
Then with kisses, they alone
  Fall on happy sleep.

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RULE OR RUIN.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1882, by Miss Ann Stephens, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.]

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CHAPTER XXVIII.

In less than a week after Father Meda left his cabin on the Skaniateles, he was deep in the forest that covered the broad tract of land which lay between the Owasco valley and the banks of the Mohawk. Four Indians were with him, one of them serving as a guide along the scarcely-perceptible trail. Another, who walked by his side, was Locarne, the fellow-pupil and lover of Okalona, who had insisted on bearing the old man company, not only through the woods, but wherever he should bend his steps. There was nothing to distinguish the others from any of the thousand savages that swarmed about the lakes; but in the younger Indian, marks of unusual refinement and the grace of imperfect civilization were mingled with the savage force and free action of a forest-bred man full of natural capacity and a spirit of keen enterprise. His free tread, as he walked by the old man, the athletic grace of a figure upright, subtile in its vitality, and fashioned as Greek sculptors wrought out their ideas of manhood, combined the best features of two distinct races in wonderful harmony of expression.

Father Meda was old, but had been so strong and vigorous that he found no great fatigue in traveling on foot from one village to another along these three lakes, on which the Cayugas had built their wigwams and hunting-lodges. Sometimes he was on that lovely stretch of water that still bears the name of the tribe that built an important village on its banks where the beautiful town of Aurora now stands: for there he had a school; and on the rise of ground where one of the finest female seminaries in the country commands an unsurpassed water-view, was a medicine-lodge, from which he could see almost from one end of the lake to the other. From the Cayuga lake to Owasco, and thence to Skaniateles, he had traveled for many a year—sometimes attending the sick, sometimes called by the sachems for council, and always giving to these savage friends, who loved and honored him, the best work of his hands and the best thoughts of a mind stored with knowledge that might have won homage from any body of learned men in the world: for among these people Father Meda was not only a good and gracious man, but, in every respect, the missionary of intelligence.

But Meda was growing old now; and the trail which would lead him to the Mohawk was both long and rough. So when Dahionet learned that he was resolved to leave the tribe for a season, and go down among the white people, he led to him one of the few horses that had been captured on the war-path, and threw across its back a thick blanket, and a deer-skin pouch that rudely resembled the saddle-bags of more recent times, in which a supply of Indian-cake had been stored; and so—gravely, as became a chief, but sorrowfully, as a man parts with his friend—saw the missionary ride away and lose himself in the depths of the wilderness.

In this way it happened that these strangely-assorted people were traveling along that narrow trail through the interminable solitude of the woods.

The old man had at first accepted the horse reluctantly, and with some small touch of pride. It seemed hard that just then, with a strong demand for energy, both of mind and body, upon him, this idea of failing power should present itself, even in a form of kindness. But along that rough path he soon learned to be grateful for the care that had saved him so much fatigue, and given him time for serious consideration of the position in which he was placed, and the events that were dragging him back into a world which he believed himself to have renounced forever.

Thus he rode on, hour after hour, buried in painful thoughts; while Locarne—strong, upright, and incapable of fatigue—marched by his side, silent as himself, and sometimes occupied with similar thoughts.

Now and then Father Meda would yield to the thoughts that stung and tortured him, and turn his eyes on the young savage with the look of a man so burdened with trouble that he was almost forced to seek sympathy even in his rude nature.

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Locarne saw this, and would have answered it if the amenities that sweeten civilized life had been strong enough to find expression against the native reticence of his race. As it was, he contented himself with vigilant watchfulness for his old friend's safety, and a regard for his comfort that was full of silent tenderness. Sometimes, however, he would mark the restless fever in the old man's eyes, and the smothered anxiety in his own bosom would blaze forth for a moment, and he would stride forward with unconscious swiftness, fiercely grasping his gun, as if some hated enemy were in sight. At such times it seemed as if the trail was too narrow, and the forests themselves scarcely broad enough, for the energies of some wild passion that had seized upon him. If a briar dragged across the embroidery of his deer-skin tunic, or got entangled among the fringe of his leggings, he would tear at it with a fierce grip, as if it had been the throat of some foe whom he hated; and once or twice, when a young sapling was in the way, or the branch of a tree fell across the path, he would dash at it with his tomahawk, cleave it with a single blow, and toss it into the underbrush, furiously as if each obstacle were an incentive to some war going on in his own bosom.

Thus the travelers proceeded almost in silence. Neither the Indian nor the white man could speak to the other of the thoughts that were so full of cruel disturbance: for Locarne could no more enter into the subtile memories and apprehensions of the old man than the missionary could imagine the storm of jealousy that raged fiercer and fiercer each day in the bosom of his companion.

But for these deep and stormy feelings, their travel through the woods—which took them each hour nearer and nearer to the Mohawk—would have been full of delight: for there is never a time when the man or woman who truly loves nature for itself can fail to be awakened to a deep and sensuous enjoyment of its beauties, unless some storm of feeling obliterates all consciousness of it. Still, so completely were these two persons absorbed by the fire and bitterness of their own thoughts, that they scarcely noticed the beautiful change by which the forests had been swept since they had passed through them on their way up from the great Council-fire. Even then some gleams of the autumn were visible among the trees. Here and there a red branch swept across the bright green of a maple, like a banner unfurled, and the glow of over-ripe leaves could sometimes be discerned in the tangle of underbrush. Nuts, too, were beginning to fall sparsely from the chestnut and hickory-trees.

Now, two or three sharp frosts had swept the forests in all directions, setting them on fire with a glory of rich coloring. Oaks, glossy and grand in their deep-green leafage, had changed to dark maroon. The slender ash-trees were covered with clouds of pale yellow. Maples, blazing with hot red or drifted with billowy gold, scattered their gorgeousness everywhere among the dense green of pines, spruce, and feathery hemlocks. Chestnuts were bending beneath great clusters of star-like burs, bristling and brown, from which the nuts had fallen. Silver-birches, those dainty children of the woods, had grown pale in all their delicate leafage, and drooped sadly among the more sturdy growth that forms the glory of our "Indian summer."

At another time the old man would have felt all the subtile grandeur of these surroundings with perfect enjoyment—for age only intensifies our love of the beautiful in nature or art, holding them back from all the passions that time sweeps from us, to the very last—but he took no heed of his surroundings now, but rode on and on through all the glow and glory of them with set features and gloomy eyes, such as no man, white or Indian, had ever seen in him before.

Once, when a doe and her fawn came rushing through the underbrush, and leaped across the path within a few feet of him, he drew up his horse suddenly, and gave a sharp cry, that seemed almost like one of agony: for Locarne had lifted his gun and leveled it at the fawn, that, frightened a little, had faltered in his leap.

"Down, down with your gun—would you shoot the fawn in the very sight of its mother?" he said, in such tremulous anger as the young savage had never seen in him before.

Locarne dropped his gun: the rebuke astonished him.

"Why not a fawn?" he said. "You would have liked it for supper."

"Why lift your hand against the ewe-lamb? If you hunger for slaughter, have we no wolves or bears or antlered deer in the woods? She has but one—only one—and you would slay it."

Tears stood in the old man's eyes, and a quiver of strange emotion came over his features. He had seemed angry at first: now he looked around, troubled by his own violence, and, bending toward the Indian, said:

"I have been harsh, Locarne. You wished to do me a kindness; and instead of thanks, I rebuke you. But this poor creature had only one—only one—that she was hiding away from harm in the woods. The thought of it wounded me: but you cannot understand."

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"I understand that something more cruel than I am has hurt you, Father," answered the savage: "what, I do not know. But as it troubles you so, I will never kill another fawn, though Okalona likes their skins best. Now, Father, I will watch for something else, for you have eaten nothing since morning."

Father Meda smiled, a little sadly. The Indian's kindly forbearance seemed like a contrast to his own sharp outburst of reproof. He repented of that feverish burst of temper, which was but the outcome of great fatigue and a long season of harassing pain.

"I am not hungry," he answered, meekly enough, "but very much thirst."

Locarne saw the wearied expression of the old man's face, and it filled him with dread. The usually pallid features were flushed; the kindly eyes had red lights in them; he sat unsteadily on the folded blanket that served him for a saddle.

Directly they came to a spring of fresh, cold water, that gushed out from the cleft of a great rock, from which other rocks rose in picturesque ledges. The water that leaped through this broken fissure left a vivid trail of green moss behind it, and went singing through the tall ferns and late flowers that the frost had failed to reach, filling the little hollow its waves had made with whispers of sweet music.

"Come," said Locarne, reaching out his arms to help the old man dismount. "It is cool and sheltered here, with plenty of fine browsing for the horse. It is getting dark in the woods, too. Somewhere about here we can find a place where you can sleep to-night."

"No, no!" answered Meda. "The banks of the Mohawk are not far off, the guide tells us: once there, we can rest."

As he spoke, the old man faltered, raised a hand to his head, and seemed about to fall from his horse. Locarne helped him down, spread a blanket on the ground, and would have placed him on it, but, racked with fever-thirst, the old man attempted to stagger down to the brook. That moment a shot came from the woods near by, and a partridge, in its death-throes, fell close to them.

Locarne curved one hand over his mouth, and gave out a cry like that of a night-owl. It was answered higher up from the ledge of rocks that formed a rude terrace back of the spring, and almost overhanging it.

"The braves have found a place up there," he said, "where neither serpents nor wild beasts can come on us unawares. There you will sleep to-night. Early in the morning we shall be on the Mohawk."

Father Meda submitted himself to these arrangements with the resignation of great weakness. He had been on horseback since morning, without saddle, and guiding the hard movement of his horse with a halter of twisted deer-thongs. His stiffened limbs refused to bend low enough to give him a draught of water, when he attempted to kneel down by the spring. Locarne, seeing this, gathered a great leaf from some water-plant that grew near the rivulet, twisted it dextrously around his hand, and filled the green cup he had thus formed with water that quenched the old man's thirst with its delicious coolness. Then he broke a winding path up the ledge of rocks, and led the old man gently upward, helping him along the rough places with woman-like tenderness.

This rocky shelf reached back, a dozen yards or more, to a second rise, beginning in a wall of solid stone, and surmounted by a clump of silver-birches and young larch-trees, still green and delicate as lace-work in their foliage.

Against this wall, and far down below the quivering shadows of the trees, Father Meda saw, with grateful amazement, a rude structure of bark, curved as it had been hurriedly stripped from the decaying logs prostrated by storms in the forest, with patches of moss and tufts of grass still clinging to it. The ground beneath this shelter had been heaped with ferns, frost-bitten till their rich green had turned to a pallid écru-tint, and so full of that exquisite fragrance which only comes when they are dying, that the whole ledge was perfumed with it.

Meda turned his eyes gratefully on the young Indian.

"You have done this," he said. "I did not think to need so much care."

Locarne was pleased with the expression of pleasure in the old man's face, but he could not understand why the help that a young brave gives to the aged should merit thanks. With his people it was a religious duty.

"The others came first. They knew that this rock was safe and the water sweet. To-night you will sleep. To-morrow we shall find where our canoes are hidden, and take the great water-path. Rest now. The sun has left us, and is burning red among the tops of the tall pines. Before it is dark we will find something to eat; till then, rest well."

Locarne spread his blanket on the short forest-turf that covered the ledge in places, and looked back to see that the old man was resting on it before he disappeared on the path that had led him up from the little water-course. More than once Meda heard the crack of a gun down in the

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forest below him, and knew that his friends were busy providing for his further comfort; but he was so tired—so completely worn out—that the sounds seemed to come from afar off: his head drooped forward on his breast, and he sat there in a stupor of bodily and mental exhaustion.

Meantime the Indians were busy down by the brook, preparing the game they had shot, and gathering dry wood for a fire that Locarne kindled with sparks struck from the flint of his gun. He was troubled by the state of exhaustion in which a long day's ride had left his old friend, and with his own hands dressed the partridge they had shot, and broiled it daintily, as he had seen it done in the cabin by the lake, where all the habits of civilization possible to that wild country had always been maintained. When the game was nicely browned, he divided it with his knife, and laid the savory parts on separate corn-cakes that were soon rich with gravy. With this tempting repast in his hands, Locarne mounted to the ledge, and, after spreading some broad green leaves from the water-plants upon a flat stone, laid it before the old man, who did not move or seem to regard it, but sat silent and inert, with his face bowed down to his breast.

Locarne looked on that bowed face anxiously, rearranged the meal with which he hoped to tempt a sluggish appetite, and, at last, touched the stooping shoulders with his hand, tenderly as a woman could have done.

The old man looked up, glanced at the food, and shook his head, asking in a low voice for water—only water. Locarne brought him some in a leaf-cup, and was troubled to see how eagerly he drank it—more troubled when he saw that the eyes uplifted so piteously to his turned away from the food loathingly, when he would have urged him to taste it.

"Rest, rest—give me a little rest," was all the old man could say.

"Yes, yes—a little rest and sleep: then you will be hungry again, and more birds are in the woods," said the Indian. "We have come too far. It is long since you have followed the trail with us. No wonder you cannot eat. Come now, the bed is soft and sweet. Come!"

As he spoke, Locarne spread his own blanket over the fern bed, and half lifting the old man in his strong arm, laid him tenderly upon it. Another blanket was drawn softly over him, then the young chief seated himself in front of the bark hut to watch.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Sunset in the forest is, for a little time, full of faint, sweet noises: the chirp of birds going to rest, the flutter of leaves, and the low hum of brooks creeping through the undergrowth. To this brief tumult was added the crackling of the fire, and the voices of the guides, who were devouring their half-cooked supper by the light of it. Locarne had no wish to join them, nor did he touch a mouthful of the more tempting meal growing cold upon the leaf-covered rock. Anxiety had taken away his appetite, and grew almost into terror as the old man's breathing became quick and heavy, sometimes swelling to a restless groan.

A little while, and all grew still. The guide and his companions had left the hollow, and found a sleeping-place beneath a huge tree, back of the ledge and deeper in the woods. The night had closed them in. Even the wind was still. The brook alone grew noisy in this general silence, and chimed louder and louder as it rushed by the bed of hot coals that still sent up flashes of flame and reddened its waves as they rushed by.

Up on the ledge above them, the old man lay burning with fever, and restless in the wearisome sleep that fell upon him. Again and again Locarne went down the narrow path and brought water—to quench the craving of his thirst—from the brook. Once, just as the first gray of dawn fell over the woods, he was checked half-way down the path by a sound of hoofs on the trail, mellowed by the forest-growth that covered it, but unmistakable. Directly, voices came to his ears: not in the Indian tongue—that would have been less remarkable—but in English, which he understood. The path he was in curved around a projection of rock, just where he had halted, only a few feet from the top of the ledge. This completely concealed him from below, but, with a slight movement, he could obtain a view of anyone who might approach, and in the dead stillness had no difficulty in distinguishing words spoken with incautious loudness, where the solitude seemed to insure perfect secrecy.

Who could these night-wanderers be? Not Indians! They had scant means of traveling on horseback, and were not likely to speak the language that reached him.

Silent, and keenly watchful, like the people of his race, Locarne stood motionless, peering through the leaves of a wild vine rooted in the cleft of the rock that concealed him. Directly he saw two white men on horseback, riding side by side, and conversing together in careless disregard of some eight or ten Indians that came, one after another, down the path behind them, no one of whom could understand a word of the language they used.

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Locarne, with all his savage caution, could not check a faint sound in his throat, when he recognized in the two white men the fur-trader and that strange person whom he had seen as a priest by the Council-fire at Albany, and as a trader when he halted with the same escort of Indians that followed him now, within sight of the Owasco valley.

"Ah, here is fresh water—and plenty of it," said Roach, turning his horse toward the brook. "Just the sort of place where a tired party is likely to stop, or, at any rate, leave traces that may guide one."

Roach had ridden down to the brook, and allowed his horse to thrust his hot mouth deep into the water, which he was drinking voraciously. Turning his eyes down-stream, he saw the dead embers of a fire burned out, and jerking the thirsty beast from his greedy enjoyment, he rode down the brook, and searched among the ashes for some spark of fire by which he could judge of the time it had been kindled.

The priest answered the sharp exclamation that followed this discovery, dismounted, and hurrying down to the heap of ashes that Roach was examining from his saddle, thrust his hand into them.

"There is heat in them yet—heat, but no fire. Not many hours ago someone has been roasting game here. See these half-picked bones of some small animal; and yonder are the feathers of a partridge. More than one or two have been feasting in this spot."

"The old man and his guard, no doubt," said Roach; "and only a few hours ahead of us. Give your horse a good drink, and let us ride on. He could not have traveled far by night. Give our men the word, and we shall come upon them within an hour—sound asleep, too. A man is taken off so easily in his sleep, especially an old one."

The priest smiled, and shook his head in gentle reproof, as a saint might have done.

"You look upon bloodshed too lightly, my friend," he murmured. "Surely you would not slay the old man with your own hands?"

"If our friends here should fail," answered Roach, looking back on the evil-looking group of savages that stood apart, listening stolidly to a conversation they could not understand, "I certainly would."

"But what has he done to you?"

"Done? He stands this minute between me and the one thing I want on earth—between me and a—"

Roach broke off this speech sharply, and clenched his fist, as if prompted to strike a blow upon his own mouth for the imprudent words it was speaking.

The priest observed the motion with a smile of subtle understanding.

"A woman?—that I once saw, perhaps, on horse-back, behind an English trooper, with her arms about his waist, her red mantle streaming in the wind, her hair floating wildly, and her face all on fire with enjoyment—a beautiful squaw, that a white man might almost be tempted to marry."

"Marry?" repeated Roach, between a laugh and a sneer. "Think of taking a wife like that to England—feather-crowned, red-mantled, wampum and all! Is there a man on earth mad enough for that?"

"I spoke of an Indian marriage, which is especially convenient, inasmuch as it satisfies the 'red-skins,' and has no legality outside of their hunting-grounds."

Roach laughed knowingly.

"If one could find time, or live among these creatures a month or two without dying of disgust; but she is worth the trial: for a more beautiful squaw never lived."

"Even then it might not be so easy," rejoined the priest. "I am told that the young savage who came upon us that day in search of the turkey he had shot—like a bronze Apollo with his game secured—is to give the girl a longer lease of marriage than you are thinking of."

Roach reddened furiously.

"You have heard that? So have I. Moreover, this old missionary is at the bottom of it all."

"Ah, I understand," said the priest. "That is why you hate the old man so."

"No; I have a deeper reason: one that the destiny of my whole life is cast upon."

"Then both these men are in your way?"

"Yes."

"Then it is not altogether for the pleasure of a lady we know of that you are on the missionary's trail."

Roach looked sharply around. With all his crafty self-consciousness, he felt himself no match for this cool, shrewd man, who seemed to read his thoughts before they were formed.

"She spoke only of captivity among the prisoners we have snatched like fire-brands from the Six Nations, that are, one and all, the enemies of France. These captives our Governor in Canada has always refused to surrender. Your enemy will find the prisons that hold them safe as death—and for him a little worse, as I told my lady."

"Information which she received with sweet serenity, I dare be sworn," said Roach, with a sneer.

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"Something more than that. When she pointed out the way of removing the old man from the tribe that protects him, it was with the smile of a Madonna. 'The wilderness is so large,' she said, 'that law halts on the borders. The disappearance, or even life, of a man more or less can make little difference. When the Church has need of martyrs, it should know how to find them.'"

"Her words were full of pious inspiration: no one can suggest murder more daintily," answered Roach, with a sneer he did not attempt to suppress. "Captivity, if that is easy—death, if it is not. And for this she was ready to give liberally, and made her offer as if it had been a tithe of her wealth laid upon the altar."

The grave solemnity of the priest's face did not change in a single line: he did not seem to feel the coarse sarcasm that stung him into silent wrath.

"So it will be a donation sacred to Holy Church. Her priests take no money for services given to her or to our country, both of which hold this old man as a sacrilegious and bitter enemy, standing always in the way of our holy work, with his doctrines of knowledge and usefulness. It is he, more than any other, who has kept these tribes of the Six Nations firm allies of the English. It is he who has induced them to drive the missionaries of our faith into the woods among wild beasts. It is he who was most powerful at the Council at Albany, where I was compelled to steal in disguise, and hide like a thief among the rabble of spectators. Were he not the enemy of France and of Holy Church, the old man might rest in peace."

There was honest vehemence in these expressions of hatred, that checked the scoff with which Roach had commenced the conversation. This man's enthusiasm dwarfed his own projects into utter meanness. He was silent for a while, for a doubt had struck him that this man might prove anything but a willing instrument in his hands. When he did speak, it was hurriedly.

"Well, well! there is little difference whether you work for France, Holy Church, or my lady, so long as the thing that will please them all is done," he said, drawing his bridle, and forcing the but half-satiated horse from the brook. "We are mad to lose time here—only this: if we come within gun-shot of that copper-colored lover of Okalona, remember he belongs to me."

The priest did not seem to hear this, for he rode up among the little crowd of Indians that stood waiting, and gave them some terse directions in their own tongue; after which they took the trail on a swift run, following each other in line.

Locarne, with the precaution usual to savage warfare, had watched this sudden appearance of his enemies without quite comprehending that they were such, and at first was prompted to go down and join them. But when Roach came into full sight, a feeling of repulsion kept him standing there until the words so loudly spoken between the two men reached him clearly. He heard the threat of danger to the sick man close by—the jeering coarseness with which Okalona was spoken of; and its insolent significance fired him at once with jealous rage and savage resentment. When the Indian girl's name was sullied by the fur-trader's lips, the listening savage sprang up the path like a tiger, seized his gun—which rested against the bark hut—rushed to the very brink of the ledge, and, falling on one knee, leveled it. His hand shook with fierce passion as it pushed back the lock and curved one finger around the trigger. Another moment, and Roach would have given but one leap into eternity: but the hot, tremulous hand of Father Meda grasped the gun, and Locarne's arm fell away from it, paralyzed.

Locarne gave way to the authority in that feeble touch, though he shook from head to foot under the storm of savage passion that had urged him on to murder.

"He would have killed you," he said, hoarse with this unspent rage. "He scoffed at Okalona."

The old man made no reply, but reeled back, staggering under the weight of Locarne's ponderous gun, with which he fell insensible. The young Indian carried him to his bed of ferns, and, in defiance of the danger that might menace him, hurried down to the brook for water.

A minute earlier, and that reckless leap downward would have been his last: for Roach, filled with bitter jealousy, was thirsting for his life with the hunger of a wolf, and the tread of his horse could be heard beating the path within a stone's-throw of the place where he had stopped for water.

With a dripping leaf-cup in his hands, Locarne went back to the ledge, where he found the old man calling for him with a low, impatient wail. "Are they gone? Are your hands free from bloodshed?" he whispered, before he would taste of the drink.

"They are gone."

Locarne could say no more. The thirst of revenge, born with him, was in full rage. The sick man's mercy filled him with scorn; and all the amenities of civilisation that good man had ingrafted in his savage nature bent like reeds under the tramp of a wild beast.

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Conscious of this, and struggling against it, he left the old man and plunged into the woods. There he found the Indian guard, who had slept back of the ledge, where the horse had been tethered, just aroused by noises near the brook. They had armed themselves, and were moving toward him.

"They are enemies, and are on our trail," said Locarne, still hoarse with passion. "Follow them, and bring back word where they go."

The guide started off, winding like a serpent in and out of the thick underbrush, and gaining all the time on the party that had gone before.

Two or three miles beyond the spring, the great trail, worn almost to a highway by traders passing between the Indian settlements and Albany, crossed the narrow path which led in a straight line to the banks of the Mohawk. There the guide, moving noiselessly, and hidden behind trees, came up to Roach and his party, who had halted in doubt which trail to pursue. They spoke in the Indian tongue; and the listener, crouching down low, crept close enough to hear their deliberations.

"They had horses—one at least—among them, for more than once I found the track of a hoof," said Roach, speaking to one of his guides, who came on a swift run up from the narrow path he had been sent to examine. "Have you found any down yonder?"

The savage gave a brief negative answer.

"And here are several. The old man is too feeble for rough traveling: they would take the broader trail. Move on—move on! They cannot be far ahead."

Down the broad trail Roach and his followers went at a swift pace, in which the Indians kept ahead of the horses. When the last tramp of hoof and moccasin died out, Locarne's guide lifted himself upright, and, leaping through all impediments like a deer, carried the intelligence to his friends, who had been vigilant as himself in preparing for a swift departure. They had cut down saplings and vine-branches with their tomahawks, and twisted them into a litter, woven in and out with all the skilful art of basket-work. With this they followed Locarne up to the ledge, heaped blankets upon it, and laid the missionary down upon them tenderly as a mother cradles her infant.

The old man understood this movement; and a faint, sweet smile stole over his lips as he was borne down to the trail.

They followed the course of a considerable stream that emptied itself into the broader Mohawk, and, before noon that day, found themselves by a little harbor, or cove, at its mouth, so hedged in by hemlocks and white-pines that it was always deep in shadows, under which the Cayugas concealed their canoes when they came by water from the great Council-fires. Two of these were drawn from their hiding-places. For one, cut from the trunk of a huge black-walnut tree, a bed of leaves fluttering about them everywhere—frost-bitten into infinite shades of rich coloring—was gathered. On this Father Meda was laid, unconscious of its sumptuous gorgeousness as a weary monarch might be of the royal purple that enveloped him.

From this point the Cayuga guide—for whom there was no use on the river—turned his face toward Owasco, taking the equally-useless horse with him. Then the two rude shallops were launched on the bosom of the Mohawk, Locarne guiding that in which his sick friend was resting, the other being occupied by their Indian guard.

Floating gently downward with the current, this rude little craft required but scant guidance. Its very motion gave slumbrous tranquility to the sick man, whose wandering speech, that had been broken and impatient before, softened into vague dreaminess, like the babble of a cradled child rocked into quiet by its mother's hand.

Thus, day and night, they drifted downward, through the soft haze of our Indian summer—through the moonlight that turned that haze later into a silvery mist.

Surely it was cruel that there should not have been some consciousness of beauty in that feverish mind when the old man drifted, through the fairest week of that glorious October, between double walls of wild luxuriance that locked the river in till it was always half in shadow—the grand old forest-trees standing so close to the banks that their lower branches sometimes trailed down the current, gleaming through it like a rift of jewels, or were linked together with bitter-sweet vines laden with clusters of golden fruit. In other places room was left for a thick undergrowth, entangled with clematis-vines run to seed in great masses of silken curls, beautiful as the hair of a child in the wind, but pale-green, as human tresses never were.

In places, where large trees had been cut away, great embankments of sumac crowded down to the water, bristling with cones that blazed like lamps in the mingled green and red of their countless and slender leaves; and from the ridges that now and then thrust their rugged masses into sight, drifts of poisonous ivy fell adown the rocks in cataracts of burning scarlet.

All the grandeur and beauty of this autumnal scene were lost on the old man, through whose

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mind they passed confusedly, like the shifting colors in a kaleidoscope. But there came a time when he began to observe: for the balmy air of that Indian summer, the gentle motion of the canoe, and the tender vigilance of Locarne were, perhaps, better than medical attendance might have been. At times the Indian guard would go on shore, in search of game or such hardy fruits as sometimes outlive September, hoping, beyond their own claims of hunger, to tempt the sick man with a quail, a late crab-apple, or a handful of winter-green berries: but he refused everything but a draught of spring-water when it was brought to him.

One day Locarne had guided his canoe close to the shore, and was waiting for his men, who had gone into the woods. A young elm-tree, rooted in the bank, drooped over the waters, shading the sick man, who lay asleep. On a branch overhead a wild vine had woven its tendrils, laden with the long, slender clusters of a grape that never reaches perfect ripeness till a sharp frost has shed a bloom upon its purple more exquisite than the summer sunshine ever gives.

The old man opened his eyes, and saw this fruit-laden branch swaying to and fro in the yellow sunshine. A look of pleased intelligence came over his face. He lifted up both hands, and called out faintly:

"Oh, the grapes—the beautiful grapes!"

These words were uttered in a language that Locarne did not understand; but he saw the yearning intelligence in the old man's eyes, and with a leap brought down the branch and tore away some of the fruit, which he placed in those wavering hands, quite unconscious of the harm it might do. Still murmuring in his sweet unknown tongue, the sick man pressed the grapes to his mouth; and swallowing one or two of them, dropped his hand, with the branch in it, and closed his eyes, smiling.

From that time Father Meda scarcely spoke a word in English, save to refuse or ask for something; but he talked to himself with soft inflections, and sometimes with tears in his voice: talked of vineyards on the hills near Florence, through which he wandered while the grapes were being gathered and trodden beneath the feet of peasants stained to the knees with juice. Again, he was in a boat on the Arno, drifting—drifting—forever drifting—down the flow of waters, but always without oars, and to some nameless place.

Then, as dreams change, he would tell of an old palace in the heart of the city, with the arms of an old, old family over the grand entrance, and a statue in the hall upon which common men must never lay their hands: for it had stood there hundreds of years, and even then an ancestry of more potent greatness lay centuries behind. There was a wail in the sick man's voice when he thought himself pleading with these proud ancestors for pardon that in his time all this greatness had come to naught, and a sinister band had been drawn across their escutcheon. "She was but a girl," he would plead: "a fair, motherless girl, cruelly left to herself."

All this, and more, Locarne might have heard, had he ever learned the honey-toned Italian in which it was spoken; but, in his ignorance, he only knew that the old man's voice was sweet as the south-wind, and sometimes full of tears.

In this condition Father Meda was carried from the canoe across the country to a great stone house between the Hudson and that tract of country held by the Mohawks, where Sir William Johnson received him with the grand hospitality which made all visitors welcome under his roof: but with this man it was like sheltering a brother.

Up the massive staircase—that still bears the marks of savage warfare—into the best chamber of his house, the baronet had this one honored guest carried—half-delirious still, but with abated fever, and a vague consciousness of the care that surrounded him.

It was weeks before the old man left that room.

CHAPTER XXX.

When the Huron came in sight, after skirting the Palisades with a fine breeze, and came swiftly down the wooded heights of Weehauken, and the more sylvan glades of Hoboken, crowds of eager people gathered on the point known as the Battery Park; and when she tacked gracefully, and with her white sails outspread, came sweeping toward the city, a chorus of voices and a grand salute from the fort hailed the return of Governor Clinton to the metropolis: for in those days a voyage up to Albany was a matter of more importance than a trip across the Atlantic can be now.

Amid continuous cheering and hurling of caps in the air, Clinton landed with his little crowd of guests, and proceeded to the Gubernatorial house, carrying his hat under his arm, and answering these salutations with cordial bows and pleasant recognitions: for he was a popular man, and felt no little pride that the fact was made manifest before the high-born English lady on his arm, while his own heart warmed toward the people, whose love he honestly returned.

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It had been arranged that Lady Fausbrook was to remain the Governor's guest so long as it was her pleasure to sojourn in New York. She was met by a range of servants in livery, and at their head a tall, slender, and stately old lady, who was the Governor's mother, and the mistress of his house. Here, at least, my lady felt that she was not entirely supreme: for the subtile dignity of self-respect will make itself understood above all exterior rank. Clinton kissed the old lady's hand with affectionate homage before he presented her visitors. No empress could have received them with more gracious sweetness. She evinced no surprise at the sight of Okalona.

Grace Morton led Angela up to her grandmother.

"It is Angela," she said; "you have heard of her, and will love her as I do."

The old lady took Angela in her arms very gently, and kissed her on the forehead.

"You are welcome, dear child," she said; "welcome as my own Grace."

The old lady cast a look of yearning tenderness on Grace, who understood well the restraining dignity that prevented a close embrace, and those sweet, motherly caresses that had taken from her orphanage its bitter loneliness.

Thus, the principal persons that had adorned the Governor's little party at Albany were received in his home, where two of them at least were to take their first lessons in the high civilization that was scarcely changed from the usages established at the English court. Among the Government officials and officers of the army some of the best blood of the mother country was represented, and to these were added younger members of the nobility and various favorites of the existing monarch and past kings, to whom vast grants of land had been given, thus chaining them and their interests to the Colonies.

Much to my lady's satisfaction, young Fausbrook had gone back to his regiment, entering into no definite explanation with her regarding his feelings or intentions regarding the young girl against whom she entertained the cruel hatred which is born of jealousy and fear. For herself she had but little doubt of Angela's identity with the child she had driven with such relentless hostility from Forsborough Castle. A close study of the old man who claimed her as a granddaughter had more and more confirmed her in this belief. True, he was changed—greatly changed—beyond anything that years could have done; his shoulders were bent, his eyes had lost their eager fire; a spirit of gentle benevolence seemed to have possessed the proud spirit that had always held her in a sort of dread; but something in the depths of her cowardly heart told her that this was the same man, notwithstanding the change of name and apparent nationality; and something deeper and more subtile still warned her that there was danger in him.

Perhaps the lady would have felt this more keenly had she known of the determination with which her son had left that manor-house on the Hudson, after the vague but sweet assurance that Angela had unconsciously given him of the dawn of a love that she could neither understand nor conceal from its object. Delicate in his feelings, and honorable in every fibre of his being, the young man was dissatisfied with himself. With his superior knowledge of the world it seemed like the snaring of a bird thus to win a sentiment so vaguely understood by the heart that must be given to him, with a full knowledge of itself, or not at all.

Another thing troubled the young man: having sought the old missionary's friendship, and, to a certain extent, shared his confidence, would not a subtile sense of honor have kept him aloof from the girl until his own feelings had been explained, and accepted by her grandfather? He too was harassed by the same doubt that tormented his mother. The high breeding of this old man, which not even a long residence with the savages could impair, his profound knowledge, and the evidence that he sometimes gave of deeper reading in the poetry of literature than is common to the priesthood, gave force to this suspicion.

There was something of this in the girl herself, who seemed to partake of all these traits imperceptibly, and reproduce them in the delicacy of her own nature as we inherit refinement from studious and noble ancestors, appropriating the essence of acquirements that have passed into habit with them, as roses drink their perfume from the earth, the air, or any of the vague forces that cultivation brings to them. The very style of her beauty was different from anything that appertained to her life, and in itself suggested conjecture.

All this perplexed and disturbed the young man greatly; for it brought before him a question that set all the blue blood of a long line of nobles into antagonism with his love. If his doubts should change to reality—if this fair girl should prove to be the creature so wronged by his own relative, through the deeper wrong he had done her mother, what course could he pursue toward her? Certainly the object which had brought him across the Atlantic could never be carried out. One look into the old man's face was enough to convince him that an offer to divide any portion of his wealth with him or his would be held as

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a bitter insult. He thought of Angela, so ignorant of values that all his vast inheritance would be scarcely more than the offer of a handful of wampum-beads, should he propose it as an atonement for wrongs of which she knew nothing, or as a return for the love he had given her.

Yes, that he had given her: for with all his heart and soul he loved the young creature who might have cause to hate him and all of his race, remote as he really was from the man who had given him a princely position and left her worse than destitute.

Lord Fausbrook argued this point over and over again in his mind: for it behooved him to decide it before he again saw the old missionary, who could alone confirm or sweep away his doubts. Perhaps he had never realized till now all the pride that sprang from the blue blood in his veins, or the recoil which a sensitive man feels from dishonor, even when transmitted to an innocent person. At any rate the strife was long and bitter enough to keep him from all thought of seeking Angela during the first weeks of her stay in New York, or to start him on the long and tedious journey which alone would bring him into the presence of her grandfather.

Meantime, the thoughts that troubled him had no place in the bosom of Angela: for all the subtile influence of a first love—all the more bewildering because of its delightful vagueness—turned even that solid red-brick house, with all its ponderous furniture, into a paradise. The scenes from her window—which overlooked the green fields and groves of Governor's Island, the Brooklyn Heights, and all the changing waters of the bay, sometimes flushed with the roses of early dawn, sometimes opaline with sunset tints—were to her always wonderful in their beauty. She would sit in that square window-seat deeply embrasured in the thick wall, thinking over his words, his looks, and the very touch of his hands, as they parted that day on the manor-house wharf, as we read over and over a delightful poem, finding new melody in it at every rehearsal. She would listen to Okalona hour after hour, hearing never a word, but so buried in sweet memories that the wild girl, seeing the smiles in her eyes and on her lips, was satisfied that her talk was giving pleasure, and would go away satisfied.

Grace Morton watched her friends with singular interest. She knew nothing of the causes that might forebode disaster to this dawning passion, and studied it delicately as we watch a flower grow. Lady Fausbrook was less acute in her observation. She had no experience of feelings akin to those that turned this young girl's life into a dream of heaven; and the subtle coarseness of her own sensations blinded her. Thus, out of the craft which kept her mind busy with constant evil combinations, she began to weave a new destiny for the girl, which should prove an invincible separation between her and Fausbrook, before they could meet again. In order to carry out this project, she sought Angela's intimacy with all that sweet caressing softness of manner which could hardly have failed to win its way even into the confidence of an enemy. Adroitly, and as if carried away by the force of her own admiration for John Roach, she would now and then bring him into her discourse, but not broadly enough to surprise Angela, who, being too happy for dissent, listened with smiles, which were constantly coming and going upon her lips. My lady was content with the success of her experiment, but hesitated to speak more plainly till the object of her machinations should appear and aid her with a spirit of kindred interest. He came at last.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A CHILD'S QUESTION.

BY JOSEPHINE L. ROBERTS.

EVERYWHERE is summer—floating on the breeze,
Half-concealed in raindrops; gleaming through the trees;
On the far horizon, misty with the blue:
Is there not a summer everywhere for you?

While against the hay-mow rests my little head,
I take in the beauty of the clover red;
Strange sights in the meadow every day I see:
Every day their meaning more unfolds to me.

As the sunlight glistens through the forest-shade,
And the fragrant blossoms in the quiet glade
Open wide their petals in the summer sun,
Still the more I wonder, watching one by one.

Why are you so sadly, silently apart?
Everywhere is summer—is none in your heart?
Ah, your tears are falling! yet, beyond the hill,
Still the sun is shining, flows the river still.

Full of brilliant gladness though the summer be,
There are depths of glory and solemnity
Which its wondrous promise only half reveals:
Lo, the full perfection eternity conceals!

So I wait and wonder, while the hours go,
Listening to the music of the river's flow,
To the jubilate of the forest-birds,
Needing not expression in our feeble words.

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EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

No. 1—Is a walking-toilette, of dark-claret cashmere. The skirt has a box-plaited flounce fourteen inches deep, which is mounted either upon a foundation-skirt of the cashmere, or of claret-colored silesia, faced on the outside and inside with the cashmere. The overskirt forms a tablier, draped across the front—as seen in the illustration—and at the right side; the [illegible]ping is fastened with ribbons, forming long loops and ends. These ribbons may be of double-faced satin to match, or of satin-back velvet of two inches width. The back forms irregular puffs. Over the tunic is a deep kilt-plaited flounce as long as the back of the jacket; this extends to the side-seams of the jacket, and is fastened into the waistband of the skirt. Simply hemmed on the edge.

No. 1.

No. 2.

The jacket is new, and very elegantly trimmed

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with passementerie. The front of the jacket is cut with a short point, sloping off at the sides into a long coat-tail at the back, although not longer than the kilt. Tight coat-sleeves and

No. 3.

standing collar. This costume will require sixteen yards of cashmere, twelve brandebourgs, four yards of ribbon. If the brandebourgs which form the trimming for the waist and sleeves cannot conveniently be procured, braiding with narrow black silk or worsted braid, in a design corresponding somewhat to the passementerie trimming, will be almost as effective. This model will also be a very desirable style for a cloth dress later in the season.

No. 2.—This costume is suitable for either street or house-wear. The skirt is of striped watered silk of very dark blue—almost black. It is box-plaited, the plaits the width of the watered stripe, and the entire skirt is of this watered silk, plaited into a deep yoke, the same as a kilted skirt. The overdress is made to simulate a polonaise: this is done by fitting a long corset-basque, on to which the drapery is arranged; the short apron-front is fitted over the figure, and attached to one side of the long basque, and the other is left loose and finished with hooks and loops to fasten under the back-drapery. The back-drapery is quite short and very much puffed, as may be seen in the illustration. This overdress is of dark-blue mixed all-wool camel's-hair cloth. Any mixed goods of wool, and of colors corresponding with the under-

No. 4.

skirt, will look well. Ten yards of watered silk, and four and a half yards of double-width material for the overdress will be required. The collar and cuffs are of the silk, and the front is

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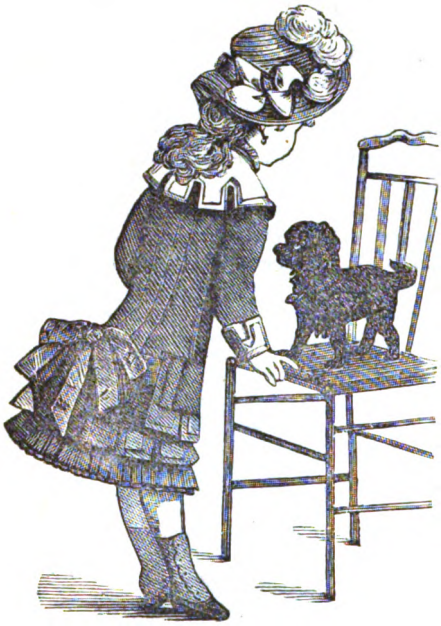
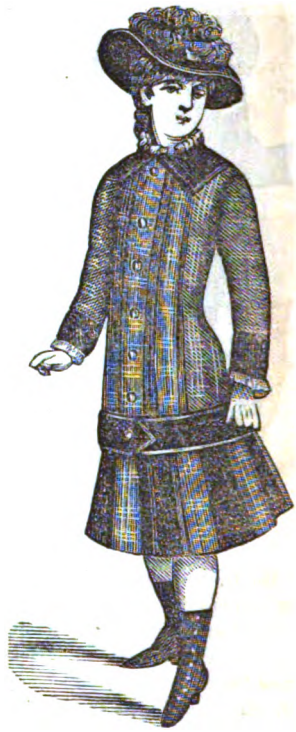
buttoned with small crocheted or metal buttons. The box-plaited skirt may be of the same material as the overdress, if preferred, making a much less expensive costume.



No. 5.

No. 6.

No. 3—Is a very stylish and most useful costume, of black silk, with velvet or cloth jacket, thus combining a house and walking-costume. The skirt has five full double box-plaited ruffles, five inches deep each when finished, put on the foundation-skirt just to touch each other. The tunic is arranged to form very full paniers, and much puffed at the back. As seen in the engraving, the tunic crosses in front, the left over the right side. The jacket, which is to be of velvet or cloth, is perfectly plain, fitting perfectly, and buttoned down the front with jet or crocheted buttons. Collar and cuffs of velvet, if the jacket is of cloth. A plain round waist of silk, open at the throat in the shape of a V, or cut square and trimmed with Spanish lace, worn with a belt and



No. 7.

sash, makes a handsome black dress for home or small dinner-company. Sixteen to eighteen yards of silk, and four or four and a half yards of velvet, will be required.

No. 4—Is another jacket, of velvet or plush, to be worn over any costume corresponding in color. It is simply a long coat-shaped basque, with the edge cut out in deep vandyke points, slightly scalloped. These are bound with a piping of satin to match. Small buttons fasten the front, and there is no other trimming, unless one would like some jet passementerie down the fronts and on the sleeves; but the more simply and plain

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these jackets are made, the more stylish they are considered.

No. 5.—For a little girl of four years, we have a pretty Princess dress, of gray bége, cashmere, or cloth, with dark-blue or garnet velvet, which

No. 8.

is used for the turreted cape, cuffs, and border of skirt. The ribbons are of velvet to match.

No. 6.—Another, for a boy of five to six years, is of velvet. A kilted skirt, with jacket edged with fur, and fastened with brandebourgs of silk or worsted. Collar and cuffs of fur, or chinchilla cloth.

No. 7—Is a costume of tartan plaid, for a girl of five years. It is cut in the Princess shape as far as the belt, where a box-plaited skirt is attached, black velvet being introduced between each box-plait. Collar, cuffs, and belt also of black velvet. The belt is attached to the dress, and fastens with one button in front. The upper part of this dress may have three box-plaits in front, and two in the back, or not, as the taste may decide.

No. 8.—For a boy of eight years, our model, which is entirely new, calls for a blouse of gray tweed, with leather belt and buckles. It opens at the throat, and shows a striped Jersey beneath. Corduroy collar, cuffs, and knickerbockers.

LADIES' PATTERNS.

Any style in this number will be sent by mail on receipt of full price for corresponding article in price list below. Patterns will be put together and plainly marked. Patterns designed to order.

Princess Dress: Plain,	.50
" " with drapery and trimming,	1.00
Polonaise,	.50
Combination Walking Suits,	1.00
Trimmed Skirts,	.50
Watteau Wrapper,	.50
Plain or Gored Wrappers,	.35
Basques,	.35
Coats,	.35
" with vests or skirts cut off,	.50
Overskirts,	.35
Talmas and Dolmans,	.35
Waterproofs and Circulars,	.35
Ulsters,	.35

CHILDREN'S PATTERNS.

Dresses: Plain,	.25	Basques and Coats,	.25
Combination Suits,	.35	Coats & Vests or Cut Skirts	.35
Skirts and Overskirts,	.25	Wrappers,	.25
Polonaise: Plain,	.25	Waterproofs, Circulars and Ulsters,	.25
" Fancy,	.35		

BOYS' PATTERNS.

Jackets,	.25	Wrappers,	.25
Pants,	.20	Gents' Shirts,	.50
Vests,	.20	" Wrappers,	.30
Ulsters,	.30		

Infant's wardrobe, including seven pieces, $1.00: Slip, Dress, Baricoat, Band, Shirt, Bib, Cloak.

We have marked in the catalogue the patterns we always keep in stock.

In sending orders for Patterns, please send the number and month of Magazine, also No. of page or figure or anything definite, and also whether for lady or child. Address, Mrs. M. A. Jones, 28 South Eighth Street, Philadelphia.

FOUR COLORED PATTERNS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number we give, printed in colors, four different designs—one for a Blotting-Case, one for a Miniature Screen, one for a Music-Book, and one for a Jewel-Case. We proceed now to describe how they are to be made:

Blotting-Case.—Use unbleached butchers' linen, crash, or pongee for the foundation. The design is worked in filoselle silks; the colors as indicated; and the embroidery is done in Kensington-stitch. After the work is done, press it well, and then mount it upon the card-board cover. Line the inside of both the front and back with silk or satin of a contrasting color: golden-brown or cardinal-red will look best. Fill in the inside with some sheets of blotting-paper, which may be fastened by slipping under

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a cord attached to the centre of the book. Fasten the two backs together by over-seam, or else tie them with narrow ribbon-bows in two places.

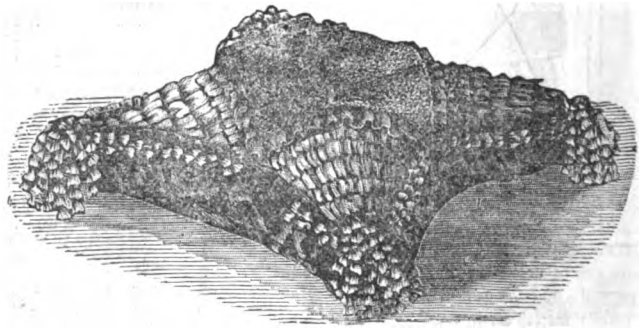
Miniature Screen.—This little screen is worked on silk or satin of an olive-green. Surah silk is better than a French silk, as it is soft and has a serge-like twill. Work in silks. Red and yellow for the birds. The stems, ring, and poles are most effective in a good shade of brown. All in Kensington-stitch. The stems are simply outlined; the birds worked solid.

Music-Book.—For this an écru linen or crash will be most appropriate. The band on which "Music" is printed should be of satin or velvet (also the smaller one below), then worked and applied in its proper place. The leaves, birds, flowers, etc., are all done in colored filoselle. Mount the work, when completed, upon card-board—lining, etc., same as the blotting-case.

Jewel-Box.—For the jewel-box, we would suggest having the box first made of wood as light as possible. When this is not convenient, two thicknesses of very stout card-board will do nicely. Cover the under one neatly with silk or satin. Cut out the separate pieces, and shape the top of the lid to the ends. Embroider the outside pieces as shown by the design, and in the same colors, etc., as described for the blotting-case. After the embroidery is done, stretch, press, and then cover neatly the outside pieces of card-board. It may all be sewed together in an over-seam, and the edges covered with a fine gold-colored silk cord. A bit of narrow silk fringe, in two colors, finishes the edge of the lid. A tiny lock should be added. Linen, pongee, écru satin, velvet, or plush may be used for the foundation. Great care must be taken to cover all the pieces neatly and have them cut exactly, or else, in putting together, the pieces will not fit.

TOILET CUSHION.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



The cushion is made of shirting muslin, twelve and a quarter inches square, and filled with bran, the back covered with plain red satin, and the corners of the upper surface overlaid with puffs of old-gold colored satin, leaving a square of three and a quarter inch side for the centre, which may be either of red plush, or formed of Irish net, or a piece of embroidery. The ruched parts are bordered with a frill of satin ribbon half an inch wide. The outside border is finished with a puff of red satin one and a half inches wide, and the corners are ornamented with small silk tufts or tassels.

EMBROIDERIES, LOBSTER-NAPKIN, Etc.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number we give two pages of embroideries. One contains two patterns for embroidering on flannel, cashmere, muslin, etc., etc. The other contains a pattern for a handkerchief-corner—something unusually elegant—and also a design for a lobster-cloth or napkin, the latter to be done in outline-stitch, in red working-cotton.

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WALKING-COAT: WITH SUPPLEMENT.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give here a HUNGARIAN WALKING-COAT, the most fashionable affair out this season: a long, close-fitting coat, to be made of cloth braided. Our illustrations show both back and front.

We also give, on a SUPPLEMENT, full-size patterns by which to cut it out. The coat consists, as will be seen, of five pieces, viz:

No. 1.—HALF OF FRONT.
No. 2.—HALF OF BACK.
No. 3.—HALF OF SIDE-BACK.
No. 4.—SLEEVE.
No. 5.—COLLAR.

The letters and notches show how the pieces are to be put together. The front is to be fitted with darts for the bust; and for some ladies another dart may be required, near the arm-seam. The dotted lines on the skirt of the back show where the plaits are laid, which fold under the back-seam, giving the proper fullness to the skirt of the coat. In cutting out this garment—

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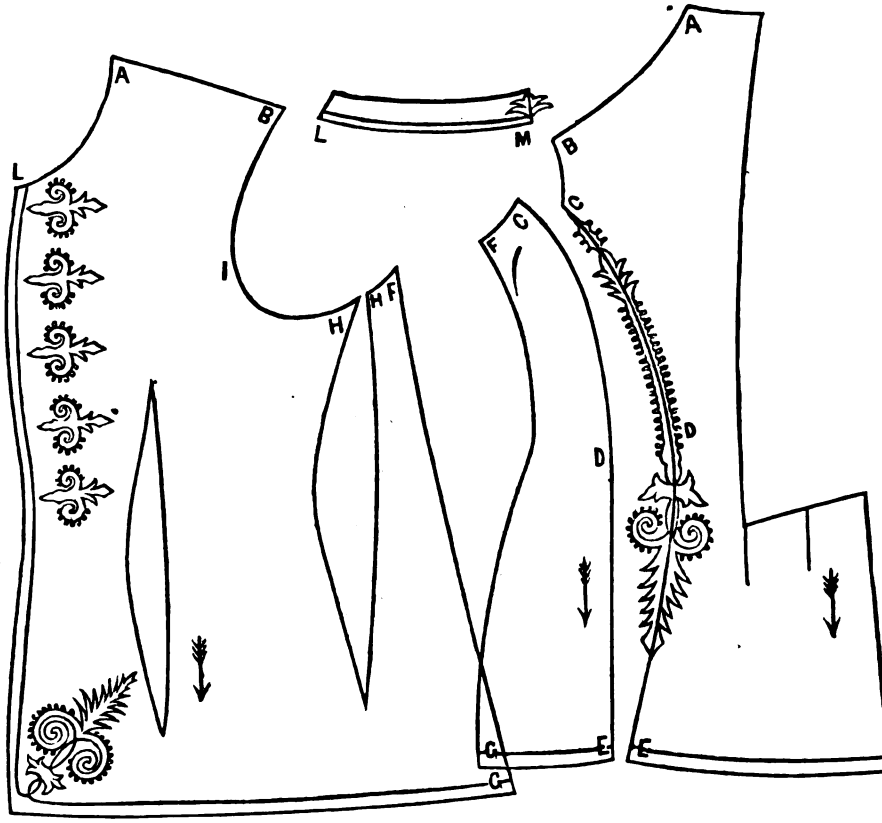
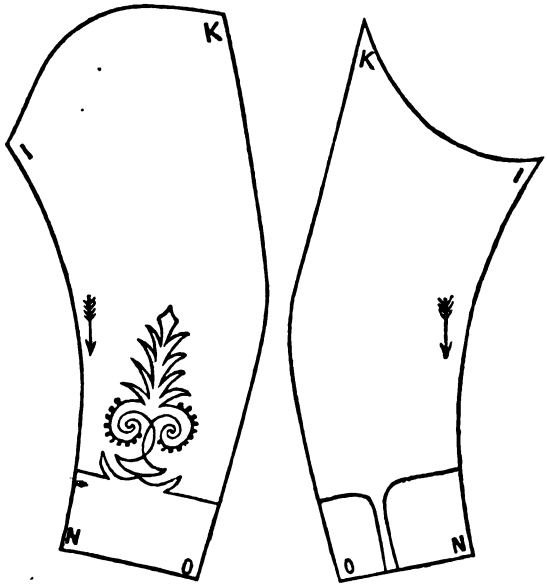


or any other, for that matter, that we give—the pieces should be cut first out of some old muslin, and then fitted to the lady who is to wear it, before cutting into the cloth, allowing for seams, etc. It must also be lengthened or shortened in the skirt part, to suit the height of the wearer. As may be seen, it is rather a long coat. Black or dark-blue cloth, trimmed with black braid, will be more stylish than any other color.



We also give here reduced diagrams of the several pieces. This is to show the manner in which the braiding is put on. On the SUPPLEMENT we give the braiding patterns, full size, viz: Corner for the Basque, Corner for Collar, Brandebourg down the Front, Top of Braiding on the Back, Bottom of Braiding on the Back, Braiding for Sleeve. Notice that a part of the braiding on the back, between the top and bottom, is so easy to do that we do not think it necessary to reproduce it on the Supplement.

A row of braid edges the entire coat. The brandebourgs trimming the

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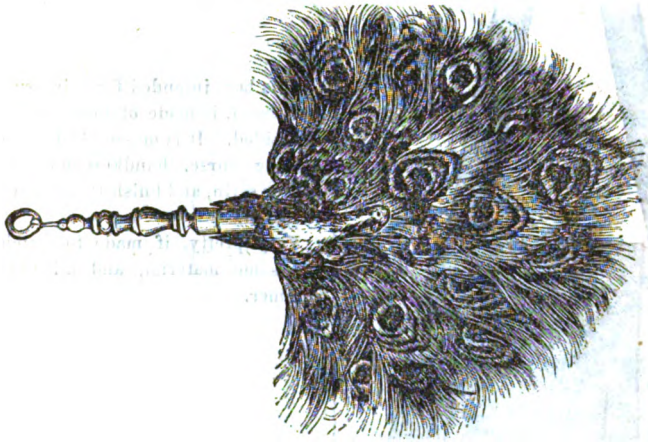
front, of which there are five, as will be seen, can be made at home with frog-buttons and tubular braid; but it is better, perhaps, to buy or order them from a city store, if convenient, as they are more durable.

FAN OF PEACOCK-FEATHERS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Take an ordinary paper Japanese fan with a good handle, cut the fan as nearly the shape of the model as can be done, cover this on both sides with some peacock-blue or green satin, then gum on the feathers, adding a few stitches to keep them more secure. Arrange them with neatness and precision. If possible to get the breast and head of a small bird, finish with it; but these are difficult to find. A nice bow of satin ribbon to match, or a bright cardinal color, will make a very pretty finish.

DESIGNS FOR CHAIR-COVERS, TIDIES, ETC.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number we give four different designs, that may be worked on fine linen sheeting, and used for chair-covers, tidies, etc., at pleasure. In this case, they are to be done in what are called "bobbin-silks." They all are patterns copied from ancient manuscripts in the British Museum.

The first is a stripe, to be worked entirely in outline, and both sides of the work made to present the same appearance—that is, to have neither right nor wrong side. The design is first to be traced on the linen. You trace out the outline in fine running stitches, taking up every alternate three threads; return by working over the three threads left in first passing over the outline. Both sides are now alike, with a fine tracing of stitches. You now work over these stitches in tapestry or long-stitch, taking each one up carefully, and working into the last. The other side is worked over in the same manner. The interior of the small figures are worked in *point-au-passé*. This stripe is used in alternation with a stripe of open-work.

The other three designs are sprigs, which are to be worked and shaded as seen in the patterns. They may be alternated with the above stripe, between stripes of open-work. In addition, they may be used for an almost infinite variety of purposes, being introduced at the taste of the fair embroiderer. On d'oyleys they would come in very conveniently.

These designs may also be done in fine crewels, and applied to almost any purpose in embroidery. This colored plate is an extra one.

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CHATELAINE BAG.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

This bag, intended for being suspended on the waistband, is made of black moiré or satin, and is braided. It is of simple form, but capable of holding purse, handkerchief, etc. Line with silk or satin, and finish the edge with a silk cord to match.

Very pretty, if made to match the dress of the same material, and all the fashion, this summer.

SOFA OR FOOT CUSHION.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

Make the cushion of ticking, and fill with either feathers or hair. The cover is of plush, of any color, ornamented with a design of flowers embroidered in Kensington-stitch in one corner. The edge is finished with a graceful worsted tassel-fringe.

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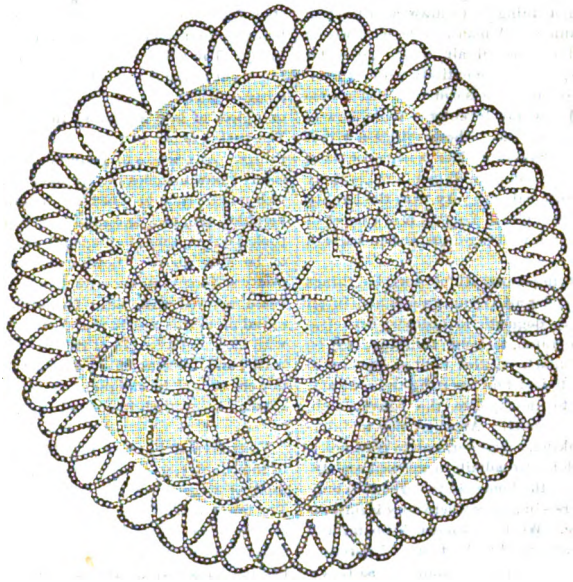
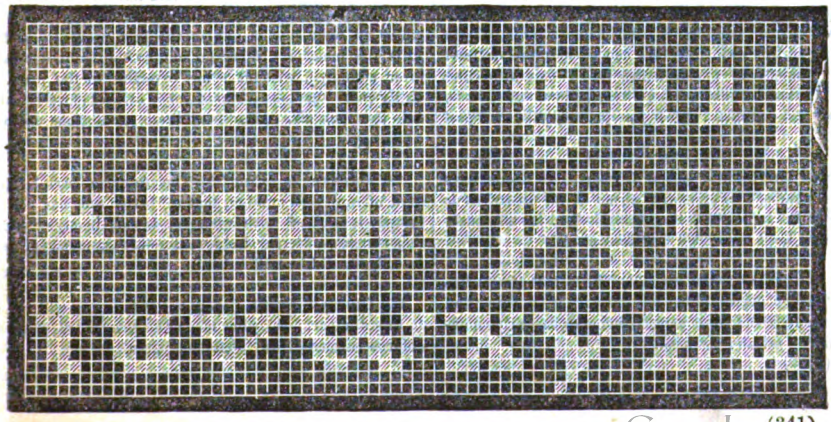
ROUND MAT, OR PENWIPER, EDGED WITH BEADS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This model, as a penwiper, is made of five graduated rounds of fine scarlet cloth, each worked on the edge in crossed loops of small bright-white glass beads, with a cut-steel bead of the same size in the centre of each loop. The smallest round, in the centre, is worked with glass beads, and a steel bead at each point and where the bars cross. Beneath these worked rounds, two or three rather smaller rounds of black silk, and one of cloth, the same size as the largest upper one, are fastened. For a mat, leave out the under leaves.

ALPHABET FOR MARKING.



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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

WHAT ARE GOOD MANNERS?—Our correspondent and subscriber who asked us "What is it that makes a gentleman?" now inquires what it is that we call "good manners."

We reply that the first thing is to draw a distinction between manner and manners. A man may be born with a handsome presence and a graceful air, which go so far towards a good manner, and yet be entirely without manners. The essence of good manners is courtesy. Of course a well-bred person will know how to enter a room, how to eat at table, how to dress, etc., etc. These things are best learned by observing the behavior of older persons, or those who have a reputation for being well-mannered. Many of them are purely conventional, and vary with the locality or nation: as when, for example, in London it is correct to go to a morning wedding in a walking-dress, and in Paris in a swallow-tail coat.

But behind these varying conventionalisms lie things which remain the same under all circumstances and in all places. One is never to be dogmatic in ordinary conversation. Your neighbor's opinion, to your thinking, may be all wrong: but he is as much entitled to it as you are to yours; and it is ill-bred to insist on asserting the contrary. Another point is not to monopolize the conversation. Another, not to talk of yourself Another, not to interrupt a person when speaking. Another, not to contradict. This last is very rarely done, we admit, in general society. But it is quite common in the home-circle. Yet it is only in the most serious matters—in affairs where duty is imperative—that it is allowable. We have known husband and wife, however, daughter and mother, brother and sister, to contradict each other on the most trivial subjects: so that a visitor trembled to hear any one speak, because sure that some member of the family would contradict, apparently for the mere sake of contradicting.

These are some of the more apparent faults to be avoided. The detail is almost infinite. But those who follow the general rule never to do or say anything that will hurt another's feelings, will be the best bred, and will be liked and sought after accordingly. The world does not admire people who have "angles"—sharp points that are continually running into one. And good manners are incompatible with such "angles."

TRASHY MAGAZINES, made up of poor stories taken from third-rate English periodicals, are started every year, live a few months, and then die, defrauding their subscribers. We have continual complaints from people who have been "taken in" in this way. But how can we help the victims? The only remedy is to subscribe for a magazine like "Peterson," that has always kept its promises, and that is, as its long and successful career has proved, "the cheapest and best."

"PRIDE OF THE LADIES."—The Newport (Pa.) Ledger says of our last number: "Peterson is ahead of all others: it is the pride of the ladies, and its coming looked for anxiously and eagerly: none is so good as Peterson's."

"GOOD THINGS ON EVERY PAGE."—The Toledo (Ohio) Bee says: "Peterson's last number bristles with good things on every page: it is the most attractive lady's-magazine published, and by far the cheapest."

A PRETTY NOVELTY is to make a receptacle for odds and ends with a Japanese paper hand-screen—we mean those that are sold for a few cents—having a handle, and covered with fancy figured paper, showing only a short length of bamboo-stick framework. The handle is uppermost when the screen becomes the receptacle, and has a large bow on it to hang it up by. The whole screen is hidden by a piece of pretty cretonne cut to the shape, sewed on all round the edge, forming a bag or pocket. This has a ruche of colored satin ribbon or a piece of lace all round the edge, and also at the top. The pocket is not very full, but sufficiently so to hold a few things. Any scraps of materials can be used up thus. The colored bow matches the cretonne. These receptacles look well on the back of a bed for holding watch, pocket-handkerchief, etc., etc., or on the wall beside the fireplace. The pocket only reaches to the paper edge, allowing the bamboos to be seen above. Bottles of eau-de-cologne, fitted into pretty satin covers, are attractive. A circular piece of card-board, covered with satin, forms the base, and the bag is sewed on to this neatly round the edge. The top is edged with lace, and a length of ribbon ties round the neck of the bottle, and finishes off in a smart little bow. A spray of flowers should be embroidered on, or a running pattern in Russian cross-stitch in colored silks.

VERY LARGE FANS, as novelties, are now made by ladies in the country, who can obtain feathers of all kinds, and are used as screens for the fireplace, among other purposes. The fan is made large enough to hide the fireplace, and it either stands by itself in the grate, resting against the bars, or is fitted into a solid little stand of ebonized wood. Poultry feathers of all kinds are used; and they are glued on, row upon row, commencing at the edge and working towards the centre. For those who paint, this fan can be first colored, and, when dry, painted with a bold design of leaves and flowers springing from each or one side; or the card-board can be covered with gold or colored muslin, tacked round the edge, and afterwards bound over with ordinary binding galloon with a stout needle.

AVOID THE DAMP NIGHT AIR, as also that of early morning, at this season of the year. There is hardly any part of the United States, except on the strictly granite formations of the New England sea-coast, which are not more or less malarious in the fall months. Our grandfathers used to talk of "chills and fevers;" we talk now of "malaria:" but the two things mean much the same. A good fire, especially an open one, is one of the best preventives: for it kills the malaria. Never go out to the front door even, after sundown, without some covering to the head. On chilly mornings take a cup of coffee or tea before venturing into the open air. After frost these precautions are not so necessary.

"WHATEVER IS 'CHIC.'"—The Augusta (Ark.) Vidette says, of our last number, that a "better one has not been issued: it is filled with whatever is *chic* in style: all the departments—literary, fashion, etc.—are managed with skill: no lady should be without it."

WE GIVE AN EXTRA COLORED PATTERN, as will be seen, in this number. No other magazine, remember, gives these colored patterns, like "Peterson" does.

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"THE GOLDEN GIFT"—OUR SPLENDID PREMIUM.—Our principal premium for getting up clubs for 1884 will be a beautiful volume for the centre-table, similar in size and general appearance to our popular ILLUSTRATED ALBUM, but differing from that, and excelling it, in the fact, among other things, that it will contain more than twice as many steel-engravings and illustrations. It will be richly bound in morocco cloth, with gilt edges, etc., etc. We offer this choice volume because many persons write that they have enough engravings for framing, and would prefer something else for a premium. We have never offered any premium that, on the whole, is so costly and elegant as the "Golden Gift."

We shall, however, engrave, as usual, a large-size steel-plate for a premium, so that persons getting up clubs can have it, if they prefer it to the "Golden Gift." The size is twenty-five by twenty inches. The picture represents a fond mother carrying her little-one up to bed, and is entitled "Tired Out." It would frame charmingly for the parlor or sitting-room.

We shall also give, for some of the clubs, an extra copy of the magazine for 1884; and, for large clubs, an extra copy, as well as the "Golden Gift" and "Tired Out." It is not too soon to begin to get up your clubs for 1884. Send for a specimen to canvass with. "Peterson" is cheapest and best.

MAKING YOUNG GIRLS PRECOCIOUS.—The New York Sun had recently some very excellent remarks on this subject. Noticing the growing tendency to give expensive and elaborate children's parties, it said: "Even young children are drawn into the whirlpool of dissipation, and dance, and dress, and flirt to an extent that promises badly for their own future and for that of their parents and country. Children's hops, children's germans, children's fancy balls and garden-parties are a regular feature. The folly and wickedness of these unnatural displays is abundantly evident in the whole after-career and development of these unfortunate little ones. At ten years of age the little girl of the day is an incipient coquette; at fourteen she is a finished woman of the world, and, as some one has aptly remarked, 'knows as much as her mother, and enjoys her knowledge a great deal more.' What the result will eventually be is a grave and serious question. At present it might draw tears from the hardest worldling to see the wholesale destruction of nature's most beautiful work which is going on."

WHAT WERE THE OLD ENGLISH FLOWERS?—This is a question often asked. In the garden of Shakespeare's house, at Stratford-on-Avon, all the flowers mentioned in his plays have been collected and are carefully cultivated In Ben Jonson's "Paris Anniversary" there is a catalogue of the flowers which at that time were generally known. We quote it here:

"Well done, my pretty ones, rain roses still,
Until the last be dropped; then hence; and fill
Your fragrant prickles for a second shower.
Bring corn-flag, tulip, and Adonis' flower,
Fair ox-eye, goldy-locks, and columbine,
Pinks, goulands, king-cups, and sweet sops in-wine,
Blue hair-bells, paglos, pansies, calaminth,
Flower-gentle and the fair-haired hyacinth,
Bring rich carnations, fleur-de-luces, lilies,
The checkered and purple-ringed daffodillies,
Bright crown-imperials, kingspear, hollyhocks,
Sweet Venus-navel and soft ladysmocks."

BACK NUMBERS OF THIS MAGAZINE can always be supplied by news-agents, or by the publisher. If your news-agent happens to be out of the number you wish, write to us, enclosing the retail price per number (eighteen cents), and we will forward the number, postage free, by return mail.

NEVER LOSE YOUR TEMPER, under any provocation. Remember that a "soft answer turneth away wrath."

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS may be made, at the price paid by the rest of the club, at any time during the year. *It is never too late to make these additions.* When enough additional subscribers have been sent, the getter-up will be entitled to another premium or premiums, precisely as if it were a new club. Back numbers, to January inclusive, can always be supplied.

THE BEST OF EVERYTHING—stories, fashions, fancy-work, etc.—suitable for a lady's magazine, is found in "Peterson." Such is the verdict of that critical authority, the Boston Globe, which adds, very truly, that this "is the most popular lady's magazine in the country."

IT IS NOT TOO EARLY TO BEGIN to get up clubs for 1884. See the very beautiful new premium, "The Golden Gift," advertised on the second page of the cover, as one of the inducements for getting up clubs.

AN IGNOMINIOUS FLIGHT.—This is from an original picture by Riviere, which made quite a sensation in Paris when it came out there last year. Where will you find its equal?

"THE EARLIEST AND BEST."—The Merrillan (Wis.) Leader says: "Peterson's, the earliest, is still the best of the lady's books: it is continually improving: every lady should take it."

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

The Last Athenian. Translated from the Swedish of Victor Rydberg by William W. Thomas, Jr. 1 vol., 12mo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—This is a new edition of a historical romance, which has already had a great success, though not one as great as, in our opinion, it deserves. It is incomparably better than the novels of the same kind by Ebers: for it is lively and dramatic, while even his best are dull and prosaic. The scene is laid in Athens, at the time of Julian the Apostate. The pictures of social and political life there, at that period, are as vivid as they are correct; we know nothing similar so good, except Kingsley's pictures of Alexandrian life in "Hypatia." The characters are sharply drawn, powerfully individualized, and act naturally as well as dramatically. In the present dearth of good romances, it is pleasant to come on such a book as this. A charming love-story runs through the pages. The translation is by the Hon. W. W. Thomas, United States Minister to Sweden.

Life of Thurlow Weed. Edited by his Daughter, Harriet A. Weed. Vol. I, 4to. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.—This is the first installment of the memoir of a man, who for two generations was more or less concerned with public affairs in the United States, and particularly with those in the great State of New York. In the present volume we have his autobiography, so far as he wrote it, and also an almost infinite number of anecdotes of him and his contemporaries, contributed by his daughter. No student of American history should fail to read this work.

Deep Breathing. Translated from the German. 1 vol., 12mo. New York: M. L. Holbrook & Co.—The idea of this little treatise is that deep breathing cures weakness and other affections of the throat and lungs, and is especially useful where there is a tendency to consumption. We think the theory a correct one, and recommend the work accordingly.

Princess Amelie. "No Name Series." 1 vol., 12mo. Boston: Roberts Brothers.—An excellent little story. The scene is laid in France, just before the breaking out of the first French Revolution, and the characters move in what is called "high life." The story has a happy ending, as all love stories ought to have.

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OUR ARM-CHAIR.

THE DELICACY AND REFINEMENT of the colored fashion-plates in "Peterson's Magazine" are universally commented on, both in private letters and by the newspaper press. "Compared with the other colored fashions published," says a subscriber, "they are like a high-bred lady to a vulgar fish-wife." The reason is that "Peterson's" fashions are printed from steel-plates, and colored by hand: and it is impossible in any other way to produce first-class work. We wish it was otherwise: for the saving by lithography, etc., etc., is very great. But we aim *to give the best, whatever the cost.* The reputation of "Peterson" is more to us than the money. Other magazines, without an exception, give the cheap and flashy lithograph fashions: this is the only one that gives the costly and refined steel-plates colored by hand.

"LITERARY MERIT UNQUESTIONABLE, ETC."—The Keithsboro (Ill.) News says of this magazine: "Its literary merit is unquestionable; in every department it is replete with matters of interest to ladies; and as an accessory to the work-table it is indispensable."

"PRICE LOW, YET QUALITY HIGH."—The Clinton (Wis.) Herald says: "Peterson's is a fashion-book that every family should have: though the price is low, the quality is high."

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE as a Brain Food.—Dr. S. F. Newcomer, M. D., Greenfield, O., says: "In cases of general debility, and torpor of mind and body, it does exceedingly well."

WITH the fall season a new brand of velveteen appears in the market, called the "Bevano." It differs from the ordinary brand from the fact that it is Genoa-faced, in imitation of the celebrated Genoa velvets, which it resembles so closely that it can with difficulty be told from them. We believe that this new brand will prove one of the best of this most popular article, which has now become so fashionable.

THE leading hair modiste in this country, Mrs. C. Thompson, New York, expects to produce several novelties in hair-work this season.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

[MEDICAL BOTANY—OF THE GARDEN, FIELD, AND FOREST.]

BY ABRAM LIVEZEY, A. M., M. D.

No. IX.—LADY'S-SLIPPER—LIVERWORT.

LADY'S-SLIPPER—*Cypripedium pubescens.* Derivative: *Kupris;* Venus; podion, a sock or slipper. Other names, Noah's-ark, Moccasin-plant, etc. Natural order *Orchidaceæ.* General character: Stem about one foot high, leafy; leaves three to six inches long, alternate, elliptic, lanceolate, acuminate, sheathing; flower mostly solitary and terminal; petals wavy, curled, stained with purplish-brown; lip inflated, saccated, moccasin-shaped, one to one and a half inches long, pale-yellow. This very striking and unique flower is well worth looking after, in rich, moist woodlands, during the month of May. It belongs to the large orchid order, one beautiful genus of which is the *Orchis spectabilis*—Priest-in-the-pulpit; flowers pale pink-purple, four to eight in a bracteate spike, on a five-angled scape, about six inches high. Darwin refers thus to the genus:

"With blushes bright as morn fair *Orchis* charms,
And lulls her infant in her fondling arms;
Soft plays *Affection* round her bosom's throne,
And guards his life, forgetful of her own."

The cypripedium, or lady's-slipper, is a gentle nervous stimulant, and somewhat anti-spasmodic; used instead of valerian ofttimes, especially by the botanico-eclectic physicians or those of Thompsonian proclivities: the powdered roots form the "Nerve-powder" of the latter, and is an important ingredient in the "Ladies' Spiced Bitters" put up by them. It is harmless, and mothers can certainly use an infusion almost *ad libitum.* It is more pleasant—and perhaps as effectual in many simple nervous states—as the tell-tale asafetida: a medicine declared by a late Professor to be invaluable, if it could only be disguised! Many mothers will give "drops" or "soothing-syrups" to their babes and young children, the advice of physicians to the contrary notwithstanding. Milk of asafetida is preferable.

LIVERWORT—LIVER-LEAF—*Hepatica triloba.* Order *Ranunculaceæ.* Leaves all radical, subreniform, cordate, with three ovate, obtuse, or rounded lobes, purplish beneath, on petioles or foot-stalks three to five inches long. Flower-scapes several, four to six inches long, silky-villous. Involucre of three simple leaflets, villous externally, resembling sepals. The petal-like sepals blue or pale-purplish, occasionally white. An attractive little plant—one of the early harbingers of spring.

The medicinal properties of this modest plant have been extolled in dropsies, both of the abdomen and the lower limbs, used in the form of poultices, thus: Take several handfuls of the leaves, and put them in a vessel of boiling water. These are to be gently simmered for several hours, then removed from the fire. Beat the leaves into a pulpy mass, and stir in ground flaxseed, to form a poultice. Spread on flannel, and apply hot: repeat in twelve hours. The poultice excites a copious perspiration and a free discharge from the kidneys. Marked results have been obtained by some practitioners, while others have been sadly disappointed. Such will always be the result, I apprehend, of empirical practice.

Besides these diuretic properties, the liverwort possesses some astringent and demulcent properties. At one time it had considerable reputation as a remedy in hæmoptysis (spitting blood) and chronic coughs. The writer has no cause to believe that this plant, or a score of others of similar reputation, possesses any demulcent properties superior to—in fact, not equal to—the elm-bark or flaxseed infusions, the latter sugared and acidulated with lemon-juice. Advisers and prescribers are numerous in every community; and it often astonishes the physician to discover what wonderful knowledge is possessed by the common people, just in proportion as they do not know.

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

☞ Everything relating to this department should be addressed "Puzzle Editor," PETERSON'S MAGAZINE, Lock Box 437, Marblehead, Mass.

No. 205.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in nose, but not in hand.
My second's in sit, but not in stand.
My third is in cat, but not in dog.
My fourth is in pig, but not in hog.
My fifth is in lock, but not in key.
My sixth is in you, but not in me.
My whole, if you look, you will plainly see,
Is an isle in the Mediterranean Sea.

Monticello, Ill. JENNIE.

No 206.—LADDER PUZZLE.

The uprights are composed of words of eleven letters each; the right meaning boundless, the left, bonds.

The rounds, beginning with the lowest, mean: 1. Vigor-

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ous. 2. To invest with office. 3. A lover. 4. A mark. 5. To make equal.

Harlem, N. Y. MINNIE S. YOST.

No. 207.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in cotton, but not in silk.
My second's in water, but not in milk.
My third is in chalk, but not in cheese.
My fourth is in turnips, but not in peas.
My fifth is in broom, but not in brush.
My sixth is in porridge, but not in mush.
My seventh's in virtue, but not in sin.
My whole is the country I live in.

WISCONSIN GIRL.

No. 208.—EASY WORD-SQUARE.

1. A girl's name. 2. A beast of prey. 3. A canal around a castle. 4. Against.

Hughes, Col. M. C. DAMALL.

Answers Next Month.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER.

No. 202.

PETERSON'S.

No. 203.

F L A G
L O V E
A V E R
G E R M

No. 204.

Careless.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A WORD ABOUT DECORATING.—The ordinary cream-colored Madras figured muslin, with colored flowers over it, sold for curtains, or by the yard, drapes prettily, and looks uncommonly well if tied back at the sides with colored silk handkerchiefs, with the points in front. The small cheap Japanese paper hand-screens look well crossed and thrust into the handkerchief in front. Another effective way is to festoon red Turkey twill with crossed sprays of pampas-grass, tied with dark-green or blue ribbon, or to fasten colored paper fans slantwise between the festoons.

THE FLOWER GARDEN.

OCTOBER is a busy month, if one would have spring-flowers the following year: for the garden should now be cleaned of dead plants and weeds, and be arranged for the winter season.

Transplant all fibrous-rooted perennials, and biennials, and layered plants. Have a ball of earth to each root, and plant them where they are intended to remain. Among the perennials are: golden-rod, michaelmas daisy, everlasting sunflower, campanulas, lychnis, polyanthus, violets, aconites, gentian, double daisies, hepaticas, saxifrage, and others of the like kind; peonies, lilies-of-the-valley, monkshood, flag-leaved iris, and others; the roots of these require parting and re-planting, or in four years they die away.

The biennials are: Canterbury bells—white, blue, and purple—all the varieties of carnations, French honeysuckle, tree mallow, tree primrose, wallflower, scabious, rocket, stock gilliflower, sweet-williams, hollyhocks, and others.

Wherever the plants are to be placed, the earth must be well loosened by forking the ground.

Bulbs of every description to be planted in the borders and beds, and be potted for forcing. If a tulip-bed is required, the earth must be dug out, three inches of cow-dung be placed in, and then the earth returned to the bed.

For hyacinths, a soil is recommended of loam, leaf-mold, well-rotted manure, and silver sand. One or two bulbs in each pot, well drained, and then plunged into cocoanut-fibre deep enough to cover three inches above the pot; they may remain a month in this state, and then be brought into a room or greenhouse for forcing or otherwise; but after leaving the plunging bed, the bulbs must never need water.

Flowering shrubs of all kinds to be pruned.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

SOUP AND FISH.

Soup Maigre.—Melt a quarter of a pound of butter in a stew-pan, and put into it six onions cut into thin slices; stew them in butter for ten minutes. Next cut up two or three heads of celery, a little parsley, about one pound of spinach, some burnt crusts, and seasoning of salt and pepper. Stir the vegetables in the butter for another ten minutes, then put to them two quarts of water; let all simmer together gently for an hour and a half. When ready to serve, put to it the yolks of three eggs well beaten, and three tablespoonfuls of vinegar. The soup must not boil after the eggs and vinegar are added, or it will curdle.

Codfish.—Tie the fish several times over with string; lay it in cold water plentifully salted, and let it boil gently, carefully skimming the water. When done, lift it up and let it drain, then serve. An ordinary-size piece will be done two or three minutes after the water comes to boiling-point.

MEATS.

Rabbits with Onions.—After the rabbit is cleaned, truss it, and put it on to boil with cold water enough to cover it. When the rabbit is boiled tender, take it out and fry it in boiling lard to a light brown; take it out and set it near the fire; have six onions sliced, and put them in the boiling lard. When they are fried a nice brown, pour a little boiling water in the frying-pan, and one tablespoonful of browned flour; pour this gravy over the rabbit, and serve. Season with pepper and salt. After boiling the rabbit tender, it may be served with drawn-butter sauce that has had six boiled onions put in it. The onions must first be boiled perfectly tender. Pour this sauce over the rabbit, and serve.

Cold Roast Fowls Fried.—Beat the yolks of two eggs. Cut the fowls into pieces, and dip them first in the egg, then in the crumbs. Fry the cut pieces in butter or nice lard. Grated cheese may be used to give a piquant flavor. The dish may be garnished with slices of fried potatoes.

Pie of Cold Roast Veal.—Cut the veal in small pieces, and season them with pepper and salt. Make a nice paste, line a deep pie-dish, fill it half full of the meat, and on the top lay some oysters, with some lumps of butter. Cover the pie with the paste, and bake it.

VEGETABLES.

To Improve Potatoes of Bad Quality.—Potatoes are sometimes of very inferior quality, being deficient in starch.

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The method to improve them by cooking is to peel them, and boil them gently until nearly done. Then drain the water from them, and put them again upon the fire, to make them hot without burning them; then mash them with a fork. The fork breaks them into pieces and allows the water to escape, thus very much improving the potatoes.

Spinach, French Fashion.—Cook the spinach in the ordinary way; strain it perfectly dry; chop it up very finely. Put it into a saucepan with a good piece of butter, enough white sugar to sweeten, and a little cream or milk. Stir well on the fire until it boils.

Whipped Potatoes.—Whip boiled potatoes to creamy lightness with a fork. Beat in butter, milk, pepper and salt; at last, the frothed white of an egg. Toss irregularly upon a dish, set in the oven two minutes to re-heat, but do not let it color.

DESSERTS.

Rice-Balls.—Boil some milk, and thicken it with some rice-flour mixed with cold water. When the milk begins to boil, stir in as much of the rice-flour mixed as above as will make the whole about as thick as a custard. When sufficiently boiled, add a small piece of butter and a little salt. Wet your custard-cups, fill them with the mixture, and, when cold, turn them out on a large dish, and serve with sugar and cream, or any sweet sauce.

Sponge Pudding.—Take three eggs, their weight in the shell in flour, butter, and sugar, and grate the rind of a lemon very fine; beat the butter to a cream, and the eggs, yolks, and whites separately and then together; add the butter, and keep on beating; then mix in the sugar, and lastly the flour; then beat the whole till quite light. Put into a mould, and boil an hour and a half. Serve with any fruit-sauce or with lemon-sauce.

Batter and Apples.—Pare and core six apples, and stew them for a short time with a little sugar; make the batter in the usual way; beat in the apples, and pour the pudding into a buttered pie-dish. The pudding, when properly done, should rise up quite light. To be eaten with butter and moist sugar.

Delightful Pudding.—One quart of boiled milk, mixed with a quarter of a pound of mashed potatoes and the same quantity of flour, with one or two ounces of butter, and two ounces of sugar. When it is cold, add three eggs well beaten; bake half an hour, and eat with wine-sauce.

CAKES.

Canadian Jelly-Cake.—Beat one teacupful of white sugar and four ounces of butter to a cream; add the yolks of three eggs well beaten, and two tablespoonfuls of milk. Stir into the above one pound of flour, with two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar and one of soda mixed in it. Last of all add the whites of the eggs beaten to a strong froth. Flavor with lemon-essence, and pour the batter into four shallow tins like plates, and bake fifteen minutes in a quick oven. When cold, two cakes are placed on the top of each other, with jelly or preserve between. The cakes should be an inch thick when baked, and covered with powdered sugar.

Potato Rolls.—Two pounds of flour, a quarter of a pound of butter or good lard, four potatoes, one egg, and a teacupful of yeast. Rub the butter and flour together; add the potatoes—which must be boiled and finely mashed—the eggs well beaten, and a little salt. Mix the whole with milk and a teacupful of good yeast. When light, roll it out as lightly as possible, cut it into cakes about half an inch thick, and bake them in a moderately-hot oven.

Currant-Cake (with Dripping).—Two pounds of flour, three-quarters of a pound of moist sugar, five ounces of good beef-dripping, two penny packets of Borwick's baking-powder, a small pinch of carbonate of soda, and a little spice, one pound of currants, or sultana raisins, or crushed caraway-seeds, as preferred. Mix the above ingredients thoroughly, and add milk sufficient to moisten it; but if made very wet, it will not be equally light.

Indian Pone.—One quart of Indian-meal, one pint of wheat flour, one teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda dissolved. Beat three eggs; add to them two tablespoonfuls of sugar; mix all the ingredients together with one quart of milk. Bake in shallow pans, in a moderate oven. They should be brown when done.

MISCELLANEOUS.

How to Make Toffee.—Put a quarter of a pound of butter into a preserving-pan. When melted, add one pound of brown sugar, stir gently over the fire for about fifteen minutes, add a small teaspoonful of ground ginger or a little finely-grated lemon-peel; boil and stir again, until the mixture when dropped into cold water becomes crisp. When done sufficiently, pour it on to buttered plates.

Dripping (to Clarify).—Put the dripping into a basin; pour over it boiling water in which a teaspoonful of salt has been dissolved, and keep stirring the whole to wash away the impurities. Let it stand to cool, when the water and dirty sediment will settle at the bottom. Repeat this operation at least twice with fresh water. When cold, remove the dripping from the water, and melt it into jars.

Scrambled Eggs.—Allow one egg for each person, and one cup of cold milk, and a lump of butter the size of a walnut, for each egg. Break the eggs into a basin, beat a minute with a fork, then pour them into a saucepan, adding the milk, butter, salt, and pepper, and stir until sufficiently thick. Serve on toast.

FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER.

FIG. I.—WALKING-DRESS, OF TERRA-COTTA-RED CASHMERE. The underskirt is of silk of the same shade, trimmed with scant-gathered ruffles; the Princess overdress is of the cashmere, draped in points, and trimmed with soft woolen pompons. Bonnet of terra-cotta colored velvet, ornamented with a white feather.

FIG. II.—VISITING-DRESS, OF BLUE NUN'S-VEILING. The underskirt is trimmed with five fine-plaited flounces; the tunic is short and draped scarf-wise, and quite full at the back; the close-fitting bodice is ornamented with a jabot of white lace, and lace trims the sleeves. Gray felt hat, trimmed with loops of blue satin ribbon and a small white cat's-head.

FIG. III.—RECEPTION-DRESS, OF BLUE SURAH SILK AND BROCADE. The front of the underskirt is of blue satin brocaded in shades of yellow and brown; it is cut in, in open points, at the bottom, beneath which are plaitings of the surah; two very narrow plaitings of surah finish the bottom of the skirt; the back of the skirt is of plain surah. The overdress of surah has a very short tunic, much puffed at the back, and is draped in one deep, wide loop, with square ends that reach almost to the bottom of the skirt. Corsage and hair bouquets of daisies.

FIG. IV.—CARRIAGE-DRESS, OF BLACK BROCADE AND BLACK VELVET. The skirt has four very scant flounces of the brocade, and above the top of each is a scant trimming of black velvet cut in deep scallops. The tunic is of the brocade, drawn up high on the hips, and puffed and looped at the back, and ornamented with black satin ribbon. The jacket is of black velvet, ornamented with jet down the front, and cut in scallops around the edge to correspond with the trimming of the skirt. Hat of black velvet, trimmed with a jet buckle and a red bird and plume. This model is equally beautiful, and less heavy, if made of black satin in the place of the velvet.

FIG. V.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF BLACK SILK AND GOLDEN-BROWN PLUSH. The underdress is trimmed around the bottom with

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a narrow ruffle of the plush; the panels and the sides and back of the skirt, as far as they show beneath the black overdress, are also of the plush. The front of the skirt is of light-yellow surah, puffed, and between each puffing is a narrow shell-trimming of the plush. The black silk overdress is in the Princess shape, open in front, and looped back over the plush skirt; it has a wide open collar, which shows a vest of the yellow surah and the jabot of lace.

FIG. VI.—WALKING-DRESS, OF MYRTLE-GREEN CASHMERE AND SILK. The skirt is of the myrtle-green silk, laid in large plaits; the waist and tunic are of the cashmere, and the cuffs, plastron, and trimming around the basque are of myrtle-green velvet. Bonnet of velvet, very much pointed in front, trimmed with white lace and a green feather, and a deep-pink rose just under the top of the brim.

FIG. VII.—HAT, OF FINE BLACK STRAW, trimmed with black velvet and thick ostrich-feathers; the brim is lined with black velvet.

FIG. VIII.—BASQUE, OF BLACK STRIPED VELVET AND SATIN. The puffing around the bottom of the basque and at the shoulders is of the same material as the garment; black lace is quilled around the neck, and the front and cuffs are trimmed with long loops of black satin ribbon.

FIG. IX.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF PRUNE-COLORED SURAH. The front of the skirt falls in a loose puff, and it is edged with a narrow plaited ruffle, above which is a full puffing of the silk; the side-panels are trimmed with a striped satin in two shades of plum-color. The surah tunic is made very full in front, and is gracefully draped at the back; the bodice is trimmed with bands of the striped satin. This dress would be very suitable and handsome for a rather light mourning, if made of silk, and crèpe was substituted for the striped satin.

FIG. X.—DRESS-BONNET, FOR ELDERLY LADY. It is made of black lace trimmed with jet, and has a full lace-trimming covering in front, and fastened with bow and ends of black velvet ribbon.

FIG. XI.—FICHU, MADE OF ENGLISH CRÈPE, for mourning. This can be worn over a high-neck dress, and is very becoming to a slender figure.

FIG. XII.—VISITING-DRESS, OF EMERALD-GREEN NONPAREIL VELVETEEN. The bottom of the skirt is trimmed with a plaited flounce of emerald-green satin; beneath this are two narrow knife-plaitings of satin, edging the skirt; the skirt is composed of the velveteen, slightly gathered crosswise, and is trimmed on the left side with rosettes formed of bows of satin ribbon. The tunic is put on panier-fashion, the right side falling lower than the other; the drapery at the back is carelessly draped. The corsage is high and plain; the sleeves three-quarters in length, and worn with mastic-colored long loose gloves. Bonnet of emerald-green velvet, with shaded green plumes.

FIG. XIII.—WALKING-DRESS, OF BLACK VELVETEEN AND BLACK WOVEN BROCHÉ. The bottom of the skirt is with four narrow knife-plaited ruffles; the front is composed of the broché, put on quite plain, with a puff of the velveteen falling over it; the close-fitting waist is long over the hips in front, and over the tournure at the back, from which the skirt falls in the "waterfall" style; the cape, which is cut with high shoulder-pieces, is of the broché. Bonnet of black velvet, with dark-red plumes.

FIG. XIV.—WALKING-DRESS. The underskirt is of dark-blue serge, and is kilt-plaited; the overdress is shawl-shaped at the sides, is gathered up at the back, and is made of dark-blue and white shepherd's-plaid; the bodice is pointed, and the shoulder-cape, cuffs, and pockets are of the dark-blue serge, like the skirt. Dark-blue straw hat, trimmed with a band of velvet fastened with a buckle, and with feathers.

FIG. XV.—HOUSE-DRESS. The skirt is of very dark red and cream-colored striped silk; the bottom is edged with a very narrow knife-plaited ruffle; the overdress is of dark-red silk, with pointed tunic in front, looped high on the hips with large rosettes; on the right side the drapery is turned back, forming a puff behind, and on the left side it falls in loose folds; the bodice is high at the back, but is cut like a peasant-waist over the bust in front, and buttons on the left side; the chemisette is of the striped silk, and the fichu of cream-colored surah; the sleeves are rather short, set high and rather full on the shoulder, and are worn with long gloves.

FIG. XVI.—DRESS FOR RECEPTIONS, FALL GARDEN-PARTIES, ETC. The whole dress is made of cream-colored nun's-veiling, and the tunic is very much puffed below the waist; the bodice is richly braided, or can be embroidered in outline-stitch, and is made with the full Henry III plaits over the hips; these plaits are lined with surah silk; the plastron down the front, the cincture around the waist, and the cuffs are of dark-green velvet, ornamented with fancy buckles. The straw hat has the brim turned up on one side, and is trimmed with a long green feather, and twists of striped green and cream-colored silk, and a large buckle.

GENERAL REMARKS.—The increased size of the tournure is the most decided change that has taken place in dresses, but the skirts still fall close in front and at the sides. We suppose that in time, however, the old style of hoop-skirts will be revived, and we shall soon present the appearance of the belles and dames of the times of the early Georges or of Marie Antoinette. Another decided fashion is the uncomfortable one of extremely high collars and bands around the neck; and for short-necked persons this is very unbecoming. Sleeves are still high on the shoulder and slightly full. Is this a prediction of the ugly leg-of-mutton sleeve? It has been said that short waists were "coming in:" as yet the long ones are universal. For young ladies, the round waists are liked; but Fashion—who used to be so inexorable in her decrees—allows almost any latitude in shape and style, not only of waists, but in all other respects.

Trains are so much more graceful for evening wear, and especially for older ladies, that they will not soon be discarded; but for any ordinary occasion, the short skirt is almost universal. This, however, necessitates the daintiest of hosiery and shoes.

Mantles are cut so as to allow of the greater fullness of the tournure; and even the tailor-made jackets are made to conform to the new style.

Bonnets and Hats still range in all sizes and shapes. The smaller ones have necessarily less trimming than the larger ones, which look bare if not well covered.

OUR PARIS LETTER.

RUE DES PETITS CHAMPS.

Decidedly, fashion is prescribing short corsages again. The newest dresses have the points in front and at the back of a much less prominent length than has been the case for some seasons past, so the innovation whereof I spoke in my last letter seems to be fully established in public favor. For this autumn's wear, Jerseys composed entirely of beads are now shown. They are very pretty, as well as showy and dressy, and come in all the popular dark shades, such as garnet, emerald-green, and dark sapphire-blue, as well as black. They must be worn with skirts matching the Jersey in color. Another pretty style of corsage which will be popular for demi-toilette, during the coming winter, is in white gauze, figured with small flowers in their natural hues, and lined with pale-pink silk. The skirt is in pure white silk gauze or surah. A toilette thus composed forms an exceedingly dressy and effective costume for a young girl to wear to a dinner-party, or to a small evening-party. Pink is a good deal in vogue this autumn, in a pale shade, more

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on the blossom-color than the pale rose-pinks of past seasons. Loops of pale-blue satin ribbon are sometimes employed in trimming dresses of pale-pink gauze or surah, but great care must be taken to bring together precisely the same shades of the different colors. Intertwined scarf-draperies are sometimes used to replace the overskirt in walking-dresses; but this new style is only becoming when employed in soft materials, and for slender figures. In underskirts, the kilt-plaiting is less fashionable than a series of very large flat plaits, alternating with clusters of small ones, the skirt being finished around the edge with three very narrow plaited ruffles. Tailor-made cloth suits are still in vogue, but the Parisian dressmakers are now copying them, and are trimming them with bands of velvet in contrasting colors, cardinal-red being used on the marine-blue suits, and dark-blue velvet on the brown. A wide bias band of the velvet is placed above the hem of the underskirt, and a second borders the overskirt, while the jacket has a sailor-collar and cuffs of the same material. It must be confessed that the effect of this velvet trimming is not altogether favorable, except in the case of black velvet, on cloth of the same hue. The rather gaudy effect of the other combinations of color is probably a legacy bequeathed to us from the past watering-place season.

Some very handsome combinations in cloth and crape, for deep mourning, have just been introduced by Pingot, for the present autumn. I was lately shown a deep mourning-costume from his establishment, composed of a short-pointed corsage of cloth, with cuffs and collar of crape, to be worn over a short-draped apron-underskirt of cloth, bordered with a wide bias band of the crape. Crape draperies, attached to the back of the corsage, formed the back of the overskirt, and fell over the underskirt, which was composed of a kilt-plaiting of crape from waist to hem. This simple toilette was exceedingly effective without having parted with any of the characteristics of deep mourning. Lady's cloth is now largely used for mourning-dresses, and black nun's-veiling is a good deal employed for toilettes to be worn on warmer days, when the weight of a cloth dress would prove too oppressive.

The rules for French mourning are much less rigorous than are those adopted in the United States and England. A widow wears deep mourning for one year: black silk and crape for six months, and silk and jet, grays and lilacs, for six months more. This is the extreme period for which mourning is ever worn in France. For a parent or a child, the period prescribed is one year: six months being given to woolen stuffs and crape, three months to dull silks and crape, and three months to silk, with jet trimmings, and to neutral tints. For a grandparent, or a brother, or a sister, six months suffices; and three months' mourning is considered amply sufficient for a lost relative of no closer kin than an uncle, an aunt, or a cousin. Some of the French customs, during the period of mourning, are very peculiar. For instance, a widow cannot legally marry before the expiration of the first year of her widowhood. During the time that must elapse between the demise of any person and his or her funeral, no table must be set in the dining-room of the dwelling of the defunct. The meals must be served without a table-cloth, and eaten in haste, and without ceremony. At the funeral, it is imperative on the nearest relative to place himself or herself at the door of the church at the conclusion of the ceremonies, in order to shake hands with every person that has been present, as he or she passes out. It can readily be imagined how trying and painful this public ceremonial must be to a widow or a bereaved parent. It is etiquette, for all persons going to a funeral in Paris, to dress in black, and as nearly in mourning as possible. Black gloves must always be worn, and all bright trimmings must be carefully eschewed. The same rule prevails in England, and, indeed, funerals in the English provinces are far more elaborate, and depressingly gloomy, than they are with us. It is only lately that the custom of tying long weepers of crape to the hats of the pall-bearers, and of compelling all the members of the family of the defunct to wear wide crape scarfs, passing over the right shoulder and tied under the left arm, has been wholly discontinued. Formal invitations to the funeral, written or printed on black-edged paper, are sent out. A pair of black gloves is presented to every person who attends the funeral, and a sumptuous lunch is provided for those who care to partake of it, after the conclusion of the ceremonies. The first Sunday after the funeral, the family of the deceased must appear in their pew, at the church they are accustomed to attend. The pulpit is draped in black, the congregation all wear black, the minister preaches in black gloves, and all portions of the ceremony —the hymns, the sermon, etc.—bear reference to the recent melancholy event. To persons of a nervous, sensitive nature, every fibre in their composition still thrilling with the agony of their recent loss, this ordeal must be truly terrific. Then, too, the bereaved family is expected to be at home, to receive calls of condolence, throughout an entire month, so that the quiet and seclusion which, in the United States, is held to be the best remedy for nerves tried by a terrible grief, are in England wholly laid aside.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—SUIT FOR A BOY. The kilted plaid-woolen skirt is attached to a plain waist; the coat is of a dark-brown cheviot, cut in large tabs around the edge, and confined at the waist with a belt and horse-shoe buckle. Brown felt hat and plume.

FIG. II.—GIRL'S COSTUME, made of black, dark-blue, or plum-colored velvet. It is trimmed with guipure lace, and is of the Princess style, terminating with a scant flounce, above which is a puffing, each edged with the lace; the velvet bands are piped with satin; large square collar and cuffs, trimmed with lace; bonnet and feather to match the costume in color.

FIG. III.—PELISSE AND CAPE FOR A LITTLE GIRL. The color is dark-red, and may be made of flannel-cloth or velveteen; and it is trimmed with braid suitable in color.

FIG. IV.—GIRL'S BONNET, which can be made of velvet, plush, satin, or silk; it is shirred, and trimmed with écru lace, and ties down with strings.

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"SUSAN COURTENEY"

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A SPRAY OF GUELDER ROSES.

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THE OLD MILL ON THE MARSH. [*See the Story.*]

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CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER. CHILD'S HAT AND BONNET.

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AUTUMN MANTLE. BONNET. HOUSE-JACKET.

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WALKING-JACKET. HOUSE-JACKET. HAT.

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NEW STYLES OF WALKING-DRESSES.

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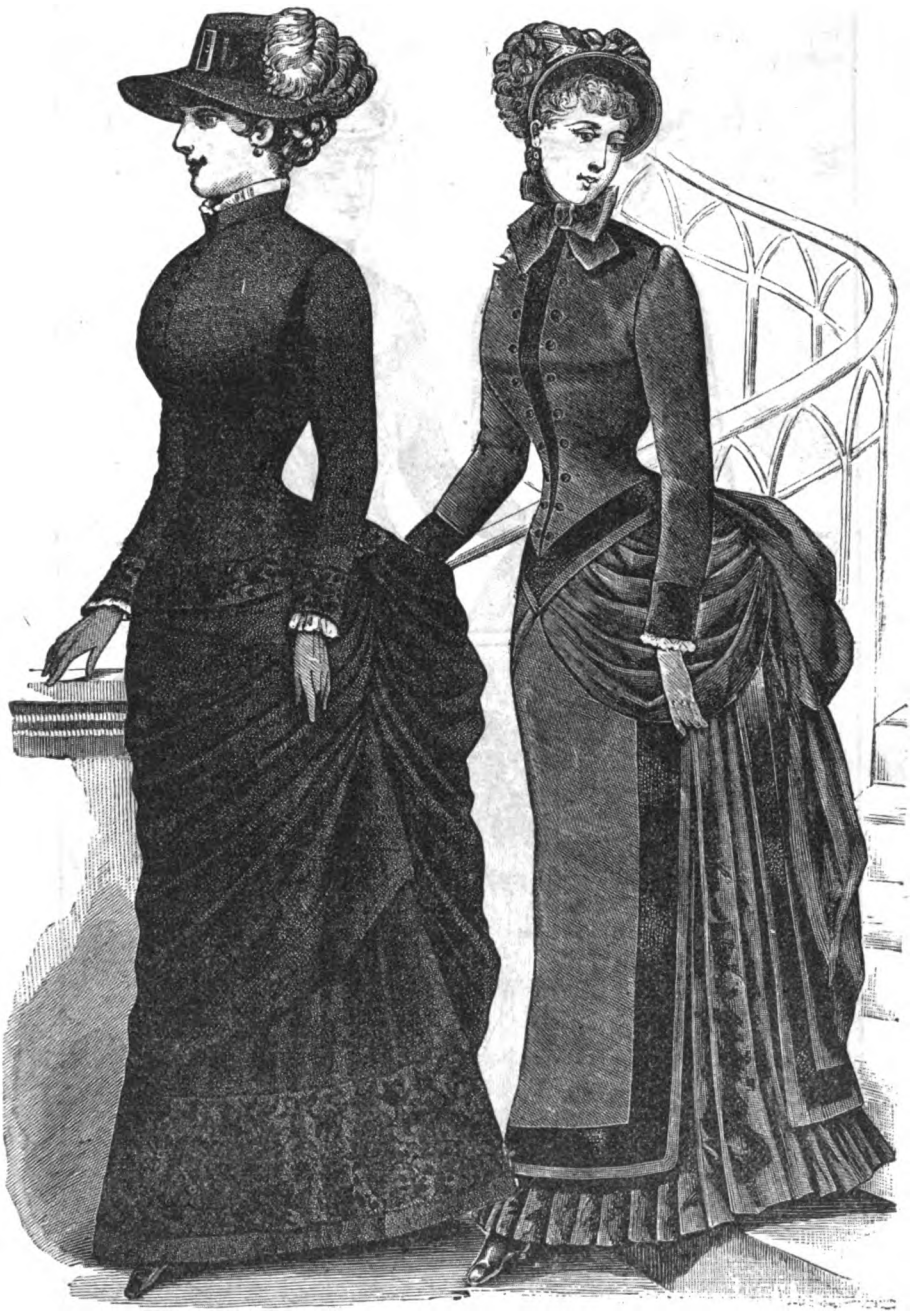

WALKING-COSTUME NONPAREIL AND WOVEN BROCHÉ VELVETEEN. WALKING-COSTUME.

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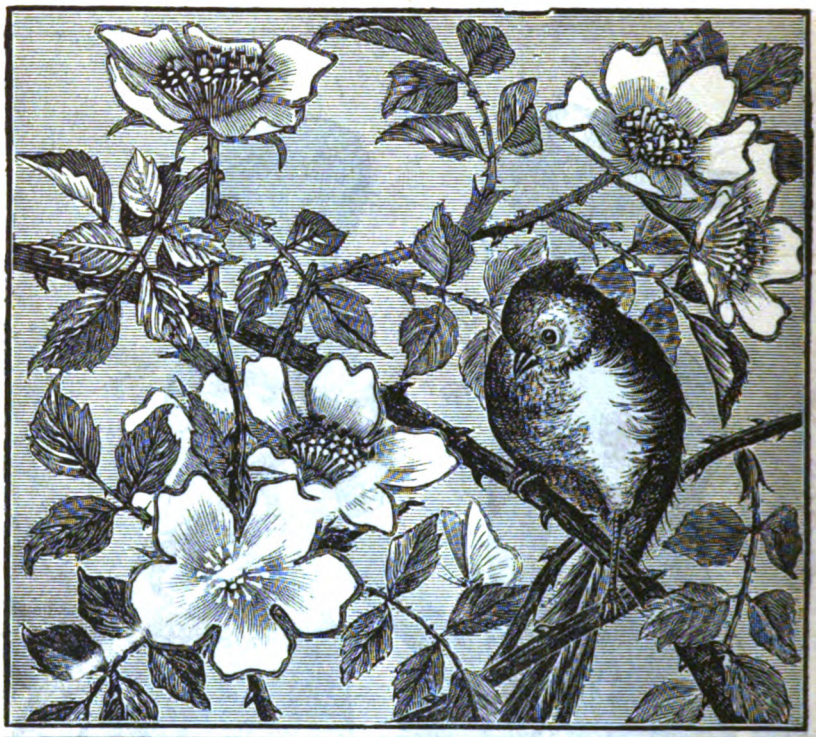

DESIGNS IN CREWEL EMBROIDERY FOR SCREENS, ETC.

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DESIGN IN CREWEL EMBROIDERY FOR LARGE SCREEN. EMBROIDERY.

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TURNHAM TOLL.

As Published by SEP. WINNER & SON, 1007 Spring Garden St., Philadelphia.

FRED. E. WEATHERLY. MILTON WELLINGS.

Scherzando. *3rd verse a little slower.*

1. "Now where are you going so early this morning, Now
2. There's riding and driving to market, this morning There's
3. The day's growing later, cool shadows thicken, The

mf *mf*

rtlen.

where are you going so early?" said he; He peep'd at her little face under the awning, "I'm
riding and driving from near and from far, But no little face looks from under the awning, And
little cart stands in the grass by the way; And under the tilt are the butter and chicken, But

p

a tempo.

going to market, to market," said she, "But toll you must pay for passing this way." "And
nobody stands to take toll at the bar; The door's open wide, but no one's inside, And the
oh! 'tis too late for the market to day. But two happy souls each the other concludes, That

mf *p*

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what is the toll, master Toll-keeper, pray?" "O twopence to pay, two-pence to pay,
dog finds it lone - ly at home to be tied; The clock ticks away, what does it say?
life's something better than markets and tolls! O, happy are they roaming a - way.

f

twopence the toll is for passing this way! twopence to pay, twopence to pay,
"not ma - ny twopences tak - en to - day," The clock ticks away, what does it say?
tho' ne'er a two-pence is tak - en to - day! Hap - py are they roaming a - way,

1st & 2nd verses.

twopence the toll is, for pass - ing this way."
"not ma - ny two-pen - ces tak - en to - day."
Tho' ne'er a twopence

a tempo.

mf

3rd verse.

tak - en to - day! Tho' ne'er a twopence is tak - en to - day!

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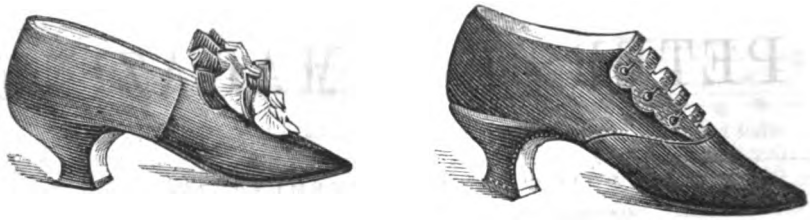

AUTUMN HAT. NEW STYLES SHOES.

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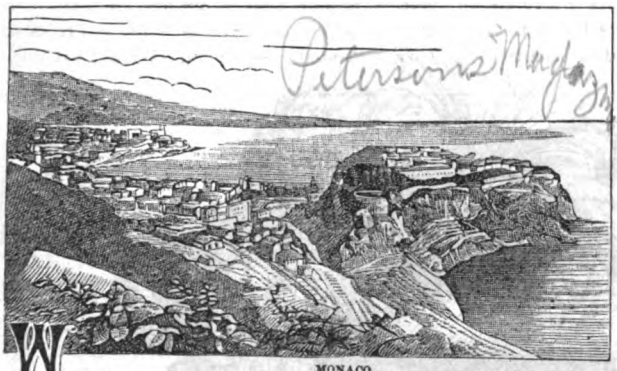
PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXXXIV. PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER, 1883. No. 5.

FROM NICE TO GENOA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A WEEK IN JERUSALEM," ETC., ETC., ETC.



MONACO.

WHEN we Americans wish to avoid the rigors of a winter climate, we go to Florida. Europeans, under similar circumstances, seek the Riviera. We all know what Florida is. But not everyone is familiar with the salubrious air, the picturesque scenery, the romantic old towns, and the groves of orange and lemon-trees which make what is called the Riviera not only desirable as a health-resort, but singularly attractive to travelers and pleasure-seekers.

This attractiveness, in fact, has made Cannes, Nice, Mentone, San Remo, and other towns along that coast, the headquarters of fashion during the winter months. Here come the favorites of fortune—those who dress in "purple and fine linen"—from England, France, Russia, Germany, and even America, to drink in the delicious air and keep "high festival" What London is in the spring and early summer, Nice and Cannes are in December, January, and February. Many of the visitors even go earlier and stay later; so that, to use the words of Holy Writ, "the sound of the lute never ceases there," day or night.

The Riviera—to speak of it in a broad sense—is that strip of country which skirts the northern shore of the Mediterranean between Marseilles, in France, and Spezzia, in Italy; but in the sense in which it is generally alluded to, the name is confined to that smaller portion which lies between Nice—or perhaps Cannes—on the west and Genoa on the east. It owes its mild climate to the Maritime Alps, which, now coming close down to the coast, and now curving inland for twenty or thirty miles, serve as a wall to break the force of the cold northern winds. The face of the country is diversified into hills and valleys, that are studded with white villas, with here and there old castles and Roman ruins; while picturesque chapels, perched on airy heights, look down everywhere from what seem inaccessible precipices. The olive and palm flourish in this bit of earthly paradise as they flourish hardly anywhere else.

A railroad now runs the whole distance from Marseilles to Spezzia, generally following the line of the coast, and continually opening up delicious bits of landscape or of ocean-view; but less than twenty years ago the only way to traverse the Riviera was by carriage. For this purpose a road—originally projected by Napoleon I, and afterwards carried out by the Sardinian Government—was engineered along the coast: now zig-zaging boldly up a mountain-side, now carried on viaducts over valleys, now tunneling the mountains, and now skirting the ocean-beach. The boldness with which this highway often ran far up along the face of the cliffs won for it the name of the Cornice, from its resemblance, when viewed from below and at a distance, to the cornice of a house.

We were fortunate enough to drive along the Cornice, all the way to Spezzia, before the railroad was built. It was a fine morning in February that we started from Nice. We had engaged a

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vetturino drawn by four horses; and, punctual to the hour, the carriage drove up to the door, with its jingling bells, the driver gayly cracking his whip, and the little dog at his side barking with excitement. The day, we have said, was in February; but it was more like one in New England in May. The air was full of perfume from the budding woods as we turned out of Nice and began the ascent of the mountain to the east; white blossoms drifted by us continually; birds were singing; the sun shone as it shines only in Italy; and the blue Mediterranean was seen, in glimpses here and there below, far away—now with fishing-boats drawn up on its tideless shores, now brightened with red and yellow lateen sails away in the dim distance.

Just after we had passed the highest point of the mountain, twenty-one hundred feet above the sea, we came to Turbia, and, rattling through the quaint old town, a splendid view of Monaco opened before us, lying below, on the coast—a rocky fortress, now turned into a sort of pagan paradise. This little principality, long the stronghold of the Grimaldis, will, on the death of the reigning prince, revert to France. Meantime it is the most famous gambling resort in Europe, and was even twenty years ago, though Baden, at that time, had not yet been shut up. To render it attractive, a superb casino has been erected, excellent hotels are provided, and walks have been laid out, terraces built, and trees and shrubs planted everywhere. We did not stop to

GRAND PROMENADE AT NICE.

visit it, but contented ourselves with the distant view, and drove on to Mentone, where we proposed to stop for the night.

This old town originally straggled along, shut in between the hills and the beach, so as to leave room for little more than a single street; but since the Riviera has grown so popular, villas have been built at both ends, on the shore, and even up on the rising ground above. Here the mistral—the one wind dreaded on this coast—never blows, the mountains on the north shutting it off completely. The orange and the lemon grow luxuriantly everywhere about. There is a local tradition—and a very poetical one—that when Eve was turned out of Paradise, she plucked a lemon at the gate, hiding it under her apron; and that, afterwards, wandering to and fro on the earth, she came to Mentone, where she planted it, and that all the lemons now on the earth came from that one, and are the only things left of Paradise.

We left Mentone, after an early breakfast, still under the same brilliant sky, still with the perfume of oranges, lemons, and roses in the air. But the road now ran close to the shore, or in sight of it; and we could hear the faint ripple of the tideless Mediterranean, as it lapped, lazily, upon the sandy beach. Here and there a ruined wheel, which had been used to irrigate the fields, brought vividly up to us the Bible image of "broken cisterns that can hold no water." After a drive of a few miles, we came

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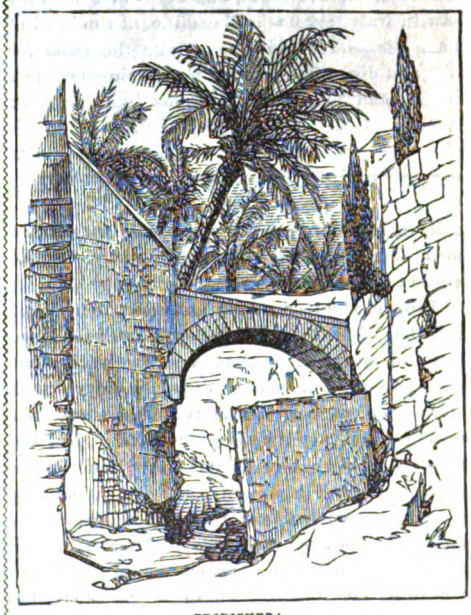
MENTONE.

to Ventimiglia, with its long bridge of stone, and its tier on tier of old houses, the churches and convents, the tall castle above, the purple mountains in the distance, and the sun-lit snow-peaks beyond. It was the first distinctively old-world Italian town that we had seen: built up on a seemingly inaccessible hill-side, like swallows' nests. We realized, as never before, the disturbed condition of the Middle Ages, especially on this coast, when every neighbor was an enemy, and when a Saracen descent might be expected at any moment.

Awhile after passing Ventimiglia we came to Brodighera, best known to American readers by the novel of "Doctor Antonio." It is famous in Italy, however, for its palms, and for the story connected with them. Brodighera has the sole right to furnish palms for Palm-Sunday at Rome, and acquired this monopoly through the ready wit of a sailor belonging to the town. The story goes, at least, that when the obelisk now standing in the piazza of St. Peter's was being erected, the ropes suddenly slackened, to the consternation of the engineers, when a sailor from the crowd cried out: "Wet them! wet them!" This tightened them; the great stone shaft was successfully raised to its place; and the Pope, to repay the happy inspiration, ordered that all the palms required for the Easter ceremonies should thereafter be furnished from Brodighera. These date-palms, we may add, grow with greater luxuriance here than anywhere in Italy until the extreme southern latitude of Naples is reached, and everywhere, especially back of the town, form a principal and picturesque feature in the landscape.

Leaving Brodighera behind us, we descended to the shore amid a thick wood of olive-trees. A low white-walled villa was on our left, and before us, through an avenue of the wood, we caught sight again of the blue Mediterranean. In a little while we were at San Remo, now as famous, as a health-resort, as Mentone or Nice, but then only beginning to be a favorite. The streets of the old town are narrow and steep, with buttresses everywhere flung across from house to house, looking like aerial bridges. With a sharp cry of warning from the vetturini, peculiar to his class—for even the principal street was only wide enough for one carriage—our vehicle went clattering over the rocky pave-



BRODIGHERA.

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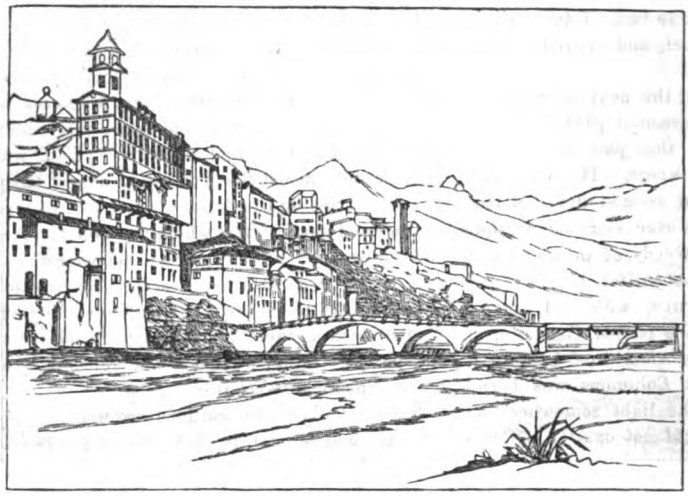
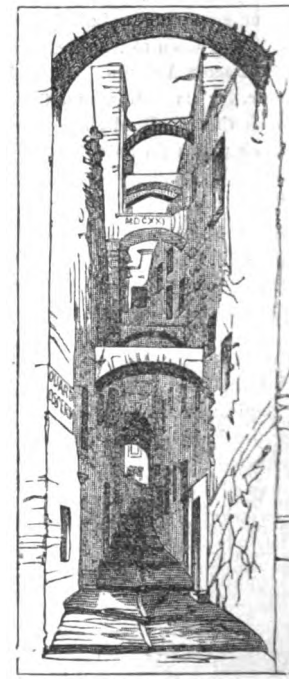


VENTIMIGLIA.

ment, the bells of our horses jingling, the little dog barking from the driver's seat, the foot-passengers pressing close to the wall as we passed, and old women with their distaffs coming lazily to the doorways to gaze idly at us. Thus from old-world town to town, and through streets that seemed ever to grow narrower, we went all through the long, drowsy afternoon, until, towards sunset, we drew up at Oneglia, where we were to spend the night.

Oneglia differed in no material respect from the other towns we had passed; but its hotel was the worst on the route, and the worst we ever saw in Italy, except at Magadino, at the head of Lake Maggiore, which may take the palm for dirt and discomfort generally. A rain-storm had set in, and the atmosphere was like January: Arcadia all at once had fled shrieking into the dim Past. The rooms at our inn were almost bare of furniture, the floors were of brick, and the whole place was like a vault. With difficulty we procured a few sticks, and had a fire made; but this did not remove the graveyard chill of the apartments; and we were glad to get to bed, and shiver under insufficient covering, that left us with a headache in the morning. But the morning, fortunately, broke clear; and after an hour's drive our headaches disappeared and our spirits came back again. The landscape, on the whole, was the most beautiful we had yet seen. It appeared to be unusually fertile, even for this favored region, and was dotted far and near with detached villas and gay-looking villages. By and bye we came to Alberga, where we lunched, and then resumed our way, between vineyards on either side of the road, where the vines, as around Naples, were festooned from tree to tree. The stars came out while we were still on the road, and it was an hour after dark before we reached Savona.

Savona is the third city in size on the Riviera, Genoa coming first and Nice second. It stands at the western extremity of a great bay or indentation of the coast, Genoa, thirty miles distant, dominating like a queen the eastern end. It is a quaint, ancient-looking place even yet, notwithstanding its active stir of business. The old tower at the end of the molé, which is also a light-house, quite carries one back to the Middle Ages. We sat until a late hour at the window, looking out over the gray walls towards the calm, silent sea beyond. The moon had come up, and threw a tremulous wake of light over the bay to the eastward, as if to "make a bridge of silver for us to Genoa," as one of our party said. "Very sentimental, perhaps poetical, but not original," remarked another. "It is too



STREET IN SAN REMO.

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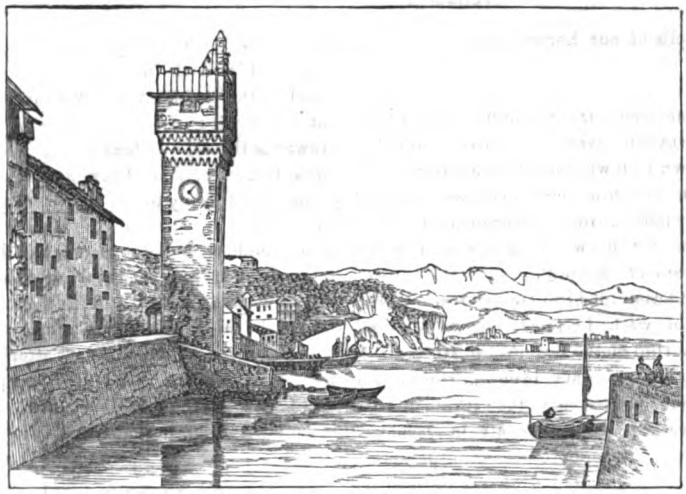
much for me. I shall go to bed. I am sleepy." With that we all laughed, and retired for the night.

On our way to Genoa, the next morning, we stopped to see the Pallavaccini gardens, which are famous through all this part of Italy for their splendor and costliness. The road had run all day through what seemed almost a paradise. The country was even more picturesque than west of Savona. Woods of pine and oak were on every hand: beautiful heaths; and clumps of fragrant shrubs, with tall, snowy lilies in their midst. We passed Cogoletto, of special interest to us as Americans, because it was probably here that Columbus was born: certainly he first saw the light somewhere on this soft Ligurian coast, if not exactly at Cogoletto.

But to go back to these Pallavaccini gardens. Nowhere off the stage had we ever seen anything so like fairy-land. There were artificial grottoes, with stalactites brought from great distances, at enormous cost; subterranean lakes, over which you glided in a boat, and where everything was so dark and hushed that you might almost fancy you were crossing the Styx; picturesque clumps of trees and shrubs everywhere; marble terraces and staircases; aloes; palms; belvederes. It was, however, a little too theatrical, at least for our severe Northern taste. "Give me an English garden, such as there is at Munich," said one of our party, "rather than such a spic-and-span bit of gimcrackery as this."

But the Pallavaccini gardens are not the only sight to be seen on this road. The Villa Doria, on the whole, is far more imposing. The house,



SAVONA.

or villa, at the Pallavaccini estate is indeed quite a secondary affair. We ought, perhaps, to state here, for the benefit of such of our readers as are untraveled, that the word "villa" has a different signification in Italy from what it has in the United States. Here it is confined to the smaller country-houses, the larger aspiring to be called mansions, as, in fact, they are; but in Italy it is applied to all rural dwellings not occupied by farmers or laborers, whether small or large Some of the most palatial residences there, and which have no parallels here in size and grandeur—such as the Villa d'Este, near Tivoli, or the Villa Pamphili, just out of Rome—bear this name. These greater villas are quite a feature in Italy. Long before domestic architecture had made any advances in the north of Europe, and while even the most powerful nobles there were living in inconvenient castles or rude baronial halls, the princes of the church, and the nobles, in imitation of them, were building villas all over Italy that almost recalled the splendors of the Golden House of Nero. It is, perhaps, a question whether domestic architecture ever died out there; whether there were not survivals of great houses, or parts of them, in Rome and elsewhere, far down to comparatively modern times; whether the first of these vast villas were not inspired by the ruins of palaces in which a Cæsar might have lived, a Lucullus feasted, a Julia held her court.

Genoa well deserves the epithet "*La Superba*," which has been applied to her. Standing on the shores of a semicircular bay, rising tier on tier from the water, her white palaces sparkling in the afternoon sunshine as we approached, she

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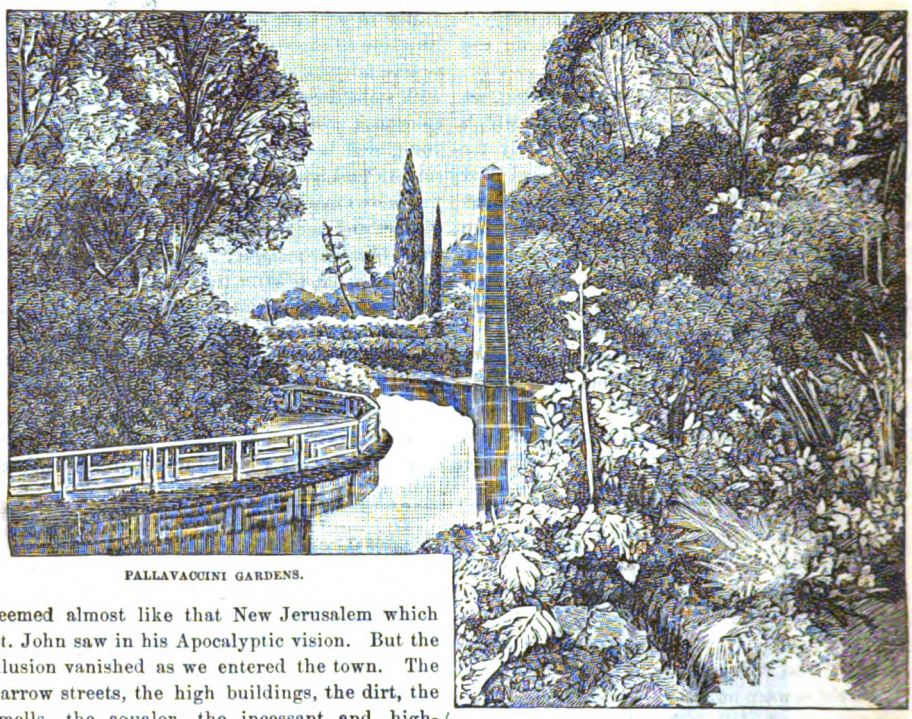

PALLAVACCINI GARDENS.

seemed almost like that New Jerusalem which St. John saw in his Apocalyptic vision. But the illusion vanished as we entered the town. The narrow streets, the high buildings, the dirt, the smells, the squalor, the incessant and high-pitched cries of the swarming population, all told us that we were in Italy, in an Italian town, and, alas, for a time, behind the scenes. It was with a sense of relief, therefore, that we alighted from our vetturino at the door of the Hotel Gran Bretagne, which had once been a palace, and whose splendid apartments and princely surroundings brought back that air of romance with which, at a distance, we had invested this favored land; and of which, after all, thanks to the climate, the atmosphere, the color, the old ruins, the blue skies, the purple seas, we continued to see so much, day after day, as we journeyed onward, past Sestri, Spezzia, Pisa, and Civita Vecchia, to Rome itself. But of this some other time, perhaps.

"DOMINE QUO VADIS."

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

In the chill dawn, just as the day was breaking;
Along the Appian Way,
St. Peter fled: the fog vague outlines taking,
Like phantoms, in the gray.

He fled from death: not death with white-robed choir
Soft singing by his bed;
But on the cross, or else in flames of fire,
With hooting mob, instead.

Sudden a form appeared: he started, faltered;
There stood the One divine,
Dim seen at first; but oh! His face how altered,
How worn in ev'ry line!

Yes, worn with grief, tears infinite and pity,
Unutterable pain;
His sad eyes, as He came, fixed on the city
Far off across the plain.

"Master, where goest Thou?" cried Peter, weeping.
The Master made reply:
"I go to tend my sheep thou shouldst be keeping;
I go, again to die."

And then He turned a look on Peter: never
Was look so sad before—
Sadder than when we take farewell forever
Of one we'll see no more.

Down, weeping at His feet, fell Peter, crying;
"Try me again, dear Lord.
Than such reproach as this, oh! what were dying?
What scourge, or rack, or sword?"

You know the rest: how Peter died unshaken.
'Tis but a tale? What then?
A tale through all the ages to awaken
The martyr-soul in men.

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WHITE VIOLETS.

BY AGNES JAMES.

I.

They were straying about in the sweet old-fashioned terraced garden at Fairfield, Mrs. Fleming's place. There were her two nieces, Alice and Rose Delafield—merry, pretty, chattering girls—and with them were Will Johnstone, Captain Wynne, and Max Barton.

Courteney Blair—they called her "cousin Courteney"—and Valentine Fleming had lagged behind the others. It was Valentine's fault. He declared the spring sunshine made him lazy, and finally persuaded Courteney to sit down on the bank, beneath a gnarled old apple-tree pink with bloom. The bank was covered thickly—snowed white—with violets.

"If there's an Elysium on earth—" Valentine began, ecstatically, as he seated himself beside Courteney on the grassy bank.

But Courteney's laughing voice interrupted him. "You needn't finish it," she cried. "There's a wasp on your sleeve." Then gathering her hands full of violets, she said, softly: "How I love these sweet, white little things!"

Courteney, whatever her mood, was always bewitching; but to-day she looked absolutely ravishing. The "Kate Greenaway" caps were just getting to be the rage. Her cousin Edith, who had been abroad, had brought them into fashion in their set. "All the girls," she said, "are wearing them in the country in England." It was not everyone who looked well in them, however; but they exactly suited the half-coquettish style of Courteney. She wore one now; and what with the saucy air it gave her, the rich reflections in her long chestnut-brown locks, the old-fashioned fichu that hid all her neck except a snow-white bit in front, the bloom in her transparent cheeks, the red half-pouting lips, and the glorious beauty of her dark-blue eyes, she was to-day, Valentine thought, even more captivating than ever. And her teasing looks and words almost drove him mad.

"I wish you would not turn everything into jest," he said, vehemently. "How many times must I swear—"

"Hush! You mustn't swear at all," interrupted Courteney, in a scandalized tone.

"Well, declare, then, that I love—"

"Hush—sh!" breathed Courteney, softly touching his eager lips with the cluster of violets she held. Then she leaned forward, and, with shining eyes and lips half parted, seemed to be gazing at something in the distance.

"Isn't he splendid?" she whispered presently. "Such a handsome fellow, and such a voice!"

"Do you mean Max Barton?" he asked, angrily.

"Oh, don't—he'll fly away! There he is, on the rose-trellis. Don't you see him? A mocking-bird! Listen!" And Courteney drew a deep sigh.

"Why do you sigh?" asked Valentine, gently.

"I didn't sigh!" she exclaimed, indignantly, flashing round upon him the full radiance of her lovely eyes. Valentine laughed, and gazed at her still more adoringly.

"I only drew a long breath, because—because it is all so sweet, and happy, and peaceful," she went on, softly.

"I wonder why it is," Valentine said at last, slowly, "that you, who are so happy yourself, should delight so in making me miserable."

A peal of laughter, and a handful of violets tossed in his face, answered him.

"You like to be miserable, I think," Courteney replied, still laughing. "You are the image of contentment at this instant, but you love to fancy yourself wretched. Some day or other, when you have knocked about in the world, and are *blasé* and bored, you will say, like the Frenchman (who was it—Lamartine?): 'Oh, the happy times when I was so miserable!'"

"Perhaps I may," Valentine said, gloomily; "because, miserable as you make me now sometimes, I should be ten times more so if I hadn't—just a little—hope that some time or other you may care for me—say one-tenth as much as I do for you."

Courteney looked down, smiling and coloring a little. "You are so very moderate in your hopes that perhaps they may be realized—some time or other," she said softly, hesitatingly.

"What do you mean, Miss Courteney?" Valentine exclaimed, starting up eagerly, and sitting down on the bank beside her. "Do you care at all for me now?"

"Certainly I do," she answered, with the same demure smile; "so much that I am compelled to say that I think you have reposed too long upon this damp bank, and we'd better go to the house."

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She rose from her seat, with a mischievous laugh, as she said this; but he caught her hand and drew her down again.

"You shall not go," he said, resolutely. "You must answer me now." Then his tone suddenly changed to one of passionate pleading.

"Don't trifle with me any longer, Courteney," he entreated. "You know how much I love you. Give me a little hope that you can love me. Can't you, my darling?"

He was holding both her hands, and gazing into her face, with all his honest, strong, tender love shining in his deep-blue eyes.

Courteney looked in his face a moment, silently. Then the laughter died out of her eyes; the dark lashes drooped and hid them; the color on her cheeks deepened to carmine; and as she half turned away her head, the slender fingers Valentine held softly closed on his. She did not say a word, even when he took her in his arms and kissed her a dozen times.

"Do you really love me, Courteney?" he whispered at last, half believing that it was all a dream, and longing to hear her voice assuring him of the reality of it all. She raised her soft eyes and looked at him, and her lips were just parting to speak, when suddenly a high, clear young voice called out, from the distant garden-gate: "Courteney! Valentine! Where are you? Come here directly, Aunt Ellen says."

Like a startled bird Courteney sprang away, and flew up the walk, Valentine following her more slowly, and unable to conceal his chagrin.

"Where are you? Oh, here!" exclaimed the impatient voice, and Rose Delafield came hurrying down the terraces, her blonde hair ruffled by the breeze, and her cheeks rosy with running.

"I told Aunt Ellen you were sitting on the bank," she went on, laughing, "and she says: 'come there this instant.' Oh, Courteney! if you haven't got grass-stain on your dress. You wicked girl! Go to Aunt, and be scolded."

"No, no! Don't go in yet," pleaded Valentine. "Rose, go and tell her we have gone to sit on a bench in the arbor."

Rose's laughing blue eyes flashed from Valentine's eager, entreating face to Courteney's tinted cheeks and downcast eyes.

"No, I won't tell her any such thing. She wants you now, Courteney. There is a letter for you, or something," she said.

II.

"ARE you telling the truth, you little imp of mischief?" Valentine asked, when Courteney had hurried off to the house and left the two standing by the gate. He took Rose by the shoulders, and gave her a laughing, cousinly little shake as he spoke.

"Yes, it's the truth," she said, taking hold of his coat with both hands, to steady herself, and looking up searchingly into his face. "And now you will please tell me what you have been saying to Miss Blair all this time?"

"Why do you want to know?" Valentine asked, laughing.

"Because I want to know if you have been goose enough to say anything serious to her. She's an awful flirt, Val. She's engaged to Henry Eustace, her father's partner, this minute. Oh, Val! you haven't been letting her fool you, have you?"

The pretty, frank, childish face he was looking down upon flushed passionately, and the girl's blue eyes filled with tears.

The color rose to Valentine's face, too.

"There, Rosie! You don't know what you are talking about," he said, impatiently. "She is not engaged to Eustace."

"Oh! Then you have been making real love to her. Go your own way then, and you'll see." And Rose, suddenly tossing away from him, with pretty petulance, darted towards the house, turning round once to nod and laugh, and singing, gayly:

"She's fooling thee! She's fooling thee!
Trust her not! Oh, trust her not!"

Valentine watched her run up the steps of the portico, and then he strayed off down the lawn, to smoke a cigar, and to dream of Courteney Blair, and his wonderful, unexpected happiness.

"Well," he thought, when the cigar was burned out, "I suppose she's had time to finish her letter now. I'll go see if she'll take a walk with me: or perhaps there's no one in the library, and she will come and have a quiet talk there."

In the hall he met his aunt—Mrs. Fleming. She was hurrying along, with a troubled, distressed face.

"Oh, Val! I'm so glad you've come," she cried. "Do tell me about the trains for Brayton. Is there time to get to the station for the evening train?"

"Full time. It doesn't pass till four o'clock. What's the matter?" Valentine asked, quickly.

"Courteney Blair is going home. Her father is very ill. In fact, Val—" Aunt Ellen drew close to him, and whispered: "I doubt if she finds him living; but I could not tell her that. Poor child! She knows he is in great danger. She is in such distress!"

Aunt Ellen, as she finished, hurried off upstairs, leaving Valentine dismayed and grieved by the news.

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"My poor little darling," he thought. "She was so happy this morning. I wish I could comfort her. I wonder if she will let me see her. Well, I can at least write her a little note, and ask her."

So he scribbled a hurried note, full of deepest sympathy and love, and an entreaty that he might see her, if only for a moment. He gave this note to a servant, to be carried upstairs to her, and, his heart aching with pity and tenderness for her, hung about in the large old hall, waiting for an answer. A soft step on the stairs made him spring up, eagerly expectant. It was not Courteney, however, but only little Rose, coming slowly down. She was pale, and had been crying.

"Oh, Val! is that you? Here is something for you," she said, holding out a little carelessly-twisted note. She did not wait to see him open it, but turned and went upstairs again.

Valentine's heart beat, and his hand shook, as he untwisted the sheet of delicate note-paper. There was a scent of violets about it, and, in the corner, a scarlet monogram—L. C. B.—Courteney's initials. The note was scribbled in pencil, and was scarcely legible, so it was many minutes before he could believe he had read it aright. For it contained only these words:

"I do not wish to see you. Don't try to speak to me. I am sorry you have misunderstood me. Forgive and forget me."

For a moment or two Valentine stood utterly stunned, not realising what had happened to him. Then he crushed the note in his hand, and walked out of the door, down the portico-steps, and out into the spring sunshine. The sun was shining still. A mocking-bird, in the top of a maple-tree, was almost tilting himself over in his efforts to trill longer and louder than ever mocking-bird did before. Nothing in the outer world had changed since Valentine had parted with Courteney at the garden-gate. She had looked back at him and smiled as she went away. A sweet, tender little smile, that Rose did not see, and that said: "I love you!" as plainly as words could have said it. But she had, in spite of it, deceived him, and left him now half mad with wrath, and love, and hatred, and regret, and longing. It was almost past belief that she—the girl who could sit there, in God's sunlight, and talk of Heaven: who could say, with such serious eyes, that of all virtues she held truth dearest—that she should be false.

Over the hills, and far into the dim old forest, Valentine strode: and there, lying on the ground, his face hidden from the light, he fought out the battle with himself, and swore that this girl, with her fair face, and perilously sweet ways, and false heart, should not spoil his life for him. He would forget her, if possible. To forgive her was impossible.

"Oh, Val! we thought you had walked to Brayton, and gone with Courteney. Where have you been?" Rose cried, running down the steps to meet him, as he came back to the house, in the dewy twilight.

"I have been having a last good long walk in the country," Valentine said, quietly. "I must return to the city, and go to work, to-morrow."

"To-morrow?" little Rose said, in a tone of dismay.

"Yes; I have been idle long enough," Valentine answered.

Rose, standing on the step above him, put her two little hands on his shoulders, and bent to look into his eyes.

"Val," she said, quickly, "it's that girl—that detestable Courteney Blair. You are going to see her."

"I am going back to New York, to my work, little goose," Valentine said, lightly.

"Don't go, Val. Stay with us, please. Indeed, we will be good to you. Val, don't you care at all for us? Stay a little longer." The child's sweet, coaxing voice grew tremulous with the last words.

"My dear little Rosie! I must go," Valentine said, gently, putting up his hand with a caressing touch to the soft cheek that was so near his own.

It was wet with tears. The next instant, Rose raised her head with a start, gave him a little laughing push, and ran up the steps, saying, gayly:

"Go then, you bad, ungrateful boy. We don't want you—I don't, anyway."

Little Rose was very bright and gay the next day—her eyes shone, her cheeks were like roses, and her laugh was readier than ever. She stood on the steps with the others, and kissed her hand to Valentine with a smile, as he went away. But, that night, her sister Alice woke with a start, and thought she heard some one sobbing. It must have been a dream though: for, when she spoke to Rose, there was no answer—she seemed to be sleeping soundly.

Two months later, Mrs. Fleming wrote to her nephew.

"Courteney Blair," she said, "is to be married very soon, to Mr. Eustace. It is a fortunate thing for her and her mother—poor things—for Mr. Blair's death left them in great destitution. Everyone thought him wealthy, but it seems he

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was utterly ruined. There was nothing for them but a little life-insurance money. And Mrs. Blair has always lived in such luxury, and is so fragile and helpless. Mr. Eustace is rich as Crœsus, you know—and he is a very good sort of fellow—and I've no doubt will make them both happy. Rose and Alice are still here. I shall keep them all summer; for Rosie looks pale and thin, I think. However, she is in very good spirits, apparently, and flirts more outrageously than ever. Max Barton is the favorite at present. I wish she would not do it. I don't remember that girls flirted in my day. It was not considered lady-like or honorable. The old place is looking very lovely now, Val. When will you come and see it—and your old Auntie? Soon, I hope."

But it was not to be soon. A few weeks brought the news to Fairfield that Valentine had accepted a position on a vast engineering-work in Russia.

"I shall be gone for years, perhaps, Aunt Ellen; but when I come back rich and famous, you will be proud of me," he wrote.

"Dear boy," sighed Aunt Ellen, "I am proud of him now. And he will have Fairfield, when I am gone. I wish he could have been contented to stay with me. And he cannot even come to say good-bye to us."

"Oh, I'm so sorry!" lamented Alice. But Rose did not say a word, and no one noticed how the color dropped out of her cheeks, and how she bit her soft childish lips, to stop their quivering.

III.

Four years Valentine Fleming spent abroad. Fame and money, to a moderate extent, he had certainly won; and Aunt Ellen might well be proud of the tall, handsome fellow, with his easy carriage and aristocratic air. The deep-blue eyes were colder, sterner than they used to be, and a thick mustache gave a soldierly look to the resolute, bronzed face.

Broadway, on a sunny May afternoon, was a pleasant sight to Valentine, after his long absence, and he sauntered slowly along, in quiet enjoyment of it all. A little group around a picture-dealer's window attracted his attention; and he paused to see what they were looking at. Some fine engravings and a modest little water-color picture were there. The inscription beneath the picture first caught his eye: "Where, beyond these voices, there is peace." Then he saw an old gnarled apple-tree, pink with bloom; under it a grave, snowed thick with white violets; a white butterfly, floating over the mound; warm sunshine lying softly round it. Valentine stood long, and gazed upon the tranquil picture, wondering who had painted it. What soul, weary of earth, and longing for heaven's peace, here pictured for itself the repose of the grave, and the resurrection emblem? It was a strange picture, and yet there was something familiar in it, it seemed.

"Made of old sadness that dwelt in his soul." As he looked, he seemed again to hear a mocking-bird's song, and to feel warm, soft airs stealing past him, laden with the odor of violets. He saw again a fair, bright face, with "sweetest eyes were ever seen;" and a girl's voice murmured softly:

> "Oh! faint, delicious spring-time violet,
> Thine odor, like a key,
> Turns noiselessly in memory's wards, to set
> A thought of sorrow free."

Who painted this picture, that held up a mirror to his heart, and showed him where his fairest hopes lay dead and buried? At least, he might find out the artist's name. But by some accident the person who knew the artist's name was not in the store. The clerk to whom he spoke had known it, tried to recall it—could not—but at last remembered her address. Her studio was Room No. 9, —— Building. He believed the picture was for sale. It had only been deposited there to-day. The lady was a stranger to him, but he had heard her give her address to the head of the firm. —— Building was not far away, if the gentleman chose to see the artist herself.

The gentleman did choose. Some vague, wild fancy prompted him; he wanted to own the picture: he wanted more—to know the artist. In a little while he reached the —— Building, passed up the long stairs, and found No. 9. The door stood ajar. Probably the artist's name was on the door; but Valentine did not look at it: for there, just opposite him, at the end of the long room, her face and figure distinctly outlined against the window, sat Courteney Blair, or else her wraith. She was dressed in deep mourning. Her face might have been a spiritualized marble mask of the Courteney Blair of old—it was so still, so pure, so utterly colorless, and so unspeakably sad. Valentine stood looking at her, with the feeling we have sometimes in dreams, when astounding things happen. We feel that it is a dream, and know we shall wake to the real world presently. It was only when the sound of the door, closing behind him, made her conscious of his presence, and she rose quickly and came towards him, that he seemed to awake.

"Do you wish to see me, sir?" she asked, quietly, as she came up the room and stood before him.

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"Courteney! Mrs. Eustace!" he stammered.

She stopped, with a little cry of amazement. A scarlet flush swept over her face, and was gone, leaving it white and set again.

"I am Miss Blair—not Mrs. Eustace," she said, in a low, controlled voice. "I did not know you at first, Mr. Fleming."

"Then it was not true that you were going to marry Eustace?" Valentine exclaimed, impulsively.

"It was true," she answered, steadily. "But, after my mother's death, the engagement was broken."

Then, with quiet dignity and courtesy, she moved back, down the long room, motioned him to a chair, and sat down herself upon the couch by the window. She was very still; and he did not see the strain with which her slender hands clasped each other on her lap.

"I had not heard of your mother's death," he said, presently. "Believe me, you have my deepest sympathy."

She looked at him in silence a moment. Then, "Thank you," she said, gently and steadily.

"How long ago—why did I not hear of it?" Valentine exclaimed, his heart aching with pity for her, as it had done years ago.

"She lived only six months after my father's death. I thought perhaps Mrs. Fleming had told you," she answered.

"No—oh, no! It must have been about the time that my aunt was ill for so long. Rose Delafield was with her, and wrote to me constantly. I cannot imagine why she did not mention it."

Courteney was silent again for a moment.

"It was at that time," she said, presently, not looking up.

"And—and after that—since that—may I ask about your life, Miss Blair?" Valentine said, hesitatingly.

"Oh, yes! There is not much to tell you. I came here, and studied painting. I had a little money of my own; I had some talent, my teachers said; and I have gotten on better than I hoped. There is room, you know, on the lower rounds of the ladder for a good many of us to sit quite comfortably." She looked up, with a brave, sweet little smile, as she said this.

"And have you been well—are you well now?" Valentine asked, earnestly.

"I have been ill this spring. The doctor says I have had a low fever. I think I have only been very lazy," she said, carelessly.

Valentine did not speak. He could not. It seemed so pitiful to him that she should be here—alone, desolate, ill—fighting her own battle with the world. And all these years he had been thinking of her as rich, prosperous, and happy.

"You have seen Rose—Mrs. Meredith—of course?" Courteney said, after a pause.

"Yes; I have been at her house. She has grown to be such a fashionable, fine lady, that I scarcely knew her. By the way, do you never see her?" asked Valentine. "Does she not know of your being here?"

"Certainly. Did she not tell you I was here?" Courteney asked, looking up in surprise.

"No. I found you by accident. I was looking for the artist who painted a picture in ——'s window: the grave, covered with white violets. It reminded me of—Courteney, do you remember that day in the old Fairfield garden?—the last time we saw each other."

He had begun quietly enough, but now his eyes were bent upon her with passionate appeal, with unuttered reproach.

Her great dark eyes met his with a startled look. Then she turned away her head, and said, quickly, passionately:

"I have not forgotten; but it is not you who should remind me of it." And he saw again a vivid flush staining the marble of her face.

Valentine rose from his seat, and stood looking down at her.

"Perhaps you are right," he said, slowly. "I beg your pardon, if I have offended you by speaking of that day. You asked me to forgive you. I am afraid I have not been generous enough to do so until now. If you care for my forgiveness, Courteney, it is yours. Though heaven knows, you ruined my life by your caprice."

Courteney had turned again, and was looking at him, with that strange, startled expression.

"I can't understand you," she said, hurriedly. "Why should I have asked you to forgive me? I never did. Caprice! It was worse than caprice—it was treachery: to pretend to love me, and then, when trouble came—sorrow and adversity—to be silent: to forget me. Oh, how dare you remind me of it?"

She started up, with flashing eyes and heaving bosom, and turned away from him.

But his voice called her back.

"Courteney," he said, almost sternly, "we have made, somehow, a terrible mistake. Did you know what you were doing when you wrote me that note, four years ago, the day you heard of your father's illness—that last day at Fairfield?"

She looked at him in utter silence for a moment; then, in a slow, puzzled tone, she said:

"I did not write you a note. Why should I have done it? You went away. you did not even care to see me."

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"I wrote to you," Valentine said, solemnly. "I poured out all the love and pity I felt for you. I begged that I might see you, and, in return, you sent me—stop, you shall see it. I have kept it all these years."

From his pocket-book he hurriedly drew forth a folded paper, and laid it in her hand. An old yellowed half-sheet of note-paper she found, as she unfolded it, scrawled almost illegibly with a few penciled words, and bearing her initials in scarlet letters in the corner.

He watched her face while she read it; saw her color come and go; and saw her, at last, lift to his, eyes that shone steadily, solemnly, with the light of truth.

"I did not write it. I never saw it before," she said; and then: "Who gave it to you?" she asked, quickly.

"Rose Delafield."

Courteney's lips quivered, and her eyes filled with tears.

"Oh, how could she be so cruel!" she exclaimed, passionately.

She would have turned away again, but now Valentine was holding her hand, and looking down at her, as he had long ago: with all the love of his strong, honest, tender heart in his eyes.

"Tell me, Courteney," he said, gravely, "were you engaged to Henry Eustace when you let me kiss you, that day at Fairfield?"

"Do you need to ask that?" she cried, with a little flash of indignation in her dewy eyes. Then softening again, she went on, tremulously:

"I was not engaged to him until my father died; and my poor mother begged me so to marry him. We were all alone; there was no one—"

She broke down with a little sob, and tried to draw her hands away from Valentine.

"Let me go," she whispered, with quivering lips.

He did release her hands; but it was only to take her into his arms and draw her head down upon his breast.

"My poor little lonely darling! I would have given my very life to comfort you. If we had only known the truth," he murmured.

There was no need now to ask the question that Rose's call had interrupted, four years ago. He knew she loved him. He kissed the sweet soft lips and tearful eyes, and soothed her with tenderest words, until she ceased to sob, and looked up again with a smile.

There was not much to be said about Rose's treachery. It was all plain enough now.

"She must have taken the note from the servant, at the door. She was in my room, helping me to pack my trunks. My portfolio was lying on the table, and it was easy enough to take the paper. And all girls write so much alike. In a scrawl like that, I do not wonder that you were deceived," Courteney said.

"It was impossible to think but that you wrote it," Valentine said. "I never dreamed of anything else. She was such a child—so merry and careless. Courteney, what motive could she have had for such a cruel deception?"

Courteney was silent for a little while, then: "Rose never liked me. Forgive her, Valentine! I am so much happier than she is," she said, gently.

In November—in the sweet, hazy Indian-summer weather—Valentine Fleming and his wife came to Fairfield, gladdening dear old Aunt Ellen's heart to its inmost depths.

Again they walked in the terraced garden, and sat down on the bank, under the old apple-tree.

"How sweet, and still, and sunny it is!" Valentine said. "Listen, Courteney! is that the same mocking-bird singing on the rose-trellis?"

Courteney—lovely, rose-cheeked, happy Courteney—listened, with a tender light in her eyes.

"I almost believe that there is an odor of violets here," she murmured, presently; and she parted the tall green leaves with careless fingers. There, beguiled into bloom by the soft wooing of the Indian-summer sunshine, nestled, humbly and sweetly, a cluster of WHITE VIOLETS.

TO YOU.

BY JOSEPH WINTERGREEN.

AH, yes, it must be better so:
The jarring chord too well I know.
Into the anthem deep and grand,
Which my soul strives to understand,
It comes, and drowns the heavenly strain,
And wakes to life the old, old pain.
I know that it is weak to bring
Its echo in your ears to ring.
I thought that I might draw from you
A little strength, some courage true,
Born of a friendship nobly blest.
Forgive me, friend; God knows the rest.
No more my woes shall worry thee:
I'll ask not e'en thy sympathy.

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THE MILL ON THE MARSH.

BY LOUIS SAUNDERS.

In one of the oldest of the New England States, on the edge of a lonely marsh, there stands a ruined wind-mill. The marsh, on one side, extends to the low wooded hills that bound it on the west, and on the other to the sand-dunes on the sea-shore, beyond which tumble the gray, melancholy breakers, that moan incessantly.

"I never see the old mill," I said, one day, "without feeling it must have a history. There is tragedy in every black outline and desolate surrounding."

I was spending the evening with an old priest, who had a charge in the great manufacturing town that lay just inland of the low hills I have spoken of: one of those simple-hearted, self-sacrificing, God-fearing men, who are more frequently to be found in all communities than is generally supposed, and who do more good, perhaps, than some of their eloquent brethren.

"It has a tragedy," he said, solemnly, after a pause, "and a terrible one. To-night is just the night for the story," for the first September gale was driving against the windows. "Draw closer to the fire, and I will tell it to you."

"About the middle of Lent," he began, "some ten years ago, I was preparing a large class for confirmation. The candidates met at night in the chapel belonging to my church here—St. John's. The attendance was large, and often not confined to my own flock. The chapel is small, and irregular in shape, and the sacristy opens into an alcove separated in a measure from the main body, and a favorite resort for late-comers or stragglers.

"One evening I noticed a strange woman come in. She was tall, even gaunt, and dressed in the deepest mourning. A crape veil fell over her face, reaching almost to her feet, through the folds of which it was impossible to discern even the outline of her features. In her hand she carried a black velvet bag; and as at that time those little bags were not as common as they are now, it struck me as something singular.

"She seemed startled at finding herself *vis-à-vis* to so many faces, and for a moment looked helplessly about, as if seeking some way to escape. Then she saw, in a corner of the alcove, and half concealed by a pillar, a vacant chair, and, gliding across the aisle, she sank into the seat. From the instant my eyes rested on her, she possessed for me a strange fascination. I had what children call a 'creepy feeling' every time I looked at her: and some irresistible power urged me to look again and again.

"I think I would have given worlds for one glimpse of her face. Her impenetrable veil somehow seemed to add to her curious fascination. But she sat through the whole of the lecture without perceptibly changing her position, and without raising this veil. When I had finished my discourse and pronounced the benediction, I summoned the sacristan. 'Can you tell me the name of the person,' I asked, 'who came in late, and took the chair in the corner of the alcove?' 'No, I can not,' he replied. In fact, he had not noticed her at all. She must have been a stranger, he said: certainly she had never been to the chapel before. I asked him to return—for this conversation took place in the sacristy—and see if the woman was still there. In a few minutes he came back, saying that she was gone, and that no one had observed her or which way she took.

"The church was separated from the chapel and sacristy by a wide corridor, through which the congregation passed out. This was not the only means of egress, however, and anyone entering from the corridor might leave by a door at the other side of the building. Perhaps she had left by that way, I said to myself. 'But, after all,' I thought, 'what business of mine is it? The woman affects me strangely, it is true: but in this effort to discover her name, her circumstances, am I not gratifying an idle curiosity, and one unworthy my calling?' Arrived at this conclusion, I dismissed the sacristan.

"It was but little after midnight, when I was aroused from my slumbers to perform the last offices for a dying parishioner. I left the chamber of death just as the clock was striking five, and made my way back to the church by the first gray dawn of morning. My thoughts were completely detached from earthly things, and given to the soul that had just gone forth on its mysterious journey; and, full of this feeling, I entered the sanctuary, to offer up prayers for its rest and peace.

"The lamp before the altar seemed only to make the surrounding darkness more intense, and I was obliged to feel my way along the

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aisle until I reached the rail; for the light outside was much too feeble to penetrate the stained glass of the windows. Just as I had knelt and made the sign of the cross, a deep, long-drawn sigh smote upon my ear.

"I turned my head quickly in the direction from which the sound issued. What was it I saw? Was it the creation of an excited brain? Or did my bodily eyes behold that black-veiled form? I never knew: for whatever the object was, it disappeared suddenly—so suddenly that when I rose to my feet and followed it, it was nowhere to be seen, either in the church or outside. Startled—nay, overwhelmed—I turned back, with that 'creeping feeling' again upon me, and sought my chamber.

"All that day long I was haunted by thoughts of the woman with the black veil. In vain I argued with myself that the feeling was superstitious—that it was uncharitable, unchristian: the feeling was stronger than the argument, and would not be quelled. It grew stronger, too, daily: for during the week that followed, the woman appeared every evening at the confirmation instructions. Each time she took the same chair in the corner of the alcove, and never once raised her heavy veil. Thus my antipathy, instead of wearing off, as I had expected it to do, increased; and when the night came for the last of my lectures, I could scarcely lift my eyes to the spot where she usually sat. When at length I did look, to my intense relief the apparition, or woman, or whatever it was, had disappeared.

"I wrote late into the night, afterwards, preparing my next day's sermon, writing in the sacristy, as I always did. Everyone had long since left the church. I was alone, surrounded by the stillness—for it was long past midnight—when, unannounced by any previous sound, there came a rap at the door.

"The next instant the door itself swung back slowly, and the dreaded figure appeared before me. Without speaking, she paused for a moment on the threshold, and lifted her veil. I shall never forget the hideous spectacle. She was emaciated to a fearful degree, and looked as if in the last stages of consumption. But what was most terrible about her was her eyes. They looked—there is no other way to describe them—like those of the lost."

He crossed himself hurriedly as he spoke.

"My heart," continued the clergyman, after a pause, "stood still. 'What brings you here?' I cried at last. She advanced a step into the room, and the door closed behind her. 'I want help,' she cried, 'and you alone can give it.' 'I cannot help you—I will see you to-morrow,' I replied, shuddering, and retreating as I spoke. 'No—to-night,' she answered, 'do not turn from me. You have seen me in the chapel before, have you not? You have noticed me? Then listen. I am suspected of the murder of my husband. If you will say that you saw me here, Monday night, I can prove an *alibi*."

"The terrible truth flashed upon me all at once. Some miles distant, on the edge of a desolate marsh, stood an old-fashioned wind-mill—the very one that has attracted your attention. The owner was a solitary man, who shunned all society, living the life of a misanthrope, if not of a hermit. A few days before, one of the neighbors, having a grist to take to the mill, went there, towards sundown, and found the old man lying dead, just inside the door, with a dagger sticking in his heart. The body was still warm.

"At first, the police were wholly at fault. Finally it was remembered that, years before, he had been married. It was said, likewise, that quarrels had been frequent between him and his wife; and that, in the end, he had turned her out of his doors, one snowy night in December. She had arrived towards midnight at the nearest farm-house, and asked shelter till morning; but had then left, and had never been heard of since. But it was remembered now that, while telling her tale, she had vowed vengeance, and said she would 'have the hand yet, as a trophy, that had pushed her out, if it cost her her life.' The phrase, at the time, seemed to have no meaning—to be only the passionate exaggeration of an angry woman. But now it was recalled to mind that the right hand of the murdered man was missing, and had evidently been cut off with some sharp instrument. With this hint, the detectives set to work: but as yet nothing had been discovered.

"Nevertheless, I was sure I beheld his wife now, and that she was the murderess. Her very question proved it. There would have been just time, after the deed was committed, to reach the town, if a quick conveyance had been employed. But to have come on foot would have required several hours, and the presumption was that a poor person like herself, could not afford to hire a conveyance. If I could testify to her presence in the chapel, it would go far to prove she could not have been at the mill at sundown.

"All my nameless distrust, dread, and loathing of her—all the horror of the past week—was concentrated in the one instant which elapsed as I gazed straight into her face. 'I believe you did the deed, and no other,' I said, slowly, at last. 'You came into the chapel, that night, late. You did not come till after you had had

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time to drive from where the murder was committed. You never walked. You are guilty.'

"For all answer, she uttered a wild cry, and flung herself on her knees at my feet. An instant more, and she would have poured out her confession; and I, as a priest, sworn to secrecy, would have been rendered powerless against her. But in that instant, I stepped backward through the door leading into the chapel, and turned the key in the lock.

"She might escape by the way she came—through the corridor—but she could not follow.

"I waited for an hour and more before returning to the sacristy: for the awful *dénoûment* had almost deprived me of the power to think or act. What was my duty in these strange circumstances? Meantime, I must finish my sermon, however. So, with a mighty effort, I drew my paper before me, when my eye lighted on an unfamiliar object on the table.

"I looked again. It was the velvet bag my visitor had always carried on her arm. The fascination she had had for me seemed now transmitted to her property. Try as I would, I could not keep my eyes from it. At length, to quiet the foolish feeling, I snatched up the bag, and thrust my hand into its depths. It contained nothing but a bundle of some soft stuff, which proved to be raw cotton. I hastily tore this apart. In the middle—cold, stiff, and covered with clotted blood—I found a human hand.

"At the same instant a cold, clammy touch was laid on my shoulder—a touch so icy that it penetrated even through my clothing. I started up, crossing myself, and instinctively uttering an exorcism. At the same instant, the dead hand was snatched from me.

"There, too, gazing wildly at me, was that emaciated face—those awful, terrible eyes! My tongue was paralyzed. My exorcism died on my lips. The apparition, or murderess, whichever it was, gave a wild shriek, in which mockery and horror alternated. I felt my senses reeling. I knew I was falling, and, catching at my chair, sank into it, senseless."

The old priest drew a long breath, gazed into the fire for an instant, and then went on.

"I learned afterwards that I was found insensible by the sacristan the next morning, and that I lay in the delirium of fever for days. On my recovery, the first news I heard was that the murderer of the old miller was supposed to have been found, in the person of his wife, whose dead body was discovered, about dawn of the day in which I fell senseless, lying, face downwards, in a puddle not far from the mill. 'She had been drawn to the spot,' said my informant, 'it is supposed, by the strange fascination which attracts criminals to the scene of their misdeeds, had missed a step in the darkness, and had fallen into one of the many pools which everywhere intersect the marsh. The strangest thing about it all,' continued my informant, 'was that the hand of her dead husband was found in a bag or reticule which she carried. That,' he said, 'left no doubt that she had murdered him.'"

"But how," said I, aghast with horror, my very flesh creeping chill, "could she be in both places at once? You are sure about the hour she came back to you? It must have been almost dawn, from what you have said."

"My son," said the old priest, gravely, "there are some things that are quite beyond explanation. Perhaps there was time for the woman to have snatched her bag—for I suppose she had returned for it—and reach the marshes before her corpse was discovered. I always tell myself so. But there was something so weird about it all that I have shrunk from speaking of it, lest I might be thought superstitious—lest people might say that I believed it to have been an apparition. Perhaps it was. Perhaps they all were: and the woman, in her bodily presence, was never in the chapel at all. Perhaps," reverently, "it was a soul out of torment that came to me. I do not know what has moved me to tell the story to you. But I feel that you, at least, will not make a jest of an old man."

A few days after, I saw the old mill for the last time. I was driving by, towards evening, and it stood out against the lurid sky spectral and weird as ever, with the sound of the breakers moaning incessantly, beyond the sand-dunes, that lay between it and the Atlantic.

"AFTER LONG YEARS."

BY CATHARINE ALLAN.

After a day of toil, or pain, or tears,
Or suff'ring for the right,
How sweet dear sleep, forgetting all, appears:
Then how we welcome night.

After long years of care, or strife, or woe,
Or wrong, or friends' deceit,
To lay life down how willingly we go:
Then death, like sleep, is sweet.

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THE MYSTERY OF THE BROCKEN.

BY MRS. M. SHEFFEY PETERS.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 309.

CHAPTER VI.

On the hearth-rug fronting the great fireplace, in which a light blaze was kindled, stood an invalid-chair; and in the chair sat the mistress of the house: erect, snowy-haired, white-capped, but with a look of pain marring the usual serenity of the aged but still high-bred face. Over the joint of one withered finger a large ring hung loosely, its gold somewhat dimmed, but the initials "R. B." traced in golden shading across the face of the bloodstone setting. Through the other unsteady fingers the aged lady was drawing the string of yellowed pearls, fingering them one by one, as a nun might the beads of her rosary.

"Gran'mer," said Helen, crossing the hearth-rug to lay a gentle hand on her shoulder, "you remember I told you that our relative, Mr. Archibald Manning, had come to visit us. I have brought him to see you."

She who had been the proud and handsome mistress of the Brocken a score of years before turned her faded eyes upon the young man bowing before her.

"He is welcome, my dear," she said, extending her hand with the hospitable courtesy of the olden time. "A son of my husband's kinsman will be always welcome at the Brocken."

Yet it was but a glimpse of recognition, as Manning saw. Almost instantly the flash of intelligence vanished, and the speaker turned from him to address her granddaughter, complainingly:

"It is strange they do not come, Eunice. The night has been long. Yet they had not far to go."

Helen was about to answer her, as if really her daughter Eunice, with soothing promises, when her cousin, stepping out of sight behind the screen, hurriedly whispered:

"Ask how far they had to go."

But he had relied too certainly upon the dame's blunted sense of hearing. The sharp whisper reached her, and though it left her uncertain of the direction from which it had come, her suspicions were excited.

She peered about her, warily.

"You should be more discreet, Eunice," she reprimanded, sharply. "The walls have ears, in these days. You should not ask me how far they have gone—or where. Only Rolfe, and faithful Ike, and I know where the hiding-place is. But it is not far."

"But we might know when to expect them, if you would tell me where they were to go with the silver," said her grandchild, flushing, as if feeling guilty at the deception she was practicing.

"That is so," replied the old lady, quickly. "It is too short a distance for them to be away so long. Only to the Cliff Ridge, you know, my dear—no further." Then she beckoned Helen to stoop nearer. "I do not exactly know; but Rolfe knows; somewhere in the Cliff—no further, Eunice. A cleft in the rocks—maybe a little cave; and the silver will be safe, Rolfe says. But then they stay so long—and it is but a short distance. Why do they not come? Can Sophy know what detains them? Call her, Eunice."

She made an effort herself, as if to rise from her chair; but her granddaughter pressed her gently back.

"I will speak to Mammy Soph," she said, soothingly, "and tell her to come to you, dear."

Her grandmother nodded assent; and she quitted the room. A moment later she returned, followed, reluctantly enough, by Mammy Soph, who was evidently making desperate efforts to compose herself.

A violent trembling seized her mistress as Mammy Soph entered; she cried out with the same agonized wail which had first startled Helen and her guest; and repeated the cry again and again.

"It is no use," said Helen. "She can't talk to you. You agitate her too much, Mammy. Go away, and tell Aunt Eunice to come. Oh! I wish the doctor was here."

The old nurse was only too glad to escape from the sight of the motionless figure on the bed, and so hurried from the room, as fast as her tottering steps would allow.

"Gran'mer has never recognized Aunt Eunice," Helen said to Manning. "But I can't let her feel she is regarded as a stranger. So I have sent for her."

"It is twenty years since she left, is it not?" said Manning. "Even a daughter might expect

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to be forgotten in that time. It was her own act too, she must remember, which has shut her out from the mother's love all these years."

"She was very young—not seventeen," said the niece, apologetically. As she spoke, she raised her hand warningly.

There was a rustle of feminine drapery outside, the door opened, and Madam Hurkamp stood before the cousins. Madam was a handsome woman—patrician-faced, lustrous-eyed, and not unlike Helen. Only she lacked the gracious womanly air which was the latter's distinguishing charm. In the haughty curve of the elder woman's lips, in the very arch of her fine eyebrow, she showed the imperious will which had mastered all about her, and had well-nigh controlled every impulse of her own life even.

That Manning's instinctive dislike of her was understood, was evinced by the defiant glance she shot at him in passing.

"How did this dreadful thing happen?" she asked, in her commanding way, addressing Helen, and turning her back on Manning. "Some excitement, Sophy tells me—something about finding Rolfe's—"

She stopped abruptly, with a shiver, her proud lips whitening. Her glance strayed for a single instant to the pearls and ring on the stand near her mother's vacant chair. Then she went on:

"Some fabrication, I suppose, about a ring and jewels. But you might have known, Helen, that your grandmother was too feeble—"

"Aunt Eunice," cried Helen, suddenly, "I do believe gran'mer knows your voice. See, her eyes are trying to seek yours, and she is evidently making an effort to speak."

"Knows me? What folly!" she said, but in a lower tone. "There's nothing in me of the Eunice she knew twenty years ago."

Yet it was difficult to mistake the strange gleam of intelligence in the dimmed eyes of the mother, now fastened so yearningly upon the proud face of the daughter. The latter took, in her richly-jeweled fingers, the withered, wasted ones that had been folded helplessly on the aged bosom.

Her haughty mood changed and softened.

"Mother, do you know me?" she asked, softly. "It is Eunice—your child Eunice. She whom you loved and petted in those happy, olden days. Ah, God! Speak, mother, and say that you know me! I might be a happier and better woman, to know that you would never have cast me off, as the others did. Neither I nor mine had aught to do with the death of Rolfe. Do you hear me, mother dear?"

But the aged invalid only sighed faintly, and averted her head.

With a sudden change of mood, perhaps a frenzy of disappointment, the daughter turned fiercely upon Helen.

"Did you summon me to mock me?" she cried. "Heavens! how could I expect she would know me? Why," with a bitter laugh, "I do not know myself. The Eunice she and I knew in those days is dead. No! You knew that her eyes would turn from my face to yours. You knew that you had but too surely supplanted me in her love—yes, in the possession of home, friends—everything."

She turned away, and moved restlessly twice or thrice across the room. Meantime, Manning, feeling that he was intruding, had slipped noiselessly from the apartment. It was with a sense of relief that Madam Hurkamp saw this. She was glad to miss the keen scrutiny to which, she felt, she had been subjected whilst he remained.

"We have no affinity for each other," she said to herself. "Well, it is not the first time a Manning's path has crossed mine. Let this younger man beware! I am not the harmless dove I was when his father winged me in pursuit of my rightful inheritance."

Suddenly, as she moved to and fro, a fragment of paper became disentangled from the trail of her robe, and, fluttering aside, attracted her attention. She stooped, picked it up, and straightened out the crumpled folds in the palm of her hand.

At the sight of the few strange characters it bore, a nervous trembling seized her. She crushed the fragment of paper in her hand, and glancing cautiously around to see that her niece had not observed her, concealed it in her bosom.

Helen did not see the action, or notice her pick up the paper: for all this while she had been bending over her grandmother, soothing her with soft-whispered words.

"I will leave you now," said the aunt. "If she recovers consciousness, and asks for me, remember, I shall always be ready to come." And with these words she slipped away, and hastened to her own room.

CHAPTER VII.

In the seclusion of her chamber, Madam Hurkamp, after having locked the door, took out the bit of paper, spread it carefully on a table before her, and began, with eager eyes and hurried breath, to study the strange characters.

"It is Rolfe's sketching—Rolfe's bold chirography," she said, and the tears—woman of the world as she was—rose to her eyes. "Great heavens! it is as though my poor brother stood before me. Rolfe! Rolfe! The sister to whom

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thou wast so tender would learn of these secret characters the place of thy hiding and the hand of thy murderer."

After a time, more mercenary thoughts came to this woman of the world.

"The cipher may show me the way to the hidden treasure of the Brocken," she said. "If so, who has a better right than I to the gold and silver? It is, after all, my rightful inheritance. Let me but find the clue, and I— If Colonel Hurkamp would only—but no, he will give me no aid in this matter. Arthur I can direct. He must come to me at once. Together we may thwart this Mr. Archibald Manning, who is here to disappoint my aims, I feel sure." So speaking, she opened her desk and wrote a telegram to her husband, desiring him to send her son Arthur to the Brocken at once.

Meantime, Manning, shut up in his room, was poring over a bit of paper not unlike that which Madam had found. In leaving the sick-chamber he had noticed something—apparently a piece of writing—held down to the floor by one of the brass claw-feet of the small table there. Seeing that a corner of it had already been torn off, he had picked it up, intending to lay it on the table; but in smoothing it out he had been attracted by certain queer characters on it, apparently hieroglyphics. Suddenly it flashed upon him that they might somehow afford a clue to the mystery of the Brocken. He changed his purpose, therefore, and thrust it into his pocket unobserved, the backs of both Madam and Helen being turned at that instant. Now, in his own room, he was endeavoring to decipher the characters, but in vain. Nevertheless, he had a suspicion—which the reader knows to be correct—that Madam had the other piece of the paper.

"I will penetrate the secret yet," he said. "I will out-general her."

The next morning, after breakfast, Helen said to Manning: "My aunt tells me she has telegraphed for her elder son Arthur. She says that if anything should happen to gran'mer, she would never forgive herself if he was not here."

"Ah!" said Manning. "There is no time to be lost, then: the plot thickens. There is more in this than appears on the surface."

"What do you mean?"

"Can you meet me in the library sometime to-day? You remember that bit of paper with the secret writing on it, that I showed you hurriedly last night? Well, I think that holds the clue to the mystery here, if I could only find the clue; and it may also explain this strange visit of your aunt, and her summons to her son."

"I will meet you this afternoon, when gran'mer takes her nap," said Helen; "but there's nothing, believe me, in those strange Chinese characters."

CHAPTER VIII.

Two days later, Mr. Arthur Hurkamp arrived. He was sitting, in the afternoon, lolling at ease, in his mother's apartments: handsome, stylish, nonchalant. She had been telling him of her desire to reclaim the Brocken, as an inheritance for her children and her children's children.

"The recovery of the hidden treasure of which I told you," she said, "will be a means to the end. On the contrary, if Helen finds it, the mortgage will be paid, and the Brocken will never be on the market."

"I thought you were going to hint that the fair mistress might be on the market herself. An equal exchange would be no robbery, would it?" he said, stroking his downy mustache.

"You know what my wish on that subject is, Arthur. A marriage with your cousin Helen would be exactly what I wish. But there is this interloper—this Mr. Archibald Manning: and that is another reason why I have sent for you. Already he has made a vast stride into the confidence of your cousin Helen. He is trustee, or guardian—or what not?—since the death of his father. He holds the mortgage, too, against the place. He and Helen have been corresponding, during his long absence abroad; and doubtless she communicated to him the fact that I wished to pay off the debt, and hold the lien in his stead."

"And you think he intends to thwart us?"

"I feel sure he came to the Brocken for that purpose."

"And perhaps, since seeing my fair cousin, he, like myself, concludes that she would add to, rather than detract from, the value of this fine old place?"

"Yes. But, on her part, she is proud, and would never consent to discharge the mortgage in that way. She must pay him every farthing she owes, or Mr. Archibald Manning will never be able to win her. If she finds these valuables, they will open the way for him to secure the prize."

Mr. Arthur Hurkamp composedly rolled a cigarette.

"That much I understand. What I cannot understand is, how we are to lay our hands on this treasure, if treasure there be?"

"Ah, there's our good luck," said his mother. "I had a suspicion that there was a paper—no matter what made me think so—that would reveal this secret, and I hinted as much to your sister Amide. Well, after that, she kept her

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eyes open. So, last evening, she went to the library, to study her French. She was sitting in the eastern alcove, and the curtains were drawn, when Manning entered the library. He had arranged some papers on the round table next to the alcove, when Helen joined him, as if by appointment. She told him that gran'mer was sleeping, but that she could only be away from her the least while, so he must show her the cipher at once. At this, Amide pricked up her ears, remembering what I had told her. They both sat down at the table, without either of them coming near the alcove; but they were so close to Amide that she could have heard every word they had to say, if Eustace, at that very moment, had not come rushing into the library calling for her. Eustace went straight for the alcove, but, in passing the table, he knocked against the side and jostled off a book and some papers. A puff of wind, from the open window back of the table, fluttered three of the papers into the alcove. Amide saw that one of them had a corner torn off. She remembered the cipher-paper I had told her of, and thought this might be the part I said was missing. It was easy to slip the paper into the leaves of her French grammar, and hand the others back to Manning, who, with Eustace and Helen, was gathering up all the papers scattered by the wind. Then Amide brought the paper to me."

"Good for her. She's a regular trump;" said the son, throwing back his head, with a hearty laugh.

"When I told Amide that I could make nothing of the queer, cramped hieroglyphics, and that they reminded me of nothing so much as some of Poe's tales on cryptography, she, all at once, clapped her hands, and said that there might be something more in that than I thought: for that Poe's tales had been the very book Manning was looking into when Eustace jostled it off the table. She ran off at once to the library, and brought the book. Here it is. Now, with the marginal letters in the 'Gold Bug' I think Manning hoped to find the key to the riddle. Let us compare them with the cipher."

But the mother and son puzzled over the mystery in vain. "There is some link missing," she said. "Oh, if we could only solve it! I feel sure the solution of the riddle lies here, and if Manning finds it first, we are lost. Perhaps his part of the manuscript is more clear, and he has found the clue."

"For my part," said the son, "I think the key to the treasure, if treasure there really is, will never be found. All this stuff here is simply incomprehensible."

"But I tell you," said his mother, imperiously, "there is a treasure, and it must and shall be found. It is due to me; it is due to my children; above all, it is due to your father."

"But, mother," said Arthur, lowering his voice, "my father told me, the last thing before I left, to warn you—those were his very words—against stirring up this matter again."

"It is of him also I am thinking. The time has come when his hands, at least, must be washed clear of this stain."

"Mother!"

Madam Hurkamp raised her hand. "Yes, it was because of the suspicion against him that I, his wife, was exiled from home and people."

"Mother!" cried the son, grasping her arm with almost rude force, "I never heard of this before. What does it mean? What is this charge against my father? Speak the truth to me plainly."

"Your grandfather Brock disinherited me because he believed me to be married to the man who had, directly or indirectly, been concerned in the death of old Ike and the disappearance of your Uncle Rolfe, as well as in the robbery of the Brock valuables."

"But, great heavens! how could a man like my father be suspected of crimes like those? Such an accusation is preposterous."

"If you had known how sectional animosity raged during the war, you might better understand it, Arthur. Your father, with his command, was quartered in the neighborhood of the Brocken but a day after the event occurred. My father thought he wanted my money, not myself; that he would do anything to get money. But it was not so. And, God knows, I married your father only because I loved him."

She paused, and moved restlessly in her chair. "You know the rest. My father was one who never forgave. From that day to this I have been an alien from those of my own blood. I know, and you know, that the accusation against your father is false. What then? The mystery of that night's work has never been explained. Who did the deed? This cipher may point, as with the finger of Nemesis, to the real author of the crime, if crime there was."

"You are right, mother," said the son, gathering from the table the stained papers covered with the hieroglyphics which had baffled their research. "It is time this skeleton of the Brocken should be unveiled. If any revelation is to be had from these secret characters, an expert in cryptography can readily discover the meaning of them. I will start for Washington, where there are such experts, this very evening;

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and in three days' time you shall know all that can be known."

CHAPTER IX.

NEITHER the mother nor son knew that this conversation had been overheard; but Amide had been in the next room, and the door, unobserved by anyone, was ajar. Consequently she had listened to the whole conversation.

The next day, as soon as breakfast was over, she told all to Eustace, her confidant in everything. Her story was confirmed, to a certain extent, by the departure of Arthur. But at first Eustace was incredulous.

"Pshaw!" he said, "it's all nonsense. There's no treasure, nor any cipher: it's all a fancy of yours or of mamma's."

"You may laugh," replied Amide, "but that don't alter the fact. Mamma and Arthur were busy ever so long, trying to read the cipher."

"Did they make anything of it?"

"No. But, Eustace, she told Arthur an awful thing—something dreadful. It's so awful I dare not repeat it."

"If all the tragic—" began Eustace, impatiently. "Amide, don't you try to practice high tragedy. It might come natural to Prissy to pace the room and wring her hands like that. She's a regular fire-eater, Priscilla is. But you—you might have been born at the North Pole, and fed on the aurora borealis, for all the fire that's in you."

"Eustace, you're getting unbearably rude," retorted Amide, with a pout. "And it's all because you associate so much with Dan and Toby. But I think I know something more important than the cipher," she added, with a sudden air of importance. "I know of a cave; and if there's a treasure hidden anywhere, it's there."

"Pooh! there is no cave at the Brocken, or Dan would have told me of it," replied Eustace.

"Dan doesn't know. Nobody knows but me and Priscilla. I can show you the place. Priscilla tumbled into it by accident. She went down nearly up to her waist, and was frightened half to death. It was the day you found the bottle. We would have told you about it at the time, only that put it out of my head. You remember that while you and Dan were down on the river fishing, Prissy and I were on the ridge above gathering flowers? Well, we stopped to look at a great pine-tree that had been blown down—one that had been torn up by the very roots—when Prissy saw a lovely clump of columbine growing between two of the upper roots; and she started to climb up to pluck it, but slipped, and rolled down into the deep hollow from which the tree had been uprooted. We both laughed at first, but Prissy screamed out directly, finding that her foot was sinking down, down. She called to me to help her quick. Holding on to the roots, I leaned over the hole, and reached my hand to her, and, by us both pulling hard, she managed to scramble out. Her struggles had widened the hole considerably, till it looked more dangerous than ever. We wanted to see how deep it was, so Priscilla took a long branch of the fallen tree, and pushed it as far down as she could. 'It don't touch bottom, Amide,' she said, looking white and scared. 'Goodness! I might have broken my neck. See, the stick swings about as if there were neither sides nor bottom to the place.'

"I told her to drop the branch, and see if it would fall far. When she let go, it shot out of sight, and we never saw or heard from it again. Only a swish of cold air came up in our faces. 'Let's throw rocks in,' said Priscilla; and we did, and never heard from them. Only, when we rolled four pretty large ones in together, we heard them thud somewhere, way down."

She paused in her recital, seeing Eustace hurriedly packing away his gun, and asked: "What are you going to do now, Eustace?"

"Going to do? Well, I never! To think two girls could have had all that lark of fun together, without a word to a fellow, for four days. I am going straight to the ridge, and I'll tell you what I find down in that hole, if I live to come out."

At this point, who should break in on the excited speakers but Priscilla. She was immediately told what Amide had overheard, and what Eustace proposed to do.

Priscilla entered into the idea with enthusiasm. "The cave has got a bottom, I know," she said. "I heard the rocks that we flung down strike it—but oh! ever so far down."

"If we only had a rope and windlass now," said Eustace, "we might descend with safety."

"But old Uncle Ben," interrupted Priscilla, "has a windlass and basket, which is better than a mere rope. He uses it to go down wells. Let us go to him at once," cried the enthusiastic girl. "Uncle Ben, you know, is one of the old hands, that have remained with us: he has been on the plantation these sixty years."

The three started off, without further words, to Uncle Ben's cabin. As they passed the window of Manning's room, Prissy, happening to glance up, saw her cousin apparently much engrossed with a lantern; and she remembered to have seen him returning before breakfast from the village with this very lantern. "He,

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ho!" she said to herself, "lanterns like that are just suited for underground work. It looks suspicious. You know of the cave also. Perhaps you've been able to read the cipher. Well, you'll have to hurry, or we'll be there before you."

It was not without difficulty that they persuaded Uncle Ben to entrust his windlass and basket to them. But a silver dollar, judiciously invested by Eustace, finally overcame all the old man's scruples. They studiously avoided telling what they wanted it for: the more, as at first he had asked: "if dey wanted to s'arch any cave?" With a rheumatic wheeze, he said: "Dar ain't no cave. An' if dar wuz, it's hid in de dark." And Prissy only quieted him by asking after his rheumatism. "For all that," she said, when they left, "he knows more than he'll tell. There's something about the cave he's afraid of, and I'm surer than ever we're on the right trail."

Eustace, meantime, had pressed Dan into their service, and they soon had the windlass at the mouth of the pit. They fixed it firmly in its place, and tested the rope, to see if it was secure and strong.

"Now fasten the open lantern in the basket, and wind it off the windlass first, to make a trial-trip," suggested Priscilla. "If that safely touches bottom, why mayn't we?"

Steadily the light descended through the narrow opening. The blazing eye of the lantern dropped lower and lower, looking like a star reflected in a pool of inky water. Evidently there was no contraction of the rocky walls of the fissure. It seemed indeed, to the watchers above, that, twelve or fifteen feet down, the basket swung into a clear space: for the circle of rays from the lantern suddenly widened, the gleams no longer showing a reeking face of stone on either hand.

"Thirty feet of rope have been wound off from the windlass already," Priscilla said. "How very deep it must be."

"There are at least thirty or forty feet more on the beam," said Eustace. "Wind her off, Dan."

"That will do, Dan," cried Prissy, a few moments later, when about fifty feet or more had been told off. "The basket has either landed on a ledge, or it has reached the bottom."

"It has touched bottom!" shouted Eustace, peering down. "I see the basket plainly; and there seems to be an open floor stretching off from it. Here, Dan, we'll haul her up. Steady—steady there! I'll go down at once."

"Eustace," said Prissy, "you knew I am going with you."

Eustace was horrified.

"I'm not a bit afraid," she said. "The windlass is firmly braced to this big tree. The cogs hold the cable at every turn; and the basket does not even jostle. There can be no danger."

For a time, Amide and Eustace both objected; but Priscilla finally prevailed; and, when all was ready, she was the first to enter the basket, laying hold of the supports at the side with a firm grasp. Eustace took his place opposite.

"You are made of sterner stuff than other girls, Prissy," he said. "You are brave enough to be a boy."

"To be a boy?" she repeated, indignantly. "Bravery is altogether of the masculine sex, then, I suppose? So, in your estimation, all boys are braver than all girls. Here, Dan! Master Eustace thinks he'd rather have a brave boy with him. You shall go down in my place."

But Dan's eyes grew twice as big with fright.

"'Clar, fo' de grashus, Miss Priscilla," he said, "I couldn't be drug down inter dat black hole wi' er four-hoss team."

"Shall I hold you in, Eustace?" laughed Prissy, settling herself anew in the basket.

"Dan, if you're afraid to go down yourself, mind how you wind us off," cautioned Eustace, as he gave the signal for the first turn of the windlass. A moment later, the basket slipped from its hooks, and dropped smoothly downwards. The perilous descent was begun.

CHAPTER X.

"Don't let us look down," Prissy said, almost in a whisper, as their bright young heads sank below the surface. "We must keep our eyes raised to the sky, if we don't want to get dizzy."

But Eustace kept his gaze fixed upon the face opposite him. He saw the light of the heavens fade from its youthful bloom, and saw the glory replaced by the murky, flickering glare of the lantern at their feet. Only an oblong square of the sky's whiteness was above them, and the dread abyss of blackness beneath. It seemed to him that his cousin's face was taking on the ghastliness of death. He unclasped one of his hands from the rope, and gripped both of hers, where they held to the support.

"Prissy," he said, in a tremulous voice, which, low as it was, found a mocking echo in the widening chasm, "forgive me, dear! I should not have brought you into this danger."

"Hush! Eustace," she answered. "Don't talk. It makes the silence more awful."

A few moments, that seemed as hours, passed. Dan, at the windlass, was lowering them with a caution that served, at least, to prolong the agony of the descent.

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"It is a long way down," said Prissy, at last, "isn't it?"

"We're in a cave of some kind, anyhow," said Eustace. "See! the lantern throws its light on a stone roofing; and out yonder, there seems to me to be white pillars, like stalagmites. But the rays go such a short distance. I think we are likely to come to a stop, pretty soon."

Scarcely were the words spoken, when thump! bump! they came against a solid surface, and, in spite of themselves, were jostled rudely against each other.

Prissy laughed hysterically.

"Hello!" cried Eustace, "we've lit somewhere—but where?"

"Upon the top of a subterranean mountain, maybe," suggested the girl, still half hysterical; but quite content, for the moment, to be anywhere, rather than to be falling, like a wingless bird, through space, as they had been for the last five minutes.

"We'll look before we leap, at all events," replied her companion. "Here's a ball of strong twine, which I got from the tool-chest. We'll tie our lantern to that, and inspect our landing before we alight."

To their relief, the inspection showed a level flooring, stretching far beyond the radius of their lantern's feeble light. He and Priscilla were soon standing, therefore, on the rocky floor.

"Before we begin to explore," said Eustace, "let's see if we can find something to fasten our basket to. We'd be in a pretty plight, if Amide should grow uneasy, and have Dan to draw up the basket without us. She promised to wait till we signaled; but it's better to be on the safe side. Ah! here's a pile of rocks. This looks as if the Titans had been stone-breaking for a McAdam-road along here."

They secured the basket accordingly, and fastening one end of the twine to this point of safety, set out, with the other end in their hands, determined to explore the cavern—at least, as far out, and around, as their clue would permit them to go in safety.

With clasped hands they went slowly on, choosing their steps cautiously: for they knew not what obstructions or pitfalls might lie ahead of them; and besides, their lamp lit up but a limited space around. Gradually the floor seemed to rise, and the inequalities formed themselves into stalagmites, which, presently, fashioned themselves into arches, pillars, and domes; while corridors branched off into the unseen, on either hand, and ahead. Into the zig-zag contortions of one of these corridors the cousins ventured, after a time; but they were soon brought to a stand, against a blank face of rock, apparently shutting off their advance in that direction.

"Our ball of twine has nearly run out," Eustace said. "So perhaps we had best turn back—at least, from this particular labyrinth."

"Stay—I feel a current of air," said Priscilla, passing her hand along the wall. "There may be an opening here."

Eustace threw the light of his lantern forward, bringing the gray and purple and red tints of the calcareous stone into relief.

"Move the light across here, to my left," directed Prissy. "Ah!" uttering a cry of triumph, "I thought so. There is the passage-way. It's a mere slit, but it's wide enough for us to pass through."

"But," objected Eustace, suspiciously regarding the contracted opening, "what if the twine gives out?"

"Dear me!" ruefully returned Prissy. "We'll go into this, then, only a short distance—that is, unless it leads us clear out from the cave. The current of air is so strong, we can't be far from the outer world."

Inspired by this hope, they decided to go forward. The passage, so narrow at first, soon widened, became less and less tortuous, and expanded finally into a second cavern, though one less spacious than the first. Their ball of twine having been exhausted, Eustace proposed to turn back. But the fever of exploration had seized upon Priscilla.

"Oh, no!" she said, "not at the very moment of triumph. I am sure the way out from the cave lies just ahead."

Nevertheless, she proposed to Eustace to tear her handkerchief and his into fragments, to drop at intervals, in order that they might retrace their steps back to the twine again, if they found retreat necessary.

"This cavern," said Priscilla, directly, "gets smaller and smaller. Either the roof slopes down, or the floor rises to it, across yonder."

"Take care!" cried Eustace, as she stumbled suddenly against some rocky fragment.

The stone she had tripped against rolled forward a few inches, and then dropped and fell, as if down some pit—how far, who could tell? Only its faint reverberations, as it rebounded from side to side, came back to the horror-stricken listeners. Instinctively Prissy clutched at Eustace's arm, her face blanching to the hue of death.

Eustace passed his arm around the trembling girl, and drew her into safety. Prissy made an effort to smile, but the attempt was a failure.

"When we return, we can at least tell Amide that we barely escaped tumbling into a chasm

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yawning a hundred feet before us," she said, drawing herself from her cousin's supporting arm.

"Hadn't we better turn back now?" Eustace asked, anxiously.

"Oh, no! at least, not till we've seen how far this chasm extends."

Eustace swung his lantern back and forth over the black abyss, to whose edge they had now advanced.

"It may be deep," he said, "but it's only a narrow fissure, after all."

"Why, yes," assented Prissy. "It looks as if we might jump across easily."

"Will you jump first?" Eustace gravely asked.

Prissy laughed nervously. "It might be safer to go in a balloon, maybe."

"We can work our way around it, I feel sure," said Eustace. So, making a detour, they moved cautiously once more among the crags and projecting formations that broke, around the fissure, the general uniformity of the floor.

"I believe we are on the other side of the pit," said Eustace, presently.

"Which side is the other side?" laughed Prissy, now recovered from her panic.

"This side," said Eustace, seriously. "And it's more comfortable than you would have found the bottom-side to be. Don't you think so?"

But his cousin did not answer. She was peering ahead into the shadows.

"Eustace," she said, in a wondering tone, "look yonder. What is that?"

Eustace tried to follow her finger, but the light of his lantern was either insufficient, or Prissy's eyes sharper than his own.

"What is it?" he asked, in a hushed whisper, affected by her agitation.

"It looked like—ugh! There it is again. How awful! Heavens! Eustace, it is a skeleton!"

"Pooh! it is only a queer-shaped stalagmite," said the other, perhaps to reassure himself as well as the trembling girl clinging to his arm.

But no! For as they advanced a step further, the light fell full on a gleaming white object, half supported against the jutting rocks ahead of them, the ghastly shape of which—the attitude, and the fragments of clothing clinging still to it—were not to be mistaken. Priscilla hid her face in her hands, quivering from head to foot in a paroxysm of horror.

"Prissy," said Eustace, "don't be alarmed. This is only some poor unfortunate—"

"It is Uncle Rolfe, Eustace," whispered the girl, lifting her head to gaze at the thing, in a sort of awful fascination.

"Uncle Rolfe?" He spoke incredulously. But a moment's thought showed him that her dreadful suspicion, after all, might be true. He drew her forward, gently but firmly. Priscilla did not resist. She had lived in the midst of the mystery of the Brocken all her life: why then should she shrink now?

A solemn awe had taken possession of both the cousins, driving away the superstitious fears that at first had assailed them.

"If it is Uncle Rolfe, we must learn how he came here, and how he met this fate," Eustace said, as they drew closer to the skeleton. "These fragments of clothing will identify him: they still show their color; and the buttons are of metal—military buttons, I think. And here—" shuddering as he lifted a slender chain, "see, Prissy! it is a watch—a gold watch—and it is set with jewels."

Priscilla's fingers shook; but she took the watch, which he had detached and now handed to her.

"These seem to be initials set in diamonds," she said, inspecting it close to the lantern. "R. B.! Oh, Eustace! it is he!"

"Yes," her cousin answered, soothingly, at her agonized cry. "I know, Prissy. It must be Uncle Rolfe. But, dear, be brave. We must look further. Strange that the skeleton stands upright. Ah, this explains. Great heavens! he has been thrust through and through with this great rough-bladed knife. His attitude was a defensive one; but the villains pinned him literally to the rock."

"Oh, Eustace!" cried the girl, trembling as in an ague-fit, "who could have done the cruel deed?"

With Eustace, she felt that it would not be right, after this, to shrink from the duties this discovery had devolved upon them. She, therefore, though with shuddering horror, assisted Eustace in his examination of the immediate surroundings of the hapless victim.

An emptied pistol, fallen into a cleft of rock at the feet of the murdered man, rewarded their search. The pistol bore, also, on the silver plate, the initials R. B. There could no longer be a doubt regarding the identity of the unfortunate being, whose only mausoleum had, for twenty years, been this solitary cavern.

"He made a desperate fight with the villains, whoever they were," said Eustace, admiringly. "The pistol is a repeater, but all the barrels are empty. There must have been three or four attacking him: enough to carry away their wounded possibly, as well as the silver plate and valuables."

"Let us look further," said Priscilla.

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Suddenly, the rays of their lantern flashed upon a heap of objects to their right. Priscilla, with a cry, hastened forward.

"I believe in my soul it is the silver plate, Eustace," she exclaimed. "Yes, it is. Here are one, two, three bags, all falling into tatters. Through the holes in them I see silver gleaming everywhere."

"And here," cried Eustace, sharing her excitement, "are boxes, too. A wooden one, ready to fall to pieces, no doubt—like the bags; but this other seems to be of metal—zinc, I suspect; heavy, too."

"It's the bonds and money, maybe," suggested Prissy.

"We can see pretty soon, if this lid can be raised. It's locked; but the hinges are so rusted, we may be able to break them. Go to that end, Prissy, and help lift."

Priscilla took hold of the opposite end of the box, and was stooping to help in lifting the lid, when she suddenly started back, uttering a sharp cry of horror. Her movement shook the bags that held the silver plate; the frayed hemp parted; the silver tumbled out, jostling the rickety wooden box, on which Eustace had placed his lantern: and lo! in a twinkling they were plunged in darkness—darkness so utter, that they had never conceived such darkness possible.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

THREE KISSES OF FAREWELL.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

THREE, only three, my darling,
  Three solemn ones and slow;
Not like the glad, swift kisses
  That once we used to know.
We kissed then, loved and loving,
  Simply to taste love's sweet,
And lavished out our kisses
  As summer does its heat.
Kiss now as those who suffer
  When hope and fear are spent,
And nothing more is left to give
  Except a sacrament.

First of the three, my darling,
  Is sacred to the pain
We've caused to one another,
  But never will again.
We've quarreled and we've parted,
  And written words that stung;
But nevermore, forever,
  Shall thus our hearts be wrung.
I kiss thee with the compact:
  Whato'er we give or take,
'Twill be forgot, forgiven,
  And all for love's dear sake.

The second kiss, my darling,
  Is full of joy's sweet thrill.
We've blessed each other always,
  And oh! we always will.
We'll feel each other's presence,
  Past all of time and space:
And, list'ning, hear each other,
  Unseen, in every place.
Oh! earth is full of angels,
  Which love sends to and fro.
I kiss thee, darling, for all joy
  That we shall ever know.

The last kiss—oh! my darling,
  My love—I cannot see
Through tears, as I remember
  What it, alas! may be.
For we may die far sundered:
  Die with no time to give
A sign our hearts are faithful
  In death, as when we live:
A sign none can interpret
  Who see our parting breath.
This one last kiss, my darling,
  It is the kiss of Death.

WHAT LIES BEYOND?

BY WILLIAM CARLETON.

RINGED with blue mountains,
  Oft, when a little lad,
  Dreamed I of something glad
    Hidden beyond.
Ships and the shining sea,
Towns, towers, haunted me.
  Dreams made me glad—and sad.
    Life lay beyond.

Ringed with blue welkin,
  Oft now, as when a lad,
  Dream I of something glad
    Hidden beyond.
Something I cannot see
Haunts and entices me;
  Dreams make me glad—and sad:
    What lies beyond?

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LITTLE TODDLEKINS.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

In a weak moment I listened to the persuasions of an officious friend, and entered that worst of human purgatories—one of those immense shops in which it is popularly supposed mankind may find every possible desirable object, from a ready-furnished house down to a shoe-lace.

Now, though nobody will believe it—why, I cannot conceive, unless because the simple truth is exactly what nobody ever will believe—I am constitutionally that unfortunate creature—a shy man. But nowhere am I so afflicted by my annoying infirmity as in a shop. That regally gorgeous animal—the American hotel-clerk—is formidable enough in all conscience, but at least he is mercifully oblivious of one's material presence, even while condescending to dispense the favor of a night's lodging; but the banged-haired young lady who sells one gloves, and the mercantile dude who dispenses shirt-collars with a supercilious smile, are less merciful. I am as wax in the hands of my tailor, and fear my bootmaker much more than I do a wild Apache.

But I think I reached the acme of mortal suffering, and sounded the depths of earthly humiliation, on this particular day of which I set out to give you the chronicle.

I lingered for awhile on the pavement in front of the great doors, which were besieged by crowds of people whose bold carelessness of mien I regarded with admiring envy; but at last, after several times stopping myself in an ignominious attempt to run away, I plunged desperately into the building.

The instant I got inside, I gave myself up for lost. Women to the right of me: women to the left of me: women before and behind me. They struggled, and pushed, and elbowed, and jostled, and exchanged glances of defiance and audible remarks: remarks which were by no means of the "call-me-pet-names,-dearest" order. I was doubled up and stretched out with dizzying rapidity; prodded in the back with parasol-handles; assaulted by reticules, in every delicate part of my anatomy; walked over, trodden down, berated, reviled; and at length found myself pushed close to a counter covered with gloves and scarfs. A youthful female of severe aspect pounced upon me as a spider does upon a fly. I wanted neither gloves nor scarfs: what I did want was summer underclothing and collars for myself, and a rug and a table-cover for my aunt. I escaped from the glove-counter at last. I was now ordered from one counter to another; but I never found the right one. I was sent up in elevators till I grew dizzy, and when I reached a landing, told that it was not the bourne I sought. I was shot down inclined planes like a paper package. I was driven into corners; made to do insane galops between revolving stools; hung up for some time to an umbrella-stand by the tail of my coat; partially undressed by the aid of a toasting-fork, which a mild-looking Quaker lady had purchased, and was carrying, I suppose, as an eligible weapon of defense. Another friendly old lady combed my back-hair with a basket; one young woman left a long blonde curl on my shoulder as a memento; a fat, greasy man was pushed into my arms, and we were forced to prolong an unwilling embrace for an indefinite season; children swarmed up my legs like fleas; and a giantess, tired of carrying her bundles, rested them on the top of my new hat. While the feathers of a great red disk, like a sun on fire, tickled my eyes, a sharp instrument, fastening some demon's bonnet, excoriated my left ear, and, at the same time, the handle of a fan neatly tattooed my right cheek.

But I may as well stop. It is like being ridden by a score of nightmares merely to recall the tortures of that morning. Finally I was pushed out of the pandemonium into the street; if I had not been, I suppose I should still be there. I had ceased long since to struggle; I had relinquished all hope of ever breathing the free air of heaven again; I had mentally made my will, bequeathed my debts to my creditors, forgiven my nearest relations, and was so thoroughly subdued, that I could even contemplate with resignation the thought of meeting my mother-in-law beyond the Styx. But suddenly the human tornado caught me up, and whirled me down towards the entrance, passive as a withered leaf borne onward by the wintry blast.

Not far from the doors, the out-going crowd was temporarily checked by a rush of determined in-comers. For a few minutes I thought a modern battle of the Amazons was about to ensue; and I managed to struggle back near a counter, with a burning desire in my soul to witness the fray, and a pious hope that the end

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might be like that in the celebrated strife between the cats of Kilkenny.

Suddenly I heard soft little tones—which seemed to proceed from the lowest button of my waistcoat—say, pleadingly:

"Please, please! I'm *so* squeezed!"

Stunned and bewildered as I still was, I indulged in a rapid wonder if I could have developed that "inner voice" of which one reads so often, and, in a vague confused fashion, tried to think whether any metaphysician ever located one's soul in that portion of the human structure. I recollected often to have suffered pain there; but though certain kind friends had hinted that it was my conscience, I had always clung to the belief that it was something worse—namely, dyspepsia.

But the voice spoke again, in still more plaintive accents:

"Oh! oh! They squeeze me so!"

I looked down, and saw a small white face and two black-velvet arms lifted towards me. But nobody was visible. If such there were, it was hidden between the carcasses of two preposterously fat women, who seemed trying to imitate the Siamese twins.

"Ladies," said I, in my suavest notes, "if you could spare that little corpse, I'd like to take it home to its mother, before it is too much mangled to be recognizable."

Though there was no space in which to jump, the pair managed the feat. Both seemed to spring up angrily at my words, and the child fell forward against me. I picked him up, and he immediately wound the black-velvet arms about my neck, as confidingly as if I had been his long-lost parent whom he recognized by the traditional strawberry-mark.

Now, I had spoken in the most apologetic, deprecating tone of which my voice was capable; but the two females, after their startled spring, turned and glared at me like Gorgons, and two seraphic murmurs in different keys greeted my ears. One said "Brute!" the other "Drunk!"

Luckily, at that instant the crowd parted slightly; the pair dashed with the energy of war-horses into the narrow opening, and were lost to view amid the battle-mist of feathers, veils, false hair, and parasols.

In order to get a more commodious hold of my burthen, I stood him for an instant on the counter.

"You can't stand that young one there," cried a voice from behind the barrier.

The accents were shrill; but, looking up, I saw that they proceeded from beneath a male shirt-front; so I observed, mildly but firmly:

"Oh, yes, I can—it's no trouble to me whatever."

"Mad!" muttered the voice; but I was busy with the child, and paid no attention. When I had him more easily disposed for carrying, I said: "Little Toddlekins, if you could make up your mind to loosen your arms, so that I might draw breath, I think we should get on better." But it was so evident he could not make up his mind, that I didn't insist.

"I believe I'm lost," said he, with a sob; "and Joanna must be lost, too. She put me on the stool, and told me to wait. But those big women pushed me off; and they did squeeze me so!"

"They're a couple of—" I began, but stopped, remembering that the epithet on my lips was too forcible for a child's ears. "And Joanna must be a dev—" Then I had to pause in that sentence, too.

"I'm so tired; and I want to go home," pleaded the child. "You don't see Joanna anywhere, do you?"

"I'd wring her neck, if I did," I replied, but not audibly. Then I added, aloud: "I think, Toddlekins, that our best plan is to get into the street, and wait there. We shall be sure to find Joanna as she comes out."

"I expect it is," said Toddlekins, sagely, as he struggled like a hero with a huge sob.

Poor little weary, distressed face, lighted by wonderful great brown eyes, and framed in a halo of golden curls. And now I noticed that the shoulders were unnaturally high, and between them appeared a slight curvature, revealing the insidious disease which, in a few years, must render little Toddlekins hopelessly deformed. I can endure the miseries of grown humanity with almost as much equanimity as if I were a professed philanthropist, but I have never been able to overcome the weakness of sympathizing keenly with the sufferings of children and dumb animals. I made myself absurd by kissing Toddlekins then and there, and he returned my kiss with enthusiasm; but I offered amends for my folly, by immediately and heartily anathematizing a fellow-man, whom the Amazons at that instant made an involuntary battering-ram of, wherewith to assault us.

"If you want to commit wholesale murder, you blundering bumble-bee," cried I, "at least you needn't begin with a child."

"I didn't," said he, half in protest, half in anger; "and, anyhow, it's your own fault. What did you bring the little chap here for? Maybe you wanted him murdered? If you do, ask some of these women here to undertake the job: I'm not on that lay myself."

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Somehow I felt so confused and guilty that I could only falter in an idiotic way:

"Joanna brought him."

"Well, then, you and Joanna had better take him home as fast as you can, and then carry each other to the nearest insane asylum," retorted he, with a cool severity which overwhelmed me as completely as if I had deserved it.

I had no reply to make, and no time if I had; for the Amazons shot him onward, as if from a rifled cannon, and I "saw him no more," as old Bunyan used to say. How Toddlekins and I escaped, without loss of life or even limb, I am unable to understand. Nor have I any distinct recollection of our frenzied progress, till we reached the street, and were plunged headforemost into the waistcoat of an unwary stranger. After that, we brought up against a curbstone and a Hibernian policeman, who looked clubs and handcuffs at me, and came near shooting me down at sight, after the manner of policemen.

We waited for Joanna until neither little Toddlekins' legs nor my patience could endure the ordeal further. I looked down at the mite, who stood clasping my hand so confidingly, and, by this time, my brain had sufficiently recovered from its dazed state to act. An idea actually presented itself.

"I think the best thing, Toddlekins," said I, "is for me to take you home. Do you remember your street and number?"

"Of course I do," said Toddlekins, rather disdainfully; and he recited his address glibly enough, winding up with: "And my name is Johnny Moray, and I'm seven."

"So old as that?" said I. "And Toddlekins, you and I are quite near neighbors. I live just round the corner of your square."

"I'm glad," said Toddlekins, with a tired yawn; "for I won't be taking you out of your way."

"It's luncheon-time, and we're both hungry," I suggested. "If there's no danger of your mamma's getting anxious, we might have something to eat."

"Mamma won't miss me," said Toddlekins, "she's very unhappy—she's lost Petite."

"Was that your sister?" I asked.

"No," said Toddlekins; "that's mamma's little dog. You don't think Joanna's lost, do you?"

"Not a bit of danger," said I, and quite certain now that I might follow my own plan, without fear of distressing Toddlekins' mother: for the child's remark made me feel as well acquainted with the woman as if I had known her for a year. I took the little fellow to the nearest restaurant, and we lunched comfortably, and had a long talk.

By the time we reached Toddlekins' paternal mansion—which was a handsome dwelling, such as would naturally, in the mysterious arrangements of this mundane sphere, belong to the mistress of a pet dog—Toddlekins and I were the best friends imaginable. He told me, in his artless way, that he loved me so well he would like me for his father, and, though I could not exactly echo that wish, somehow I felt as tenderly towards the little fellow as if he had really possessed some flesh-and-blood claim upon me.

A footman of magnificent presence opened the door in answer to my ring, and, while I was explaining, regarded me with a stern, judicial air that quite made me quail before him. But, while I was stammering how I chanced to be there with Toddlekins in my charge, out of a reception-room rushed a lady, got up with butter-colored hair, and altogether a marvelous specimen of modern painting, who cried out:

"Auguste, has the man found Petite?"

"It's only me, mamma," said Toddlekins, meekly.

"You tiresome child," returned the lady. Then, seeing me, she suddenly vouchsafed a smile.

I plucked up courage at this, and related the circumstances of my acquaintance with Toddlekins. She interrupted me, wearily:

"Oh, yes! Joanna came back, and said she had lost the boy. This is a day of disasters. You naughty, naughty Johnny! to distress poor mamma by running away, when she was already broken-hearted." Then to me: "You've not seen a small white poodle, with a blue ribbon tied in his curls, and a gold band and bell around his dear little neck—have you?"

I said I had not: and then she wept. Then suddenly she seized Toddlekins and shook him. Feminine nature in its tenderness must always have an outlet for grief, you know. Next, she asked the magnificent footman if he had sent the notice to the Herald, offering a reward of fifty dollars for Petite's restoration. Then I thought I would put in a word, and affably said that I had found my reward in restoring the child to so lovely a mother. Then she asked me if I knew Lady Marvelous; and if I had ever been in Europe, and had the happiness of meeting that dear, delightful ex-Queen of Spain, and the ex-Duke of Parma. I saw immediately that I fell in her estimation because I was forced to admit that none of those distinguished personages were on my visiting-list. Then Toddlekins suddenly began to cry and hug my knees; and

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I promised to come and see him. And then remembering that I ought to have asked his affectionate mother's permission, I gave her my card; and then she honored me with another stare, and said:

"How droll! I know a lady who has read one of your books. Quite a number of literary people are very well received in society now-a-days."

"God help them," said I, piously, but in a tone so low that she did not catch the words, though the Magnificent did, for I saw across the contemptuous dignity of his countenance a slow smile of approval creep.

My parting with Toddlekins cost him a few tears; but, fortunately, his loving mamma, prompted by her tender maternal instincts, began to laugh, and said, encouragingly:

"Oh, Johnny, Johnny! what a dreadfully old-fashioned little goose of a boy you are!"

Toddlekins turned red and then white, shut his sweet, suffering mouth like a small vise, gave me his hand, and looked such a model of aristocratic composure, that his high-toned mamma had every reason to be satisfied with the effect of her counsels and example.

The next day I borrowed Toddlekins of Joanna for a couple of hours, and speedily fell into a habit of so doing every morning. We soon got to be the best of friends. Ah! I should be glad to know that, during the remainder of this tiresome earthly pilgrimage, I shall be likely to have some creature, human or otherwise, as fond of me as that child was.

It was towards the last of April when Toddlekins and I met, and during the first week of June a terrible misfortune overtook my small darling: he fell in love.

"The eligible brown-stone front," next door, had lately become the property of a family who possessed the most bewitching and precocious little coquette of nine years that I ever encountered.

At first she would take no notice of Toddlekins, though they met often in the public square sacred to the dwellers of the neighborhood. Afterwards she received his timid advances with a scornful pity which must have gone straight to the depths of his tender little heart. I had been absent for a week, and found matters in this state when I returned. Our small coquette's father chanced to be an acquaintance of mine, and nothing pleased Miss Amy so much as attention from the "grown-ups" who visited at the house. Discovering that kindness to Toddlekins was the sure road to my favor—and I am afraid, too, urged by the fact that after I came back her small adorer was always rich in bon-bons, which he dispensed with royal lavishness—she suddenly melted, and one day made Toddlekins perfectly happy by loudly avowing that he was the most thorough gentleman among her playmates.

Amy was speedily queen in the little set. The boys worshiped her. Even the girls seldom dreamed of disputing her supremacy, modeling themselves on her conduct, and trying to reproduce the airs and graces which in her were so natural that there was something attractive therein, however much their exhibition might fill one with troubled thoughts for the future.

It is useless to say that children are, as a rule, sympathetic towards weakness or deformity. They are not. Still, in this small circle Toddlekins was petted and deferred to, because it proved the reigning monarch's will that he should be. But though Amy would have permitted no one else to pain the child, she could not resist tormenting him herself. It was in her nature, as inborn and strong as the instinct which bids a kitten play cruelly with a mouse.

I saw enough of it during the summer, as both families spent a couple of months at the seaside, where was my favorite haunt.

Perhaps for two days at a time Amy would be devoted to Toddlekins. Then she would abruptly turn away, and neglect him utterly, in favor of some new comer. The boy never complained; and when her demons had possession of her, she would make his unalterable sweetness a subject of vehement reproach.

Amy was queen among the children at Somers, just as she had been in the city square. She was so lovely and so clever that she attracted universal attention; and it was pitiable to see grown men and women fostering her vanity in every possible way. I think nobody ever scolded her but me; and my scolding had about as much effect as if I had tried to wet a duck's skin by pouring water over his feathers.

"I'm your favorite, all the same," she would say; "and if you aren't good to me, I'll punish Toddlekins—and you won't like that."

Though for awhile the salt breezes seemed to benefit the child, it was plain to me, as we got on towards autumn, that his strength gradually failed. His mother could not see it. But then, to do her justice, she had little leisure for observing him, amid the important duties of petting her poodle, dressing four or five times a day, and dancing all night. When one has numerous responsibilities, some of the minor details must be neglected.

The second week in October saw us all settled

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at home again; and now it was evident, even to the most unobservant, that Toddlekins was going rapidly along the downward road. The doctors did not expect the mercy of a speedy death, but hopeless invalidism, and perhaps years of increasing and incessant pain.

"I am the most unfortunate woman in the world," his mother said to me, with a burst of tears, when the doctors finally forced her to hear their verdict. "Why couldn't my child have been healthy and handsome, like Mrs. Woodruff's Amy? And the man says my poor dog is threatened with asthma, and mustn't have cream; and the poor darling is so fond of it, and begs so prettily, with her fore-paws in the air, that it breaks my heart to refuse her."

Toddlekins used to sit in the square, in the soft autumn afternoons; but he could seldom play now; and though the children, Amy included, meant to be good to him, they could not help showing that they thought he might be less languid if he would only make an effort. And often Toddlekins would try; but soon he would creep back to his garden-chair, saying:

"Please, I like to see you play—I'd rather sit still and watch you."

Frequently Amy would leave the sport, and take a seat by him; and then he was very happy. But one afternoon they had a serious quarrel. It was, alas! the first and last time that poor little Toddlekins ever asserted his will against hers.

A late butterfly went flitting over the grass, and Amy tried to catch it.

"Don't—don't! You'll hurt it," pleaded Toddlekins.

He hurried after her as fast as he could, but she pushed him back, saying:

"What a little stupid you are! I shan't hurt it, but I'm going to catch it in my hat."

His opposition and pleadings made her the more determined; and just as I came up the walk, she succeeded in her attempt. But, unfortunately, the butterfly was so near the edge of the brim, that as she seized the hat her fingers crushed the pretty-winged thing.

"You've killed it!" sobbed Toddlekins.

Then the children heard my voice behind them, saying:

"Amy, what a cruel little wretch you are!"

They turned, and Toddlekins at once said:

"Oh, she didn't mean to kill it—did you, Amy?"

The spoiled girl was, I dare say, divided between sorrow for her act and anger at being so sternly reproached. But anger got the upper hand. She turned very red, struggled hard with her tears, and said, venomously:

"I'm glad I killed it. Anyhow, it was your fault. I can tell you one thing—I'm going to Albany, to be gone a week, and I won't bid you good-bye."

She started off, deaf to Toddlekins' entreaties; and what was more unfortunate, actually kept her vow.

"I've said I wouldn't bid him good-bye, and I won't," she repeated over and over. "You all say we must keep our word."

The last words she heard, as the carriage drove off, was Toddlekins' parting cry.

"Please forgive me, Amy," he pleaded, looking after her.

She was sorry then: one could see it in her face as she looked out of the window. But the nurse drew her back. The carriage was gone.

"She waved her hand—she's not angry now," sobbed Toddlekins.

She proved that she was not; for, three days later, she sent the boy a book of fairy-stories. But, alas! ere the peace-offering arrived, a sad calamity had befallen Toddlekins. He had slipped on the stairs; and though Joanna had caught him before he had fallen far, he had struck his back against a step, and, in the irritated state of his spine, the blow developed active disease, which no human power could arrest.

Little Amy's absence was prolonged to fifteen days, her parents having decided to go on to Montreal; and when she came back, Toddlekins was dying.

He had suffered terribly: though, mercifully, during a great deal of the time he had been unconscious. Never once did it fail, when he roused up enough to talk, but what his first words were an inquiry for Amy; his first movement, to stretch out his tiny, wasted hand, and touch the book of fairy-tales which lay on his pillow.

His mother, being a woman of refined, nervous temperament, was quite unequal to the task of assisting in nursing him, of course; but she often came into the room; and one day, when she had distressed him by her tears, Toddlekins said, in perfect good faith:

"I'm so glad mamma has Petite back again to comfort her."

It was towards sunset one afternoon, when we knew that the end was close at hand. Toddlekins had been told that Amy would return that day; and we perceived that he knew the whole truth, by his saying:

"I thought I should see her once more."

The mother had retired to her room. Indeed, it was wiser that she should: for the child's

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spasms of pain were terrible to witness, and opiates had now ceased to produce any effect. As the day waned, he lay there on his bed exhausted, but free from suffering. He had asked to have the curtains put back and the window opened. It had been a beautiful day, and now the soft hazy sunlight streamed into the chamber. Toddlekins' pet robin, at this moment, broke into a strain of delicious melody, from below stairs. The child looked at me, with a smile.

"Don't you think this must be a little like heaven?" he asked, softly.

Then his ear caught the sound of carriage-wheels stopping at the next house.

"Amy has come," he said. "I want Amy."

I hurried downstairs, and took her up myself. She had learned of her playmate's illness, but not that it was serious. The truth—which had to be told to her now—filled her with such terror that it took some moments to calm her before she could find courage to enter the chamber.

The nurse had raised Toddlekins. He held out his arms as Amy appeared, and again that angelic smile irradiated his face.

"I'm so sorry, Johnny," she sobbed; "I'm so sorry. I didn't mean to hurt the butterfly."

"I know," he answered, "I know. And if heaven is so beautiful, there must be butterflies there. I'll tell them you didn't mean to."

He kept his arm close about her neck for a little while. There was no sound audible but poor Amy's sobs. Then came the dying boy's voice again:

"The music! Amy, don't you hear the music?"

But oh, strain our ears as we might, the heavenly notes, audible to him, could not pierce the grosser element of clay which enveloped us.

Suddenly his head sank back against the nurse's arm. The smile was on his lips still, and the same look of listening happiness in his face: but he never stirred again.

A few days after the funeral, I called to see Amy.

"I have been so unhappy," she sobbed, "that mamma says that just as soon as etiquette will permit, I shall have a party to console me."

At a window I saw Toddlekins' mother, with Petite in her arms; I heard Toddlekins' pet bird sing gayly as I passed: and I was thankful to think of my little Toddlekins safe in the illimitable beyond.

PSYCHE.*

BY MINNIE IRVING.

Onward to the ocean flowing
Goes the river with a song,
Stately trees beside it growing,
Tall reeds on its banks a-blowing,
In the sunshine, all day long.
Psyche sits beside the river,
Braiding roses in her hair;
Hidden in the reeds that quiver,
With a flute
That yet is mute,
Stands a youth divinely fair.

Lightly up the blue skies drifting,
Floats a cloudlet pale with heat;
Through the boughs, above her sifting,
Fall the restless shadows, shifting,
At her small and sandaled feet.
Psyche ceases, by the river,
To braid roses in her hair,
Where the reeds sway all a-quiver:
On the flute,
No longer mute,
Plays the youth divinely fair.

Sea-shells from their chambers shining,
Breathing ocean's melody;
Birds in song 'midst blossoms twining,
Then a burst of wild repining,
And a lover's tender plea.
Psyche, sitting by the river,
With red roses in her hair,
In the reeds that bend and quiver
Hears the flute
That is not mute:
Sees the youth divinely fair.

Falls a hush, with echoes dying
Far across the distant plain;
Green leaves in the wind are sighing,
And the silver-footed, flying
River-waves are heard again.
Psyche blushes by the river,
Like the roses in her hair:
From the reeds yet all a-quiver,
With the flute
That now is mute,
Looks the youth divinely fair.

In a blaze of color splendid—
Rose and gold and violet—
Like the garden, rainbow-blended,
Lovely Proserpina tended,
See the sun in glory set.
Psyche sits beside the river,
With the roses in her hair;
To her, through the reeds a-quiver,
With his flute,
That still is mute,
Comes the youth divinely fair.

* See engraving in January number, 1863.

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IN AN INN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SECOND LIFE," ETC., ETC.

It is part of the creed of all well-bred Americans now-a-days to contemn American hotels and the class that use and are happy in them. And yet there is much to be said on the side of the hotels, if the traveler chooses to become a quiet spectator, and watch the fragments of tragedy and comedy played for him by the pretentious crowds he meets there.

One of these fragmentary dramas comes back to me now, with the irritating persistence of an unguessed riddle. I will give it to my readers to solve.

Travelers, even in the States, are not always condemned to hotels. There are quiet little inns scattered through the older States, on disused country roads, to which the crowds who rush along the lines of the railways never penetrate.

Some years ago I was on my way to one of these little inns, which is set in a wild gorge of the Unaka Mountains, for the accommodation of sportsmen, when I was overtaken by a terrific thunder-storm. Old Barbier—whom every fisherman that has beaten the trout-streams of North Carolina will remember—had driven me up from the valley, in a shackly open wagon. We were soon drenched to the skin. The darkness was so intense that we could only find our way along the precipitous mountain-road by waiting for the flashes of lightning. We plodded along, however, until even the patience of Barbier's lame old mule gave out, and he began to rear and plunge with terror at each successive peal.

"Reckon we've got to give it up, Mr. Page," said Barbier, at last. "This yer critter'll hev us down the mounting. There's a flat rock yer to the left, like a ruff. Get under it."

I jumped out of the wagon, and, by the aid of a flash, found my way to the projecting rock. Barbier remained standing by the mule, calm and unmoved under the pitiless torrents as though they had been August dew. It was profoundly dark. The driving storm and the roar of the wind through the unbroken forests made a tumult louder than the thunder. During one of the brief lulls, I was startled by voices close beside me—a woman's, sweet and pitched low, but with an occasional knife-like sharpness in it.

"Why should you be tired?" she said. "Be patient: something will turn up."

"Patient!" It was a man's voice, hoarse and irritable. "It is a year since I was sent to that infernal prison, and it may be years before I can quit it. Patient! If I had twenty dollars I would marry you to-morrow, and we would go out and seek our fortune together."

"Twenty dollars would be a small capital, Shelby," said the calm voice again.

It irritated even me. It was too calm and moderate to chord with the storm and my own ill-temper and wet discomfort. It certainly did not please her companion, who, apparently, was in a mood as stormy as the night.

"I'm glad, Ann, that you find amusement in my position. But I'm going, and soon. I wish," with a bitter laugh and oath, "I had a bank to break, or some traveler to rob. Why should every other man but me have his chance? The men who left college with me are all at work somewhere, pushing their way, while I—"

At this point the coughs and other noises which honor required me to make attracted their attention, and they stopped abruptly.

A few moments after, the storm cleared a little, and Barbier came up.

"Reckon we'll go ahead now. I've took up two folks from Mistress Lunt's — one o' the women, and young Cap'n Shelby Travis."

When I reached the wagon, I found my companions on the back seat. But I could not, in the semi-darkness, distinguish the man from the woman. We drove on in silence.

At the door of the squat log building, where I had left her four years before, stood Mistress Lunt herself: clean, rugged, powerful. The tan-colored skin hung on her big bones in heavier wrinkles, but the gray eyes were as watchful and bright as ever. Mother Lunt and I, I am proud to say, were good friends. A keener eye for the trail of a deer or bear, a luckier trout-fisher, or a more honest comrade, I never knew, even among men.

The door of the kitchen stood open, and the gust of hot air, the scent of broiled venison and coffee, sent a thrill through my shivering body.

She flung wide the door of the chamber behind the kitchen as I entered the house. Heaped logs blazed on the hearth, and the board walls were pasted with pictures from the illustrated papers. She surveyed it with pride.

"Yer's yer own room, Mr. Page," she said.

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"Ann did that. We hain't nigh so oncivilized as we wor. Ann sees to things."

When I was dry and warm, I sat at my supper alone with my hostess, who was spinning. I never can dissociate a wheel and flying wool from her gaunt frame and kindly face.

"Who is Ann?" I asked.

"She's Noble's daughter—up the mounting. You mind Noble? Well, he got poorer and poorer: so at last he got tired tryin' to live, an' went under last fall. The gyurl hed no place to go, 'zactly, so I—"

She paused a moment, then went on:

"Well, she'd been a year or two with her kin in Atlanty, an' picked up lots o' manner an' larnin'. What a one she is to pick up! Ann's quite the lady. So last year some o' the men that come up to fish an' shoot brought their wives—'for the air,' they said; an' I couldn't foregather with 'em, somehow: they ain't my kind. So I said to Lunt: 'Bring Ann Noble home. It'll be comfortable for her here, an' she kin see to them finikin women.' So she does."

There was a brief pause; then she finished:

"Oh, yes; I think a heap of Ann," as if deciding finally a doubtful question.

"Are there any men here now to fish or shoot?" I asked.

"Judge Venners is comin' to-morrow," she answered, "with his son, an' his wife, an' his son's wife. Mighty high-flyin' folks. Bring their own tea, an' oatmeal stuff for porridge. Such slops! But Ann's ekal to 'em," with a chuckle. "An' then there's Shelby Travis. We never get rid o' him," chuckling. "Nor he of us."

"One of the Asheville Travises?"

"No. Son of Colonel Bob. Ye don't know him, I reckon? Them Travises are mighty hard-bit, pethy folks. It's all yea or nay with them; an' once said, die sooner'n budge. Well, Colonel Bob allays ranged himself against this boy o' his, an' nyther'd give way no more nor iron posts. Colonel, he wanted Shelby to take keer o' the plantation, an' Shelby, he'd made up his mind to go into a town, to see life. So the Colonel kerried him up hyar, an' left him without a penny. His board is paid reg'lar; but hyar he's got to stay till he gives under to the old man. Shelby's too proud to go down to town like a beggar, without a dollar in his pocket, an' the old man won't give him a penny. It's tarnation rough on an eddicated young feller. I wonder sometimes he's stood it so long. He's been hyar a year."

I had a shrewd guess why the young man had found his prison-life endurable.

The young man himself came into the kitchen a few moments later; and, after he had been introduced to me, dropped into a chair, thrust his legs out; his hands into his pockets, and stared sulkily into the fire. He was a commonplace looking, showy young fellow, with coarsely-moulded features and an uncertain, hesitating eye: the kind of man, however, who would work steadily and well if put into a track and urged incessantly by some other power. I watched the door with some curiosity, until Ann came in, carrying some dishes: a tall, firm figure, dressed in a close-fitting gown of blue homespun. The face did not impress me, except from its marked repose, which was heightened by the slow movements of her steady gray eyes. Her hands, I remember—I have a theory about the character of hands—were singularly firm and fine in shape for a working-woman. On the back of one wrist was a crimson spot in the white skin, like a drop of blood.

The next day Judge Venners and his party arrived. The Judge and his son were plain, sensible men, skilful with rod or gun—old comrades of mine. Of the womenkind, I saw but little. The younger Mrs. Venners appeared to be the spoiled beauty of some country town. She babbled and gesticulated incessantly, to the contemptuous amusement of old Mistress Lunt, who watched her as she might a kitten. Young Travis avoided the new-comers, and grew more sullen and gloomy every day. Mrs. Venners chattered to him undauntedly whenever she had an opportunity, pouring out her childish impertinences.

"Dear me, Mr. Travis," she cried, when we were seated at supper one evening, "my husband tells me you have been in this wretched hole for a year. How have you borne it? And what could possess you—"

"Matilda!" whispered her husband.

"Oh, good gracious, George! I'm not going to say anything. Mr. Travis must know anybody would wonder to see Colonel Robert's son buried here. So queer! He ought to be in society. Why, I met your cousins Lewis and Decatur everywhere this winter, Mr. Travis. Such gay young fellows! And for a whole year! Just when young men are placing themselves for life! Why, it's the queerest thing I ever heard of! But I declare I'm ashamed of myself—I'm so absurdly giddy," putting her hands, flashing with rings, over her face, and peeping through the fingers.

Travis's face grew black. He made no answer: and in a moment pushed back his chair from the table and left the room. Ann, who was pouring out the coffee, looked after him quietly; but there was no more significance in her look than

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if it had rested on a blank wall. Not the twitch of a muscle showed that she had any sympathy with him.

The next day the airy beauty went with the men of her party to fish for trout. They returned just before nightfall. She was wet and draggled, but more voluble than ever.

"The day was simply perfect," she declared. "So delightful to go swishing through the water. I always had a drop of vagabond blood in me. And Mr. Travis was so kind, Mr. Page. He joined us early in the morning. Yes, indeed—he and I had a regular flirtation. And I caught thirty-five—oh, good gracious!" with a shrill shriek. "Where is my emerald?"

"You certainly did not wear that emerald out fishing, Matilda?" said the elder Mrs. Venners, sharply.

"I certainly did, ma'am—at least, I think I did," wringing her hands. "Perhaps I left it on my table upstairs. Where is that chambermaid Ann? I wonder if she's honest? Could I have laid it on the rock with my rings, where Mr. Travis and I were washing our hands after we had been handling those nasty worms? But I got the rings. Great heavens, George! don't stand there staring. Go and look on my table."

"The emerald, Mr. Page," said her mother-in-law, turning to me with deliberation, "has been an heirloom in our family for generations. It is set in a rim of gold, and has always been worn as a pendant to a necklace in full-dress—never hung to a bracelet to go out fishing." The old lady's extreme anger showed itself only in her preternatural calmness, and in the pallor about her pinched nostrils.

That evening and the next day the search for the emerald went on; but in vain.

The afternoon was murky and gray. I took my rod, and wandered up the gorge; but on reaching the bend in the stream where the trout usually hid themselves, I heard voices. Ann was standing by the rock, and young Travis was lying at her feet.

"Come on, come on, Mr. Page," he shouted, as I was drawing back. "You have sharp eyes. It's no secret to you that Ann and I are engaged, I'll wager." The young fellow's red face and boisterous excitement indicated that he had been drinking; but I saw that he was perfectly sober. Ann did not blush, but kept her eyes fixed on him steadily.

"Yes, I am going down to-morrow to—to Raleigh, I think; or Atlanta. I'll go into business, and in a couple of months come back for Ann. You must come and see us when we get to housekeeping. I've taken a fancy to you, Mr. Page, in spite of the difference of our age. Yes, I have," clapping me on the back.

"You flatter me," I said, laughing: for the impertinence of the young cub was amusing.

"No," he said, "I'm quite in earnest. Oh, I'm an independent fellow: I choose my friends without regard to public opinion, just as I have chosen my wife. It matters nothing to me that Ann here is not exactly—well, not in my station, precisely. You'll see what a good husband I'll be to her."

"I have no doubt you will," said Ann's firm, incisive voice. "But there is one thing which I wish you distinctly to understand, Shelby: I am your equal, socially and in every other way. If I am not, I will not marry you. Your father is a planter: so is mine. Your education and manner are no better than mine. I should like this matter to be understood by everyone who knows us," she said gently, turning to me.

"Pah! what do I care for social ranks?" exclaimed Travis, excitedly. "All bombast. Like this thing of property, now. Why should one man be rich and another poor? What right has one man to keep all the good things of life to himself, and his brother go beg? Here is a poor devil—myself, for instance—for the want of a few dollars, denied the chance to work, to marry the woman I love, to live like other men; while that idiot woman at the house jingles jewels in my face worth a king's ransom. Property! No, sir; if all men had their rights, there'd be no such thing."

"You will think differently," I suggested, "when you go into business, and buy a house to be a home for your wife."

For the first time, Ann showed emotion. Her eyes kindled. She turned suddenly to Travis with a warning in her face almost fierce.

"It will be years," she said, "before Mr. Travis makes a home for me. He is not going into business in Atlanta. He has not a dollar."

Shelby looked at her defiantly a full minute before speaking. Then he touched his pocket significantly, smiling. "I am going to Atlanta to-morrow," he said.

"*No*," she answered, quietly; and turning, walked away. Travis followed her.

I lingered until supper-time, but they had not yet reached the inn when I went back. When they came in at last, I observed that the girl's color was high, and that her eyes shone; while Travis slouched along with a sheepish, cowed air. Whatever their contest had been, she had triumphed.

Supper was eaten in almost unbroken silence. The lost jewel was still an object of discussion in

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the Venners family. George was sulky and the Judge irritable, while his wife preserved a grimly virtuous air of suffering; and the little lady against whom all this indignation was directed was by turns miserable and pert, glancing saucily about with red, tear-swollen eyes.

When we rose from the table she followed Mistress Lunt into the little room where her spinning-wheel stood by a blazing fire. I was about to step out into the evening air, but Mrs. Venners beckoned to me.

"I wish for your advice in this emergency, Mr. Page," she said, with dignity. "As for my husband and George, they only swear when the emerald is mentioned. 'The cursed thing is not worth the tears poor Tilly has shed,' the Judge assures me. The 'cursed thing,' as he calls it, was a favorite ornament of my mother before Matilda was born. Come, sir."

She pushed open the door through which Matilda and Mistress Lunt had passed, and I meekly followed her.

"I'm quite satisfied, in my own mind," the young lady was saying as we entered, "that I left the emerald on my table, and did not wear it while I was out fishing. In that case—"

"In that case," said Mistress Lunt, "you'd hev found it on yer table when you come back. There's no thief in this house."

"But I didn't find it, you see," said Mrs. Venners, ending her sentence, as usual, with a flirt of her hands and a little giggle. "So— For my part, I never liked the looks of that chambermaid of yours. She was the only person in the room after I left it; and I believe," measuring her words slowly, "she has the emerald."

"Of course she has it," interrupted the elder lady. "You must have her searched, Mistress Lunt, or I shall send down to Asheville for an officer."

The old woman stiffened herself, standing erect, her gaunt features darkened with indignation.

"Do you know who yer talkin' of?" she said. "Brant Noble's daughter. He's as honest a man 's ever lived in the State of Caroliny, an' his gal's the same. Ann take yer trumpery stone? Why, you might 's well suspect *me*."

The older woman was silenced by this burst of wrath; but the younger only gave an embarrassed titter.

"Oh, we did not suspect you at all, Mistress Lunt," she said. "Father had given us such a good character of you, or we might have—have thought—"

The old mountaineer looked down at her with quiet contempt, and interrupted her.

"I think, Missy," she said, "you hed better let yer mother do the talkin'. You are makin' mistakes." She turned to Mrs. Venners, with increasing quietness of manner. "You said, ma'am, that I must s'arch Ann, or you'd send down for an officer. Well, I'll not s'arch her, an' no officer thet you bring hyar shell s'arch her. She's an orphan girl, an' I took her under my pertection; an' not you, nor the law, nor the Gover'ment of these United States, shell touch her while she's under my roof."

"Very well; as you please," grimly replied the Judge's wife, who was as angry as scared. "If you choose that your guests shall be robbed under your roof, I can say no more."

She swept out of the room as she spoke, followed by Matilda, who fluttered back to the kitchen to tell her husband of the "awful row."

Mistress Lunt went back to her spinning, while I smoked my pipe. She did not speak a word; but her wheel flew round with vindictive haste, and the thread broke again and again.

Presently she stopped.

"I'll go up an' see," she said, "ef they're worryin' thet pore girl." She crossed the room, and climbed a few steps of the steep stairs, until she could command a view of the upper floor.

"It's all right," coming back with a nod and smile. "They've not seen her. She's comin' down."

Ann descended the stairs the next moment, carrying a roll of muslin. She sat down in the chimney-corner, unfolded her work, and began to sew; but I noticed that she shivered, stooping closer to the fire, and that she was listening intently to the sounds overhead. Mistress Lunt resumed her spinning in cheerfuler mood, glancing now and then at the girl affectionately.

Suddenly there was a rush of hurrying footsteps in the room above, and the younger Mrs. Venners threw open the door, flushed and excited.

"It's found! Oh, dear Mistress Lunt, it's found," she cried. "I'm so thankful. I'd have been nagged all winter about the horrid green stone, if it had really been lost. There it is," dancing towards us, holding the glittering gem up in the light.

Mistress Lunt leaned eagerly forward. But Ann, I observed, did not even raise her head, but stitched on calmly at her seam.

"Where did you find it?" asked the landlady.

"In my room: in the basket of clean towels. It was on the floor, beside my table. The pendant must have been pushed from the table down into it. I never thought of looking there."

The gaunt old woman stood immovable, her eyes slowly turning from the stone to Ann's crouching figure. A horrible doubt was in her face.

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"In that basket?" she stammered.

"Yes. Why, you don't seem a bit pleased. I thought you'd be delighted to have the suspicion removed—" she hesitated—"from everybody in the house. Where is George? I must tell him. Very likely it was he who pushed it off," and she ran off, giggling.

Mistress Lunt stood still, her thread in her hand, looking at Ann. The girl felt the silence, glanced up at her, then rose irresolutely. Her face—pale, pleading, intent—offered a strange contrast to her usual leaden composure.

Mistress Lunt made a step towards her.

"That basket was not in her room this morning," she said, in a low voice. "I saw you carrying it there, ten minutes ago."

Ann gathered herself together, as she listened, and stood erect, her features sinking into their ordinary mould. But she did not speak.

There was silence for a moment. Then the old woman's stern voice broke in:

"What am I to think, Ann?"

Still silence.

"For God's sake, child, tell me the rights of it! Don't say as I've took a thief under my roof."

"A thief? I?"

The girl's lips scarcely moved. Only her stunned, bewildered eyes stared dumbly.

"For yer father's sake. Why, Brant Noble wor as honest a man as ever breathed." She waited a moment, and then took the girl by the hand. "Surely you kin explain it, Annie?"

Ann drew a long, shuddering breath.

"I can explain nothing," she said. "Turn me out, if you choose. But don't brand me as a thief. The woman has her emerald."

"You won't tell me the rights of it?"

"No."

She went, as she spoke, towards the stairs, and crept up. Mistress Lunt, after a moment's hesitation, followed her. I knocked the ashes out of my pipe, and stole off to my room. What else could I do? I was sorry for the girl. But I was convinced she was the thief.

The next day I left the inn, and never have been able to go back to it. A year or two later, I heard that poor old Mistress Lunt was dead, and that Colonel Robert Travis had sent for his son soon after my departure, and had established him in business, as he desired.

Several years after these events, I was detained in Montreal a few days. The exceeding beauty of a little child, whom I met, at the hotel, going into the breakfast-room one morning, attracted me. I followed her and her governess, and sat down at a table near her. She belonged to a family who were evidently wealthy Americans from the South: plainly dressed, quiet, well-bred people, attended by their own servants.

The father of the children was a tall, handsome, much-bearded man, with uncertain bright eyes. He had a habit of glancing anxiously at his wife before he expressed an opinion, or gave an order, no matter how trivial. She, I observed, neither expressed opinions, nor gave orders. Something in her calm, fine features, and the singular repose of her manner, struck me as familiar.

"Brant," she said to the little boy, "papa does not wish you to drink wine."

"He did not say so," muttered the lad.

"I know what papa wishes," answered the mother. The voice was peculiarly low and quiet. She lifted her hand, at the moment, for some purpose. It was a large, finely-formed hand, with one or two priceless rings blazing on the fingers. On the white wrist was a mark like a drop of blood.

I raised my eyes from it to her face, and found her keenly regarding me. The next moment she rose, and the party followed her from the room.

"Shelby," she said, as they passed me, "we will leave Montreal to-day, as you proposed."

"Did I? I thought—oh, very well."

I never saw them again. But the riddle which has always perplexed me is: Who stole the emerald?

LOTUS-EATING.

BY ALEXANDER A. IRVINE.

The summer winds breathe soft and low;
On sunset seas we sail.
Or under starry midnights go,
Or dreamy moonbeams pale.

The cares that haunt us day by day
Fade with the fading shore;
We feel as if they fell away
To vex us nevermore:

As if all wrong had ceased; and strife;
And hearts that break with pain;
And we had died, and come to life
In some new world again.

And so from blissful eve to prime;
From blissful day to day;
We sail and dream—oh, happy time,
Why haste so fast away?

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ONLY A FLIRTATION.

BY EMILY LENNOX.

In the rosy glow of a cool September sunset, Walter Carew stood leaning over the stile, with one arm lightly thrown about the waist of the young girl at his side.

"You will go to-morrow, won't you, Linda?" he said, looking down into her soft, expressive eyes with vagrant admiration.

"I don't know, Walter," she replied, slowly. "I really don't think I ought—"

"What! Are you not yet persuaded? Leave Willie at home: he can take care of himself."

"Yes; but, Walter—"

"Oh, pshaw!" he interrupted, drawing her towards him, and lifting her sweet face till her lips almost touched his own. "You can go well enough. You will go—won't you, darling?—for my sake?"

The soft shell-tint in Linda's cheeks deepened to damask beneath his gaze, but still she hesitated.

"We won't have many more such jaunts together," he said, persuasively. "The summer is over, Linda, and it won't be long till—"

The rich color suddenly died out of her face, and left it deadly pale.

"Walter, Walter!" she cried, flinging her arms about his neck with sudden passion. "Don't talk of going away! I will go anywhere you like; only don't—*don't* say that you must leave me."

"There, there, little one!" he said, kissing her lightly on either cheek, down which the quick, scalding tears had already begun to flow. "Don't let us borrow misery. You go with me to-morrow, like a good little girl, and say no more about it. Will you?"

"Yes, if you wish it, Walter," she answered, like a dutiful child; and Carew kissed her soft, yielding lips with the air of a connoisseur who tastes a rare new wine.

"Well, then," he said, gayly, "we'll call it settled. I'll call for you at eight o'clock. Good-bye, my pretty one. What a sweet little thing you are, Linda!"

The girl's fair face flushed again with happiness. With sudden abandon she raised her lips, and kissed him twice of her own accord, then sped away like a deer.

Carew still stood leaning against the stile, with a slightly-quickened pulse and smiling face.

"What a charming child she is!" he murmured, as he shaded his eyes with his hand, and watched her pass on down through the meadow till he caught the last flutter of her white dress and the last gleam of her golden hair.

Then he pulled himself together abruptly, and coolly lit a cigar.

"Well," he said, vaulting over the stile, and sauntering away, "I suppose I may as well go home. I wonder where Davy is. He's been making himself very disagreeable lately. I'm half inclined to believe he's in love with Linda himself."

As though his meditations had conjured up their own subject, at this instant, coming along through the tender gloaming, he saw the tall, sinewy figure of a man.

"Hello, Bruce!" he called out, in hail-fellow fashion; "is that you?"

David Bruce started as though a thunderbolt had fallen at his feet.

"Oh—Carew!" he said, slowly. "I've been looking for you."

"And couldn't see me when I stood right in front of you! What the deuce is the matter with you, old fellow?"

David shook off the arm that rested familiarly on his shoulder, and gave his companion a keen, searching look.

"Carew," he said, abruptly, "you are not going to take Miss Linda to the county races to-morrow?"

"What is that to you?" Walter cried, with an angry flush.

"A good deal. That is not a fit place for a girl like her."

"I'll take Linda Lyle anywhere I see fit, without consulting you, sir."

"Not if you propose to take her to such a place as these particular races, where only blacklegs go, and where you would not take your mother, or your sister, or any lady you esteem."

"I'd like to know who appointed you her champion?"

"I act upon my own responsibility. But I repeat that if you attempt to take her to these races to-morrow, I'll find means of preventing you."

"We'll see about that," Walter muttered, angrily.

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"I have no desire to quarrel with you, Carew," David went on; "though God knows I've cause enough. Here! This letter came for you in the noon mail. I could not find you before."

Walter took it from him, and tore it open hastily.

"Pshaw!" he exclaimed, as he glanced rapidly over its contents. "I was afraid of that. See here, Bruce—there is no use of our quarreling about the girl: I have to go home at once—to-morrow—and you can have things all your own way."

David Bruce staggered back, with a choking sensation in his throat.

"After all that has been," he gasped, hoarsely, "you can speak like that?"

Walter shrugged his shoulders.

"That was always your fault, Bruce," he said, carelessly. "You take things too seriously."

David turned on his heel, and walked away without another word. His heart and brain were on fire: he could not trust himself to speak.

Walter Carew hesitated a moment, and then retraced his steps.

"I may as well see her to-night," he said, "and have it over."

That night was a sleepless one for David Bruce; and when the first rays of morning sunshine were lighting up the jeweled grass, he went out to walk. He knew that Walter was to leave on the early train; but he did not care to say good-bye: and so thought to avoid him in this way.

"To him," he muttered, as he walked along with bowed head and halting step, "it was only a summer pastime: to me it was a life-long tragedy. Why could he not let me alone—and her? If he has made her unhappy—if he has caused her one moment's pain—by heavens! he shall pay for it."

A low, glad cry interrupted his thoughts; but it died away in a tearless sob.

"Oh, Mr. Bruce!" Linda cried. "I—I—thought you were Walter."

Her white, haggard face cut him to the heart.

"Walter is going away this morning," he said, taking her hand gently in his.

"Yes, I know," she faltered, struggling hard to keep back the tears. "I saw him last night."

A perfect tempest of passion was raging in his heart.

"Linda," he said, in low, tense tones, "tell me all that has passed between you and Walter Carew. I will be your friend."

One word was enough to open the fountain of her grief. With a heart-breaking sob, she leaned against him, and burst into tears.

"He has gone away," she moaned; "and it is all over—forever."

"Did he break his engagement with you, Linda?" David asked, with a look that boded ill for Walter Carew.

"He—he said we never had been engaged: that—that it was only a flirtation, and he thought I understood."

"That was a lie!" David said, sharply. "He did ask you to marry him—or at least he spoke of making you his wife?"

"No," Linda answered; "he never did—at least in words. But I thought it was all understood, just as—just as he thought I understood, without being told, that—"

David Bruce uttered a low exclamation under his breath.

"But he had told you that he loved you. Linda?" he said, gently.

A crimson flush suffused her tear-wet face, and she hid it with her hands.

"It all seemed so plain to me yesterday," she said, painfully; "but now I cannot understand how it came about. He used to kiss me, and call me pet names, and—yes, say that he loved me."

The hot blood surged angrily to David Bruce's face, and he clenched his hands with fierce determination.

"The scoundrel!" he muttered, hoarsely. "He shall pay for this."

These menacing words caught the poor child's ear, and caused her to start up in vague alarm.

"What are you going to do?" she cried, catching his arm with undefined fear.

"I am going to call Walter Carew to account for this," David answered, with looks from which, as it were, lightnings flashed.

"No! you shall not," Linda burst forth, passionately. "I will not allow it. This is my affair. I forbid you to speak to him of it."

David looked at her in utter astonishment. In one moment she had changed from a tremulous, weeping child to a proudly conscious woman.

"Do not, I entreat you—for my sake," she said, laying her little hand upon his arm.

David seized it, with a sudden burst of passion, and pressed it to his lips.

"I will do anything for you," he cried, speaking rapidly and with great earnestness. "Linda, have you never guessed how much I love you? Child, I would die for you. The very ground you walk upon is dear to me, because your feet have pressed it—nay! do not shrink from me: I will not harm you. I know you have no love to

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give me, though God knows I would give my life for one kiss from your sweet lips. But I do not ask for anything, only that you will let me serve you as a brother might."

He had fallen on his knees as he spoke, and pressed the hem of her dress to his lips.

"I could not tell you this before," he went on, passionately. "I thought that you belonged to him. Oh, Linda! if I had known—if I had only known!"

"It could have made no difference, Mr. Bruce," she said, in deep distress. "Oh! I entreat you to say no more: I am wretched enough already."

"Forgive me!" he cried, with sudden self-reproach. "Think no more of what I have said: only tell me that you trust me, and will let me be your friend."

"Gladly," she answered, giving him her hand, while her lips trembled, and her tears gathered again. "I have sore need of a friend, David."

A look of untold gratitude broke over his face as his name fell gravely from her lips.

"God bless you!" he murmured. "I will never leave you. If you will, I shall live near you always. I will spend my life in your service. You may claim my fortune and myself."

Walter Carew did not guess what a comforter he had left behind. He thought of Linda as deserted and utterly alone; and the memory of her pale, tear-wet face as he had last seen it followed him across the ocean into the foreign countries he visited.

Three years passed.

He had been around the world, and now returned for the first time to his native land. He had just inherited a great fortune, and was richer than ever: rich, handsome, cultivated, but still unsatisfied.

It was one perfect afternoon in June that he found his way to Valley View, and strolled over the old walks again.

"It isn't changed a bit," he said, as he wandered across the meadow and through the woodland tangle. "There are the old trees, the hills, and the bridle-path; there is the old stile, and there—ah! there is—yes, it is Linda herself!"

With a low cry of joy, he sprang forward as he caught sight of a charming petite figure, clad in a dress of creamy white, perched coquettishly on the stile.

She had grown infinitely more beautiful in the past three years. Her golden hair was like a web of sunshine caught up with fresh forget-me-nots; her eyes were like the summer sky of Italy; her face—but what could there be the least bit like it? Nothing but some delicate and lovely flower.

"Linda!" Walter cried, holding out his arms towards her. "Linda! Is it possible I see you again, after all these weary years? I have come to ask forgiveness, little one. I wronged you cruelly, but I wronged myself also. I did not know my own heart; for, Linda, I loved you all the time. I found out afterwards how impossible it was for me to live without you. Darling—"

She had just recovered from her surprise, and interrupted him with a light exclamation.

"Why, how do you do, Mr. Carew?" she cried. "This is a surprise indeed. Dear, here is somebody you haven't seen for a long time."

In response to this last remark, a tall, powerfully-built man emerged from a little thicket near by.

It was David Bruce.

"Mr. Carew," Linda said, slipping down from the stile, and laying her hand lovingly on David's arm, "allow me to introduce you to my husband."

A HEART'S REQUIEM.

BY MRS. VAN HAULMAN.

Although the sun shall brighter shine,
And gayer bloom the heather,
'Twill not be like the olden time,
When we two roamed together.

And though those same bright flowers bloom
In all their full completeness,
They seem to wave above a tomb:
To me they've lost their sweetness.

Oh, precious hours! oh, golden time!
When by thy side I wandered
Beneath the trees that touched the banks
Where silvery streams meandered.

I wish that we could call them back,
Those fleeting hours of pleasure;
But life's not all enjoyment here,
And we have had our measure.

Ofttimes I cannot help but think
How, in this world of sorrow,
So few have had great joy to-day
Without great grief to-morrow.

Now on this grave-stone in my heart
Of one now dead to me,
I'll write a simple epitaph:
Rest, rest thee peacefully.

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RULE OR RUIN.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1882, by Miss Ann Stephens, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.]

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CHAPTER XXXI.

One day, when my lady was strolling under the trees of the park, wondering at the rare gold and red of the maples, that held their colors a week or two later than the forest-trees farther north, John Roach presented himself before her—so suddenly that she gave a little cry, but directly held out her hand.

"Back so soon?" she said, eagerly. "Well, you have some news for me: what is it?"

"Nothing positive—"

The lady cut his answer short, breathlessly.

"Nothing? But you have some paper—some memoranda: anything definite would be of value."

"You desired a copy of any writing I might find; but I discovered only an old book or two."

"'Old books,' you said. They should contain something. Did you bring them with you?"

"No; the old gentleman might have considered that stealing. Besides, there was nothing in them but poems in a strange language—Italian, as I take it, for we find many of the words in Latin."

"Hardly worth having, I dare say," answered my lady, absently; for she seemed to have fallen into thoughtfulness, and for some time was evidently pondering some perplexed subject in her mind, for with the tip of her parasol she tossed the leaves that fell around her to and fro on the grass, and at last speared one of them to the ground with a violent thrust, as if she had come to a resolution.

"You have some idea of my motive for wishing to gain positive knowledge of this old man. I have not been deceived by that flimsy story of a brother. Sands, the lawyer you were connected with at Forsborough, had the family papers: from them you may have gathered secrets that are only entrusted to one's solicitor when the honor of a great house is concerned. One that we thought secured by death, or buried forever in the wilderness here, has, at any rate, come into your possession. It is possible that some will or memorandum may have been found in which my late husband provided liberally for his natural daughter."

"His natural daughter?" Roach repeated, with an effort to smile, though his face had become suddenly pale.

"The person you are in search of—thinking, by marriage or some other method, to secure this large sum of money before the girl could learn of its existence. It was not an unreasonable speculation for a briefless lawyer—who probably kept the secret from Sands, who alone had a right to it."

"And who would in some way have revealed the secret of this scandal, whereas I have held it for private negotiation—and hold it so now."

"Even though your project of marrying the girl should be accomplished?"

Roach stammered in his attempts at an answer. It seemed as if this woman had read his thoughts down to their evil depths.

"Even then, it would be pleasanter to obtain my wife's legacy from the justice of Lord Fausbrook than through the courts, which, by spreading the story, would make the marriage less desirable. I am not over-nice in such things, but prefer that my wife should not be compelled to draw the bar sinister across her name, though it may in some sort connect me with the house you have honored."

Lady Fausbrook listened to this speech with something like admiration.

"It would not be wise to approach Lord Fausbrook on this subject—that is, as far as you are concerned—before the young lady is secured. He knows nothing of this bequest; but if he did, would pay it over to the old missionary, if he proved to be her grandfather, and no one else. Once married, the husband of this girl will only have to demand it of him."

"You are kind to think of all these things in my behalf. I could hardly have expected that you would honor me so far."

There was shrewd questioning in the glance Roach bent upon the lady. He evidently did not altogether believe in her disinterestedness, and what seemed to him a gleam of the truth presented itself.

"But this marriage—it seems almost hopeless. Your ladyship cannot be blind to the admiration

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—I might go further, and say devotion—that your son openly bestows on the young lady."

The countess did not change color easily, but she flushed crimson now.

"My son? Have you forgotten that he is Earl of Forsborough, sir?"

"So much the more likely to win the lady, in one form or another, if he is in my unhappy predicament, and loves her."

"Let my son's name pass. No, no—after all, you shall have my motive for interesting myself in this affair. It would seem strange that I should interfere at all if no deeper reason than your interests were concerned."

Roach smiled in the cool, disagreeable way that bespoke his real character when he was not acting. My lady understood the smile, and flushed more angrily.

"It is partly that Lord Fausbrook may be drawn from the pursuit of this girl, whoever she is, that I am content that you should take her and her fortune, or her poverty, out of his way. He is impressionable, and has not yet had time to comprehend the dignity of his high position. I wished to spare myself the shame of this explanation: but the honor of my son is dearer to me than my own. Now you have my entire confidence. I wish you success; but, in spite of myself, own to a deeper reason. The girl is beautiful. If she is my husband's daughter, she has all the charm that brought disgrace on us, and sent the old man to hide his shame among the Cayugas. I fear that some romantic idea of redressing what he thinks a great wrong induced Arthur to come over-seas with his regiment, in order to find the girl he supposed to be the victim of that wrong, for he was ignorant of any provision made for her by my husband. Before he could enter upon this chivalric search, this singular young person was thrown into his society, and he seemed to forget everything else. His admiration of a person so unsuited to him terrified me: it may deepen into a passion that can only end in continued wrong, or such humiliation as no Fausbrook has ever yet known. Do you comprehend now why a mother who holds her son's honor dearer than her own life is willing to sacrifice much that the barrier of an honorable marriage should be placed between him and this danger? For, whether she is the person we suspect or not, a marriage with her would be ruinous to Fausbrook."

The woman spoke with passionate earnestness, since a certain degree of frankness had seemed her best policy. The object she sought had become of vital importance to her, and she saw noother way of carrying it out.

Roach regarded her suspiciously for awhile; then, having satisfied himself that her programme was helping his own interests forward in a way that seemed almost miraculous, he accepted it with a frankness that seemed generous as her own.

"Teach me how to win this girl. All that you have told me weighs nothing against the love that until now seemed so hopeless. Tell me how to approach her, and I shall be forever grateful."

"She is already interested. You have the education of a gentleman, and enough good looks to satisfy the taste of any woman."

My lady had fallen into her old caressing manner, but was so urgent in her efforts at encouragement, that it brought the blood to the usually unblushing face of her listener, and she went on more earnestly:

"You must throw off the dress of a trader, and take upon yourself the appearance of a gentleman who has only assumed it as a means of traveling more safely in this rude country. I will interest the Governor in your behalf, and introduce you into the intimacy of his family. Remember, you are *my* friend, and I have known you well in England. This will be your passport into society here. As for the rest, I need not tell you how a young girl's heart is won."

My lady reached out her hand, and was about to leave the park; but a new thought struck her, and she turned back.

"The old man," she said, "I had forgotten him. Surely you omitted no effort to gain his favor?"

Roach, thus reminded of the scorn with which his first effort had been received by the old man, whom he had regarded humble as a saint till then, felt his face darken like a thunder-cloud.

"I made the effort, and spoke to him of his daughter as if she had been a duchess, instead of the waif she is; but a prince of the blood royal could not have treated a respectful confession of love with more cutting disdain. Even now I have not recovered from the sting of his repulsion."

"But you convinced him?"

"He gave me no chance, but left me alone in his lodge. There I waited some days, hoping to win him to more friendship; but when I sought him at last in the principal village of the Cayugas, he had taken to the wilderness. If I had only overtaken him there, he and a half-educated young savage that was with him would have met with a short reckoning; for the pious French priest—whom your ladyship will remember—was ready to deal with him then as he has pledged himself to do hereafter, if his interference should become troublesome."

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"It may come to that, if the girl proves intractable," said my lady, in a sweet, deliberate voice. "From the first I was satisfied that he must be separated from her, or mischief would come of it. Your friend the priest—have you always means of communication with him?"

"Yes; that is arranged."

"And captivity among the prisoners in Canada that clamor so much for liberty—is it very terrible?"

"Not quite so terrible as a well-aimed bullet; which is, after all, more merciful—at any rate, conclusive."

Lady Fausbrook put both little hands over her ears, and shuddered prettily: for her performances were always perfect, no matter how mean the audience.

"No, no—you must not hint at anything so dreadful: it is bad enough when strong measures become necessary. But this priest has different views. They are wrong, no doubt; but such men are regarded as saints by many good people. I hope he does not think this poor old man any great enemy to the Church, or he might consider a few months of captivity too small a punishment."

Even Roach shrank away from this tirade of sweet hypocrisy, with a sensation of disgust.

"At any rate, our cause and that of the Church go hand in hand with him," was all he could force himself to say.

"Another thing," suggested my lady, still lingering: "this Indian girl—"

"Indian girl?" faltered Roach, striving to appear unconscious.

"This Okalona. Be careful—be very careful. She has the eyes of a hawk, and the beauty of a rattlesnake, with all its venom. Worse than that, she loves you: and that is dangerous."

Roach laughed at first, as if scoffing at the idea; but when Lady Fausbrook turned away, adding, with serious emphasis and no little irritation: "Remember, I have warned you—the greatest danger lies here," he became very serious and impatient with himself.

"Hang it all! why couldn't the legacy have gone to her?" he thought. "I would not have minded the dusky skin. My sweet friend the Countess would be shocked did she know that it was this hawk—this beautiful rattlesnake—that I came to meet. Now I must skulk away without one look into her bright face. By Jove! there she comes!"

CHAPTER XXXII.

My lady kept her word with John Roach, in her own quiet, subtle fashion. She spoke of him frequently, as a young man of great promise and considerable expectations, whose family she had known in England, and in whose fortunes she felt considerable interest. He called upon her frequently, and was thus thrown into the society of the young ladies without any seeming effort of his own. There was no want of capacity in this young man. He had been educated for a profession that entitled him to associate with gentlemen, and was fully capable of concealing those evil traits of character which would have made him equally at home with a much lower class of social beings.

He had followed my lady's advice implicitly: he made an artistic study of his own personal appearance, and took upon himself such grace of refinement as made him always welcome at the Governor's little court. By slow degrees, he began to ingratiate himself into favor with Angela, knowing the way to the warm heart that seemed to beat so tranquilly under that beautiful exterior. He had been in the wilderness with her grandfather, and brought her pleasant news of him. By his own account, his life there had been spent in constant companionship with the good old man. They had wandered together from Skaniateles to the larger village at Owasco, and from thence to the beautiful shores of the Cayuga lake, where corn-gatherers had been at work. He told Angela how powerful and well-beloved the old missionary was with every branch of the Cayuga tribes; of his reminiscences of herself, and the gentle resignation with which he bore her absence. He invented plausible stories of his goodness, and spoke of his acquirements with admiration that was almost reverential. Indeed, he seemed to have given himself up to a worship of the being Angela loved, as she thought, better than anything on earth.

The girl never wearied of this man's experiences in the wilderness. They won his way closer to her heart than the most subtle flattery could have done. He had always something new to relate, gathered from his fertile imagination, but so adapted to the character of her grandfather that her belief in them was perfect; and she began to look for his presence with something like homesick longing—for he could tell her of the old man who had been all the world to her.

With Grace Morton he was hardly less successful. She was tenderly anxious that Angela should be content in the new life her own singular friendship had urged upon her. Each day she watched the developments of intellect and feeling, so refined in their own nature that a

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knowledge of society and its usages was only necessary to round a character beautifully adapted for all these things into almost feminine perfection. She was grateful to anyone who could aid her in this friendly task, and, for a time, forgot her prejudices against the young man, in thankfulness for the aid he was giving her.

On Okalona this strange intimacy had a most singular effect. At first it seemed to startle and bewilder her. Even with Angela her discontent would break out in quick, sharp flashes of anger which she refused to explain; but usually, when these two were together, the Indian girl would hover near them, watchful and sullen; or if a gleam of passion did break out from beneath her bent eyebrows, a look from Roach would check it, as a dash of water quenches fire.

One night, stung to desperation by feelings she no more understood than a wild animal knows of the impulse that seizes him when he leaps upon his prey, she darted out from behind a great elm that sheltered his path through the park as he went homeward from the Governor's house.

"Tell me—tell me why you look so strange, and will not smile or speak to Okalona in yonder," she demanded, with the imperious passion of half-tamed savagery.

Roach stepped back a pace, startled by her vehemence. He had been well pleased with his success that night: for Angela had listened to the guarded expressions of passion he had ventured upon, with the serenity of inattention, which seemed like encouragement, and my lady had hinted that his success was assured; but here was that beautiful wild creature, aroused to jealousy and blocking his path.

"White people do not talk to the women they love when so many are looking on," he said.

"But you talk with the rest—with that English woman—with Miss Morton?"

"That is because I do not love them."

"And with my Angela?"

"Because I do not love her," he answered, with a sort of grim satisfaction that for once he was speaking the truth.

"Not love my Angela? How dare you say that? Why, the very stones love her. I would break them to pieces if they did not. If you did love her, then—then—"

"Well, what then, Okalona?"

"Then," said the girl—and her stormy voice sank down to the pathos of deep solemnity—"I would go back to the woods, heap my own death-fire with pine-knots, that Locarne might set it on fire and scatter the ashes. Then she might never know that Okalona died for her."

Roach was carried out of his own dense selfishness by the passion and pathos of this speech. He knew that the girl would be capable of doing the awful thing she suggested. He held out both his hands.

"My flash of lightning—my dusky little queen—how could I love her or anyone else while you live and love me: for you do love me, Okalona?"

The man spoke now with genuine enthusiasm. Inasmuch as he could love anything, he was sincere in his passion for this dusky wild girl. She only answered him with a long-drawn breath, that lifted the scarlet robe from her bosom as wind sweeps a wave. He could see fire in those great black eyes, and her fingers clung to his hand with a passionate clasp.

"Be sure of this, Okalona," he said. "I love no woman on earth but you. Whatever may happen—whatever the white man's laws may force upon me—I will some day come to your father's lodge, and claim you for my wife."

There was both earnestness and truth in this promise. Villain as he was, Roach meant to keep his word. The hint he had received from that French priest had met with no opposition in his sense of honor. He knew that the savages acknowledged no higher laws than those made by their own sachems, and that marriage with a white woman would be no impediment to the performance of his promise to the beautiful wild thing he was plotting to deceive.

"But remember," he said, "the white man's laws will not allow me to love you: that is why I seldom speak to you before my own people. They would separate us, and send me away over sea. Cannot you understand that I dare not seem to care for you at all?"

Okalona held her breath, terrified lest she might have plunged him into danger by some perilous display of feeling.

"Here," he went on, "I can only see you when no one observes. But have patience: some day I will come to your father, ask him to make me a chief of the Cayugas, and give me his daughter. Will you be happy then, Okalona?"

The girl lifted both his hands to her lips, and kissed them with fierce delight.

"The people of our race know how to wait with shut mouths," she said, with the solemnity of a promise.

"And Okalona knows how to trust the man who will take her to his lodge according to the laws of her own people?"

Again the Indian girl bent her head, as a princess might take leave of her lord, and

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with both arms folded on her breast in sublime contentment, watched him as he moved through the starlight into the shadow of the trees. Then she turned, and almost ran through the park, in haste to find Angela, and, by some act of unusual devotion, atone for the vague suspicions that had gone to her heart as an arrow cleaves the breast of a bird.

Angela was sitting in the pretty lower room that Governor Clinton had fitted up for his mother, which looked out on the bay, and was a favorite haunt of the young ladies when they felt inclined for conversation, or gave themselves up to needlework, in which the young savage was constantly giving them new and most original forms of her own exquisite skill. Her friend was not busy now, but had placed herself on a cushioned stool, and, with both arms folded over the old lady's knees, sat at her feet listening intently to the sweet low voice with which she was speaking. There was no light in the room but that which came from a full-moon, which threw a shimmering path of diamond flashes over the bay, and fell on the old woman and the young one in a soft silvery twilight.

"What is love—what is marriage, my child?" said that sweet but somewhat tremulous voice. "Indeed, dear, you are asking of that which makes the great sum of happiness in the world; but even I, who have lived eighty years and more, can scarcely find a language that will explain it—love takes so many forms."

"I know—I know," said the girl. "But tell me why it should be so full of quiet content, when—when one has known it a long time; that is, when it has grown up with one, and—and—"

"So full of trouble, when given to a person you have not always known?" said the old lady, kindly finishing the broken question.

"Trouble? Oh, no!"

"Yes—yes," repeated the old lady, smiling down upon the eager upturned face, that the moonlight made so beautiful. "A sweet, bewildering trouble—half ecstasy, half pain: filling the life with pleasure that sometimes verges into sadness. The love we feel for parent, sister, or friend has nothing like that."

"No," answered Angela, with a gentle shake of the head, "nothing like that, but—"

"Deeper, sweeter, and more absorbing," said her listener: "something apart, that fills the whole being, and, after awhile, becomes the life of it."

"After awhile? When—tell me, when?"

"When two people love each other in this way, and their lives become one," said the old lady, stooping down and kissing the girl on her forehead.

"But what is marriage, that it should do this?"

"It is the law of God and wise man, which makes such love immortal."

"That is like heaven itself. I understand."

"It gives a right to live with one person always: to make his home beautiful: to share his happiness, and lighten his pain. It is to die upon his bosom, and know that heaven will not have perfect happiness for him or you till he is by your side there. This, my child, is what marriage does for the love we are talking of—a love that makes men more noble, and is the glory of womanhood wherever it is found."

Angela did not speak during some moments. She was looking out upon the moonlit bay, and the old lady could see that tears trembled on her downcast lashes.

"And it lasts so long: when one is old and feeble, perhaps it will not all have died out."

"Died out?"

A smile of wonderful sweetness dawned on that fair old face as the lady said this.

"Die out with age? Ah, my child, you, and those of your years, may think that the love of youth fades when it ceases to be a passion: but when you have measured fifty years of life with one man, as I have done, been proud of him through the brightness of his youth and the strength of his manhood, shared his ambition, gloried in his greatness, felt all that was good in yourself refined by the influence of his soul over yours, the great tenderness and endurance of affection is most deeply felt. You see the form, that seemed perfect while it was erect, begin to stoop, and only feel the change as it inspires you with deeper tenderness. The hair, that you have gloried in for its lustrous abundance, grows thin and white; but you wonder if it was ever so beautiful before. His eyes grow dim, but your own failing sight only accepts the harmony of mutual decay. As age withdraws him from the world, your companionship becomes closer and more exquisitely real. His approaching footsteps thrill your heart with an impulse of thankfulness a thousand times sweeter than the welcome of young love."

Angela's heart was beating fast. She pressed her hand upon it with unconscious force.

"Then it never dies, this love?" she said, lifting her eyes, all aglow with inspiration.

Again the old lady smiled, and her face was beautiful as she bent it over the girl.

"Love never dies, my child: its counterfeit may; but love, never. As time concentrates all the sweetness and delicacy of a blossom in the

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more perfect fruit that springs from it, young love is deepened into profound affection through all the life, and becomes august in the infinite tenderness of old age."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Directly after renewing his treaty with the "Six Nations," Clinton sent out invitations to the Governors of such provinces as lay nearest to him, including those of Massachusetts and Virginia, to meet him in New York, and hold a general council regarding the best means of defense against such hostile tribes as still continued to ravage the borders most exposed to their depredations.

Prompt acceptances had been received in reply to these missives, and preparations were accordingly made to receive these guests of the Colony with a dignity worthy of its importance.

In order to receive these officials with imposing ceremony, Fausbrook's regiment had been ordered down from Albany as a brilliant feature of the military display, and more especially that the young nobleman and his staff might aid the Governor in receiving his guests.

As these important personages came in from the East and the South, each with his train of henchmen and servants, the soldiers turned out from their barracks, company by company, till the streets of the city and the green avenues of the Battery Park were brilliant with uniforms, and noisy with drums and fifes. Salutes were fired again and again; the shipping in the harbor blazed out with colors; and crowds gathered, shouting lustily as the great men passed on their prancing steeds, bareheaded, and bowing low to the huzzas that greeted them.

This was followed by a council of the Governors, and a grand review at the Bowling Green, where the statue of King George looked grandly down upon his soldiers.

So much was given to the people; but the crowning glory of this visit was yet to come. Invitations had been sent out for a ball, at the Governor's mansion, where the aristocrats who inhabited the stately residences about the Bowling Green and some distance up Pearl and Hanover Streets—now ruthlessly torn down—might swell the little Colonial court into an imposing imitation of that held at St. James'.

On this night, the festivities of this reception were to culminate with unequaled brilliancy. The crimson sunset had hardly faded back of the Weehauken hills, when that red-brick mansion was kindled up with a blaze of light, that streamed through every window from basement to roof; fell in paths of tremulous gold on the waters of the bay, and, in another direction, shone through the green of the park like the flashes of a conflagration. Before the mansion, sentinels walked, and black servants in livery gathered around the entrance, ready to attend the guests long before any of them arrived.

One of the largest trees of the park was laden in all its branches with small colored lanterns, that clustered in its leaves like stars, glinting fire on the instruments of a fine military band stationed there, and flinging down shadows that toned the scarlet of their uniforms to crimson.

All these preparations were made while the ladies of Governor Clinton's household were in their rooms, under the torture of crisping-pins and hair-dressers. The curtains of my lady's room were closely drawn against a dazzling glow of light that flooded her toilet like sunshine. She was alone with Parsons, whose thin features were set in a firm effort of endurance. Her mistress was more than usually excited. In ordering Fausbrook's regiment down from Albany, Governor Clinton had interfered seriously with her plans regarding John Roach and the girl whose destiny she was anxious to unite with his. She feared that what had perhaps been a passing fancy in Fausbrook might, when once more thrown into the society of Angela, become an abiding passion difficult to contend against; and these tormenting thoughts expressed themselves in little stings of sarcasm and contemptuous drawls, which she heaped on her much-enduring English maid, who, being a stranger and dependent in a strange land, without power of resentment or escape, was a convenient and safe object of accumulated spleen.

The Countess, as became her rank and boundless ambition, was resolved to astonish this Colonial court with the resplendence of her surroundings. To this end she had opened the caskets of rare jewels still left in her possession by the young heir, and placed them in dazzling array under the candle-light that flooded them with its radiance. At first her eyes brightened over them; then came a pang of remembrance that turned their blue into glittering steel.

"They are his now, and may yet burn on the neck of this Indian-bred girl." The thought stung her into fresh exasperation, which Parsons was made to feel with every dust of powder she shook over those elaborate curls, and every patch that was placed on the false roses of a cheek on which they answered for dimples.

At length my lady was in full array, and arose to contemplate herself in the mirror. During that survey, gratified vanity overcame the venom of her thoughts: for the figure that presented

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itself was superb in its magnificence. The robe of purple velvet, which, like some modern ladies, she fancied to be a festive shade of mourning, reflected the bloom of ripe grapes in the soft glow of wax-lights. The bosom, down to the long and pointed waist, was ablaze with a stomacher of diamonds that were continued in a band of light around the low, square corsage, and sparkled in the coronet that bound her hair.

As my lady stood regarding herself, with a smile upon her lips far more genuine than their color, the military band in the park struck up a triumphant air.

"Ah! the guests are coming," she said, with some excitement. "Put on my gloves, and bring my fan."

The band came out in full force now, and flooded the park with patriotic music that sometimes almost drowned the softer yet more exhilarating airs that came from a group of colored men mounted on a platform at one end of the ball-room, each with a violin held close under the chin, and one foot beating time to his own measure, without giving much heed to that of his neighbor.

When the blood is tingling in your veins, and your heart is leaping for action, a false bar more or less is of little consequence to a good dancer. In the stately minuet, some irregularity in this native band might be detected; but when the contra-dances came on, later in the evening, the negroes threw their own jolly spirit into the music, and drowned all deficiency in a riotous glee of music, measured only by the swift stamp of feet and the swaying of their figures to and fro, as if the souls within them were dancing to their own music.

When the Countess-dowager of Forsborough entered the ball-room, leaning on the Governor's arm, and followed by a train of noble-looking men and stately women, all arrayed in the superb dress of a period when highly-bred gentlemen indulged in the luxury of velvet, lace, and rich colors, this negro band broke into a march that rang through the rooms like a jubilee. This was answered from the park by an outburst of gratulation, softened by distance into an agreeable harmony, in which the stately line of revelers broke up, and formed itself for the performance of a minuet in which persons the most aristocratic and blue-blooded in the Colony were to open the ball.

My lady, in right of her rank, led the minuet. Conscious of the dignity, and feeling herself queen of the occasion, she performed her graceful duty as if she had been in fact born to do the honors of a throne. In the glow and brilliancy of her dress, she looked much younger than her years; and the consciousness of it left a light in her eyes, and a glow on her cheeks that was not altogether false as herself. But as she paused in the dance, and had an opportunity to look around her, this color left her face, and the soft expression of her eyes turned to a steely glitter: for directly before her stood her son, with the missionary's daughter by his side.

The girl was pale, and evidently trembling in the agonies of self-distrust: for this was her first appearance upon the floor, and all the patient teaching of her friend Miss Morton failed to give her confidence. My lady saw this, and but for deeper feeling, might have triumphed in it. But in the girl who stood there shrinking and with downcast eyes, but superb in that dress of antique brocade of delicate blue, over which vine-like sprays trailed and flowers glowed, she saw the likeness of another person—young, beautiful, and arrayed in that very dress: the same gossamer lace fell like a golden mist over the arms; that same rope of pearls, to which that amphosa of curious workmanship hung, was around her neck.

Every detail of that dress the woman knew, and recognized with a thrill of dread, as if some sere-cloth from a grave had been held up before her.

Angela felt the woman's glance, and turned her frightened eyes away. It seemed as if that one fierce look had drawn the attention of the whole assembly upon her. She made her low and tremulous curtsey with burning cheeks, and somewhat awkwardly. Fausbrook saw this, and for one instant his hand closed upon hers with a touch of gentle encouragement. This brought a smile around her mouth, leaving dimples in the corners of it. She forgot my lady's terrible look, gave herself up to the music, and went on with the dance gracefully as a bird swings to and fro on the tree-branches.

The Countess endured this sight till it blinded her with passion; but she went through the minuet, feeling all the time as if she were in a dance with some ghost that she must struggle with, and conquer or die.

Okalona had learned self-distrust since her wild exhibition at Albany, and kept back in a distant part of the room, watching every movement that Angela made in the dance with proud admiration. Young Roach stood near her, and from time to time she regarded him with suspicious scrutiny. The influence of my lady had established the young man in his position among the high-born crowd, and he had maintained it with much address. That evening he had come

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to the Governor's mansion resolved to dare fortune, and learn his fate from Angela.

When the first minuet was over, and Angela had mingled with the crowd, Okalona wandered off into another part of the house: for she had lost sight of Roach also, and the ball-room had no further interest for her. The old lady of the house had been very kind to the Indian girl, and Okalona went to her little sitting-room, thinking perhaps to find her there; but the room was empty, and would have been quite darkened but for the moonlight that streamed through a window opening upon the bay.

Okalona was disturbed. She wanted to cry, but resisted the impulse with fierce Indian pride. Still, it was strong upon her, and, terribly ashamed, she crept into a dark corner of the room, where a sofa was concealed in the darkness. On this stiff-backed piece of furniture the old lady sometimes rested, with a quilt of silk and down thrown over her. Beneath this quilt Okalona crept, thinking to hide the shame of her tears under it: for something in the face of John Roach as he watched Angela in that dance had wounded her terribly; but, in her wild innocence, she could not tell why.

Okalona did not weep aloud—she was too brave for that—but lay perfectly still, feeling the tears well up to her eyes, and fighting them back with all her savage strength of shame.

As she lay there, full of stormy passion, but silent as her father would have been at the stake, someone came into the room; and, standing in the block of moonlight that lay like marble on the floor, she saw Angela.

Okalona scarcely breathed. For the world she would not have permitted this dearest of all friends to see her in this state of humiliating weakness. So, gathering her limbs together under the soft quilt, she lay still, and watched Angela draw a chair in front of the window and sit down upon it.

Suddenly the door was softly pushed open, and before Angela could speak, a man was bending over her chair.

Angela started to her feet, with a quick exclamation of surprise.

"Have I frightened you—have I seemed rude?" said the man.

Angela arose to go. The voice disturbed and perhaps disappointed her a little.

"One moment—do not let me frighten you away," said Roach, hurriedly. "It is so seldom that I see you alone: and to me such moments as this are precious. Pray be seated. I have something to propose—something on which the whole happiness of my life depends."

Angela dropped slowly back into her chair, and looked up at him breathless with surprise. She was at a loss for his meaning.

"The happiness of my whole life," he repeated. "Indeed you must know, for I cannot have concealed it: how dearly—how adoringly—I love you."

"Love me?"

Angela refused to be seated, and, flushed with angry pain, moved toward the door.

"Ah! do not leave me—do not attempt to escape from a confession that carries my very soul with it. I love you—have loved you devotedly—madly—since the first day that I saw you! To make you my wife is the one wish of my heart."

"Make me your wife—me? Mr. Roach, let me pass."

Honest or not, the blood of all the Fausbrooks that ever lived burned now in the girl's face. She put out her hand, and thrust him aside with an imperious gesture, as a queen might repel her serf.

"Yes, you. Why not? I am a gentleman, and by no means a beggar in fortune. Why should love on my lips be repelled as an insult?"

There was a certain amount of dignity in this rude self-assertion, that arrested the haughty words that rose to Angela's lips.

"Excuse me, if, in my surprise, I have appeared to be uncivil," she said, seating herself gravely. "Indeed, I know but little of the fashions of life here, and may have misunderstood."

"Not if the desire to make you my wife has not been imperfectly expressed: for that is the one wish of my being," said Roach.

"But it is impossible."

"May I ask why?"

The man was pale with suppressed rage. Angela looked upon his white face seriously.

"One must love a man before she can marry him. I do not love you."

"And you never can?—you will not try?"

"I surely never can," she said, gently, but with firmness; "and it seems to me that love never comes with trying."

"Then you refuse—you disdain my offer?"

"Disdain is hardly a word to use. Indeed, I ought to feel grateful: pray believe that I am; and, if you please, leave me alone."

Roach stood a full minute looking at the girl, with lowering brows; then he flung himself toward the door, muttering between his teeth:

"This question has not ended here!"

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CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE abrupt entrance into a private room, in which Angela had sought a moment of the solitude which is so sweet in our first love-dreams, had surprised the girl; but the audacity of his proposal, and the insolence of his retreat, deepened that surprise into indignation not unmixed with vague terror. When he was gone, she stood some moments bewildered by this strange rush of emotions, then sank back into the old lady's chair, and, covering her face with both hands, burst into tears. Fausbrook spoke:

"Angela—Angela! what is the matter? Really crying? Who has grieved you so?—tell me."

The girl drew a deep, long breath, dropped her hands, and tried to smile; but tears hung heavily on her lashes, and her lips quivered.

Fausbrook bent more earnestly over her.

"Will you not tell me? Surely, that fellow Roach has not dared—"

"He has dared too much: he has asked me to become his wife," answered the girl, dashing the tears from her eyes in passionate distress. "Is it strange that I weep under the shame of it?"

"And you are vexed with him for that?" he said, gently removing the hands with which she had covered her face again. "Would it be a greater offense if I were to ask the same question?"

The girl gave him a swift, timid glance, and made a little effort to release her hands.

"You—you?" she cried, in surprise.

"Angela, you must have expected this. I have told you over and over again that I love you."

"Yes, yes, I know."

"Dearly, devotedly: as men love the women they hope to spend a life with."

She could not quite look into his face; but he saw that, where her tears had been, smiles were trembling like sunshine from a cloud.

"You are not angry with me for saying this?" he continued, bending his face nearer and nearer to hers.

"Angry?"

Her eyes were full of love-light: her lips, unconscious of the sweet impulse, met his.

At this inopportune moment, a voice was heard, close at hand, saying:

"Ah, Arthur, I have found you at last; another dance is forming, and your partner waits—"

Fausbrook turned as these commonplace words were uttered, and saw his mother holding the softly-opened door back with her hand. Before he could speak, my lady stepped into the room and closed the door.

"If this young lady will excuse me, I would like a word with my son, alone," she said, with a graceful wave of her closed fan toward a side-door.

At the word, Angela passed out, with a courteous bend of the head, full of dignity, though her heart was beating loud and fast.

"Arthur, why are you here with that young person?" said his mother, severely. "Have I disturbed a rendezvous?"

"If you were on the threshold any length of time, it is unnecessary to tell you that I have just been entreating the young lady to become Countess of Forsborough," he answered, firmly.

For once nature was too strong for my lady's power of dissimulation: her eyes grew dark and threatening, her lips turned gray.

"You have asked this girl to marry you?"

"I have."

"And she accepts?"

"With her grandfather's approbation, I think she does."

"Her grandfather? Lord Fausbrook, have you any idea who this creature is?"

"I have an idea, but no certainty. How does that affect the matter? She is good: she is beautiful; and I love her. What more does a reasonable man want?"

"He wants a wife of his own station—at any rate, a woman honestly born."

Fausbrook was now almost as pale as his mother: she had struck the one weak point in his armor.

"Ah, you begin to understand," she cried. "The blood of an old family forsakes your face. This girl, to whom you have almost committed yourself, is the daughter of my husband. The mother died at Forsborough Castle, and the child, with her disreputable old grandfather, was sent away, that I his wife might not be contaminated by their presence."

"What proof have you of this?" he said, sternly, after a moment of breathless horror. "Incoherent charges are not evidence."

"No; charges are not evidence; but facts are. Listen to me, Arthur: when that girl came into the ball-room this evening, she was arrayed sumptuously in the trappings of her mother's shame. The robe she has on, the pearls about her neck, the antique relic hanging from them, I have seen more than once upon the woman whose fate you have so bemoaned. That woman was the mother of this very person to whom you have been mad enough to speak of marriage."

"If it is madness," said the young man, firmly, but still under great excitement, "that which you have told me has only the power to confirm it. I will do what I can to repair her

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wrongs. I will make her what her mother should have been — Countess of Forsborough."

"Arthur—Arthur—are you serious?"

"Perfectly serious. Had you told me this an hour ago, my action would still have been the same. When I offered my hand, it was after mature deliberation."

"And you will marry this creature—give her the title I bear—help her to strip me of these—and these—that the shame of her birth may be buried under them? Never, I say again—never, never!" She struck her jeweled stomacher with her clenched hand as she spoke.

Fausbrook looked on her with amazement. This wild vehemence was so opposed to her usual languid manner, that she seemed another person to him. While she stood there panting with excitement, he said, with studied gentleness:

"You forget, mother, that I am a man, with all a man's rights to choose for himself."

"But you have no such rights. You have nothing that a mother's foolish sacrifices have not given you. You never shall exercise rights that have been bought with the best years of her life."

He looked at her in amazement, and said:

"I do not understand. Has this extraordinary exhibition of temper some meaning that I cannot fathom?"

"Persist in a determination to marry this girl, and I will find a way to make you comprehend its full meaning. Before you shall complete this infamy, I will, with my own hands, sink you into abject dependence—bury you deep down under the ruin you will bring on yourself."

Her words staggered him. What could she mean? Did she know some terrible secret, the revelation of which would be ruin to him? He answered, however, still firmly:

"Mother, mother! spare me these unmeaning and unwomanly threats. They mean rule or ruin: either is beyond your power, unworthy of you, and humiliating to me."

"You are right, Arthur," she said, after a pause, controlling herself by a violent effort. "But take a little time for reflection before you cast the bar sinister over a grand old name by marrying this girl. I will ask no more just now."

"I could not deny a request so reasonable," he said, rejoiced to end the painful scene; and drawing the lady's hand to his arm, he led her out of the room.

Meanwhile Okalona lay perfectly quiet in her dark corner, holding her breath, intently listening. She had no idea of that sense of honor which made this act a matter of reproach among white people. Even while Roach was protesting his love for Angela, she made no outburst, but strained her limbs, clenched her hands, and locked her teeth, with a ferocity all the more intense because it was noiseless. When Lady Fausbrook left the room with her son, the girl started up from her concealment, glided through the door where Angela had disappeared, and after that commenced one of those "still hunts" that would have done credit to the craftiest savage of her race.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

COME TO THE DOOR.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

Come to the door with a greeting,
Come with a smile on your face,
When 'tis a friend you are meeting
Worthy a hearty embrace.
Treat not unkindly or coldly
Those whom to lose you'd deplore;
But still delightedly, boldly,
Show a glad face at the door.

Many a joy will go by you,
Many a pleasure you'll miss,
Simply because you neglected
Making concessions like this.
So if you would the old friendships
To their old footing restore,
Give them a heartier welcome,
Coming yourself to the door.

When from his wanderings dreary,
Homeward the trav'ler returns,
For the dear faces so cheery
By his own fireside he yearns;
And if they joy at his coming,
Glad that the parting is o'er,
They will be ready to greet him
Ere he's in sight of the door.

Only to think of the greeting
Ready at close of the day—
Only to think of the meeting—
Oh, how it shortens the way!
Trials and worries perplexing
Trouble the spirit no more,
When we are met with caresses
From a dear one at the door.

Home is the symbol of heaven:
Here in the sweetest content
All the years unto us given
May be delightfully spent,
If we are honest and faithful,
If we are true to the core,
Letting love stand like an angel
Always in charge of the door.

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EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

No. 1—Is a walking-costume, of black and white checked woolen goods and black velvet. We give the back and front view of the costume. The underskirt is of the checked goods, the edge of which is cut in long cassellated squares; these are lined, then stitched by machine, turned, and then the skirt is arranged upon an under-lining faced on the outside with the black velvet, as deep as the slits in the check. This may be seen in the illustration. The tunic is of the check, faced with a wide rever of black velvet, and draped to form a point in front. The back is

No. 1—FRONT.

No. 1—BACK.

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caught up in irregular puffs. The corsage is long and tight-fitting like a coat. It has a broad band of black velvet down each front, to simulate a vest; this velvet also forms the underskirt of

No. 2.

the corsage. The check is then fitted for the corsage, and the skirt of it slashed to correspond with the bottom of the dress. Velvet collar and cuffs; a large loop of velvet finishes the back of the corsage. Five yards of velvet, and eight yards of double-fold checked material. A clear black and white block will make the most effective combination; about a quarter-inch block is the prettiest. This costume may be worn in half-mourning, or not. A black felt poke bonnet, trimmed with large rosettes of narrow black velvet ribbon, completes this costume. For a very young girl, the hat may be preferred.

No. 2—Is a home-toilette, suitable for dinner or evening-wear. Our model calls for navy-blue satin brocade, and garnet velvet for the underskirt; but any brocaded or figured silk or cashmere, with the underskirt of plain colored satin, surah or ottoman silk, will look quite as stylish, if not as elegant as the other combination. Many ladies of more quiet taste also would prefer the underskirt to be of the same color as that of the brocade. However, it is all a matter of individual taste. The underskirt of this costume—be it either of velvet or silk—has first a side-

No. 3.

plaited flounce nine inches deep all around, then the front-breadth, which is of the same material, is kilt-plaited from a little below the waist all the way down, meeting the first point of the

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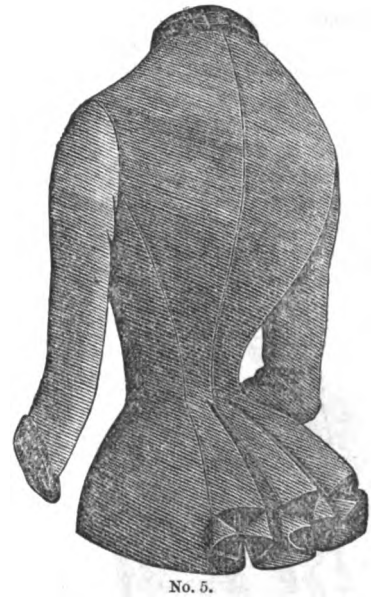
No. 4.

vandyked overskirt, as seen in the illustration. This kilted front falls over the plaited flounce. The overskirt is cut out in deep vandykes, and piped with silk to match; the points fall over the plaited flounce. The paniers are of the brocade, and the puff at the back matches the under-skirt. The bodice is a plain corsage, with a long point in front, from under which the paniers are arranged. It is quite short in the back, as may be seen, and the puff and paniers are draped upon it. Tight coat-sleeves, with cuffs of velvet; collar also of velvet. Very small bullet-shaped buttons are used. Nine to ten yards of brocade, six to eight yards of plain velvet or silk for the underskirt, will be required. Two dozen buttons.

No. 3—Is a toilette for a young lady, suitable for either the house or street. The skirt is of myrtle-green silk, and is seventeen tiny knife-plaited ruffles, ten of which are continued all around the skirt. The other seven are arranged to fill up the right side, over which the tunic is draped. This overskirt and basque are of cashmere or camel's-hair cloth of the same color and shade of the underskirt. The overskirt is simply hemmed on the edge with an inch and a half hem. The basque is perfectly plain, with double box-plaits to form the fullness of the postillion-back. Velvet collar: first a



No. 5.

standing one, and then a turn-down one forming revers on the bodice. Velvet cuffs. Twelve to fourteen yards of silk for the underskirt, and six yards of double-fold material for the basque and overskirt, will be required.

No. 6.

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No. 4—Is a street-costume for this month, of navy-blue flannel or serge, trimmed with a velvet collar, cuffs, and sash of satin-lined velvet ribbon, which is tied in a large bow and ends in front. This little paletot buttons down the front, and is plaited at the back.

No. 5—Is a postillion-corsage, of velvet or surah. The back of the corsage is laid in three box-plaits, which are lined with velvet if the corsage is of silk, and with satin if the corsage is of velvet. Collar and cuffs of velvet or satin, as the corsage may demand. Large buttons, with passementerie and cords, ornament the front of the corsage.

No. 6.—We give the back and front of a blouse-

No. 7.

frock, for a little girl of four years. It is made of brown diagonal serge, or flannel. The front and back are laid in deep plaits from the neck to the edge of the skirt. Plush collar and cuffs. Large buttons. The sash is of pale-brown serge silk, fastened at the side with a large bow and buckle. This model will be equally suitable for a boy of three to four years, and may be worn in the street without other wrap.

No. 7—Is a costume for a boy of four years. The skirt is of tartan plaid, cut on the bias, and made into a kilt. The jacket is of black velvet or velveteen, the edge of which is slashed in squares; these are piped with black satin, or bound with black silk braid. A tartan sash like the skirt, cut on the bias, passes over the left shoulder, and is tied in a large bow at the back, a little to the right of the middle.

No. 8—Is a new model, for an infant of three years, and is suitable for either boy or girl. It

No. 8.

is made of flannel, cashmere, or serge, or of fleecy-lined piqué. There is a kilted skirt sewed on to an elongated waist, which is plaited the same back and front. The basque is sewed into the waist, and is lined with velvet and turned back, the points being held down by a small button. The cuffs and collars are made to match.

LADIES' PATTERNS.

Any style in this number will be sent by mail on receipt of full price for corresponding article in price list below. Patterns will be put together and plainly marked. Patterns designed to order.

Princess Dress: Plain,	.50
" " with drapery and trimming,	1.00
Polonaise,	.50
Combination Walking Suits,	1.00
Trimmed Skirts,	.50
Watteau Wrapper,	.50
Plain or Gored Wrappers,	.25
Basques,	.25
Coats,	.25
" with vests or skirts cut off,	.50
Overskirts,	.25
Talmas and Dolmans,	.25
Waterproofs and Circulars,	.25
Ulsters,	.25

We have marked in the catalogue the patterns we always keep in stock.

In sending orders for Patterns, please send the number and month of Magazine, also No. of page or figure or anything definite, and also whether for lady or child. Address, Mrs. M. A. Jones, 28 South Eighth Street, Philadelphia.

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COLLEEN-BAWN CLOAK: WITH SUPPLEMENT.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give here an engraving of a cloak for a young girl, called the "Colleen-Bawn Cloak," for a girl of from six to eight years. Folded in with the number is a SUPPLEMENT, with full-size patterns by which to cut it out.

The cloak, as will be seen, consists of five pieces, viz:

No. 1.—HALF OF FRONT, with skirt attached. Our paper not admitting of the whole fullness, we have given exactly one-quarter of the entire width—that is, half of this half; this fullness is laid in side or box-plaits, and sewed into the back at the waist.

No. 2.—HALF OF THE BACK.

No. 3.—HALF OF THE CAPE.

No. 4.—HALF OF THE COLLAR.

No. 5.—THE POCKET.

The material used is cloth, and the trimmings plush or velvet. We also give, on the SUPPLEMENT, a design for the End of a Scarf, and one for Painting a Plate, or In Embroidery.

DESIGNS IN WILD-ROSES, ETC., ETC.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number we give two pages of embroidery for screens, etc., etc. The first design is in wild-roses, with a bird. The roses, leaves, stems, and the bird are to be done in the natural colors, in crewels, or silks if the latter are preferred. The work is to be done in the usual embroidery-stitch. The second design is a blackberry-pattern, worked in the same way as the first. The third design consists of birds, pine-cones, and the tender young green of the pine, and is to be worked like the two former patterns. Any of these designs is very pretty for sofa-cushions, chair-seats, ottomans, etc., if enlarged.

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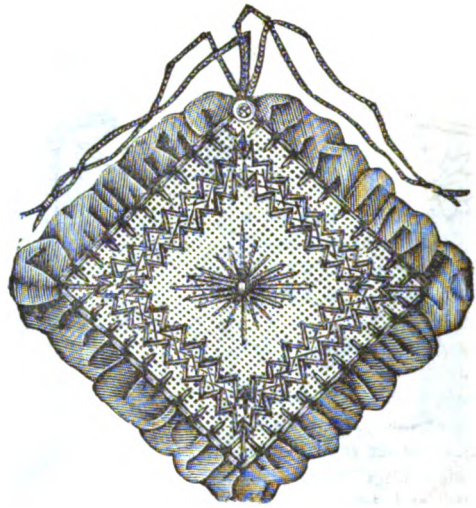
HANDKERCHIEF SACHET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER



The materials are card-board, two squares, of seven inches square, the same of perforated card-board. Some satin for the frill, wadding and silk for lining, ribbon for tying, some sachet-powder for perfuming. The card-board squares are embroidered after the design given, in different colored silks. The squares are a little larger than a folded handkerchief. The satin for the frill is seven inches wide, and rather more than double the length of the four sides of the square. This should match in tint the color of the draperies in the bed-room. After the upper square is worked, and fixed round the inside of the card-board, by gumming the raw edges flat, the satin frill is then sewed on to this; the wadding is cut to the proper size, and into it is mixed the sachet-powder, and it is covered over with the silk lining; then the lining is sewed neatly on each side of the square. The under card-board is covered in the same way. In joining the two together, only two sides to be joined to the satin frill, these three sides forming a triangle; and the satin fullness is secured from them on the upper card-board, to admit the handkerchief.

DAFFODILS: SEE SUPPLEMENT.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

For a china or terra-cotta plate; or on card-board, in water-colors, for a hand-screen or fan. The colors are a deep-yellow for the petals, and a paler transparent tint for the tube; the leaves a blue-green, formed by Brunswick-green and white. The ground of the china plate should be a pale-red, shaded from a dark to a lighter tint *above* the flowers, the rim a deep tint of red, and a gold border. Terra-cotta will require no ground. Or the design may be copied in embroidery.

The Screen.—A ground of shaded red, and where the lines represent the borders of the plate, a plaited lemon-color ribbon, in flat plaits, should be sewed on one edge of the plaits above the edge of the card-board; a handle fixed, and a bow of red ribbon to conceal the fixing.

For a Fan.—The ground white, and a border of yellow feathers round it, or edged with white marabout feathers. The handle of ivory, a narrow satin ribbon (yellow) arranged in a rosette, to hide the slipping in of the card-board to a deep slit in the handle, and then a loop reaching from thence to the opposite end of the handle, where it is neatly secured.

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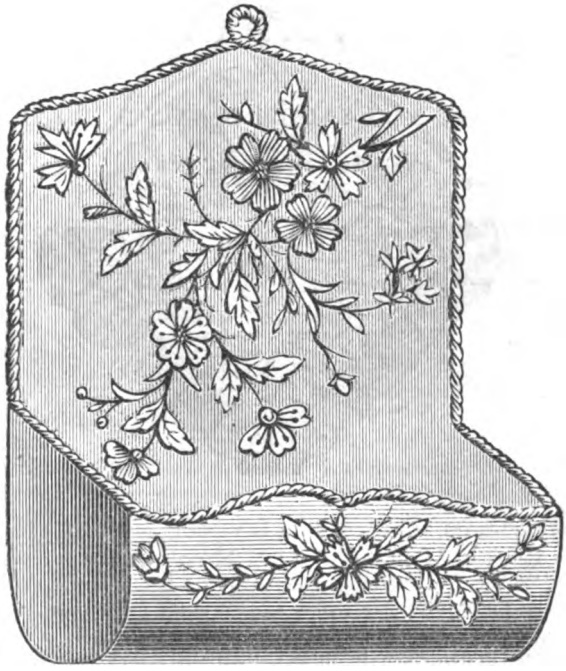
WALL-POCKET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This useful little article is made of either plush or velvet, on to which a design of flowers is embroidered in silks. It is all cut in one piece. The front, which turns up, is cut into a scallop, and the sides are separate and set in. After the piece is embroidered, it is to be mounted upon a piece of card-board which has been neatly lined on the back. The front piece of embroidery, it is useless to say, is of the plush, and a separate piece, unless one prefers to have the back lined with the plush; then, of course, it is just turned up. A large twisted-silk cord finishes the edge.

COLORED PATTERN: GUELDER ROSES.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, printed in the appropriate colors, we give a spray of Guelder Roses, which may be executed either in painting or embroidery, at the taste or convenience of the fair artist.

In painting, the design is suitable for a panel of a door, to be either painted on a door of a room or a cabinet, or on paper, which is afterwards to be pasted smoothly on. When dry, it can be sized over with common white size, or with half an ounce of isinglass steeped in very little cold water, then a little hot water poured over, and, when dissolved, strained and used while warm. Put on two coats of size, letting one dry before another is put on, and be careful that every part is well covered. Lastly, varnish with white hard var-

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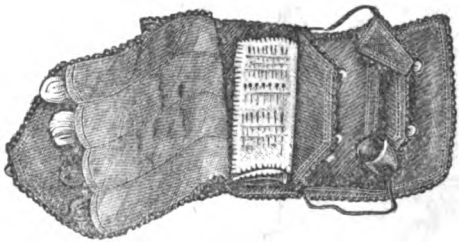
nish. Or the design may be framed as a picture; or be cut oval, and mounted on stiff card-board. This, lined at the back with satin, and the edge covered with plaited satin ribbon, and with handle attached, can be used as a hand-screen.

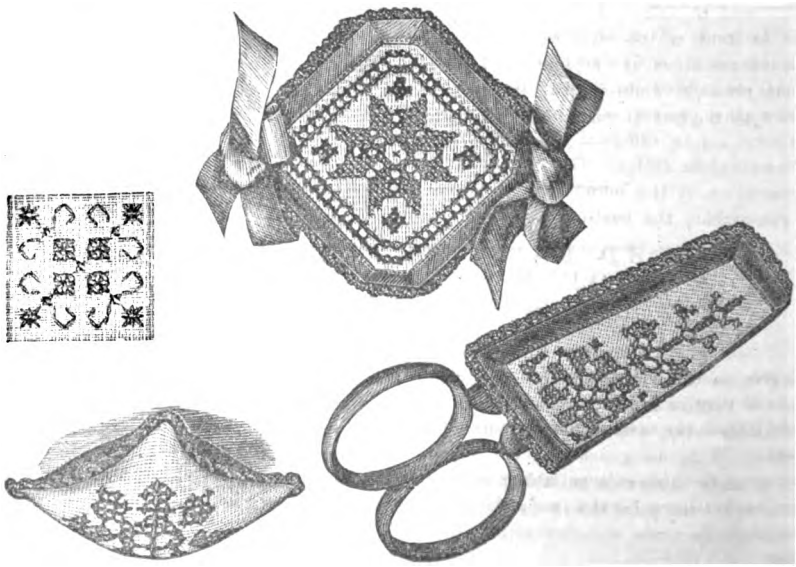
In embroidery, the stitches to be used are the ordinary ones, the colors to be taken from the pattern. It may be used in this way for a hand-screen, or suits other purposes. Or, if enlarged, it would make a pretty ottoman-seat, chair-back, fire-screen, etc., etc. In fact there are a dozen purposes to which it may be applied.

NEEDLE-CASE: OPEN AND CLOSED.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



The outside of this needle-case is worked in cross-stitch with different colored silks on very fine silk canvas, the kind that comes for gentlemen's suspenders. The design can be easily taken from the illustration, or any other little design supplied. The inside may be of silk, satin, or fine flannel or cashmere, and the cases for the thread, scissors, and thimble are attached to the lining, as may be seen. A crocheted edge is worked all around, with a fine crochet-needle and spool-silk. We also give designs for a pincushion, scissors-case, and a simple needle-case, with a design for the embroidery. All these little things furnish a work-basket beautifully, and are easily made. They are all done in the same manner. The mountings of the scissors-case, pincushion, and needle-case may be of either velvet or satin. The crocheted edge finishes all of the articles. This would make a very appropriate gift for the coming Christmas or New Year.



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CUSHION: APPLIQUÉ OF CRETONNE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

This design is given in miniature size, but demonstrates sufficiently well how these cretonne appliqués are carried out. The foundation may be either plush, velvet, satin, or cloth; the cretonne is cut out in different bits, and arranged to form a complete design These are either carefully basted on to the foundation, or pasted on with gum-arabic; the basting is preferable, but it must be done carefully and neatly; then the edges and the veining of the leaves, etc., etc., are worked over, in buttonhole-stitch for the edges, and stem-stitch for the veining, using colored silks to match the flowers and leaves, etc., etc. The designs are further enriched and accentuated by filling in various fancy stitches with the different silks.

END OF A SCARF TABLE-COVER.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

We give, on the SUPPLEMENT, a very beautiful pattern, in Pansies and Primroses, for the end of a scarf table-cover, designed expressly for this magazine. This design, together with others given on other SUPPLEMENTS, makes a beautiful decoration in outline for the two ends of a scarf table-cover.

Or it may be done on crash, with wash-silks, in natural colors of flowers and leaves, for the top of a dressing-table, or night-stand in a bedroom. A very useful as well as beautiful cover may be thus made on satin, pongee, or velvet, in filoselle, for the drawing-room or library.

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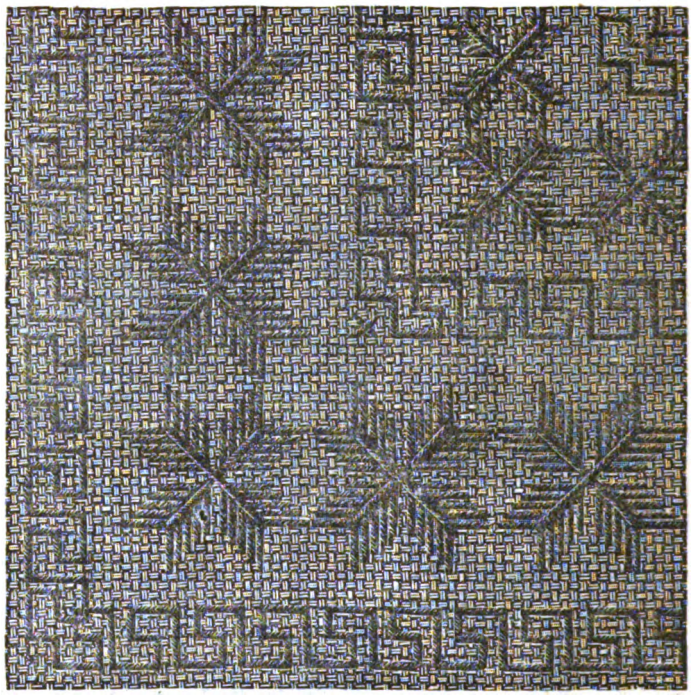
COVER FOR A BABY'S CARRIAGE OR CRIB.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



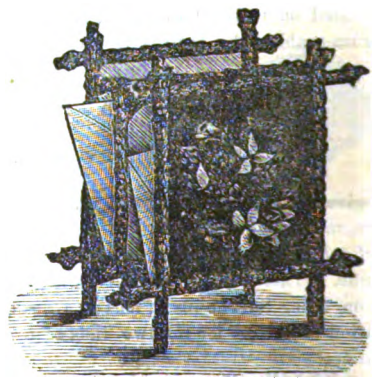
Materials: white cotton, Java canvas, pale-pink and pale-blue zephyr.

Make the cover the required size, and then follow the design which we give complete and full size for one corner. The colors may be arranged to suit the taste, making the border of one, the stars of the other. Fringe the ends, and buttonhole-stitch the sides.

LETTER RACK.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

For making the frame, young shoots of pine-wood are cut the required length, dried in an oven, and the pieces joined together with fine wire. Knotted ends are fixed firmly to the ends of the staves, as seen in the illustration. The outer and inner panels are made of stout card-board, the former on one side covered with plush, on the reverse side, as also the centre panel, with glazed paper. The design on the plush can either be painted or done in embroidery.



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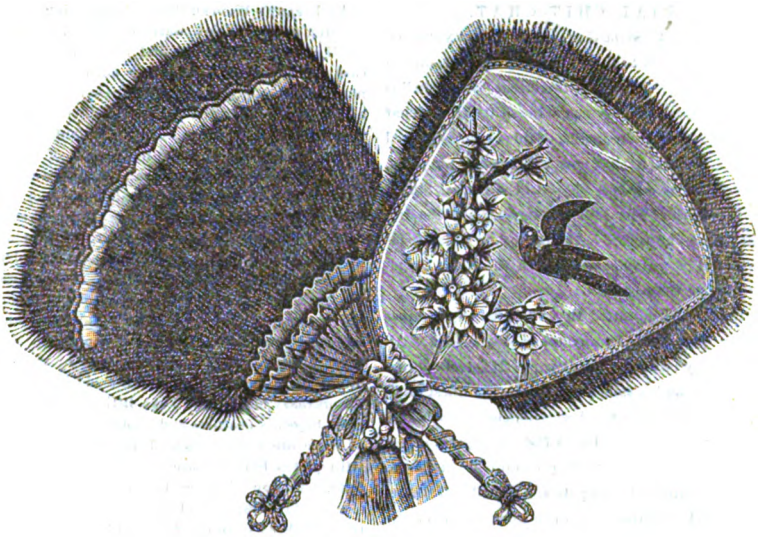
FIREPLACE FAN.

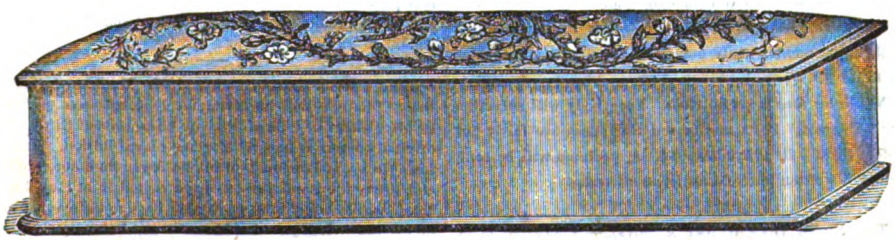
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Two large palm-leaf fans are required for this arrangement. One of the fans is covered with old-gold satin, on which a spray of flowers, with a bird, or any other design, has been embroidered in suitable colors. A silk cord, of old-gold color, borders the fan, and holds the fringe of brown ostrich or marabout feathers in its place. To the surface of the other fan are fixed fringes of ostrich or marabout feathers, which can be bought ready-made: a row of peacock-tips intersecting the same, as seen in the illustration. The lower part of this fan is covered with ruches of old-gold satin, and the handles are ornamented with cords and tassels of the same color.

BOOT AND SHOE BOX

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This is a most convenient piece of bed-room furniture. It can be covered in either plush, rep, or cloth, and the lid is decorated with embroidery. The inside is lined with furniture-chintz or cretonne. The width of the box should be sufficient for the boots and shoes it is intended to contain: about twenty-seven inches long, and from seven to nine inches high. The lid of the box should be lightly padded with cotton laps. The box can be placed either before the dressing-table or fender; serving the double purpose of shoe-box and hassock.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

"PETERSON" FOR 1884. STILL GREATER INDUCEMENTS THAN EVER!—We call attention to the Prospectus for 1884, on the last page of the cover. We claim there that "Peterson" is both *better and cheaper* than any magazine of its kind. That the public at large admits the justice of this claim, is proved by the fact that "Peterson" has now, and has had for years, *the largest circulation of any lady's-book* in the United States, or even in the world. For 1884 "Peterson" will be improved still more, however. Among other things, *the reading matter will be greatly increased.* In short, the magazine will be better than ever.

It is now universally admitted that "Peterson" combines more desirable qualities than any other lady's book. All others, at best, play but a secondary part. Its steel-engravings are the finest: and a steel-engraving is the finest of all engravings. Its stories are the best published: no lady's-book has such contributors. In its fashion department, it has long been acknowledged to be pre-eminent; its styles are the newest and most elegant; its superb colored plates, printed from steel, are the only ones now given in the United States. The dress-patterns and the "Every-Day" department make it indispensable in a family *as a matter of economy.* No other lady's-book gives such illustrated stories and other articles. Where but one magazine is taken, "Peterson" should be that magazine; and every family that pretends to culture and refinement should take at least one magazine.

We continue to offer four kinds of clubs. For one kind, the premium is the unrivaled illustrated volume, "The Golden Gift," or the large engraving, "Tired Out," whichever is preferred. For another kind, the premium is a copy of "Peterson" for 1884. For still another kind, there are two premiums: "The Golden Gift" or "Tired Out" *and* a copy of "Peterson." For our very largest clubs, the magazine and both "The Golden Gift" and "Tired Out" are given—*three premiums in all!* No other magazine offers such inducements. Only our immense circulation enables *us* to do it.

Now is the time to get up clubs. Everybody will subscribe for "Peterson," if its merits and cheapness are fairly put before them. *Be first in the field.* A specimen will be sent, gratis, if written for. *Do not lose a moment.*

THE NOVEL THAT IS NOT A NOVEL.—A London critic wittily says that Mr. Henry James confines himself in his novels to the analysis of the mental processes of the Young-Man-who-might-have-done-Something, the Young-Man-who-is-afraid-he-will-do-Something, the Girl-who-is-anxious-to-have-him-do-Something, his Friend-who-don't-want-to-do-Anything-and-never-did, their relations, male and female, English Lords of assorted sizes, German Professors, and Couriers.

AN INFANT'S WINTER OUTFIT is a problem that often vexes a young mother. Now warm clothing is most essential for small children, during the first year or two of their lives; but care should be taken that it is not too heavy. If a white muslin, nainsook, or even piqué dress is worn, the underskirt and flannel petticoat should be of sufficient warmth to make up for the lighter dress; but if the infant is large enough to wear a woolen frock, a lighter weight of flannels may be used. It is imperative for health that legs and arms should be covered, and the clothing made long enough to keep the legs warm; and even with this, stockings reaching to the knees should always be used. Over the thin muslin dress, pretty knit sacques are useful; but over a woolen one, white aprons of bird's-eye, nainsook, etc., are necessary, to keep the frock clean. Light-blues and pinks in woolen materials are no more useful than white; dark-reds and blues are more serviceable, however; but the apron should nearly cover even these. These aprons can be made with yokes, or cut more close-fitting, like the old-fashioned ones, and, for ordinary use, should have little or no trimming, as the great object is neatness and cleanliness. Frequent changes of these are needed. The little dresses can also be made with yokes, but they are not so warm as the close-fitting ones. A loose cloak is much less warm than one with sleeves. The cap should be always warm enough to protect the little head from the wind; but not so heavy as to make the head perspire, which is a certain way of taking cold. All woolen caps should have some soft, thin lining.

HEAVY WINTER CURTAINS, for parlors, libraries, dining-rooms, etc., etc., may be made of ribbed serge or thick oatmeal-cloth. Both require to be lined, if great warmth is required. The curtains should match the carpet, or be a decided contrast, and be worked to correspond. It would be almost best to work the design on a strip of the material, to be afterwards sewed on to the curtains, as it is so much more convenient and lighter in the hand. Large white lilies, shaded with gray, worked with crewels as well as chenille, passion-flowers and leaves with boldly-outlined tendrils, sprays of horse-chestnut blossoms, are all most effective designs, and quickly worked; all show off well on red. Very large poppies on lightish-brown blanketing would not look amiss. If anything handsomer in material is required, there is the thick satin sheeting, which is to be had in all the newest colors and richest shades, and is very wide.

OUR PREMIUM ENGRAVING FOR 1883—Munkacsy's "Christ Before Pilate"—will be given for 1884, *whenever preferred,* in place either of "Tired Out" or "The Golden Gift." The original picture is now in England on exhibition. According to a recent London journal, no fewer than one hundred and thirty thousand persons have visited it at Manchester alone, within a few weeks. If you have not already a copy of the engraving, you should secure one immediately.

"HIGH-TONED IN SENTIMENT, ETC."—The Bristol (Tenn.) News says: "Everybody knows what 'Peterson' is. For over thirty-five years it has been a regular visitor to American homes. It is one of the fixed institutions of the land. There is no magazine that has held its own better than 'Peterson.' Reliable in fashion, high-toned in sentiment, and instructive in all matters pertaining to home matters."

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"THE GOLDEN GIFT"—OUR SPLENDID PREMIUM.—Our principal premium for getting up clubs for 1884 will be a beautiful volume for the centre-table, similar in size and general appearance to our popular ILLUSTRATED ALBUM, but differing from that, and excelling it, in the fact, among other things, that it will contain nearly twice as many steel-engravings. It will be richly bound in morocco cloth, with gilt edges, etc., etc. We offer this choice volume because many persons write that they have enough engravings for framing, and would prefer something else, for once, for a premium. We have never offered any premium that, on the whole, is so costly and elegant as the "Golden Gift."

We have, however, engraved, as usual, a large-size steel-plate for a premium, so that persons getting up clubs can have it, if they prefer it to the "Golden Gift." The size is twenty-five by twenty inches. The picture represents a fond mother carrying her little-one up to bed, and is entitled "Tired Out." It would frame charmingly for the parlor or sitting-room. Or, if preferred, we will send the "Christ Before Pilate," or any one of our other beautiful and large-size premium engravings.

We will also give, for some of the clubs, an extra copy of the magazine for 1884; and, for large clubs, an extra copy, as well as the "Golden Gift" and "Tired Out." It is not too soon to begin to get up your clubs for 1884. *Send for a specimen to canvass with.* "Peterson" is the cheapest and best of all the lady's-books.

TO BE BEAUTIFUL IS NOT ENOUGH.—In a late number of London Truth, in an article on "Girls I Know," occurs the following paragraph: "Helen is beautiful. You cannot name a fault in her lovely face. But, alas! Helen knows how fair she is. See the conquering air with which she walks, the languid complacency of her expression as she drives, the careless negligence of her manner as she speaks. These defects all spring from one common source. She says, as plainly as though she were to speak the words: 'I am a beautiful woman. I need not, therefore, take the trouble to be agreeable. To be beautiful is enough.'" And later on the writer says: "Helen has thought amiability beneath her. What will become of her popularity when that lovely face changes?" Yes, what will? It is the greatest of mistakes to suppose that beauty is enough. Gracious manners, sweetness of disposition, intelligence, absence of selfishness: all these go much further in winning love than even beauty. They last, too, while beauty does not. The mere beauty, moreover, is usually self-conscious; her vanity annoys everybody; she has a hundred secret enemies. Besides, it is not everyone that can be beautiful, but everyone *can* be gracious and amiable.

MANY OF OUR FAIR READERS have already written to us about Lord Avalon, in whom they seem to be very much interested. Such will be glad to hear that the author of "A Fifth Avenue Romance" has undertaken to write a novelet for next year, in which he will be the hero. The story will describe fashionable life in London and at English country-houses, as the "Fifth Avenue Romance" described it in New York and at Newport. It will be, in the sense, a sequel to the "Fifth Avenue Romance," and will be called "Lord Avalon."

"MORE PRACTICAL."—The Santa Barbara (Cal.) Independent says: "'Peterson' is more practical than many so-called 'fashion magazines,' which accounts for its popularity. There is always some pattern or design which can be of immediate use."

"NO LADY WITHOUT IT."—Remember that the Detroit (Mich.) Advertiser says that "the dress-patterns and fashion-plates of Peterson's Magazine are alone worth the subscription-price," and that "no lady can get along without it."

THE POPULAR ILLUSTRATED ALBUM, well known to old club-getters, will be given in 1884, as formerly, for a premium, if preferred to "The Golden Gift" or the "Tired Out." We make this statement for the benefit of those getting up clubs, so that they may have the widest choice possible. In no way can you earn such costly and beautiful premiums, or have so many to select from, as by getting up a club for "Peterson."

"IT IS UNEXCELLED."—The Beverly (Mass.) Citizen says of our last number: "This beautifully gotten-up and ably-edited lady's-magazine is on our table in advance of all others, and seems to grow better with age. Its corps of contributors comprises the ablest writers: in its fashion department it is unexcelled." We have hundreds of similar eulogistic notices.

TO REMOVE SUPERFLUOUS HAIR.—There is no remedy that will remove superfluous hair that is not more or less dangerous to use. We cannot, therefore, recommend any one, with safety, to our fair subscriber.

"NICE AND USEFUL THINGS."—A lady writes: "I thought I would be economical, and not subscribe for any magazine this year; but I find I can't do without 'Peterson,' it is so brim-full of nice and useful things."

AUTUMN-LEAVES may be used with very pretty effect, for lamp-shades, by placing them on card-board. Or they may be applied to card-board cases for flower-pots, or to borders for photographs, or other purposes.

NO OTHER MAGAZINE of equal merit is as low-priced as "Peterson." No other is as cheap to club subscribers. No other gives premiums, really as good, for so little work. Get up a club, therefore, for 1884.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

The Price She Paid. By Frank Lee Benedict 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.*—Our readers do not need to be told of the merits of this author. He is known to the English public, however, as well as to the American: many of his novels, and this among them, having first appeared in London. "The Price She Paid," in several respects, is Mr. Benedict's best work. It is a worthy successor of "Saint Simon's Niece." The scene, however, is laid on this side of the Atlantic, whereas the scene of that was laid in Europe; and we confess to a preference for stories of American life, if they are well done, as in this case. The atmosphere of the tale is healthful and bracing: the moral high: the *denouement* both artistic and happy. The character of the heroine is particularly attractive. Of the many novels reprinted this year, "The Price She Paid" is one of the best.

Guy's Marriage. By Henry Greville. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—We always open a new book by this author sure of a treat; and we have never yet been disappointed. The scene of "Guy's Marriage" is laid in France, and the action of the story, as in all this writer's works, is quick and animated throughout. Some of the characters, also, are exceptionally well drawn. The translation is by Mary Neal Sherwood, a daughter of that brilliant genius, the late John Neal, of Portland, Me. As in the case of all the square duodecimo books of this firm, the paper, type, printing, and binding are everything that could be desired by the most fastidious.

Beyond the Sunrise. Observations of Two Travelers. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. New York: John W. Lovell Company.*—Another of that excellent series, "Lovell's Library," which has already, though this is but the fourth number, won for itself the reputation of including only first-class works.

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OUR ARM-CHAIR.

NOW FOR "PETERSON" FOR 1884.—It is universally conceded that this magazine for 1883 has been better than ever. It has contained more reading matter, more costly colored patterns, more engravings, etc., etc. *It is now the only magazine that gives fashions engraved on steel, printed from the plate, and colored by hand:* a style that is not only the most beautiful, but so costly that "Peterson" alone has the enterprise for it. But for 1884 the magazine will be even better. Now is the time, therefore, to get up clubs for it. The newspapers, north and south, east and west, all bear testimony to its superiority. Says the Marshall (Texas) Herald: "The literature of no household is complete without Peterson." The Berrien (Mich.) Journal says: "From a literary point of view, it will be hard to find a magazine embracing so many attractive features, and artistically it will please all who can appreciate beauty in engraving." Says the Dover (Del.) Delawarean: "Ahead of all others." The Methuen (Mass.) Transcript says: "A superb number; the reading is first-class, and so are the illustrations." The West Point (Va.) Star says: "Altogether, by far, the best lady's-book." The Watertown (Mass.) Enterprise says: "The best lady's-magazine. The costly steel-engravings are works of the highest art; everything about it tends to make it what it really is—the most complete magazine of its kind published." We give these at random, out of hundreds of similar notices. *Now get up your clubs for* 1884!

"SUBSCRIBE FOR PETERSON'S MAGAZINE," says the Iberville (La.) Gazette, "if you want a book that will afford you the greatest pleasure and profit *for the least money.* Not only are the fashions the latest and best, but the reading matter and fancy-work patterns are alone worth the price of the book itself."

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE is a preparation of the phosphates of lime, magnesia, potash, and iron, in such form as to be readily assimilated by the system. Descriptive pamphlet sent free. Rumford Chemical Works, Providence, R. I.

WHERE TO BUY DRY-GOODS.—This is a question every woman, at this season, when she is preparing her fall and winter dresses for herself—or, if a mother, for her children—is asking. The answer is to be found in our advertising-pages, where the most stylish fabrics are advertised by the most reliable firms, whose prices may be depended on as being the very cheapest. It is one of the proofs of progress that we nineteenth-century people have made, that a wife or mother in the remotest part of the United States is enabled, through the advertising-pages of such a magazine as "Peterson," to learn where to order the best things at the lowest price, and, through the facilities afforded by the Post-office Department, to receive them in the shortest time, and at the least expense possible.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

[MEDICAL BOTANY—OF THE GARDEN, FIELD, AND FOREST.]

BY ABRAM LIVEZEY, A. M., M. D.

No. X.—LOBELIA, INDIAN TOBACCO.

Lobelia inflata, dedicated to M. De Lobel, a Flemish botanist, is a well-known little hirsute plant, nine to eighteen inches high, paniculately branched; leaves one to three inches long, lanceolate, crenate-dentate, rather acute; racemes leafy; flowers rather inconspicuous, pale-blue; capsule inflated, oval, or ovoid. Found in pastures, neglected fields, roadsides, etc., flowering in July.

This much abused agent—abused formerly by a part of the medical profession, who, from sheer prejudice, would not use it because it was the leading Thompsonian remedy; abused by the latter, in indiscriminate and immoderate use—is, nevertheless, a valuable medicinal plant. Happily, the writer imbibed the precepts inculcated by that liberal and scientific mind, the late Prof. J. K. Mitchell, to his medical class nearly forty years ago: to examine all agents, and prove their value or worthlessness, even though brought to our notice by "old women." And thus I have come to *know* the valuable properties of some plants from much experience in their use.

But as these papers are written for the use of mothers, and not for the profession, I can only point out such uses of this plant as may be of benefit to them and useful in the family. In cases of convulsions, when it is impossible to administer medicines by the mouth, a teaspoonful of powdered lobelia, or a branch of the plant, can be infused in a cup of hot water, and injected into the bowels; which, with the aid of the warm bath, mustard, etc., will soon break the spasms or paroxysm, by its relaxing influence, and at the same time free the bowels from sources of irritation. These injections will often also induce vomiting, especially if the stomach be filled with indigestible substances. In cases resembling apoplexy, lobelia injections with cayenne are valuable to rouse up the dormant energies, to unload the bowels, and thus relieve the brain. In spasmodic croup—that form which occurs suddenly at night without premonition—a few drops of tincture of lobelia in a little warm water, repeated every five or ten minutes, will soon give relief, to the delight of the anxious mother. In small doses, repeated every hour or two, lobelia is happily administered in simple catarrhal affections of children. After a good purge, attention to the feet, diet, sleeping-apartments, etc., tincture lobelia and paregoric, equal parts, form a good cough-medicine, in all ordinary cases, both to children and adults; from twenty drops to one teaspoonful, according to age. Equal parts of syr. ipecac, tincture lobelia, and half the quantity of tincture bloodroot (*Sanguinaria*), form a medicine far better and safer for mothers to use than Coxe's Hive Syrup, so much dispensed by them, to the manifest injury of the stomach, by reason of the tartarized antimony which it contains. Often have I seen poor little children with appetite destroyed, digestion ruined, abdomen swollen, and diarrhœa induced, by a resort to this medicine on every trifling occasion. Happily, this curse to infantile life is passing away, through homœopathic and milder means; but—*horresco referens*—it is followed by a greater curse and more widely-spread ruin among boys, in the cigarette, or in the use of tobacco in some form. We see pale, nervous boys on every hand, with poor appetites, feeble digestion, and nervous systems broken or ruined by this great habit of the day and generation.

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

☞ Everything relating to this department should be addressed "Puzzle Editor," PETERSON'S MAGAZINE, Lock Box 437, Marblehead, Mass.

No. 209.—DECAPITATIONS.

1. Behead a transparent substance, and leave that which a girl is sometimes called.
2. Behead a grain, and leave what is caused by the sun.
3. Behead a hard substance, and leave a note.
4. Behead an amusement, and leave a part of a bird.
5. Behead a heavy wind, and leave a drink.
6. Behead a threatening of rain, and leave in a high key.

Washington, N. J. ROSA FRITTS.

No. 210.—DROPPED CONSONANTS.

[*A Popular Saying.*]

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— — O — A — A — E —.

Dallas, Tex. BUFFALO.

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No. 211.—CHARADE.

My first is often seen on Broadway.
My second is seen in the forests of Africa.
My whole is an humble flower.

Prescott, Kan. ETHA BROCK.

No 212.—RHOMBOID.

Across.—1. One who marks. 2. A scoffer. 3. Deaths. 4. Pertaining to a certain cord. 5. Re-loaded. 6. Lacking in merit. 7. Re-bestows.

Down.—1. A letter. 2. A boy's name. 3. A boy's name. 4. Fossils. 5. A judge in a race. 6. Conducted. 7. One who mends boots. 8. To designate a second time. 9. Interests. 10. To cover. 11. A prefix. 12. A kind of smoking-pipe. 13. A letter.

New Glasgow, N. S. DAISY DEANE.

Answers Next Month.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER.

No. 205.

Sicily.

No. 206.

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No. 207.

Calumet.

No. 208.

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THE FLOWER GARDEN.

Bulbs.—November is somewhat late for these, but they may, surrounded with silver-sand, yet be planted out of doors. Tulips should be planted unsparingly, as they make a garden very gay in spring. The bulbs should be five inches apart and three inches deep. Tulips are divided into three classes: the "Early Single" (which should have been planted in September or October) are remarkable for their brilliant colors; the "Double," which follow the former in blooming, and the "Late Single," for planting in November.

Crocuses may be planted even in November. They should be planted thickly together, and in good mold, moss, or sand—the latter for pots—and then placed out of doors in a very cool place. Later, they may be brought into the house, and light and air freely given. In planting crocuses out of doors, they should be planted five or six inches deep in the ground.

Lilies.—Take up, divide, and transplant the roots of all lilies. The soil in which they are planted should be trenched up, and a liberal dressing of old short manure applied. Lilies greatly exhaust the soil.

Dahlias.—Cut the stems down to about six inches from the ground; dig up and remove the roots to their winter place, which must be cool, dry, and perfectly secure from frost and light; each root to have its name attached.

Herbaceous plants to have their roots divided and be re-planted as soon as possible. These plants are almost numberless. The name, "herbaceous," signifies all plants that their stems perish annually, either soon after flowering or at a later time, and then a fresh batch of stems spring from the root. The pretty campanulas, "blue-and-white-bells," "Canterbury-bells," and others: the purple and pink dielytra spectabilis, with its pretty heart-shaped flowers; cerastium tomentosum, which makes such a silver edging for flower-beds; the dwarf sunflower; the Christmas-rose; the lovely hepatica, with its pale-mauve double blossoms; the œnothera, or evening-primrose; tall and dwarf peonies; phlox of different kinds, which will die in three years if their roots are not divided and re-planted; the spirea; pyrethrum rosea; rudbeckia; sedums; and that charming plant, Tradescentia Virginica, otherwise known as "spiderwort." There is the silvery pampas-grass to divide; foxgloves and snap-dragons; lychnis; lupins; golden-rod; and numbers of others, including violets, that blossom in the spring, and daffodils, "that hold the winds of March with beauty." The ground for the reception of these divisions of the roots should be well dug, and a mixture of manure and fresh soil applied.

Roses may be planted this month, during dry weather, or at any time before March. Take up tea-roses that are in an exposed situation, and lay them in by the heels of the roots in a shed out of reach of frost. The ground for planting roses must be deeply trenched, and be well manured. On loamy land, broken up from grass-land, roses do better than on ordinary garden-mold.

Plant Evergreens, and heavily mulch the roots to prevent frost. The garden must now be freed from decayed vegetable matter, which should be placed in a heap, with also the fallen leaves, and be slightly covered with earth, to insure decay and future manure for the ground, and the whole of the flower-beds be dug, manured, and put into good order.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

SOUP AND FISH.

Shin-of-Beef Soup.—Break a shin of beef into three or four pieces; first put a little butter in the pot, and then the shin; let it fry a minute or so, and then pour on it four gallons of cold water. Let it boil slowly for five hours. When the soup is done, let it be boiled to one and a half gallons. Let the shin boil for two hours, adding only one teaspoonful of salt. Then add four good-size turnips cut up, two carrots grated, four potatoes previously boiled; cut up very fine one-half of a cabbage; as the soup boils remove the scum. Season with a little cayenne. When the soup is done, strain off the meat and vegetables, and serve.

Fish-Croquettes.—The remains of any cold fish. Remove all skin and bones most carefully, then mash the fish free from all lumps; add a piece of butter, pepper, salt, and mace—and if you have any cold crab or lobster-sauce, so much the better. Form the fish into portions the size and shape of an egg; if too soft, a little breadcrumb may be added. Dip each portion into an egg well beaten up, and then into fine breadcrumb. Fry a golden-brown in boiling lard, drain, and serve on a napkin garnished with fried parsley.

MEATS.

Mincemeat with Tomatoes.—Take cold roast or boiled meat and chop it fine, with about an equal quantity of tomatoes;

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season with an even teaspoonful of pepper, a heaping teaspoonful of salt; spread a layer of breadcrumb in a pudding-dish, put in the mincemeat and tomatoes, spread a thick layer of breadcrumb on the top with a little butter, and pour over a teacupful of water. Bake it one hour, and you will have a delicious dish. Cold gravy, mixed with warm water, or a cup of stock, is nicer for moistening than water. Butter enough should be used to make the top brown, like scalloped oysters.

Oyster-Patties.—Put the oysters in a saucepan, with enough of the liquor to cover them; let them come to a boil; skim well; add two tablespoonfuls of butter for one quart of oysters; season with pepper and a little salt; two or three spoonfuls of cream will add to the richness; have ready small tins lined with puff-paste; put three or four oysters in each, according to the size of the patty; cover with paste, and bake in a quick oven twenty minutes; when done, wash over the top with a beaten egg, and set in the oven two minutes to glaze.

A Pie of Cold Roast Meat and Apples.—Cut some apples into quarters, and take out the core—preserving the pipe and sticking them into the pulp; cut thick slices of cold fat bacon, and any sort of cold roasted meat; season with pounded ginger, pepper and salt. Put into the dish a layer of each, and pour over the top a large cupful of ale. Cover the dish with a paste, and bake until nicely browned.

A Nice Pie of Cold Veal, or Chicken, and Ham.—Lay the crust in a shallow pie-dish, and fill it with the meat, prepared as follows: shred cold veal or fowl, and half the quantity of ham, mostly lean; put to it a little cream; season with pepper, a little nutmeg, and a bit of garlic; cover with crust, and turn it out of the dish when baked.

VEGETABLES.

Cold-Slaugh.—Cut a head of hard white cabbage into very fine shavings: it is seldom shaved fine enough. For a quart of the cabbage, take the yolks of three eggs; beat them well; stir into a tumbler and a half of vinegar two spoonfuls of loaf-sugar, a tablespoonful of olive-oil, one of thick sweet cream, or a piece of butter as large as a walnut, a heaped teaspoonful of mustard, salt and pepper to taste; mix with the egg, and put this sauce into a stewpan; when hot, add the cabbage; stew until thoroughly hot, which will only require four or five minutes. Toss it up from the bottom with a silver or wooden fork; take it up and set where it will become perfectly cold—on ice is best. The quantity of vinegar would depend upon its strength.

DESSERTS.

An Excellent Pudding of Pieces of Stale Bread, etc.—Soak two pounds of pieces of dry stale bread, or pieces of stale toast, all night, in plenty of water, with a plate laid on the top of them, just to keep the bread under the water. Next morning pour off and squeeze out all the superfluous water; then well mash the pieces of bread, and mix with it half a pound of flour, a quarter of a pound of currants which have been cleaned, four ounces of suet chopped fine, half a pound of sugar, and two teaspoonfuls of fresh-ground cinnamon; then grease the inside of a baking-dish with a bit of suet, put the pudding into it, and bake it for two hours. Or it may be tied in a clean floured cloth, set in boiling water, with a plate at the bottom, and boiled for the same time.

Amber Pudding.—Melt half a pound of butter in a saucepan; add to it six ounces of loaf-sugar, finely powdered; mix well; then add the yolks of six eggs, well beaten, and as much chopped and pounded candied orange-peel as will give color and flavor to the mixture. Line a pie-dish with paste, and when filled with the above, put on a cover of paste, and bake in a slow oven. It can be eaten hot or cold.

CAKES.

Spice-Cakes.—Put a quarter of a pound of butter into a pound of flour; mix in half a pound of raw sugar, a small teaspoonful of allspice, and half a teaspoonful of ground cinnamon. Beat up half an ounce of German yeast in a tablespoonful of cold water; mix it with two eggs well beaten. Let this stand in a warm place, to rise a little, for half an hour; then flour your board, roll out the paste half an inch thick, and cut into strips. Bake the cakes on a round tin, in a quick oven, for ten minutes, and when taken out, sprinkle sugar over them.

Plain Rice-Cake.—Work a quarter of a pound of butter till it is like cream; stir in a quarter of a pound of sifted sugar, the grated rind of a lemon, or any spice or flavoring preferred; add the yolk of one and the whole of another egg, well beaten. Mix together with three ounces of ground rice, four ounces of flour, and two small teaspoonfuls of baking-powder. Put a band of buttered paper round a tin, put in the cake as quickly as possible after it is mixed, and bake in a moderate oven for three-quarters of an hour.

Wheat-and-Indian Bread.—Scald two quarts of Indian-meal with boiling water. When sufficiently cooled, add a teaspoonful of salt, half a pint of good yeast, and half a teacupful of molasses. Knead into it sufficient wheat-flour to form a dough; set it to rise; make it into loaves; let it rise the second time, and bake in a moderate oven.

FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

FIG. I.—EVENING-DRESS, OF THIN WHITE STRIPED ORIENTAL STUFF, made dancing length. The skirt has one narrow ruffle around the bottom, with a wider flounce above; the upper part falls in three loose puffs, and the drapery at the back is quite bouffant, but is arranged in simple folds. A wreath of roses passes from the bottom of the corsage down to the left side. The corsage is made of poppy-colored satin, is low on the bust, has short sleeves, and is made pointed back and front.

FIG. II.—WEDDING-DRESS, OF WHITE SATIN AND WHITE BROCADE. The underskirt is of white satin, and has a full quilled trimming of the same around the bottom; the front is of brocaded satin and velvet; the train is long, slightly looped at the back under the paniers, and plain. The Princess corsage and paniers are of the satin, the latter trimmed with lace and garlands of orange-blossoms, and looped with broad white satin ribbon. The plastron on the front of the corsage is of white crêpe-lisse edged with lace; orange-blossoms at the throat and on the head; long tulle veil.

FIG. III.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF EMERALD-GREEN VELVET, AND LIGHT-GREEN NUN'S-VEILING. The velvet skirt is cut in tabs, which open over a knife-plaiting of the nun's-veiling. The overdress of the nun's-veiling is made perfectly plain; falls very low both back and front, and is very bouffant below the waist. The corsage is pointed, and quite plain, with a vest, collar, and cuffs of the velvet.

FIG. IV.—VISITING-DRESS, OF EMERALD-GREEN VELVET. The bottom of the skirt has a gathered ruffle of the velvet; the front falls in two loose puffs, separated by a passementerie trimming of green cord. The waist and overdress are in one, Princess style, bouffant at the back, and trimmed with cords and passementerie. Bonnet of green velvet, trimmed with ostrich-tips and aigrette; and muff of the velvet, trimmed with passementerie.

FIG. V.—WALKING-DRESS, OF ELECTRIC-BLUE CLOTH. The bottom is finished with a narrow plaiting of the cloth. The upper part of the dress is laid in lengthwise plaits at the sides, is slightly draped at the back, and has a trimming on the left side of blue braiding, the color of the dress. The long tight jacket has a border around the bottom, a plastron which forms a collar at the back, and cuffs of sealskin-fur. Hat of electric-blue felt, trimmed with feathers of the same color.

FIG. VI.—AUTUMN MANTLE, OF FANCY TWEED, trimmed

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with horn buttons, and satin ribbon to match. The shape is a sleeveless paletot with cape. The back of the basque is box-plaited, and the cape is draped above the tournure.

FIG. VII.—BÉGE-COLORED FELT BONNET, with satin strings of the same color. The lining is of terra-cotta colored plush, and the feathers and aigrette are of the same color.

FIG. VIII.—BACK OF HOUSE-JACKET, which is made of dark golden-brown camel's-hair, and trimmed with cream-colored guipure.

FIG. IX.—WALKING-JACKET, OF IRON-GRAY CLOTH. It is close-fitting, slopes away from the front in large scallops. The scallops decrease in size towards the back; the pockets, front, and velvet cuffs are also scalloped. Small standing velvet collar. Gray felt hat and feathers.

FIG. X.—FRONT OF HOUSE-JACKET, trimmed with guipure, and having a standing collar of the guipure.

FIG. XI.—HAT, OF CHESTNUT-COLORED FELT, lined and trimmed with velvet or plush of the same color, and with pompons of a rather lighter shade.

FIG. XII.—RECEPTION-HAT, OF BLACK VELVET, trimmed with crushed-strawberry colored feathers and aigrette.

FIG. XIII.—SHOE, trimmed with a bow of two shades of satin ribbon; the ribbon should be of a color to match the dress with which it is worn.

FIG. XIV.—WALKING-SHOE, with strap across to show the stocking, which should correspond in color with that of the dress; these straps button at the sides.

FIG. XV.—WALKING-DRESS, OF PLAID WOOLEN. The skirt is laid in lengthwise plaits, and the tunic is short, rather full, and made bias; it is draped at the back. The jacket is of dark cloth, braided in the Hungarian style, with mohair braid. Gray felt hat, trimmed with velvet and feathers.

FIG. XVI.—WALKING-DRESS, OF WOOLEN PLAID. The skirt is plaited, the tunic deeper than that of the other figure, but also bias, and is more puffed at the back. Cloth jacket, cut in pointed tabs, and bound with mohair braid. Straw hat, trimmed with feathers.

FIG. XVII.—WALKING-DRESS, OF NONPAREIL VELVETEEN, TRIMMED WITH NONPAREIL WOVEN BROCHÉ. The skirt, tunic, and close-fitting corsage are forest-green Nonpareil velveteen; the bottom of the round skirt is trimmed with a band, about three-eighths of a yard deep, of forest-green Nonpareil woven broché; the overskirt reaches to the broché trimming in front, is draped high up at the sides, and falls in loose drapery at the back. This overskirt is made full, and lined with soft crinoline, so as to give the bouffant effect now becoming so fashionable. The close-fitting bodice is made with a good deal of spring at the back, to set nicely over the large tournure, and the bottom, with the sleeves, is trimmed with a narrow band of the Nonpareil woven broché. Forest-green felt hat, ornamented with a band of green velvet, fastened with a gilt buckle, and with a taft of ostrich-feathers.

FIG. XVIII.—WALKING-DRESS, OF CHESTNUT-COLORED CLOTH OF LIGHT QUALITY, TRIMMED WITH SEAL-BROWN VELVET. The skirt has a side-plaited ruffle around the bottom, and perpendicular plaits down the left side; the right side is plain all around; the bottom and sides of this plain skirt are trimmed with bands of seal-brown velvet; the cloth is draped in paniers, which meet at the waist in front, and under a drapery of the cloth at the back; the pointed bodice is edged with the velvet, and it has a narrow pointed plastron in front, ornamented with buttons covered with the velvet; the cuffs and collar are also of the velvet. Bonnet of chestnut-colored felt, lined and trimmed with seal-brown velvet; brown ostrich-tips.

GENERAL REMARKS.—It is quite as impossible to describe the numerous materials for dresses as it is to speak of all the variety of styles of making them up. Woolen goods of all the dark colors will be very much worn: sometimes combined with silk, satin, velvet, or velveteen of the same color, but of a different shade, and often made and entirely trimmed with itself. Velvet ribbons are again very popular as a trimming, three or four rows of the ribbon being put on plain around a draped overskirt, and trimming cuffs, etc. Embroidering with braid, and more simple braiding, is also very popular. The latter style is extremely pretty for a well-fitting bodice or jacket. Tailor-made dresses are very much liked for out-of-door wear; they are serviceable and comfortable, but are rather heavy for the house, and do not look as suitable as a lighter style of costume.

Kilt-plaits in front and at the sides, with a slight drapery at the back, are very much worn in these tailor-made dresses; others have a plain skirt tucked, with a pointed overskirt; others again have both skirts trimmed with broad military braid.

Silks, and other materials lighter than cloth, are less severe in style, and are more draped and trimmed. One of the newest styles for flounces is to gather them slightly, and to cut the edges in points or scallops. Then there are the rows of ribbon, or of the velvet ribbon of which we have before spoken; or, for evening-dresses, rows of gold or silver braid.

Sleeves are always put in quite high on the shoulder, and generally with some fullness—in some cases, with a good deal of fullness.

Vests and plastrons, made of velvet, silk, satin, etc., are much worn; and, for evening-dresses, the plastrons are often of tulle or crèpe-lisse.

Tournures of crinoline, or steels at the back, are universally worn—as yet of moderate dimensions in this country, but abroad they have already attained rather formidable proportions. But we are glad to say that the old-fashioned hoop has not yet put in an appearance. Still, to be fashionably dressed, the bouffant effect at the back is indispensable. The tailor-made jackets are cut with a spring sufficiently great to fit easily over this fullness. But in the manner of making dresses, or of the materials of which they are made, the greatest latitude is given. Anyone can follow her own especial fancy, remembering only the few important items we have stated, viz: the high shoulder and rather full sleeve, greater fullness at the back, and the close clinging front.

Wrappings are worn of every style: the jaunty jacket rather shorter, as a rule, than those of a year or two ago; the long close-fitting paletot, or sacque, reaching nearly to the feet, with its cuff and shoulder-cape of velvet, Astrakan-cloth, or fur; the mantle, or visite, warmly lined, cut so as to fall over the arms like a sleeve (though no sleeve is inserted), shorter at the back than in front, and loose enough to sit easily over the tournure; and the long loose cloak, made of silk, velvet, or cloth, and also with dolman-shaped sleeves. All these wraps are trimmed—as suits the fancy or purse of the wearer—with fur, lace, velvet, brocade, or rich passementerie. Small fur capes are very fashionable over tight-fitting wraps.

Bonnets are more generally of the smaller shapes, and are usually considered more becoming, though larger ones are worn, if fancied. Hats are usually of a medium size, except the toques or turbans, which are so becoming to youthful faces.

The hair, it is prophesied, will be worn higher on the head than has been the fashion hitherto. This is stylish, but not usually so becoming as when worn lower on the neck; this last style, however, is not so well adapted to people with short necks.

OUR PARIS LETTER.

RUE DES PETITS CHAMPS.

The bonnets this fall are unusually pretty as well as stylish. Velvet is the favorite, the frames covered with that or some other rich material. The shape is small and a slight

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modification of the capote, the crown being formed of folds of the material. Plain velvet is the favorite; but brocaded velvets, and those embroidered in jet or pearl beads in small set figures, are also seen. The trimmings are clusters of ostrich-tips matching the bonnet in hue. Strong contrasts are avoided, though red velvet bonnets, trimmed with black lace and jet, are ornamented with black feathers. If a brocaded velvet is used, the strings and plumes match the colors of the design, which is always in set small figures. Bonnets of white dotted net, trimmed with dark-garnet velvet and with clusters of gold-yellow flowers, are fashionable for evening-wear. In the way of hats, the mode inclines to the large and the exaggerated, though the sizes are less and the styles not so obtrusive as they were a few seasons ago. The newest shape is the capeline, which is a modification of the Gainsborough, the crown being less high and the brim not so wide. It is turned up at the right side, and is profusely trimmed with ostrich-feathers, one very long one sweeping around the brim and falling on the wearer's shoulder, while a cluster of ostrich-tips is set at the other side of the crown. These hats are made of dark velvet: black, dark-blue, and dark-green being the favorite hues. Colored felt hats are also a good deal worn; they are made with high-set crowns and brims of a moderate width. These are trimmed in all sorts of wild, exaggerated ways, with wings, and stiff quill feathers, and birds' heads, all combined. Sometimes even the head of a white kitten is seen on a terra-cotta or gray felt. Bands of velvet and satin, on the same gamut of hues as the felt itself, encircle the crown.

The favorite shade for walking-suits and bonnets this autumn is a lovely blue-gray—very soft and delicate and refined-looking; it has, however, the great demerit of being very perishable. Corded silks, and corded materials of all kinds, such as ottoman silks, uncut velvet, and soft-finished siciliennes, are largely in vogue this season. Stamped velvet will be extensively used for trimming in combination with ottoman silks and with plain velvet. The newest pattern shows large pansies massed together in rich dark shades of purple, or ruby, or garnet, the colors being set off by the yellow floss-silk centres of the flowers. This is an extremely rich and effective material, and combines well with plain stuffs. Black ottoman silks are made up by Worth for street-dresses, and are trimmed with bands of dark-red, relieved with narrow yellow stripes, these bands being also of ottoman silk. The effect is very good.

Another one of Worth's newer combinations is a delicate beige-shade in ottoman silk, trimmed with a very dark-red plain velvet. Neutral tints will be largely in favor for the coming season, both in woolen dress-goods and in silks. They will combine well with the dull-colored plaids that have recently been introduced. Worth is also using thick figured silks in small arabesque designs combined with plain velvet. These brocades are usually shown in olive or brown hues of various shades. For evening-dress, the train and corsage of plain velvet is combined with a skirt-front in velvet-figured silk, blended with satin embroidered with pearls. Worth has just finished a superb toilette, with the corsage and train in shrimp-colored velvet, the latter finished with a gold cord. The front of the skirt is in white silk, figured with large roses in shaded velvet. This has a washerwoman's overskirt, plaited to the waist in large flat folds. Below this overskirt a transverse band of pale-blue satin, worked with pearls, crosses the skirt-front. Narrow bias bands of satin are used for trimming cashmere suits, and must match the material precisely in hue. A black cashmere trimmed profusely with these bands forms a very stylish and dressy walking-costume. Scarf-draperies have to a great extent replaced the overskirt. Either they cross in front (which is a trying style to a stout figure) over the kilt-plaited underskirt, or one scarf, starting at the edge of the short basque at one side, crosses about half-way down the other side of the skirt, and is held in place by a large buckle. A pretty combination for such a dress is to have the skirt of striped silk, with cuffs to match, and the corsage, scarf, and wide flounce showing under the kilt plaited skirt, all of a plain silk or of cashmere.

Stockings are now shown embroidered on the instep with large dots in colored silks: red upon brown or black, pale-blue on dark-brown, violet on pale-gray, etc. White thread open-worked stockings are embroidered with dark-red or blue floss-silk, the work following the interstices of the open-work. Very small patterns in open-worked silk stockings are popular for evening-wear. Stockings in fine black silk have bands of black-lace insertion crossing the instep and encircling the ankle. Boots of black morocco, foxed with patent-leather and laced in front, are worn in the street. For house-shoes, no novelties thus far have been shown.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—LITTLE GIRL'S DRESS, OF DARK-BLUE FLANNEL. The coat is of gray checked tweed, made with plaits at the back, to give it fullness; the large cape—which is slit up the back, and lined with blue silk—has a pointed hood, which is trimmed with tassels, and is lined with dark-blue silk; cuffs and pocket-trimming of dark-blue silk; gray felt hat, trimmed with dark-blue ribbon and steel buckle.

FIG. II.—BOY'S COSTUME, OF MAROON-COLORED CLOTH. The coat is double-breasted, and fastened across the front with brandebourgs of the color of the cloth; a morocco belt, with gilt buckle, is worn quite low on the hips: long leggings, of cloth like that of the coat; cap of the color of the coat, trimmed with Astrakan-fur.

FIG. III.—GIRL'S COAT, OF CHESTNUT-COLORED CLOTH. It is made double-breasted, fastened with large wooden buttons, and has a cape of the same cloth; the large collar, pockets, and cuffs are of mink-fur.

FIG. IV.—GIRL'S BELL-SHAPED BONNET, of gray felt, lined with black velvet, and trimmed with gray ostrich-feathers and loops of gray satin ribbon.

FIG. V.—SMALL CHILD'S BONNET, of white felt, with very full cap-trimming, and ornamented with white feathers and a cockade of white satin ribbon.

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TRELLIS WORK

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THE SPRIG OF GREEN.

[*See the Story, "Lucia's Four-Leaved Shamrock."*]

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CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER.

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HOUSE-DRESS. WALKING-DRESS.

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"NONPAREIL VELVETEEN AND WOVEN BROCHÉ" COMBINED. "CACHEMIRE MARGUERITE."

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WINTER-COAT. JACKET. HAT. BROOCH.

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WINTER-JACKETS. BONNET. RIBBON-BOW.

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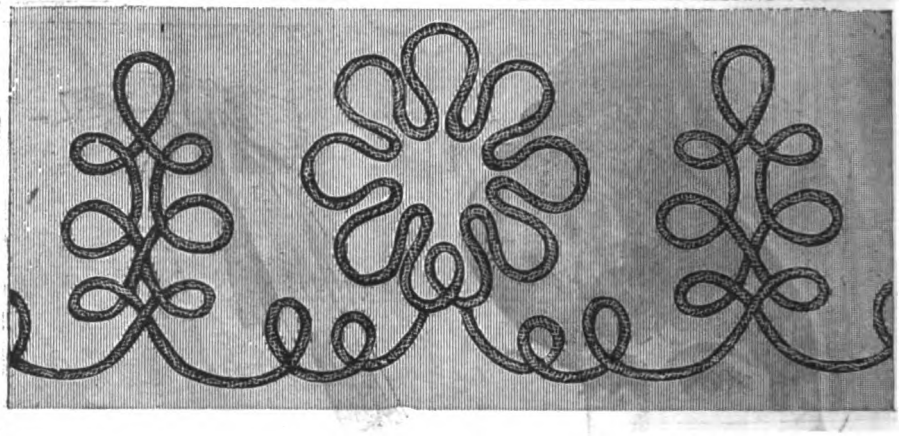

FOLDING FIRE-SCREEN, ETC., ETC. PATTERN IN BRAIDING.

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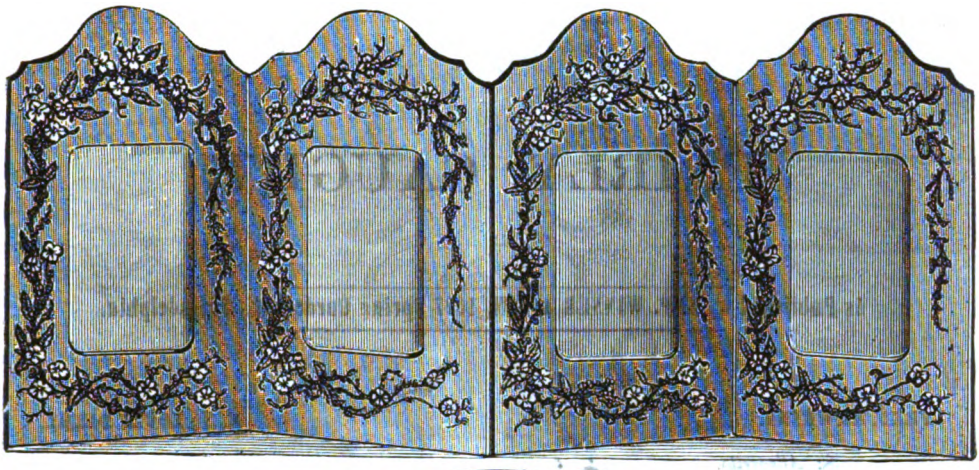

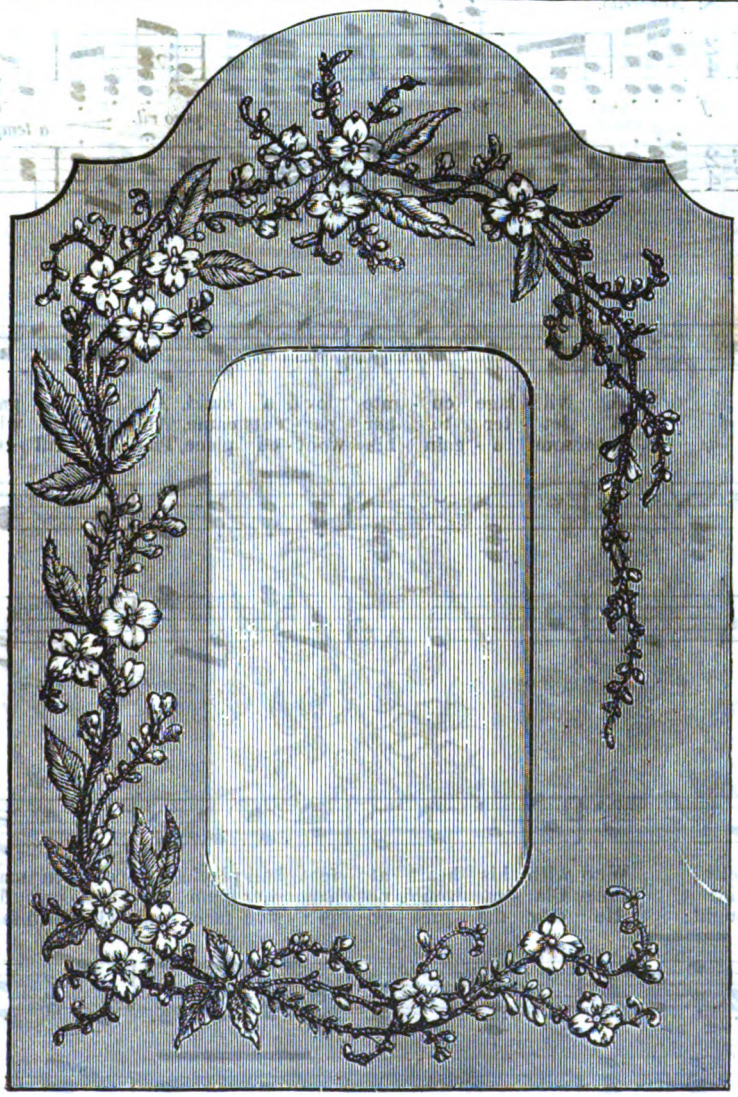

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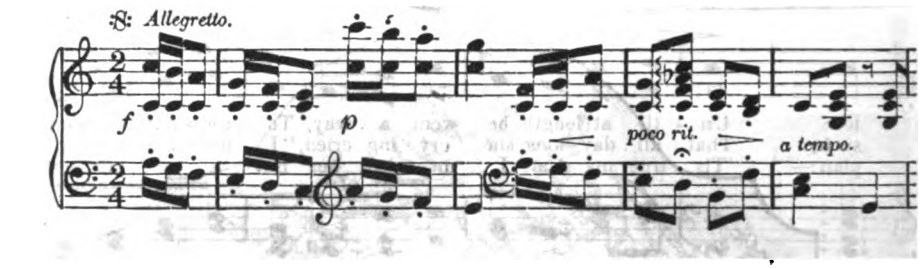

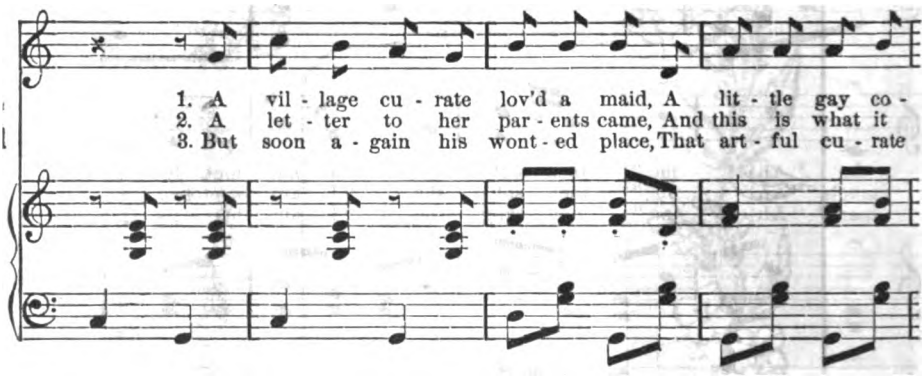

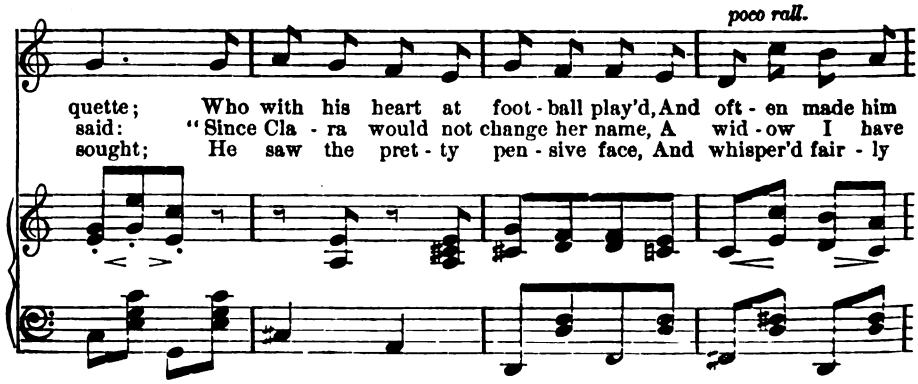

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a tempo.

fret. The more he wooed her day by day, The more she teas'd him
wed." Sad heart - ed turn'd the maid a - side, And then her grief was
caught! Be mine, there's no - thing to - de - ter,—For - give my sim - ple

too: Un - til at length he went a - way, To see what that would
such, That all day long she cry - ing cried, "I lov'd him ver - y
plan:— 'Tis true, my dear, I mar - ried her, But to an - oth - er

do, "Ah! me," then sigh'd she, "I am lone - ly as can
much." "Ah! me," then sob'd she, "I am wretched as can
man." "Ah! me," then sang she, "I am hap - py as can

be; Well, well, maid - ens tell, Lov - ers sometimes break the spell.
be; Woe, woe, maid - ens know, Lov - ers oft - en serve us so."
be; Say, say,— maid - ens aye, Lov - ers al - ways find a way!

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VISITING-DRESS.

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXXXIV. PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER, 1883. No. 6.

FROM CHRISTMAS TO NEW YEAR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE DERWENT DIAMONDS."

IT was a wild, wild Christmas Eve. The snow lay already a foot deep, and was still falling fast. Yet a mother and her little girl, with faces bent to the tempest, were struggling against the drifts. They had been walking since before noon, and were yet far from their journey's end.

Their last act had been to visit the churchyard, where was the grave of an infant daughter and sister; after that, they had set forth. As they crossed the little bridge, and left the old square-towered church behind them, the child asked: "Is it far, mamma?" And her mother had replied: "Alas! it is many a weary mile; but our last cent has been spent: the landlord has seized our furniture and turned us out of doors; we have no money to pay our fare on the railroad; we must walk to your grandmother's: though God only knows, my darling, if she will receive us. If she will not," with a sob, "we must lie down and die at her door."

It was the old, old story, that one hears so often: of an attachment opposed by the family; a runaway marriage; and then years of poverty, struggle, and physical suffering. But this was all. Through the pain, and privation, and misery, Bertha Kavanagh had clung faithfully to her love. Even now, with the wintry landscape winding before her tired feet, and the storm driving overhead, and her little fatherless girl tottering feebly at her side, she would have declined to blot out her past. The pain had been keen, but the pleasure had also been sweet.

She had loved the man for whose sake, in the romantic devotion of her girlhood, she had counted the world well lost; and this love had not changed through long years of poverty and heartache. She loved him still, and cherished his memory; though for months he had been lost to her: drowned, as she knew only too well, in the distant Chinese seas. His ship had been spoken just as a typhoon was setting in—the most terrible that had raged in the Indian seas for years. The ship had never reached port; and even the insurance companies had long given it up for lost, and had paid the insurance. Yes! he was dead—dead.

Now, like the Prodigal Son—for no other resource was open to her—she was going home to the mother whom she had disobeyed and forsaken. It was a bitter draught to drink: nor would she have drunk it except for the sake of her child; for, after all, she had not done wrong, unless loving truly and righteously is wrong.

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Yet now, a broken-hearted widow, she was going home: "For my child's sake," she said. "Poor darling. Oh! if my mother ever loved me as I love you," she murmured, clasping the little hand more closely, "she will surely pity and forgive me; and then I shall die in peace."

The gray light of the wintry afternoon was fast deepening into twilight; the circling snow-flakes thickened into a white, whirling shower; and the winds wailed drearily amid the leafless trees. A terrible night was at hand. But the poor foot-sore wanderer pushed resolutely on. Sometimes the little one got so tired that the mother was forced to lift her in her aching arms. Then, as she grew rested, she said: "Put me down, dear mamma: I can walk now." So they went steadily on, facing the icy blast.

Oh! how her heart ached. With what a dull, ceaseless pain she struggled on. Bitter tears of anguish trickled down her pale cheeks. Her limbs trembled; her feet grew sore. Already the twilight had come, had gone, and was now swallowed up in darkness.

She thought of the old, old time when she had been a happy child, surrounded with every luxury, sheltered by love from every care; of going off to school; of the walk home [illegible] the fields, chasing butterflies; and of a [illegible] other innocent pastimes. She recalled [illegible] when she grew older, and when, at Christmas time, she and her sisters went forth to gather greens with which to decorate the church. She remembered the roaring fires, the overflowing table, the merry dance in the evening. All, all were gone, and gone forever. Her youth was

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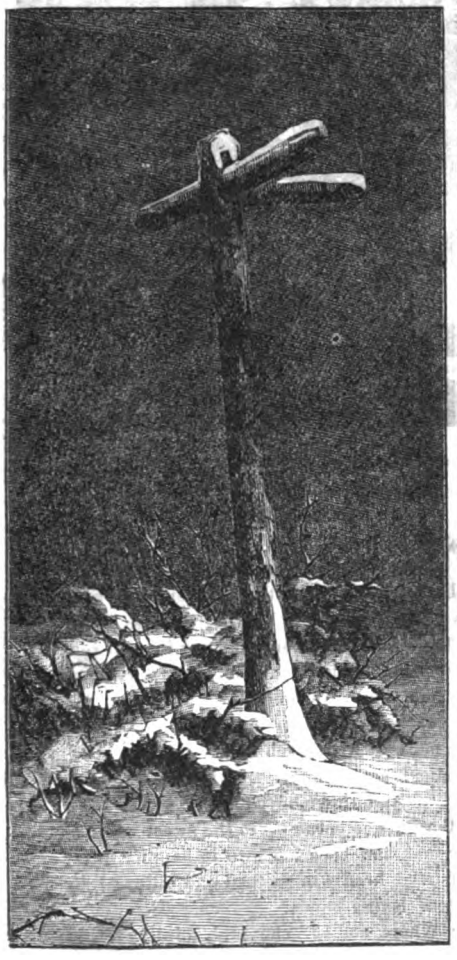
dead. She was starving. But oh! this was nothing, or comparatively nothing. It was of her child she thought, and of its sufferings. But for it she would have died then and there, and thanked God for the release.

The little child was afraid, and cried aloud, clinging to her mother's arms. She soothed and caressed it, and went stumbling forward. On and on, panting from pain and weariness; now sinking down in the snow to rest a minute; then up and on again. In addition to her weariness she was sick and faint from want of food, and it was as much as she could do to keep on her feet. Yet she dragged herself on, in the teeth of the stormy blast, keeping tight hold of the child.

At last, after hours of incredible endurance, on the brow of a storm-swept hill, she sank to her knees, panting and out of breath, at the foot of a sign-post, at four cross-roads. The child clung to her breast, crying piteously for food.



"I can go no further," the poor mother sobbed out; "my darling, we must die here together."

While yet the words were on her lips, however, she caught sight of twinkling lights in the valley below. All at once she remembered the sign-post, and knew where she was. "There is Burroughsville; there is home at last," she cried out. "Oh, thank God! thank God!"

The sight had given new strength to her failing limbs, and fresh courage to her sinking heart. She struggled to her feet again, and half dragging, half carrying the child, went stumbling on.

Down the slippery hill-path, across the bridge, and into the quiet town. Many of the windows were closed and dark; only here and there a light gleamed: though the street-lamps—for Burroughsville boasted a gas-works and street-lamps—were still shining.

The fainting woman paused, and leaning against a tree, drew her breath in hoarse, hard gasps. The little one had ceased to complain and cry, and had fallen into a half-unconscious stupor, so that the mother had to take it again into her arms. After a few moments of rest, she essayed to go on again. But all this while the fury of the storm increased. The wind howled shrilly, driving the snow and sleet before it in great whirling sheets. There was not a creature abroad: not even a beggar: not even a dog.

Yet the mother struggled on—ah! what will not a mother do?—still clasping her child to her heart. Amid the lights twinkling here and there, she fixed her eye on one, shining from a large double house, the most imposing one in all the place.

"That is home," she panted, in a husky whisper. "Father in heaven, take pity on my anguish. Give me strength to reach my mother's—to see her face before I die."

She stumbled on once more: the keen wind cutting to the marrow of her bones, the blinding snow beating in her face. At last she reached her haven, and fell fainting and exhausted at the steps, still clasping the child, while a wail of mortal anguish burst from her lips.

"Mother—oh! mother," she cried, "it is too late. I am dying; forgive—forgive—"

Then consciousness deserted her, and she sank in the snow on the lower step.

That same evening, Mrs. Kavanagh and her daughters sat together in a spacious, fire-lit room, surrounded by comfort, even luxury. The apartment was warm and bright; yet the shrill sound of the wind, and the muffled roar of the driving snow, filled each heart with a nameless dread and unrest.

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The mother, a stately old lady, gave no utterance to her thoughts, but sat quietly reading, her proud old face a sure index of her heart.

"Oh, what a night," cried Lottie, the youngest of the three sisters, leaving her seat, and walking restlessly up and down, as a louder gust rattled the windows; "it makes me feel dreadfully to hear the wind rave in that way. I can't keep still. I wonder if any poor soul is without shelter in this storm?"

"God help them, if they are," said the mother, solemnly.

There was silence for a minute, and then Julia, the second daughter, spoke.

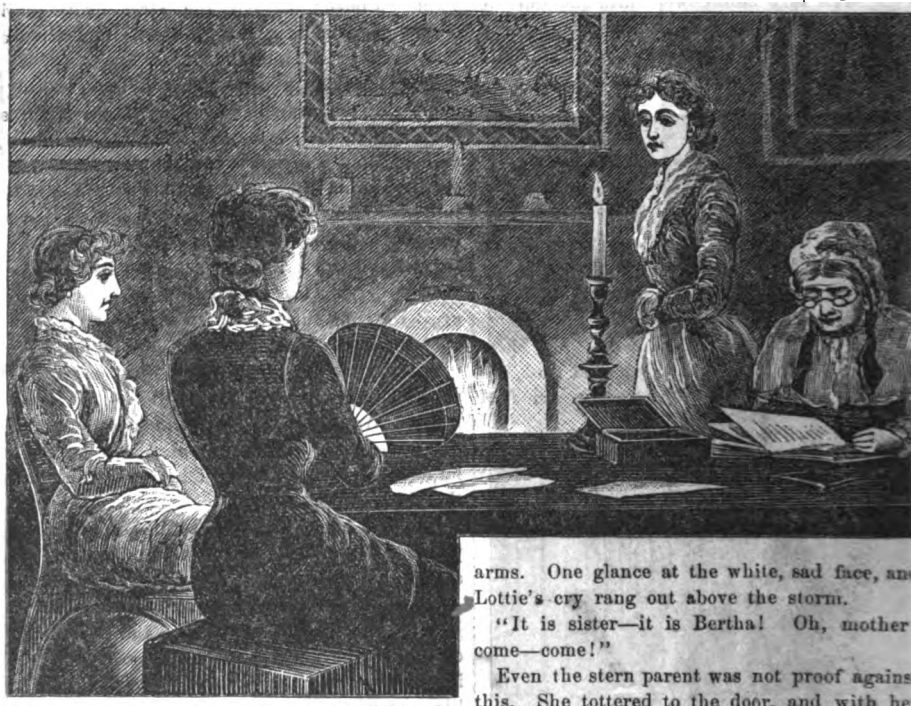
"I dreamed of sister Bertha last night," she said, holding a fan between her and the fire as a screen; "and I have thought of her all day. A widow: and poor, I fear. Oh, mother!" she added, "don't you think we ought to forgive her, and take her home?"

"Hush!" commanded the old lady, severely, "hush! Haven't I told you never to mention your sister's name in my presence?"

The girls fell into troubled silence. Mrs. Kavanagh still read, or pretended to read. She glanced up over her spectacles for a moment, however, and added, bitterly:

"What saith the Lord? 'Honor thy father and thy mother.' As she has made her bed, so let her lie."

At that moment, above the roar of the winter storm, arose a plaintive wail—a wail of human



anguish—which pierced even to the curtained room in which the mother and her daughters sat.

"Oh, what was that?" the daughters cried, in one breath, all springing to their feet.

"Someone is at the door—someone in misery and pain," cried Julia.

"Yes; it was a woman's voice. And I thought I heard a child's cry."

It was Lottie who spoke.

A moment after, she flew to the door and opened it hurriedly. On the lower step lay a woman, fainting and speechless, with a little child in her arms. One glance at the white, sad face, and Lottie's cry rang out above the storm.

"It is sister—it is Bertha! Oh, mother! come—come!"

Even the stern parent was not proof against this. She tottered to the door, and with her own hands helped to lift the senseless mother.

They took the poor wanderer in, and removed her drenched garments, and cared tenderly for her and her little child.

"Take her to her own room," commanded the mother, with a sob in her voice. "It is the prodigal come home. God himself has sent her." And they obeyed her.

Bertha was borne up to the sweet white chamber that had been her own in happier days, and her tired head was soothed and pillowed by her sisters' loving hands.

"Where am I?" she said, faintly, recovering

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consciousness in part. "Ah! this is like home—like my own old room: but it cannot, cannot be." And she sank again into insensibility.

When the poor wanderer had been made comfortable, and had completely revived at last, the mother turned out all the rest, and locked the door behind them.

What passed between the two—what words of forgiveness were then exchanged, no one ever was told. An hour later, when the sisters were summoned, they found their mother sitting at the bedside, with her little grandchild lying in her arms asleep, and her daughter's hand closely clasped in her own withered palm. She looked up, and said, with tears in her eyes:

"'For she that was lost is found, she that was dead is alive again." And then she broke down utterly.

The widow did not die, as she had expected, and as they all feared at first. Forgiving love, and the genial warmth of the old mansion, soon wrought a change for the better in her feeble frame. She grew stronger, and happier, and more hopeful.

One day, towards the end of that week, the old lady went up to the invalid's room, and again alone. She stood in the door a moment, regarding her daughter—as the latter sat with her little girl on her knees: regarding her with tender, pitying eyes.

"My dear," she said then, in a tremulous voice, "if it were possible that your husband could come back to you, would you be glad to see him?"

The widow did not wait for more. She sprang to her feet, clutching her child in a convulsive embrace.

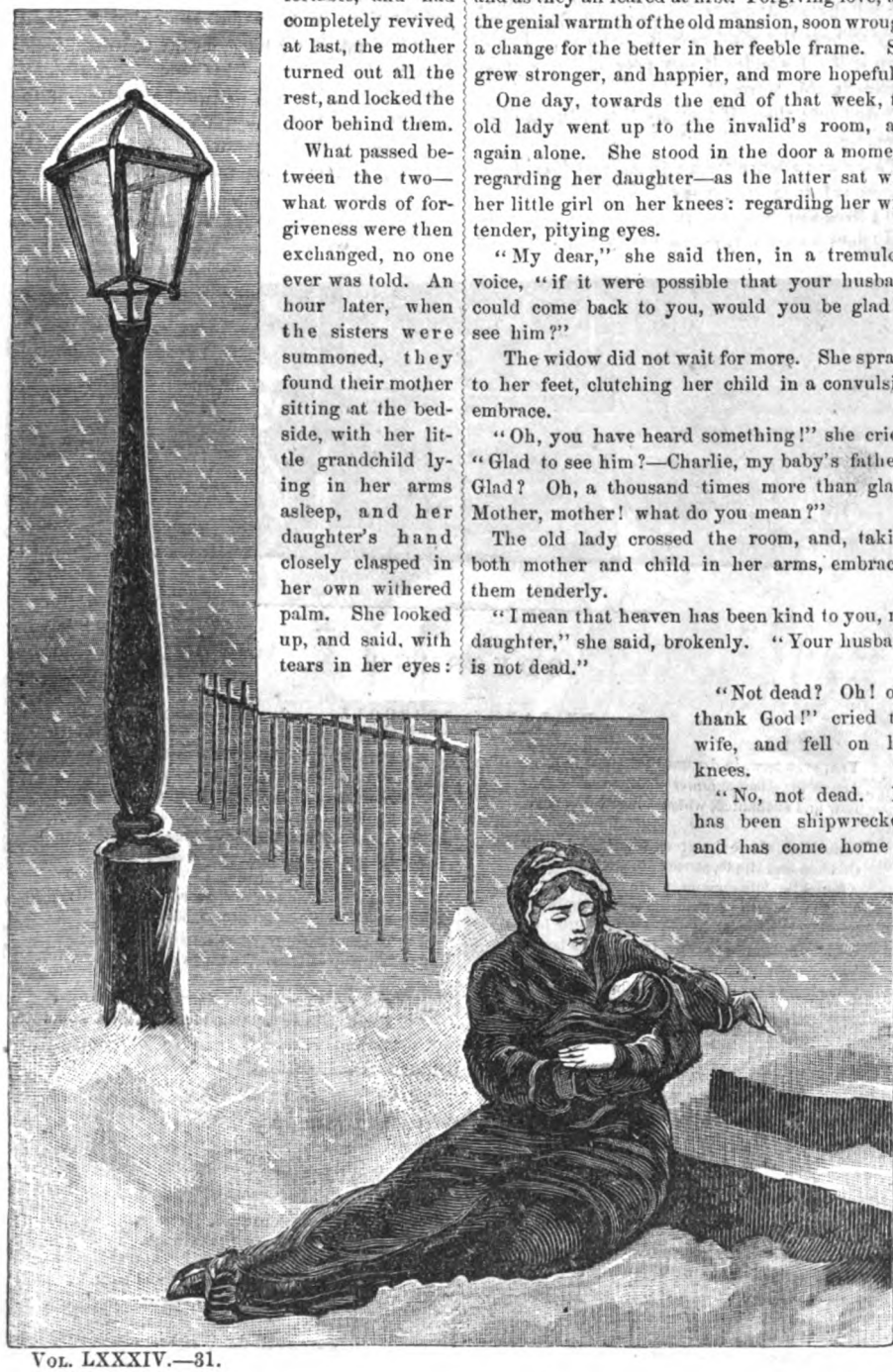
"Oh, you have heard something!" she cried. "Glad to see him?—Charlie, my baby's father? Glad? Oh, a thousand times more than glad! Mother, mother! what do you mean?"

The old lady crossed the room, and, taking both mother and child in her arms, embraced them tenderly.

"I mean that heaven has been kind to you, my daughter," she said, brokenly. "Your husband is not dead."

"Not dead? Oh! oh! thank God!" cried the wife, and fell on her knees.

"No, not dead. He has been shipwrecked, and has come home to



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you." She turned, and went to the door. "Come in," she said, "and may God bless you both." And with these words she left the happy pair alone together.

A few words will explain all. The husband, with some others, had escaped in one of the boats, when they found the ship going down, had been picked up by a whaler bound to the Antarctic seas, and had only been able to reach a port after months of weary absence. As all this happened many years ago, before ocean-cables were known, he was the first to bring the good news of his own preservation.

He had been at Burroughsville nearly a week now, having arrived the very day after Christmas. He had heard of his wife's illness, and that she was now at her mother's. Thither he had gone, and there all had been forgiven. "I have not lost a daughter, as I had feared," said the old lady, at last—for when she condoned, she did it fully: "I have, on the contrary, found a son."

Nevertheless, it was not until the close of the week that the doctor would allow the good news to be told to his wife. "The shock, while she is so weak, might kill her," he had said. So, as we have seen, it came around, that, before she was informed, it was New Year's Eve.

ODYSSEUS.

BY FANNY DRISCOLL.

Yea, even now, in dreams they come to me,
Across the silent summer sea, the songs,
Low and enchanted, which I heard that day.

Sometimes, above the green translucent spray
Of foam and ripple, streams the golden hair
Around the lotus bosom, warm and bare;
I see the curving throat, the carven limbs
Shining thro' emerald waves. The little hands
Beckon me to the smiling, treacherous lands;
The soft red lips plead wistfully and sweet;
The magic song drifts o'er the breathless sea.

Once more I feel the madness creep and thrill
Thro' all my pulses. Once again I strain
To rend my bonds, and cry aloud in pain
And longing: raging at the thongs
That hold me fast. I see the slumb'rous eyes,
And fires blaze thro' my veins. In bitter wrath
I see between us the swift-widening path,
And curse my impotence. The tender cries
Faint slowly down the silence sad and still:
The luring face is lost in shadows grim;
The waters surge across the island's rim—
The ship sails by. The hour is lost for aye.

And yet, oh gods! sometimes I think that day
Had held more joy than all Troy's glories dim.

DO WHAT IS RIGHT.

BY CATHARINE ALLAN.

Do what is right! It sometimes seems
That all things go astray.
But keep straight on. There will be gleams
To light the darkest day.

What if the path appears a maze?
God holds the secret clew.
And if we patient wait his ways,
He'll guide us safely through.

Oh! weary heart, have faith and trust.
You know your narrow sight.
But God sees all, and he is just,
And orders all things right.

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SO WELL ARRANGED.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

GREGORY STAMFORD was a widower, nine and twenty years of age, with one little daughter and a large fortune. Kate Benton was a widow, still under twenty-five, very rich too, but childless. Stamford's wife and Kate's husband had died within a month of each other, two years and four months before the time of which I am writing; and now the widow and widower were engaged to be married. They were content enough and happy enough: though I fancy the engagement would never have come about except for the praiseworthy efforts of relatives on both sides. Still, when the idea occurred to the pair, it seemed natural and fitting. They had always been intimate, and were warmly attached; and that was as near the youthful idea of love as they could expect to get now, they thought. But when Stamford pressed for an immediate marriage, the lady hesitated.

"Not before autumn," she said, laughingly. "Now be good, and don't tease! But I'll tell you what we'll do: I'll invite old Mrs. Marshall to go with me and Constance to my place. You shall come up to yours, and invite some friends. The places are close together, and we will have a comfortable summer."

He gave way after a while. Their country homes were situated in a picturesque portion of Pennsylvania. Meantime, in April, business called Stamford to Washington, where he was detained until the beginning of June. Kate had gone into the country before his return, taking with her Mrs. Marshall and Gregory's little daughter. There was also a cousin of Kate's, a Miss Norris, with whom, Kate wrote, he would be delighted.

Stamford was equally sure that Kate would like the visitor whom he, in turn, had invited to accompany him, and about whom he wrote to her in very glowing terms. As children, and in early youth, he and Harry Sumner had been like brothers; but for the last seven years they had not met until they encountered each other in Washington. Sumner was past twenty-six now, and since twenty had been living abroad, pursuing his vocation of a sculptor. Stamford had told him of Kate's cousin, Miss Norris, and what a beauty she was: and he was quite curious to see her.

It was towards the close of a lovely June afternoon, when the train stopped at the station where the two friends were to descend, and where Mr. Stamford's phaeton was in waiting. They drove through the quiet, sleepy-looking village, down a shady road for a mile, then turned abruptly to the right, up a steep ascent, and alighted at their destination.

Fairview, Mr. Stamford's place, was a large rambling old house, with quaint flower-gardens; to the left and back a noble beech-wood; and from the verandah at one side were visible the roofs and chimneys of a dwelling situated at the bottom of the declivity, embowered in trees and vines. That was Deepglen, Kate Benton's home: some distance off if one followed the highway, but within a few minutes' walk if one took a path through the grove.

"Mrs. Benton expects us to dine with her," Stamford said, as he read a note which his housekeeper handed him. "She says seven." So, at the appointed hour, the two men set forth, and soon came in sight of the house.

"Pretty place," said Sumner; "looks like a huge bird's-nest."

"Yes; quite so," Stamford replied, as they crossed a rustic bridge. He glanced up the path that followed the turns of the stream, and caught sight of a lady reclining, or half reclining, on the branch of a gigantic old willow. Her back was towards them, but he knew it was Kate. "There is Mrs. Benton," he said; "come this way."

"Not a bit of it!" rejoined Sumner, laughing. "I'm an envious brute, and it always hurts my vanity to play second. I'll walk on to the house, and let you get the first transports over."

He passed into the garden, while Stamford hurried along the path, and Nero, Sumner's big black dog, chose to accompany him, seduced by a squirrel which he hoped to secure. Nero soon stopped among the bushes, and Stamford proceeded, the sound of his footsteps muffled by the thick, short turf. Kate did not stir. The idea seized him to get close and surprise her with a kiss: for he felt in as high spirits as a schoolboy let loose for a holiday.

Her back, as we have said, was towards him—which was the reason he had been able to approach undetected—but the outlines of her lovely figure were quite perceptible. The place was a favorite resort of hers. It was where

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the little boat which belonged to the place was always moored; and the willow was one of great size and very old: it was a sort of twin willow, so to speak, with one trunk running almost at right-angles to the other, and overhanging the stream. On this trunk, or branch—whichever one might call it—Kate was reclining, her pretty feet hanging listlessly down, and her parasol lying on the grass, open, where she had carelessly tossed it. She was lost in reverie.

He was just behind her, ready to bend forward, when suddenly Nero, who had found his way through the thicket, burst out with the most deafening fracas ever a dog was guilty of. Up started the lady, with a little cry, turned quickly round, and Stamford stood face to face with a stranger, whom he knew must of course be Miss Norris, the new cousin.

"Nero, Nero—down, sir!" he cried, seizing the dog by the collar. "Don't be afraid, Miss Norris—he's quite safe. I suppose it must be Miss Norris."

"Oh, yes! Pardon me," she said, in some embarrassment. "It was so silly of me to be frightened—and, of all living creatures, I detest most the women who scream and jump on slight provocation."

She laughed and colored, and Stamford laughed too, and hurriedly decided that the likeness between her and Kate was somewhat to the latter's disadvantage: the widow's pale, statuesque beauty would look cold and unsatisfactory by the side of this carmine-cheeked, glad-eyed creature.

"I didn't anticipate presenting myself in quite such an unorthodox fashion," he said, "but you will be good-natured and excuse it?"

"Oh, nothing could be more satisfactory than Nero's introduction. He vouches for you," she replied, patting the dog's head. "I am very glad you have come. Mrs. Benton expected you last night. You have left your friend with her, I suppose?" She referred to Mr. Stamford, for she took her companion for Mr. Sumner, thinking, of course, that Stamford would have gone at once to the house, and little dreaming that he also had made a mistake, and thought her Kate.

"Oh, yes," said Stamford, and laughed again, having three minds to tell her how near she came to receiving the kiss meant for Kate, but deterred by the reflection that it might seem a lack of tact to mention it just then. "I've not seen the Lady Katherine yet," he went on; "I don't mind confessing I am anxious to do so."

"Not seen her?" cried Miss Norris. "Oh, what a model of a nineteenth-century knight. Let us go to the house: I don't choose to be accused of having detained you."

She said this gayly, and with an arch look, that made Stamford think her prettier than ever.

In the meantime Sumner had crossed the shrubberies and garden, and mounted the steps of the verandah. He peeped into a couple of rooms that opened thereon, and descrying no human being, sat comfortably down in an arm-chair, to wait until the lovers remembered his existence, and came in search of him. He wondered a little what an engaged widow and widower could find new to utter in the form of tender speeches; then concentrated his mind for a space on his ideal of Constance Norris; then his thoughts strayed off to Italy, and he had just reached Rome, and was climbing the Pincian hill, when he heard a lady's voice say, laughingly:

"Good gracious, Mr. Sumner! I took you for a burglar. I'm very glad to see you, though I'm not sure but the burglar's visit would have been more exciting."

Sumner started up, and saw a young, beautiful woman, dressed in white, approaching him, a soft, sad smile on her perfect lips, a light—half curiosity, half welcome—in her glorious eyes: and he knew this apparition must be Constance Norris—only so much more lovely than his ideal, that he felt a quick shame at the poverty of his own imagination.

"I'll try to be as sensational as any burglar, in or out of a novel," said he, hurrying forward and taking the slender white fingers extended so frankly, thinking the while that, next to holding it, the greatest possible pleasure would be to model that perfect hand.

Just then the other pair had reached the garden-gate, and at the same instant a child's voice called rapturously:

"Papa, papa!"

Out from some haunt among the shrubberies dashed little Ethel, and, to Constance Norris's astonishment, plunged at her companion, and was lifted in his arms, crying, as she kissed his cheeks and lips: "Oh, you dear, darling, naughty old papa! I am so glad! I am so glad!" And at once she knew her mistake.

Constance was highly diverted at her little blunder, and burst into such a fit of laughter that she could not explain what caused her merriment, as Stamford and his small maid looked at her in a very natural surprise.

When Ethel gave utterance to her first ejaculation, Kate Benton said to Sumner: "Oh, here they come!" and hastened down the garden-walk, followed by the young gentleman.

As the two approached, Stamford put Ethel on the ground, much against her will, advanced

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to Kate, took both her hands, and kissed her frankly on the cheek.

"That's deuced cool!" thought Sumner, with a certain feeling of irritation. "She may be the cousin of his intended wife, but he never saw her before." Up he stepped to Constance Norris, and said: "Mrs. Benton, my inhuman friend has left me to introduce myself, but—"

"You'll please to do it to the right person," interrupted Kate, gayly. "I happen to be the owner of that name myself, and this misguided young lady is Constance Norris."

"And I thought you were Mr. Sumner!" cried Constance, turning to Stamford in a paroxysm of laughter, in which they all joined: though somehow Sumner was annoyed by the mutual blunders—he could hardly have told why.

Presently old Mrs. Marshall made her appearance, and they all sat in the verandah and talked till dinner was announced—a meal which Ethel desired ardently to grace with her presence. She uttered her plea to Kate, and showed open signs of rebellion when reminded of the lateness of the hour; and the widow had to appeal to Stamford; and Miss argued her point with both, evidently prepared, if arguments and coaxing failed, to take refuge either in a fit of passion or tears, as might seem most likely to effect her purpose. Suddenly she chanced to catch Constance's eyes fixed upon her with grave reproach. She grew scarlet, hesitated a little, then ran up to her, saying:

"I'll be good—I will—I forgot!"

She was duly kissed and praised, then Constance herself took her away; and as soon as they were gone, Kate said:

"Conny can do anything she chooses with the child. I don't even know how to amuse her. I try, but she finds me stupid! As for my attempts at governing her—well, they are absurd. I always end by giving in. Gregory, you needn't look disapproving: you are as weak as water with her your own self."

Miss Norris came back, and they went in to dinner; and before they had been ten minutes at table, a remark of that young lady's caused Sumner hastily to decide that, in spite of her beauty—too brilliant to please his taste—she had no imagination whatever.

"I'm tired of hearing about old palaces, and musty smells, and antiquity generally," she said, laughing, in answer to some question of the sculptor's. "I'd rather have a log cabin in this free air than the hugest uncomfortable old ancestral dwelling that Rome itself could offer."

Sumner lifted his eyebrows, and Kate cried out in horror. But Stamford agreed with the heterodox verdict, and a merry battle of wits ensued, while dear old Mrs. Marshall sat placidly listening, except when she took short naps between the courses.

Altogether, the evening proved a success; and before the gentlemen departed, Kate and Stamford exchanged frankly favorable opinions in regard to the new acquaintance each had caused the other to make.

"You may be sure what the end will be," Kate said, glancing towards the piano, where Constance was seated, with Sumner bending over her. "They'll fall in love, and go to Italy, and be romantic and happy."

"Miss Norris doesn't want to live there," returned Stamford.

"Nonsense!" said Kate; "anybody would."

"You, too?"

"Oh, I?" rejoined she, laughing. "You and I are elderly people, you know, and have done with romance."

"But, I hope, not with happiness?" said he.

"I am sure not," she answered, laying her hand on his shoulder. Then they smiled in each other's eyes; then they both glanced again at the youthful pair, and sighed.

"After all, they are not so much younger than we are," observed Stamford.

"Except in feeling. But that makes all the difference: experience has made us both a hundred years old!" cried Kate. "There! don't pucker up your eyebrows, you goose—we shall do very well with our lives yet. If we've lost enthusiasm and the power of dreaming, we have at least learned to prize peace and quiet. Go off with yourself, you look tired; and take your sculptor with you, for a cigar. We've had enough of you both for one evening."

Before three days elapsed, Stamford had accepted Kate's theory in regard to their friends as the most natural and probable thing in the world, though he vowed it was a dangerous experiment for a girl to marry a genius. Kate declared that he was envious, and they jested and teased each other; but all the while both were conscious of a vague feeling of envy towards this pair who had no ghosts from the past to haunt them, no terrible reminders to warn them of the probable emptiness even of the highest hopes: who had, in fact, their whole lives in the future, and the arrogant courage which it is at once beautiful and painful to see in youth.

The weather was lovely; the four persons thrown into such intimate companionship congenial and sympathetic; the neighborhood picturesque; and no tiresome people about to dim the sunshine: so it is easy enough to picture the pleasant fashion in which the days glided by.

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Sumner modeled a bust of little Ethel, which delighted Stamford so much, that the sculptor had to promise his first work after reaching Rome should be to reproduce it in marble, and later make a copy for the child's grandmother.

"I think I should like a bust of you, Gregory," said Kate one day, as they were all looking at Ethel's portrait.

"Then you won't get it," returned Stamford. "But I tell you what, Kate shall sit: those straight features of hers, and that melancholy smile she cultivates, are just what you want."

Sumner turned a face of such eager pleading on Mrs. Benton, that though neither Stamford nor the object of the regard noticed its earnestness, Constance Norris did; and a sudden half-defined thought—dread, rather—shot up in her mind, which startled and disturbed her. At that moment Ethel called, and she went away, leaving Kate to defend herself as best she might against the persuasions with which the friends beset her.

Presently Mrs. Benton departed also, still persisting in her laughing refusal, and the two men were left alone.

"She will consent—she must," Stamford said.

"I hope she may," replied Sumner. "Only, one thing, old man—you understand—it is not to be a commission."

"You're an ass," said Stamford.

"I may be: all the same, I want your promise."

He received it at length, along with Stamford's assurance that he would use his best influence to induce Kate to comply with their wishes. She did finally consent, and the sittings began. But the work went slowly on, for Sumner found it difficult to satisfy himself with his efforts in reproducing the noble face, whose peculiar beauty grew more and more upon him, in the earnest study of its contours and details.

Of course those hours spent by the two in the pretty room that had been arranged as a studio, threw the other pair a good deal upon their own resources; and, quite unthinkingly, they were wiled into very close, intimate companionship. Then the four would take long walks and drives, hunting up the places in the neighborhood worth visits; and altogether the weeks floated by too fast and too serenely for anybody to keep much track of time.

It was a great surprise when, one day, as they were lunching at Kate's house, Mrs. Marshall, apropos to nothing whatever, abruptly informed them that eight weeks had elapsed since the arrival of the two gentlemen.

At first they all declared that the old lady was mistaken; but she chanced to be wide awake, and in as nearly positive a mood as she could get, and proceeded methodically to convince them by means of adding up dates. For an instant they looked a little oddly in each other's faces, and then Sumner rushed abruptly into one of his gayest, most nonsensical moods, and the rest followed suit, glad to escape from a sudden sense of embarrassment and restraint for which they did not attempt to account.

The sculptor was the only one of the party who had become aware of the danger into which he had drifted during these enchanted weeks. He had faced his secret—knew that his heart had strayed towards this beautiful woman who was to become his friend's wife—knew, too, that he ought to depart. So each night, when he went to his room, he vowed that on the morrow he would go: but vowed in vain, as human beings usually do under such circumstances.

Stamford would not listen to so much as a hint of his going. Then, too, though the original bust was finished, Sumner had begun an ideal head, to be called Iphigenia, which held a suggestion of Kate Benton's features; and besides, Kate asked him frankly to stay. So he had stopped, growing desperate at last, telling himself that, no matter how sorely he might suffer later, he was happy now: and happiness did not come often enough to be voluntarily flung aside.

The old, old, half sophistical, half reckless arguments with which we silence the voices in our souls when they warn us to escape from peril; and then, when too late, marvel that we could have been so deaf to their persistency—irate against it as were the doomed ones of Troy to Cassandra's prophecies.

Another week ended; and destiny arranged it that Ethel's childish hand should open the floodgate which was to let a sea of trouble overwhelm two hearts among the little group.

Stamford and Constance had gone for a walk, and taken the child and Nero with them. They sat down on the hill-side to rest, talking pleasantly enough, though with certain long gaps of silence in the conversation, which are among the choice privileges of friendship, till Ethel, weary of racing about with the dog, came slowly towards them, and lay down on the grass at their feet.

"The little maid is tired," Constance said.

"Yes," said Ethel, and put her head in Miss Norris's lap, holding out her hand to take her father's as she did so.

They talked to her for awhile, then she closed her eyes and fell asleep; and they sat still, loth to disturb her, though the position was rather troublesome—for she had pulled Stamford's hand

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so far forward that it rested on Constance's arm.

"If you will lift her, she can lie more easily," Miss Norris said, vexed with herself for the sudden embarrassment she felt. "It seems a shame to wake her."

"I'm not asleep," quoth Ethel, indignantly, waking at once.

They laughed, and Stamford said:

"You were, but the neighbor's girl was not"—that apocryphal personage being the scapegrace always for any naughtiness on Ethel's part.

"She hasn't been near us for a week," returned the child. "I was thinking wide awake, with my eyes shut."

"What about, Pussy?" her father asked.

"Well, I don't mind telling you, since you are both very good to-day," she replied, dreamily, closing her eyes again; "though perhaps I'd better speak to Kate first, and see how she likes it."

"Likes what?" they asked simultaneously.

"Why, you know, I've been thinking about it, papa," pursued Ethel, slowly, "and the more I think, the surer I am that you had better marry cousin Constance. Kate can't manage me, and I don't believe she much wants to try; and—"

Up dashed Nero at this juncture, and bounded full-length upon the child; and if ever a creature played the part of a *deus ex machina*, and was welcome, that dog was the creature.

The man and woman did not even glance at each other—did not dare to. The revelation had come to both as suddenly as daylight into a tropical sky. There was no escape from it. Constance Norris knew that she loved the man beside her; and he knew that his whole heart had gone out towards the cousin of his betrothed wife.

Stamford pushed Nero away; Ethel started up; Constance rose too, seized her hand, said something about wanting a race, and off the pair ran. Stamford did not even rise: he sat perfectly still, leaning back against the walnut-tree, staring straight before him, positively dazed and stunned by the knowledge forced upon his soul.

"Let's wait for papa," Ethel pleaded, as they reached the foot of the hill.

"No," said Constance, "I must go in. I have something to do. Let your father alone." The child walked on by her obediently. "Ethel," she observed presently, "I'm not scolding, but you must never repeat that speech to anybody: it was silly. If you do, I shan't love you."

"I won't," replied Ethel, penitent at once; "indeed I won't. You ain't angry, Conny dear? Kiss me—do kiss me."

"Of course I'm not angry," Constance answered, stooping to press her lips on the rosebud mouth. "Now, run—I'm in a hurry."

"But I can't help wishing, you know," cried Ethel. "I ain't to blame for wishes: they come—I don't make them."

Constance did not seem to hear. She took her hand again, and they flew on to the gate at such a pace, that by the time they reached it, both were too breathless to talk at all.

Gregory Stamford went home: he wanted to see no human being's face just then. Anything like connected thought was impossible. What he was to do—what he ought to do—he could not consider. His whole ordinary world seemed swept into chaos, and he was helpless under the shock: only, in those first moments, he fully realized that life had brought him what he had believed was never to be his portion—love, as ardent as ever man gave woman. And this had come to him too late—too late!

At his house he found the agent who had the care of a large farm he owned some miles distant. There had been a fire, which had consumed one of the barns. In the same dazed mood, Stamford ordered his horse, wrote a little note of explanation to Kate, and started with the farmer for the scene of disaster. To have an evening and a night free to contemplate this new phase of existence, and steady his mind into possibility of reason and right action, was a god-send indeed.

Constance Norris got into the house and up to her room, and sat down, sick and faint, to wonder what pretext she could devise to escape—escape without seeing Stamford again. Then she reflected that to rush away would become a confession in his eyes, decided that she must remain, and marveled how she was to bear the burthen of her secret, and not die under the sense of humiliation and remorse.

She heard a knock at the door, and Kate's voice calling: "Constance! Constance! let me in! Here's a telegram. Poor old Aunt Mary Harper has had a bad accident. They have sent for you."

The evil tidings so abruptly given were enough to account for Constance's pallor and agitation. And then ensued an hour of hasty preparation; and then she was driving to the railway station to catch the train, Kate insisting that the housekeeper should accompany her on the journey.

Kate and Sumner saw her start; then they walked towards Mrs. Benton's house, having dismissed the carriage. On the road they met one of Stamford's servants bringing the note his master had left for his fiancée.

"Well, here is a second desertion," Kate said, as she read the hurried lines and handed the

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page to Sumner. "Oh! I hope there were none of the horses in the barn. That absurd Gregory! I should think he had written with the end of a stick."

Sumner dined with her and Mrs. Marshall, and spent as much of the evening as he dared—forced to depart early, lest he should go utterly mad, and pour his secret out in spite of himself.

He might as well not have struggled against the power that was upon him: for the next morning, as they sat in the studio, he trying to work at the bust, some chance word she spoke—some soft, unconscious light in her eyes—sent the whirlwind with full force across his soul. Before he knew, he had spoken—had told his story in wild, passionate words.

She listened, white and silent as a ghost.

"Forgive me!" he cried. "I am going now—forgive me!"

Out of the house he dashed, leaving Kate as incapable of movement as if she had been a statue; and for a long time nobody came to break, by word or look, the awful cataleptic-like chill which held her whole being in its grasp.

Sumner was up in his room. He had packed his portmanteau; was trying to write a letter to Stamford; when the door opened, and that gentleman entered, exclaiming:

"What the deuce has happened? Thomas says you have ordered the carriage for the noon train. What's up? Have you had any bad news?"

"Yes!" broke in Sumner, fiercely. "Don't ask. I can't answer a single question. I must be off!"

"Not like this, you won't!" cried Stamford, wheeling him round so that the light fell full on his pale, agitated face. "Harry, Harry, in God's name, what is the matter?"

"I'm an ass—a fool—that's all!" groaned Sumner. "If you want to hear, why should I mind telling you? I love Kate Benton! There! Now I suppose you will own I have a good reason for going?"

"I suppose so," said Stamford, slowly.

They stood silent for a few seconds, staring strangely at each other; then wrung each other's hands, and parted without so much as a syllable of farewell.

Down to Deepglen walked Gregory Stamford, and straight into the room where Kate Benton still sat. She rose, held out her hand, spoke some words mechanically, which he interrupted by saying:

"I've seen Sumner. He's gone. He told me, Kate."

The proud, self-contained woman burst into tears, and wept like a child, sobbing:

"You're not angry with me, Gregory?"

"Angry?—no!" he said, in a bewildered voice: wondering, indeed, whether he was awake or dreaming. "Why—why—Kate—do you mean that—that you care—"

"Yes!" she answered, wiping away her tears, and sitting down in the nearest chair. "Oh, it's all as dreadful as it can be. And, Greg, Constance has gone."

"Gone?" he echoed. "I—well—Kate, Kate, let's tell each other the truth!"

She looked up, startled. Something in his answering glance sent hot blushes to her cheek. For she understood. She began to cry again, then she laughed.

"Oh, Greg!" she exclaimed, "I wouldn't have believed we were capable of it."

They found they were, though: for, two months later, they were married on the same day—though not to each other.

"You see," said Stamford, "it's better to have a double wedding, because then people can't say that either of us was jilted."

THE TWO FLOWERS.

BY C. GRINDROD.

Do you remember, one fair summer day,
When on a cliff which overlooked the bay
We stood together? And about our feet
The tangled grasses clustered wildly sweet?
And bright amid them gleamed the coral bell
Of the sad flower of change, the pimpernel?
I culled the blossom without e'en a sigh,
And lightly passed its silent warning by.
I did not dream of any change in you,
My cherished type of all the leal and true.
But oh! my little flower prophetic proved:
Forgotten is the friend whom once you loved.

The summer sun is shining as of yore;
The waves lap softly on the pebbly shore,
As in the days gone by. Just overhead
A sea-gull flaps its wings, and then is sped.
The low winds murmur, and about my feet
The tangled grasses cluster wildly sweet.
But oh! my friend, where once amid them grew
The pimpernel, now one of azure hue
Lifts its sweet face to the unclouded sky,
And breathes of love, and truth, and constancy.
Then heed its message from this sacred spot:
It wafts to you a prayer—Forget-me-not.

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THE MYSTERY OF THE BROCKEN.

BY MRS. M. SHEFFEY PETERS.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 400.

CHAPTER XI.

"Oh, Eustace, Eustace!" cried Prissy, "what will become of us?"

"Stay perfectly quiet where you are," he replied. "I think I can find the lantern. There were plenty of matches in the box. But don't move, dear."

Priscilla did not speak, but stood still, as she had been directed. Presently she heard Eustace feeling about for the lantern.

"Here it is!" he cried, cheerily. "Now we are all right. Wait, and I'll strike a light."

And, wrapped in gloom, and rigid as one of the stalagmite pillars near her, Prissy waited for the promised light. Eustace was breathing hard. Directly she heard the clicking and the nervous twisting of the lantern in his hands: but no light followed.

After awhile he spoke, in a half-frightened voice.

"Where are you, Priscilla?" he said. "Speak, but don't move. I want to come to you."

"Why don't you light the lantern?" asked the girl, her voice trembling: for his fears were contagious.

"The match-case was open, and every match is gone. They are in the crevices of the rocks, I fear. I cannot find a single one."

As her cousin spoke, she could hear him working his way cautiously towards her. She guided him by her voice, and, a moment later, felt his hand, cold and clammy, laid upon hers.

For some time neither of them spoke. Then Priscilla, goaded by remorse, said:

"Oh, Eustace, forgive me: it was I that did it. How could I have been so careless?"

He drew her cold fingers up again to his breast.

"Never mind that, dear," he said; "but tell me what it was that startled you."

She shivered. "It was another skeleton, Eustace—there by the box. I laid my hand upon it. Oh!"

"Poor child! I should rather blame myself. I ought not to have brought you into this den of horrors."

"No, no!" whispered Prissy; "it was not your fault. But what are we to do, Eustace?"

He tightened his clasp on the trembling fingers now clinging to him more desperately than ever.

"There's nothing to do, dear, but to wait, like Mr. Micawber"—he spoke with a hopeless effort at gayety—"for something to turn up. At the worst, when Amide finds we do not return, she will report at the Brocken, and we'll be hunted for."

"But that may be hours and hours, Eustace. Could we not grope—"

"You forget that dreadful pit, Prissy; and there may be others, even if we could get round that."

"But what if they never find us?" She spoke in an awed voice.

"We won't borrow trouble. Let us, instead, sit down, and make ourselves as comfortable as we can."

They felt about for a secure place, and soon found one, a little distance off.

"The skeleton you stumbled against must be that of one of the gang who attacked and murdered Uncle Rolfe," Eustace said, when they were seated side by side. "His plan to conceal the treasure here was doubtless known, and he was betrayed or tracked."

"Yes," said Prissy; "but why was not the treasure taken? And what became of the other murderers? And how was it that Uncle Rolfe was murdered in here, and Daddy Ike hung outside on the bank of the river?"

"These are questions which may never be answered," returned Eustace. "But I have an idea that this cave has an opening under that shelving bank in the vicinity of the oak-tree, where Daddy Ike was found. Now, Prissy, listen a moment. What do you hear?"

"A roaring sound. But that is the current of air, I think, that we've noticed already."

"I believe it is the noise of the river outside."

Priscilla half started to her feet.

"Then, if so near, why not try—"

"No, Prissy, no," objected her cousin, drawing her back. "Even guides, lost in a cave, wait till rescued. The river, near as it may be, might as well be the open Polar Sea for us. We can never reach it without a light."

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Neither of them spoke again for several minutes: only Eustace was passing his fingers, with a soothing, caressing motion, over the chill little hand that he held in his. Suddenly Priscilla bent forward, and he felt her fingers close around his tightly.

She was listening.

"What is it, Prissy?" he asked, quickly.

"Hush! Do you not hear something—a noise—a— There it is again!"

But at first he could hear nothing except the low, continuous roar which they both had noticed already. Yet, impressed by her assurance, he sat, as she did, rigidly still, listening.

"There!" she exclaimed, in a sharp whisper; "don't you hear it? It may be from above, it may be from below, or it may be from outside: but a sound it is. Listen!"

Eustace did hear now, at last. Undefined, uncertain, the sound was; but it was not the roar of the river, nor was it the soughing of currents of air. Neither was it a regular, continually recurring sound. There were pauses. Yet still, again and again, the low thud, thud came, almost like the pulsation of a heart. The sound, too, grew more distinct every instant.

"Whatever it is, it is coming nearer," said Eustace, passing his arm around his cousin. Then they rose instinctively, and waited breathlessly.

"Do you suppose a wild animal—a bear—can have his den in the cave?" asked Prissy, shuddering.

Eustace set his teeth together, but only held her the more firmly.

"Oh, no," he answered, trying to reassure her, although far from being assured himself. For how could he tell what other horrors the cave might not show?

"Prissy," he said presently, in a whisper, "do you notice that the edges of the darkness out yonder seem to be fringed with wavering gleams?"

"I—I had noticed a change—a light," hesitated poor Prissy, with a doleful little catch in her voice. "But I did not speak of it. I thought it must be only a trick of this awful blackness, Eustace."

"No—wait!" his fingers closing convulsively about hers. "It is— There, did you not see that?"

Prissy uttered a stifled cry, and shrunk back, clinging to him.

"It was the fiery eye of a wild beast," she gasped.

"No, dear," reassuringly; "it was a light—a moving light. There, see it again! It is a torch, or a lantern. Prissy, they must be seeking for us. Shall I call?"

"Wait, wait!" whispered the girl, trembling in a frenzy of joy. "It is too good to be true."

But the next instant, as the light increased and plainly drew nigher, both she and Eustace shouted with all their might. The walls of their tomb repeated the cry, through infinite gradations of sepulchral hollowness.

To their astonishment, the light instantly disappeared, the darkness seeming to deepen fivefold afterwards.

"In God's name, don't leave us," cried Eustace, desperately. "Help! help! whoever you are."

The cry rang sharply through the cave, and echoed and re-echoed back. In an instant a response was returned.

"Who are you that need help?" it asked; and again long lines of light streamed towards them, the fiery eye, but a short distance off, blazing like a sun to their excited fancies.

"That sounds like a voice I know. Oh, it is cousin Archibald. Cousin Archibald! cousin Archibald!" cried Priscilla, breaking into tears and laughter.

"Merciful heavens!" ejaculated Mr. Archibald Manning, striding towards them through the gloom.

"Take care there," cautioned Eustace; "the cave has its pitfalls. There's a gulf about here that's bottomless, or might as well be."

"But how on earth did you get here?" asked Manning, slacking his speed, nevertheless, and utterly bewildered. "Ah! what's this?" For at that moment he almost stumbled over the heap of silver-plate.

"That's ours—Prissy's and mine," gravely returned Eustace. "It's ours by right of discovery—isn't it, Prissy? We've been squatters"—recovering his spirits now—"on this territory for—how long, cousin?"

"For ages, it seems to me," half laughed, half sobbed Prissy.

Mr. Archibald Manning looked from the scattered vessels of silver up at the two dilapidated guardians of it. "Humph!" he said, coolly, "you've got the start of me. It is what *I* came here to find."

"You're not always, then, first in at the goal," rejoined Eustace.

"It seems not," dryly. "Yet why are you in darkness? Surely you never got here without a light?"

But before Eustace could reply, Manning, making a detour around the oblong box, to get nearer to the cousins, flashed his bull's-eye full upon the skeleton which had so startled Prissy.

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"Gracious powers!" he cried, "what have we here?" and sprang back, as Priscilla had done.

It was not long, however, before the explanations of Eustace had put him in possession of all the facts. Then, in turn, he described how, by following the directions of Rolfe Brock's cipher—which he had succeeded in unraveling—he had found the river entrance to the cavern.

It was no doubt by this entrance that the valuables had been brought thither for concealment; and Rolfe Brock and Daddy Ike had been followed or tracked by the same route, and so met their doom.

"The entrance is only a little distance below the pool," said Manning, in conclusion, "but quite far back from the river, under the overhanging ledge of rock, against which the water from above seems to wash. And it is but a short walk from where we are now," he added.

"So we can get out from here, without being drawn up in that awful basket?" said Prissy, laughing hysterically, unnerved by all the trials she had gone through.

Manning and Eustace, meantime, proceeded to make a careful examination of the surroundings of the murdered Rolfe. The plate was a good deal tarnished, but the bonds, papers, and coin, in the metal box, were in a perfect state of preservation.

"None of these things can be removed, however, until we ascertain whether your sister wishes any legal action in the matter," Manning said, addressing Priscilla. Then turning to Eustace, he added, gravely: "As the discovery has been made on the Brocken place, it is due to your cousin, do you not think, that only she should know of these revelations, at least until she authorizes us to speak?"

A deep flush mounted to the forehead of young Hurkamp at these words. He lifted his slender figure with the haughty pride of his race.

"My mother, you remember, is also a daughter of the house of Brocken. Yet would she have no wish to pry into matters which have been revealed to me, her son, only by accident. Rely upon it, Mr. Manning, that I can and will be as secret as this cave has been for twenty years."

"Your decision does you credit. But the obligation of silence is, I feel, imposed upon all three of us until the young mistress of the Brocken allows us to speak."

"I know that sister Helen," said Prissy, linking her arm in that of her young cousin, "will, as soon as she hears of this discovery, recognize the right of Aunt Eunice to know all about it too."

"But Amide," said Eustace, suddenly. "No doubt she and Dan have given us up for lost long ago."

"Do you think so?" answered Prissy. "Then, dear me, how frightened sister Helen will be if they carry the news of our disappearance back to the house."

"I think," interposed Manning, smiling, "that you may not have been here as long as you imagine. It has not been three hours since you and Amide passed my window."

"Is it possible? I thought it had been six, at least. You were fixing your lantern to come here then, were you not?"

"Yes. Yet you got ahead of me," gayly. "By the by, Toby, the hostler, brought up a message, just before I left, from a sick negro—Uncle Ben, I think he called him. It was 'for de young missus to look arter you chillens, and not let you be foolin' roun' places whar you had no bizness,' or something like that. What does the old fellow know of this affair?"

Prissy smiled.

"We borrowed the windlass and basket of him. Do you remember, Eustace, how bitterly he was opposed to us trying to pry into any hole or cave up on the ridge? I thought it suspicious then, and now I'm sure he knows something about the tragedy. He's always been," turning to Manning, "a sullen, crabbed sort of a marplot, Uncle Ben has."

Manning nodded, and, as he walked ahead with his lantern, his head was bent as in perplexed thought. Priscilla and Eustace, hand in hand, followed; and in that order the three pursued the route leading from the cavern outward to the pure air and to the light of heaven.

CHAPTER XII.

It was not until several hours later that Manning had a chance to speak to Helen of these events. Amide and Dan had remained on the ridge waiting for Eustace and Priscilla, notwithstanding their long absence, so that the story of their disappearance had not reached the Brocken. On their part, Priscilla and Eustace had kept their secret, and had said nothing of the discoveries in the cave.

Meantime, the hole opening into the cave was concealed by rails and branches, lopped from the fallen tree for that purpose. The rope of the basket, detached from the windlass, was secured; but, for fear of detection, the windlass was taken back to the tool-house by Eustace and Dan.

"You see," Eustace explained to Amide, "we will go into the cave by the real entrance-way, hereafter. It's not so dangerous. This going

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down in the basket was pretty risky, wasn't it, Priscilla?"

To Helen Brock alone Manning had explained the hidden meaning of the cryptogram, and to her alone he had communicated his intention to try, that afternoon, to find the entrance to the cave. It can be imagined, therefore, with what impatience she had awaited his return, and the opportunity to speak to him alone as to what had happened there. Through the whole afternoon her grandmother had been restless, and nervously excited, and required her unremitting care. Helen, therefore, had not left her post until the invalid had fallen into a deep repose. Then she hurried to the library, where Manning was awaiting her.

Pale and wearied as she was, he could but think, as he advanced to meet her, how lovely she appeared.

"I fear I have kept you waiting a long time," she said, as he took her hand.

"Not so," he replied; "at least, relatively: for the tidings I have to communicate have been kept waiting for twenty years."

"You have seen—discovered something, then?" she cried, eagerly. "The cryptogram meant something, after all?"

Manning did not reply at once. He placed her in the easy-chair drawn in front of the fire, went to the door, and opening it, looked up and down the hall, to see if listeners were about, drew the portère close, and, returning to the hearth, began, in a lowered voice, to relate the momentous events and discoveries of the afternoon.

In her horror and detestation of the crime thus unveiled, Helen lost all sense of the benefit to accrue to herself from the discovery of the hidden treasure.

"Before the setting of another sun," she said, "the law must take cognizance of this deed of blood, and if the perpetrators be living, they must be brought to justice."

Manning was silent.

"You do not approve?" she asked, with quick intuition.

"I approve—if you are prepared for any possible result of the investigation. Remember, the law will be bound to prosecute to the last extremity, when once it begins."

Her whole aspect changed. Her voice dropped to a whisper.

"You share the suspicion of my grandfather, and of your father," she said. "But oh! I cannot—will not—believe that. Not even the exigencies of war—of civil war—could have excused a soldier from a violation of God's law. It was a murder, you see: a brutal, vicious murder; and an attempt to rob. Besides, the gold coin and the bonds are there. What incentive—for that is what you mean—" she said, "what incentive could Colonel Hurkamp or his soldiers have had? Ah, no! I have a presentiment that justice will be the truest mercy in this matter. Besides," getting up, and pacing the floor in profound agitation, "what right have we to conceal this crime, which God, in his providence, has laid bare to us? I dare not do it, cousin. It must be as I have said: the law must take its course."

"There is another view of the matter," said Manning, after a while. "I must warn you that one result of a public exposure may be that Madam Hurkamp may press her claim for a share of the treasure."

Helen raised her queenly figure proudly. But, as she was beginning a rejoinder, there was heard a subdued shuffling of feet in the passage outside, that caused both to turn quickly in that direction. At the same instant, a hesitating rap sounded on the door, and a voice, mysteriously modulated, called, excitedly: "Miss Hel'n, Miss Hel'n! is you in dar?"

"It is Dan," said the young mistress, advancing to the door. "What on earth can he be wanting at this time of the night?"

She drew aside the portèire, and opened the door. Dan tumbled in, panting and big-eyed.

"What is the matter, Dan?" she asked, anxiously.

"I've—I've been a-runnin', missus," the boy panted, pulling himself together to state a fact patent at first sight.

"Well, what were you running for?"

"La! now, Miss Hel'n, yo' knows how skeery I is. Fas' ez I come, missus, de witches dey rid me plum from de quarters ter de big house. Fo' grashus! ef dey didn't, Miss Hel'n."

"Nonsense," sternly interposed Manning, coming forward. "Don't keep your mistress uneasy. Tell her what you came for."

"'Twere jes' 'kase de ole man wouldn' hear tell o' waitin' till mornin', sir—dat's a fac'. 'Twere all along ob er fool-noshun ob ole Uncle Ben, Miss Hel'n. He say he gwine ter die, an' dat he can't die 'dout seein' some ob you 'uns from de big house. Hit's jes' you, Miss Hel'n, he's sent fo'."

"Sent for me?" said Helen, her fair face blanching. "Is Uncle Ben so much worse then?"

"He's jes' gwine on dre'ful. Dere's a lot ob udder cullud pussuns down at Aunt Marg'et's cabin, a-singin' an' a-shoutin' roun' de ole gem'-man. But de louder dey hollers fo' to 'Rock his soul in de buzum ob Abraham,' de more he won't

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be rocked dar. He jes' kep' axin', an' a-moanin', an' a-wheezin'. Den de time come when he yell out fo' yo'. Dat he mus' 'fess sumpin' enudder ter yo'. Dat he wuz gwine ter die wi' er black sin on his soul. 'Twere awful! Dat's why de witches rid me; fo' Aunt Rosanner sent me in er hurry ter fetch yo' to him. Is you gwine, Miss Hel'n?"

CHAPTER XIII.

"THIS is dreadful," said Helen, turning to Manning. "I will go, certainly. But what can Uncle Ben have to confess to me, specially? His whole life, I fear, has been one of wickedness, profanity, and violence; and, for that very reason, I shrink from what he may have to tell."

"Yet," said Manning, gravely, "it is best you should hear what he has to say. Do you remember the message he sent to you this afternoon, about Eustace and Priscilla? He knew they were going to explore that cave."

She fell to trembling. A new light flashed on her. "Do you suppose that he knows—"

"I believe God works, not by chance, but by design," answered Manning. "Ben may hold the missing links in the chain of providences that will finally guide us to a full understanding of this mystery."

"You will come with me, will you not?" asked Helen, lifting her pale face shyly, yet entreatingly.

"Of course," drawing her trembling hand through his arm. "You did not think I would let you go with only Dan to escort you?"

"Had you not been here, I might have had to go alone." She said this almost unconsciously, but in a confiding dependence that was as new as it was perhaps sweet to her.

Just for one instant his hand was laid with a protecting pressure on the tremulous fingers that rested on his arm. So, with a sense of companionship, that was in itself a support to her spirit, which shrank, naturally, from the dying confession of Uncle Ben, Helen went down to the cabin of old Margaret.

They found the dying man sitting in his chair, erect, his shrunken body and swelled limbs twitching as he gasped for breath, now turning his staring eyes hither and thither, as if vainly seeking some avenue of escape. But when he caught sight of the young mistress advancing towards him, white-robed and graceful, like a spirit of peace, a calm fell upon his face.

Feebly the skinny fingers closed about her extended hand, as if they would find an anchor there for the broken hulk slipping so fast from its moorings.

"Young Mistiss," he panted, wistfully, fastening his dimming eyes on her face; "you hab come ter see ole Ben once more?"

"Yes, Uncle Ben: once more in this world," answered the clear, if tremulous, voice of the girl. "Possibly when we meet again it may be before the great white throne, where bond and free, white and black, will stand as equals in God's sight."

Old Ben started, dropped Helen's hand, and struggled higher in his chair.

"Young Mistiss," he cried aloud, breathing heavily, "will we all meet togedder up dar, fur shore? Will young Marse Rolfe be dar ter face ole Ben? Will he, Mistiss, will he?" His voice rose almost into a scream.

Helen trembled like an aspen; but she controlled herself, and spoke with forced calmness.

"Yes, Uncle Ben; your young master will surely be there. Is there any reason why you should fear to meet him?"

The bleared eyes rolled despairingly. Then their hunted look gave place to a flame of anger, as he turned them upon the gaping crowd of spectators—men and women of his own race, who had come, as was their custom, to attend the dying bed.

"Send 'em off, Mistiss, send 'em off," he cried. "What I'se gwine ter say is fer you, not fer dem. Is ole Ben dead yit, dat de buzzards hez ter come ter pick 'im ter pieces? Send 'em off, Mistiss."

Kindly, but firmly, Helen dismissed the waiting crowd of mourners, directing Aunt Margaret to take them to one of the unoccupied cabins.

"Let them stay there until I send you word. Uncle Ben has some confession to make to God and to me. Have you not, Uncle Ben?"

The sick man nodded his head. By twos and threes, and in groups, the watchers crowded out through the door of the cabin. Only the dying man, the pale girl at his side, and Manning, standing back in the shadows, remained.

Presently old Ben stirred restlessly, and groaned, but did not speak.

"Uncle Ben," said Helen, softly, "you are forgetting that you sent for me."

To her surprise, a crafty look crept into the pinched face, and he said:

"Ole Ben ain't forgittin', Mistiss. 'Tain't so easy ter forgit. He 'members. But he hain't been tight ez er oyster all dese years fur nuffin'. De look o' de gallows is mighty skeery, dat 'tis, Mistiss."

"But, Uncle Ben," argued poor Helen, sick and shivery at heart, "you dare not meet God with a crime unconfessed on your soul?"

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Ben feebly shook his head.

"Hit can't be much wuss, Mistiss, den ter face de jedge an' jury in dis worl'. De jedgment here, an' de jedgment in dat worl', mought be more'n ole Ben could stan'."

He sank lower in his chair, and his eyes closed, as he said this. Helen saw that he feared a confession even more than he feared the world to come. She bent forward and touched him.

"You cannot escape, Uncle Ben. You must tell the truth. God's hand has already laid bare, in the Ridge Cave, the secret of your life."

The miserable creature shrieked aloud as he heard these words, and warded her off with clenched fists.

"Who speaks of de Ridge Cave?" he cried. "Ha! didn' ole Ben s'picion dat, when dem chilluns went foolin' long o' sich places? What 'bout dat cave? Huccum ole Ben know ob de ghoses an' de skelekuns er-walkin' in dar? Time 'pon time ole Ben's gone dar sence dat night; but he couldn' face de music ob dem bones er-rattlin'. An' ole Ben wa'n't gwine ter tell no udder man. No, sirs! Fur dere war de gallows shakin' 'fore him in ebery win' o' creashun. But 'twan't no use er-hidin' it. Many a time sez Ben to hisself, sez 'ee: 'Dis worl' ain't big ernuff ner deep ernuff ter hide er thing like dat in.' An' here 'tis done crope ter de light. Let's out wi' it, den! Dis is de way 'twere, young Mistiss: 'Twuz endurin' ob de wah. Sich er hidin' an' secrefyin' ez dere'd been dat year at de Brocken! But young Marse Rolfe an' ole Ike, dey driv off all us ter de uplan's, as yer know, ebery time er skeer come ob the army passin'. But Jake an' Chops an' Cain—dem wuz my boys, strong, big fellers dey wuz, too—dey didn' like to be druv; nuther did me. An' Chops, he say he know one hidin'-place dat de young Marse know; an' he b'lieve in his soul dat Marse Rolfe was gwine ter hide de money an' silber in dere. De long come short were dat dey foun' dis s'picion were so. Den Chops an' Cain, dey lay dere plans, an' dey tole Jake, an' dey tole me too. An' ole Ben, he jine 'em, he did. 'Long come de cry ob de Yankees agin. De niggers, dey wuz march ter de uplan's, an' me an' my boys long o' dem."

He stopped, spent by the effort he was making, and breathing more asthmatically than ever. Then, when he had recovered breath, he went on more slowly:

"But no sooner were Marse Rolfe and ole Ike set out fer de Brocken, den us four niggers mounts de bes' four hosses ob de lot, an' puts off for freedom. But fus' we 'lowed ter borry some ob de gole an' de jewels ob our neighbors, ez de Bible say. 'Twuz easy ter lay in wait fur de young Marse an' ole Ike ter pass. But, somehows, dey tuk de cross-cut ter de ridge, an' we missed 'em. We tracked 'em close, we did; but when we got ter de cliff-ledge, nex' de ribber, dey'd done gone inter de cave, and stowed dere boxes an' bags. But we tracked 'em in dere, like blood-houn's, sir; an' we come on em, bime-by—come up wi' de young Marse an' Ike—"

For an instant he faltered.

Like a worn-out clock, the loosened forces of life had seemed as if slipping from their mainspring. He stared into space, breathing loudly. But he rallied after a moment.

"We come up wi' 'em," he repeated, "an' den de debbils wuz let loose; an' dey howl, an' dey shout, an' dey groan—hell! how dey groan. Cain, he grapple wi' de young Marse; but, cripple ez he were, Marse Rolfe were game, an' he fit manful, he did. His bullet 'twere dat done de work fur Cain. He tumbled right acrost de pile ob silber, an' wuz dead man. Chops, he fetched er lick at Marse Rolfe den; but in er minute de boy 'ud er let him hev what Cain had got. But I see de pistol aimed; an' wi' dat, ole Ben, he done fur 'im. 'Twere too late to be sorry arter dat. Dar he stood, an de knife hilt 'im fas' ter de rocks. An' dat knife were druv home by ole Ben upon de boy dat had rid behint Ben many er day. 'Twere too late ter be sorry: but hit's been too much fur ole Ben ebber sence. Lord! how he looked, wi' his white face an' his open blue eyes. Ole Ben back out, he did, den, an' he make his boys back out too. But ez we come, de airth open right ahead ob my own boy Chops, an' he tumbled in. Dat were de las' ob him. Dere wuz er thump, thump, an' all wuz ez still ez er grave. We made tracks den, we did—my boy Jake an' me—an' we drug ole Ike 'long wi' us. Jake, he'd er slashed dat ole nigger's throat den an' dere, but dat we needed him ter show de way outen dat mole-burrow. 'Sides, thinks me, murder 'nuff's done ter build de gallows; an' I thought ter reason wi' Ike; and bime-by him an' me an' Jake could go back in de cave an' git our wages—'vide de spoils o' battle. But no ways an' no how 'ud dat ole fool listen ter reason."

Once more he stopped. A stupor was seizing upon his faculties. A cough for a time strangled him, and he started up, thinking it was the stricture of a rope about his throat.

Clutching at the imaginary cord, he shrieked despairingly:

"Is it de rope an' de gallows at las'? Didn'

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I tell Jake so when we haul ole Ike, de ole fool, up ter de oak-limb, an' lef' him dere fur de crows? But he wouldn' listen ter argyment. He wuz 'sponsible fur his own death, Jake say, de ole fool were. Mistiss, Mistiss! 'fore God, he were. Don't 'ee let 'em choke ole Ben—"

Manning drew Helen away. "You can do him no good," he said, "and this paroxysm will doubtless settle into the stupor of death."

"But," pleaded the girl, "wretched as he is, he is one of my own people. How can I leave his crime-burdened soul thus?"

"Dear child," answered her cousin, tenderly drawing her outside the cabin, "his spirit is, even now, beyond the reach of any voice but the still small voice from heaven. We can only pray that he may be judged mercifully."

CHAPTER XIV.

Old Ben died that night.

Manning, yielding to his cousin's entreaties, went back to the cabin, and waited for the end. But no further disclosures did the guilty man make; for, as had been anticipated, when the paroxysm passed, a stupor benumbed his senses, prolonging his sleep into the sleep of death.

"I should have liked to hear why he never went back into the cave for the treasure," said Manning to Helen, as the two, several days later, sat together talking over the momentous events of the past fortnight.

"No doubt the lashings of a guilty conscience had much to do with his avoidance of the scene of his crime," returned Helen, thoughtfully. "But there were other potent reasons why his return thither should be delayed. The ridge and its vicinity were under suspicion. The search for the authors of the crime was, if not thorough, certainly prolonged and untiring. Every suspicious character and circumstance was subjected to a rigorous examination."

"Naturally the guilty parties would have been wary for a time—that is, while those incentives to caution existed," returned Manning. "Still, with the two to aid and abet each other in the removal of the valuables, I cannot see why Ben and his son Jake should not, long afterwards, have secured the booty."

"You did not know, then," rejoined his cousin, quickly, "that Jake decamped to the Northern army while it was in the neighborhood? But a little while later he was shot on the sentry-beat."

"Ah!" said Manning, "that explains much. Ben had not the moral courage, as he said, to face alone the rattling of the dry bones in that cave. But it is a wonder he did not take others into his confidence."

"The fear of the gibbet must have deterred him from that dangerous venture. And it was not long after his commission of the crime that he had a fall from the basket into one of the side-shafts of the plaster-banks. He was badly crushed, and it made him the distorted cripple you saw, grown old in years and guilt."

"These were certainly satisfactory reasons why the treasure should have been left undisturbed," said Manning. "And it is fortunate for you and Prissy that it was so."

"Yes," said Helen, with a little sigh. "Only the results seem to have widened the gulf between Aunt Eunice and ourselves."

"Yet," returned Manning, "there is everything to be hoped from her submission to the inevitable. Now that she recognizes your inalienable claim to the discovered treasure, as well as to all the assets of the Brocken estate, she will, by degrees, train herself to at least a quiet acceptance of the 'must be.'"

"Still, she bitterly feels her exclusion from what she naturally looks upon as her rightful inheritance," said Helen, with a troubled air.

"But, cousin, you have nothing to reproach yourself for," urged the other, earnestly. "The will of your grandfather settled all those matters. Your aunt is too sensible a woman to continue to view you in the light of an usurper. Truth to tell though, cousin, I believe that, in her heart, our kinswoman regards the revelations of old Ben as of far more value to herself, and to her children, than all its treasures of gold and silver."

"You mean that his explanations exonerate her husband?"

"Yes. And if I'm not much mistaken, Mr. Arthur Hurkamp's cheerful acquiescence in your legal-adviser's interpretation of that codicil to your grandfather's will had its origin in the relief he experienced at the result of the inquest and examination at the cave. But," looking at Helen earnestly, "did you have a suspicion of the character of the friend Mr. Arthur Hurkamp brought with him, when he returned to the Brocken so suddenly?"

Helen shook her head. Manning smiled.

"It must have been a surprise to the young man, to find the secrets of the cavern already laid bare. His wiry, red-headed friend was no other than Balkenstein, one of the first detectives of Washington."

His cousin started.

"Is it possible? Why, what—"

"Do you not remember that paper with the cipher on it, which I lost, that morning, in the

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library? Well, Balkenstein had a complete solution of the cryptogram in his possession. He's an adept at that sort of thing. No doubt, he and Arthur would have burrowed their way to the hidden treasure, if Prissy, Eustace, and I had not gotten ahead of them."

Helen's eyes flashed.

"Amide must have secured the cipher when she picked up the other papers. I am surprised that Aunt Eunice should have permitted Arthur to make use of a paper gained in that way."

Manning shrugged his shoulders.

"All's fair in war, she thought, perhaps. It is my opinion, that the madam intended Arthur to take secret possession of whatever treasure might be found through the agency of their detective."

"No, no. You do her injustice."

"I hope I may. But the prompt departure of Arthur Hurkamp and of Balkenstein, after the examination and disposition of the valuables according to the terms of the codicil, showed that their business at the Brocken was concluded. The strange thing to me is that Madam Hurkamp prolongs her visit."

"I have urged her to stay," said Helen, a shadow crossing her face. "I am not satisfied with gran'mer's condition, though the doctor thinks she may grow better and stronger as the days grow cooler."

The invalid, however, did not grow better, and Madam Hurkamp's stay at the Brocken was prolonged into the autumn; for it became more and more evident that her mother's strength was diminishing daily.

Before the end came, the waiting soul roused once again from its long repose. Madam Hurkamp was at the bedside, watching, when her mother stirred from a smiling sleep.

"Eunice! Daughter!" she said, feebly.

"What will you have, mother?" Madam Hurkamp asked, bending her handsome head.

"Is this Eunice—my little Eunice? The voice is much like hers, but"—doubtfully feeling, as did Isaac of old the hands of his second-born—"the hands of my little Eunice were small, and soft, and dimpled. These are the jeweled fingers of a woman. I see but dimly: are you my little Eunice?"

Woman of the world Madam Hurkamp might be: embittered she had tried to be; but her heart melted within her now. She could have cried aloud, with her head pillowed on the breast which had been the sure refuge of her childish griefs.

"Motherdie," giving her the pet-name of long ago, "I am your daughter Eunice—your little Eunice."

Fondly the feeble fingers stroked the smooth, braided plaits of the daughter's hair.

"You are Eunice, dear. My heart tells it is my daughter, though sight fails. But you have been away from me, Eunice."

"Yes, mother."

"Don't go again, dear. I've need of you."

"No, mother."

"Has Rolfe come in, Eunice?"

"Not yet, mother."

The silvery head turned unquietly.

"He stays long. The night is far spent. Let us go and seek for him, daughter. But no," speaking drowsily, "I must sleep first. The day will soon dawn, and then I will go."

She slept; and when they sought to waken her, the day had indeed dawned, and it had brought for her the glory of the morning that should never fade away.

CHAPTER XV.

Colonel Arthur Hurkamp obeyed the summons of his wife, and reached the Brocken in time to support her at the burial of her mother. The mystery of Rolfe Brock's disappearance having been explained, he was welcomed all the more warmly because of the injustice that had been done to him. He had not been two weeks at the Brocken before his kindly interest in Helen's affairs had quite established him in her confidence as a disinterested and competent adviser in all matters pertaining to her interests. The fullness of the young mistress's content came, however, when her cousin, Mr. Archibald Manning, professed himself to have been mistaken in his estimate of the Colonel's character.

"He is a gentleman of broad and liberal culture; and I believe him to be a high-toned and honorable man, who would not stoop to a mean action," that young gentleman finally declared to his cousin. "The blind prejudices of that time of civil strife, when 'a man's foes were they of his own household,' can only explain the unreasoning aversion of your grandfather. It was natural under the circumstances, perhaps; yet hard, I grant you now, that our kinswoman, Madam Hurkamp, should have to make a life-long atonement for her fidelity to a sentiment honorable in itself, and perhaps the very noblest one she ever entertained."

"Yes, it is hard for her," returned Helen, with the sigh which she always accorded to this subject. "It is hard. Yet what can I do? Aunt Eunice will accept no division or compromise which is left in my power to propose. That she terms charity, not justice."

"She is right," said Manning. "No recom-

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pense you can offer will affect the mere fact of her disinheritance. But I think it is her husband, not herself, that really insists on this. She and her son Arthur are too plainly self-seeking. It is the Colonel and Eustace who are the 'true-as-steel' of that family. Yet, cousin, there is a way, I think, in which restitution can ultimately be accomplished in this matter."

"Tell me it, please."

"You remember those mineral specimens which I found at the ridge when looking for the entrance to the cave?"

"Yes. You thought they might be specimens of copper ore, I believe?"

"Nor was I wrong. You have an inexhaustible vein of the best copper in the country, on the Brocken. Colonel Hurkamp and I have been prospecting and testing to good effect. You will be the rich Miss Brock, by and by."

Helen shook her head.

"Even should you not be mistaken," she said, "what mineral wealth there is can never be developed without capital. When your mortgage is paid—thanks to the treasure we have found—I shall have but a small residue left—certainly nothing to spend in mining."

"Ah, those are the old Virginia ideas. In these days, nothing is attempted by individual effort or outlay. By co-operation a Monsieur Lesseps can flood the Great Sahara with the billows of the sea; and by a joint-stock company a copper-mine can be worked. What do you say to such an organization for the development of your mineral? Colonel Hurkamp and I are prepared to back you pretty heavily in that scheme."

"Do you really mean it?"

"Why not? There's money for all of us in the opening of a rich deposit like this."

Helen smiled, turning her fair face towards him in the moonlight, and said:

"What do you say? You have spoiled me, in these two months past, by inducing me to rely upon your judgment almost exclusively. I find it easier, and more satisfactory, to have you decide for me in all things."

"Really, cousin?"

Mr. Archibald Manning was bending dangerously near to her. Helen's pale cheeks suddenly blossomed into their old rose-hue.

"Would you accept my decision if it should involve a life-long copartnership, in addition to the joint-stock organization, cousin Helen?"

The clear eyes, shyly seeking his, were luminous in the moonlight. Her slender white fingers were playing nervously with the crepe balls on her sleeve. Her cousin possessed himself of one of the idly-busy hands.

"I fear you know not what you are asking, cousin," she said, hurriedly. "Why should you wish to take into your sunshiny life the gloom of mine? Do you know, I do not yet realize that the 'mystery of the Brocken' is over? I fear sometimes that the essence of this mystery, as it were, has overshadowed and permeated my entire nature."

Mr. Archibald Manning covetously took possession of the other unresisting hand, that had been resting whitely on the mourning-dress.

"If my nature be the sunshiny one, and thine the shadowy one, Helen, tell me, has not the sunshine a right to its shadow always?"

Helen laughed, but her head drooped as her cousin's was bent nearer.

"Dear," he said, "wasn't Nature the poet who wrote that

> 'The sunbeams and their shadows kiss,
> Like lovers, in a silent bliss?'"

His mustached lips were suspiciously near to her ripe red ones. But whether the poet in question had written with rhyme, but not reason, or whether Mr. Archibald had been gifted with a spirit of improvization to suit the occasion, is not chronicled. All we know is that to-day there is not a happier couple in all Virginia than Mr. and Mrs. Archibald Manning.

It is even said that next spring Priscilla and Eustace are to be married. And why not? For ourselves, we think it quite probable—in fact, certain.

[THE END.]

AUTUMN.

BY S. MINERVA BOYCE.

Swinging downward through the air,
Red and golden ev'rywhere,
Autumn-leaves are falling, falling;
Summer songsters winging through
Winding paths of misty blue,
Plumèd leaders calling, calling.

Sighing through the shelt'ring pine,
Leaving bare the clinging vine,
Autumn-winds are playing, playing;
Golden-rod and asters bright,
Bowing low in mellow light,
Sunbeams softly straying, straying.

White the sumac's velvet dress,
Hill-side fern and water-cress,
Autumn-frosts are clinging, clinging;
Winding down, o'er silvered weed,
Mountain-side and lowland mead,
Crystal brooklets singing, singing.

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OUR JONESVILLE FOLKS.

No. IV.—URY GANSY'S WEDDIN'-TOWER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE."

It wuz about a year ago this comin' fall, that we had a young feller come here to wurk for us; Urias Gansy his name wuz; but we allus called him Ury: spelt U-R-Y—Ury, with the emfasis on the U. He wuz a tall, limber-j'inted sort of a chap: sandy-kumplekted, an' a little round-shouldered, but hard-wurkin' an' industrus, an' seemed tu take a interest.

His habits wuz good: he never drank anythin' stronger than rute-beer, an' he never used ter-backer—never chawed anythin', while he wuz at our house, stronger than gum. He chawed that, I used to think sumtimes, more'n wuz for his good. An' I thought it must be expensive, he konsumed such quantities of it. But he told me he made it hisself, out o' beezwax and rozum.

An' I told Josiah that I shouldn't say no more about it, because, although it might be a foolish habit, gum wuz not what you might call inebriatin'; it wuz not a intocksicatin' beverage, an' didn't endanger publick safety. So he kep' on a-chawin' it, tu hum and abroad. He chawed all day, an' if he felt lonesome in the night, he would get up an' chaw. I had mistrusted this, because I found a great chunk now an' then on the head-board; an' I tackled him about it, an' he owned up.

"When he felt lonesome in the night," he said, "gum sort o' consoled him."

Wal, I thought that in a great lonesome world, that needed comfort so much, if he found gum a consoler, I wouldn't break it up. So I kep' still, an' would clean the head-board silently with kerosine an' a woolen rag.

Wal, he had been tu our house some six weeks or so, when he got tu goin' with Miss Deacon Peedicks'es hired-gal—Mandy Howe, her name wuz: a likely gal so far as I knew. Very freckled, but modest an' unassumin'. She wuz little, and had nice little featurs, an' a round little face; an' though she couldn't be said to resemble it in every particular, I never could think of anythin' whenever I see her but a nice little turkey's-egg.

She wuz very obligin': would curchy an' smile, and say "Yes'm" when I'd ask her to do anythin' for me. She would always do jist as you told her to do, as near as she could, an' wuz thought a good deal of.

Wal, she liked Ury, that wuz plain to be seen; she thought her eyes o' him, an' he did o' her. An', in about four months' time, they got engaged, an' thought they would get married in the fall. He had got about eight or nine hundred dollars laid up, an' she had quite a start in housekeepin' things, an' a little money on interest. So I thought it wuz well enough for 'em to marry, if they wanted to, an' told Josiah so.

An' Josiah said: "He guessed our thinkin' wouldn't alter it much, one way or another."

An' I said: "I s'posed not. But," says I, "I spoke out, because I feel quite well about it. I like 'em both, an' think they'll make a happy couple; an', to show my willin'ness still further, I meen to offer to make her a weddin': for she hain't got no mother; an' Mrs. Peedick wouldn't have it there—for you know, ever since Mandy broke their grindstone, there has been a hardness between 'em—so I'll have it here: get a good supper, an' have 'em married off respektible."

He hung back a little at first, but I argued him down. Says I: "I have heerd you say, time an' time agin, that you liked 'em, an' wanted 'em tu do well; now, what do good wishes amount tu, unless you are willin' tu back 'em up with good acts?" Says I: "I might say that I wished 'em well an' happy, an' that would be only a small expenditure of wind that wouldn't be no loss tu me, an' no pertickler help to them. But if I show my good-will towards 'em by stirrin' up fruit-cakes an' bride-cake, an' pickin' chickens an' preservin' 'em, an' makin' ice-cream, an' coffee, an' sandwitches, an' workin' myself tired-out a-wishin' 'em well, why then they kin depend on it that I am sincere in my good wishes."

"Wal," says Josiah, "if you wish me well, I wish you would get me a little sumthin' to eat, before I starve; it's past eleven o'clock."

"The hand is on the p'inter," says I, calmly. "But start up a good fire, an' I will get dinner."

So he did, an' I did, an' he never made no further objeckshuns to my enterprise; an' it wuz all understood that I should get their weddin'-supper, an' they should start from here on their tower. An' I offered, as her time wuz up tu Miss Peedicks'es—an' they didn't agree over-well—that she might come back here, if she

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wanted tu, an' get some quiltin' done, an' get ready for housekeepin'. She wuz tickled enough with the idee, an' said she would help me enough tu pay for her board. Ury's time wouldn't be out till about a month later. I told her she needn't wurk any. But she wuz a dretful handy little thing about the house, or out-doors. She had wurked for me a week when Josiah wuz sick. An' when the hired-man happened to be away, she would go right out tu the barn an' fodder the cattle jist as well as a man could. An' Josiah said she milked faster than he could, tu save his life. She wuz brought up on a farm, by a man that had nine gals an' no boys, an' they knew all about out-door wurk.

Wal, it wuz all decided on, that they should come right back here, jist as soon as they ended their tower. They wuz a-goin' tu Ury's sister's —Mrs. Reuben Gansy's—an' laid out tu be gone about four days, or from four days tu a week.

An' I went to cookin' for the weddin' about a week before it tuk place. I thought I would invite the minister an' his wife an' family, an' Mandy's sister-in-law's family, the only one of her relatives who lived near us—and she wuz poor. An' her classmates at Sunday-school—there wuz twelve of 'em—an' our children an' their families. An' I asked Miss Peedicks'es folks. But I didn't expekt they'd come, owin' tu the hardness betweeu them an' Amandy. But everybody else came that wuz invited, an' though I say it that shouldn't, the supper wuz successful. It wuz called ecksellent by voice, an' the deeper language of konsumption.

They all seemed to enjoy it, an' Ury tuk out his gum, an' put it under the table-leaf before he began tu eat; an' I foun' it there afterwards. He wuz excited, I s'pose, an' forgot tu take it agin when he left the table.

Mandy looked purty. She had on a travelin'-dress of a sort of a warm brown, a color that kinder set off her freckles. It wuz woosted, an' trimmed with welvet of a darker color, an' her hat an' her gloves matched. Her dress wuz picked out tu suit me. Ury wanted her to be married in a yaller tarlt'n, trimmed with red. An' she wuz jist that obligin', clever critter, that she would have got it if it hadn't been for me.

I says tu her an' tu him: "What use would a yaller tarlt'n, trimmed with red, be to her after she is married, besides lookin' like fury now?" Says I: "Get a good, sensible dress, that will do some good after marriage, besides lookin' good now."

Says I: "Marriage ain't exactly in real life like what it is depictered in novels. Life don't end there; folks have to live afterwards, an' dress, an' wurk," says I. "If marriage wuz really what it is painted in that literature—if you didn't really have nuthin' tu do in the future, only to set on a rainbow an' eat honey—why, then, a yaller tarlt'n dress, with red trimmins', would be jist the thing tu wear. But," says I, "you will find yourself in the same old world, with the same old dishcloths, an' wipin'-towels, an' mops a-waitin' for you tu grasp, with the same pair o' hands. You will have tu konfront brooms, an' wash-tubs, an' darnin'-needles, an' socks, an' etcetery, etcetery. An' you must prepare yourself for the enkounter."

She heerd tu me, an', that very day, after we had the talk, I tuk her tu Jonesville, drivin' the old mare myself, an' stood by her side while she picked it out.

An' thinkin' she wuz young an' purty, an' would want sumthin' sort o' gay an' bright, I bought some flannel for a mornin'-dress for her, an' gave it to her for a present. It wuz a purty soft gray an' pink, in stripes about a half a inch wide, an' would be purty for her for years, tu wear in the house an' when she didn't feel well: I knew it would wash.

She wuz awful tickled with it. An' I bought a present for Ury, on that same occasion: two fine shirts, an' two pair o' socks with gray toes an' heels tu match the mornin'-dress: I do love tu see things kompared, 'specially on sich a time as this.

My weddin'-present for 'em wuz a nice cane-seat rocker—black walnut, good an' stout, an' very nice-lookin'. An' knowin' she hadn't no mother tu do for her, I give her a pair o' feather pillars an' a bed-quilt: one that a aunt o' mine had pieced up for me. It wuz a blazin' star—a bright red and yaller—an' it had allus sort o' dazzled me. Ury worshiped it; I had kep' it on his bed ever since I knew what feelin's he had for it. He had said "that he didn't see how anythin' so beautiful could be made out o' airthly cloth." An' I thought now wuz my time tu part with it.

Wal, they had lots o' good presents. I had advised the children, an' the Sunday-school children, that if they wuz goin' to give 'em anythin', they would give 'em sumthin' that would do 'em some good.

Says I: "Perferated-paper lamberquins, an' feather frames, an' cotton-yarn tidies look well; but, arter all, they're not what you may call so nourishin' as some other things. An' there will probebly rise, in their futur' life, kontingencies where a painted match-box, an' a hair-pin receiver, an' a card-case will have no power tu charm. Even china vases an' toilet-sets, although

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estimable, will not bring up a large family, an' eddicate them, 'specially for the ministry."

I s'pose I convinced 'em, for, as I heerd afterwards, the class had raised fifty cents apiece, tu get perferated paper, woosted yarn, an' krystal beads. But they tuk it, an' got her a set o' solid silver teaspoons—the store-keeper threw off a dollar or two for the occasion. They wuz good teaspoons.

An' our children got two good linen tablecloths, an' a set o' table-napkins, an' the minister's wife brought her four towels, an' the sister-in-law a patch-wurk bed-quilt. An' Reuben Gansy's wife sent 'em the money to buy a set o' chairs an' a extenshun table, an' a rich uncle o' his'n sent him the money for a ingrain carpet; an' a uncle o' her's tu the Ohio sent her the money for a bed-room set—twenty-two dollars—with the desire that it should be light oak, with black walnut trimmin's.

An' I had all the things got, an' tuk 'em up in one o' our chambers, so folks could see 'em. An' I beset Josiah Allen to give 'em, for his present, a nice bed-room carpet. But no, he had got his mind made up tu give Ury a yearlin' calf—an' calf it must be. But he said "he would give in tu me so far, that, seein' I wanted tu make sich a show, if I said so, he would take the calf upstairs an' hitch it tu the bed-post."

But I wouldn't parley with him.

Wal, the weddin' went off first-rate; things went to suit me—all but one thing. I didn't love to see Ury chew gum all the time they wuz bein' married. But he tuk it out an' held it in his hand when he said "Yes, sir," when the minister asked him would he have this woman. An' when she wuz asked if she would have Ury, she curchied, an' said: "Yes, if you please"—jist as if Ury wuz roast-veal or mutton, an' the minister was passin' hers to her.

She is a good-natured little thing as ever wuz—an' allus wuz.

Wal, they wuz married about four o'clock in the afternoon, an' Josiah set out with 'em, tu take 'em tu the six o'clock train, for their tower.

Wal, the kumpany stayed a half-hour or so afterwards, an' the children stayed a little longer, tu help me do up the wurk, an' fin'lly they went. An' I went up inter the spare-room, an' sort o' fixed Mandy's things tu the best advantage: for I knew the neighbors would be in tu look at 'em. An' I was a-standin' there calm an' happy as the buro or table—an' they looked very light an' cheerful—when, all of a sudden, the door opened, an' in walked Ury Gansy, and asked me "if I knew where his overhauls wuz?"

You could have knocked me down with a pen-feather, as it were, I wuz so smut an' dumfoundered.

Says I: "Ury Gansy—is it your ghost?" says I, "or be you Ury?"

"Yes, I am Ury," says he, lookin', I thought, kinder disap'inted an' cur'us.

"Where is Mandy?" says, I faintly.

"She has gone on her tower," says he.

Says I, faintly: "Then you be a ghost: you ain't Ury, an' you needn't say you be."

But, jist at that minnit, in come Josiah Allen a-snickerin', an' says he:

"I have done it now, Samanthy: I have done sumthin' now that is new an' unike."

An' as he see my strange an' awful looks, he continued: "You know you allus say you want a change now an' then, an' sumthin' new to pass away time?"

"An' I shall most prob'bly get it," says I, groanin', "as long as I live with you. Now tell me at once what you have done, Josiah Allen? I know it is your doin's."

"Yes," says he, proudly, "yes, ma'am. Ury never would have thought of it, or Mandy. I got it up myself—out of my own head. It is original, an' I want the credit of it all myself."

Says I, faintly: "I guess you won't be troubled about gettin' a patent for it," says I. "What ever put it in your head tu do sich a thing as this?"

"Why," says he, "I got tu thinkin' of it on the way down tu the cars. Mandy said she would have tu go an' see her sister in Buffalo, an' Ury, o' course, wanted tu go an' see his sister in Rochester. An' I proposed tu 'em that she should go first tu Buffalo an' see her folks, an' when she got back, he should go tu Rochester an' see his folks. I told her that I needed Ury's help, an' she could jist as well go alone as not, after we got her ticket. An' then, in a week or so, when she got her visit made out, she could come back, an' help do the chores, an' tend tu things, an' Ury could go. Ury hung back at first. But she smiled, an' said she would do it."

I groaned aloud: "That clever little critter! you have imposed upon her, an' she stood it."

"Imposed upon her? I have made her a her'ine: folks will make as much agin o' her. I don't believe any female ever done anythin' like it before: not in any novel or anythin'."

"No," I groaned, "I don't believe they ever did."

"It will make her sought after. I told her it would. Folks will jist run after her. They will admire her so—an' so I told her."

Says I: "Josiah Allen, you did it because you didn't want tu milk. Don't try to make out that

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you had a good motive in this awful deed. Oh, dear! how the neighbors will talk about it."

"Wal, dang it all, when they are talkin' about this, they won't be lyin' about sumthin' else."

"Oh, Josiah Allen!" says I, "don't ever try tu do anythin', or say anythin', or lay any plans agin, without lettin' me know beforehand."

"I'd like tu know why it ain't jist as well for 'em to go one at a time? They are both a-goin', you needn't worry about that: I ain't a-goin' tu break that up."

I groaned awful; an' he snapped out:

"I want sumthin' to eat."

"To eat?" says I. "I should think you couldn't eat with sich a konscience. Think of that poor little freckled thing way off there alone."

"That poor little freckled thing is with her folks by this time, as happy as a king." But though he said this sort o' defiant-like, he began tu feel bad about what he had done: I could see it by his looks; but he tried to keep up, an' says he: "My konscience is clear—clear as a krystal goblet—an' my stummick is empty as one. I didn't eat a mouthful o' supper—cake, cake, an' jelly: a dog couldn't eat it! I want some potatoes and meat."

An' then he started out, an' I went down an' got a good supper. But I sighed an' groaned, powerful an' frequent.

But I put my foot right down, that Ury shouldn't go off alone on his tower. He didn't go till along towards spring, when wurk wuz slack, and she went with him. An' they wuz gone two weeks, and had a good time.

They have bought a little place with their money—a good little house, an' four acres o' land.

An' he takes the farm adj'inin' it on shares. An' they are doin' well.

But oh, how the neighbors did scoff an' jeer at Josiah Allen about that tower. She wuzn't gone but three days, an' I kep' as still as I could. But it got out.

LOVE OR AMBITION?

BY MAUD MEREDITH.

Love came a-wooing to me one day—
  Love with the tender eyes,
And the ruby lips, and the winsome way—
  Under the summer skies.

But I answered me: "Cupid, go 'way! go 'way!
  I know you are fickle and wild.
I can never be spending my life in play
  With only a wayward child."

So he turned about with a sad, sad face—
  Turned him away to die.
And the crowd rushed on and filled his place—
  The world, and the crowd, and I.

Then I stood in front of an altar wide,
  With an orange-wreath on my brow—
A proud, and maybe a happy bride,
  Unheeding of Cupid now.

When I cradled my baby close to my heart,
  I cried in a happy glee:
"Oh, fate has showered the better part
  Of all his wealth upon me."

I have laid the clustering lilies low,
  And violets rare and sweet,
I have seen the white of the winter's snow
  Mantle a grave at my feet.

"And the gilded love?" Ah! it spread its wings
  Over the winter's sea,
And left, where the pitying zephyr sings,
  Only a grave and me.

LITTLE BROWN HANDS.

BY L. BRIGGS MITCHELL.

Little brown hands! Ah! what under the sun
Tells us so plainly of mischief and fun?
  Always from morning to ev'ning so busy,
  Tending the dolly, or pulling the pussy.
Ready for dinner? Your little chair stands
Ready as you are, dear little brown hands!

Little brown hands! As you play in the sun,
Piling the dirt in your wagon—what fun!
  Running away with its load to be dumped,
  Tumbling and getting up, bumping and bumped.
Making mud-pies, or at play on the sands,
Close by the breakers, you roguish brown hands!

Little brown hands! That are pulling the flowers,
Tended by mother for hours and hours.
  What will she say when she chances to see
  Rosebuds all crumpled as these seem to be?
Darling, that merry smile nothing withstands,
Pluck away, pluck away, little brown hands!

Little brown hands! How at grace they are crossed.
Grace said and over, how quick they are tossed.
  Little brown hands! That are busy all day,
  Getting so healthful and tanned at their play.
Dearer than titles, or honors, or lands,
Dearer than all things, dear little brown hands!

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AN ESTHETICAL CURE

BY ADELAIDE MERRIMAN.

We were sitting at the tea-table, my father and I. Grace had gone to ride with Sydney Bixby, so we were quite alone. We had been unusually silent. Suddenly papa said, as if something had just occurred to him:

"Oh, by the way, Marian, you remember my old friend John Hewitt, don't you?"

"Yes," I returned, promptly; "the one who was here last summer—a little man, with very black eyes? Of course I remember him."

"Well," said my father, calmly sipping his tea, "he wants to marry you."

"What?" I dropped my knife and fork, and leaned back in my chair, perfectly aghast.

"I said he wanted to marry you," returned my father. "He is in town now, and came around to my office to-day. It seems that he fell in love with you last summer; but thinking his case a hopeless one, he went away to recover, without saying anything about it. He did not succeed very well, I imagine: for he asked my permission this morning to pay his addresses to you."

"Do you mean to say you want me to marry that old man?" I cried, excitedly. "I know he's fifty, if he's a day."

"Oh, no: not quite so bad as that," returned my father, soothingly. "He is just forty-one."

"And you want me to marry him?" I gasped out again.

"Well—not exactly," replied my father; "not if you do not care for him. I rather hoped you did, though, for he is old enough to have some sense—and that's more than I can say for these young jackanapes who are always hanging around here. He has plenty of money, and would take good care of a wife. I value him more than any friend I have."

"Oh dear!" I gasped.

"However," continued my father, "I told him I did not think there was much hope for him. But he seemed anxious to try: so I could say no more. I want to tell you this, though: I am not going to have any of your flirting and nonsense where John Hewitt is concerned. If you do not care for him, let him see it and go away. He is the best friend I ever had, as I've already told you: in fact, he saved my life once, years ago."

With these words, my father pushed back his chair, and left me alone at the table.

I sat there for a moment, staring at the teapot in a dazed manner. Then, with a great effort, I managed to collect my scattered senses, hurriedly arose, and fled to my own room, where I sank down in a little heap by the window. What was I to do? I remembered Mr. Hewitt only too well: a little, nervous, fidgety man, with a dark mustache, slightly sprinkled with gray, and snapping black eyes. There was a bald spot on the top of his head, too; and he had an odious way of pronouncing my name, which was Marian. He always called me Miss Mary Ann. Then he was slightly deaf, and used to exclaim "Hey?" in a most startling manner, whenever he did not quite catch what was said to him.

No, I could never marry him: I could never consent to be known as "Mary Ann" during the remainder of my life.

But how dreadful to have to refuse a man who was my father's best friend, and who once had saved my father's life. Should I not put my own feelings aside, and accept him, just on that account? Was it not my duty? After all, Mr. Hewitt was a good-hearted, generous creature: but then, as I remembered, so terribly, painfully matter-of-fact. And he did not care for music or pictures. Once, indeed, he had privately informed me that he couldn't endure poetry. "I don't understand it," he had said, hopelessly. "I can't see any sense in it. But I suppose there must be, for some folks seem to like it well enough. It's all a perfect jumble to me, though."

I had only smiled on him in a pitying way then. But now! Just to think of having a husband who did not care for art or music, and to whom poetry was a perfect jumble!

"No," said I to myself, "it can never be, no matter how much papa thinks of him."

But what should I do? I could not treat Mr. Hewitt rudely; and nothing less than that, I knew, would drive him away. If he proposed to me, papa would probably accuse me of flirting. I pressed my hands against my hot forehead, and tried to think. Just then a murmur of gay voices came up from below: my elder sister Grace and her escort were returning from their drive. Grace was engaged to Sydney Bixby, a promising young artist, who had but lately returned from abroad, where he had been studying for the past four years.

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"I wonder what the poetical and artistic Sydney will think of my new lover?" I murmured. "And I wonder what Mr. Hewitt will think of him?" I added, a moment after.

Suddenly a brilliant idea flashed through my brain. I started to my feet, and commenced pacing backwards and forwards across my room, thinking it over.

"I'll do it!" I cried, stopping all at once in the middle of the floor, and clapping my hands. "I'll certainly do it, if they will help me: and I know they would like nothing better."

I rushed downstairs, thoughtfully rattled the knob of the parlor-door a minute, then burst in, and gave my sister and her lover a minute description of my elderly admirer.

How they did shout!

"Oh, you'd better take him, May," said Sydney, provokingly, "and we'll have a double wedding."

"I will not!" I exclaimed, indignantly.

"What will you do?" asked Grace, with interest. "Refuse him, I suppose, as tenderly as possible?"

"No," I answered; "I shall not allow him to propose at all."

"I would really like to know how you will prevent it," said Grace, dryly.

"Listen, and I will tell you," I returned, in a condescending tone. "I intend to cure him of his hopeless passion. Before he leaves this town, nothing this world can offer will induce that man to marry me."

"Oh!" said my sister, ironically. "I suppose you'll display a shocking temper, and smash the furniture; or brush your bangs straight back, and make yourself as ugly as possible, in the approved story-book fashion?"

"I shall do nothing of the kind," I returned. "I shall be just as charming as I can. I shall be artistic, soulful, and intense. We both must be artistic, soulful, and intense. Sydney shall be our teacher. He must appear as an 'ultra-poetical, super-esthetical, out-of-the-way young man,' and we his willing, worshiping disciples. We must yearn and pine for the beautiful. We can turn the sewing-room into a studio to-morrow, and get up some costumes. Mr. Hewitt is a plain, matter-of-fact man, remember; but we must try our best to instruct him. We must endeavor to raise in his soul a love for the beautiful—to implant in it an adoring passion for sunflowers and cat-tails, which will entirely supersede the other hopeless passion that he has the misfortune to entertain. Do you catch the idea?"

They did. They were delighted. We put our heads together, and plotted, and planned, and devised.

"I tell you what, May, you're a schemer," was Syd's farewell benediction as he took his departure that night.

The next day at lunch my father happened to glance up; and suddenly dropping his knife and fork, he exclaimed, elegantly:

"What in thunder have you girls got on?"

"Why, you see, papa, Sydney wishes to paint us in these costumes," Grace explained, promptly; "and as they are very hard to arrange, we thought we might as well save trouble, and wear them in to lunch, as no one was here."

My father seemed perfectly satisfied, and went on eating his lunch. The dear old gentleman was most delightfully unobserving—a fact of which we were well informed. Many were the pranks we had played under his very nose, while he—poor unsuspecting mortal—was never any the wiser.

We certainly were good subjects for a picture. Grace wore a Mother Hubbard costume. Her dress was a bright-red ground, with large bunches of unheard-of flowers sprinkled over it here and there. A huge cap rested on her saucy little head, and her low shoes were adorned with immense silver buckles. I—being tall and somewhat stately—appeared in a classic costume, which was quite becoming, on the whole. I had bound a Grecian fillet around my head; and as I glided slowly across the room, my artistic draperies gracefully swept the floor.

I felt quite certain that Mr. Hewitt would call that afternoon, and gave orders for him to be shown into the studio as soon as he arrived. Oh, that studio! Sydney had arranged it for us during the morning. It was a small room, and one could scarcely turn around, so filled was it with easels, dingy old jars and vases, headless, armless, noseless casts, and dilapidated antique furniture. The walls were covered with Sydney's discarded sketches. Sunflowers, lilies, cat-tails, peacock-feathers, and old, gnarled, withered branches were stuck around in every available nook and corner. Most of our bric-à-brac was exceedingly dusty: but dust was artistic, Sydney informed us.

I assumed a graceful pose in front of an easel, apparently hard at work on a cat-tail, dabbing on the paint in a reckless manner. Grace sat before the table, adorning a dusty old jar with a frightful green lizard, which she said she had made up out of her own head.

Suddenly the door was opened.

"Mr. Hewitt," announced the servant: and my elderly lover appeared on the threshold

I was wrapt in my work, and, to all appearances, had not heard the servant. I went on

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adding a touch here and there, then standing back to view the effect, and turning my head from one side to the other, in a critical way. Grace was apparently as fully absorbed in decorating her jar.

"Oh! it is beautiful—beautiful," she murmured, pushing back her chair, and clasping her hands, while she gazed at the awful lizard with an ecstatic expression.

"Ahem! hem!" came in nervous tones from the doorway.

I turned my head languidly in that direction.

"Ah, Mr. Hewitt," I said, in a hushed voice, "I am delighted to see you. I heard you were in town," I added, and, slowly gliding in and out among the old chairs and casts, I offered him my hand.

He took it as if he were almost afraid of it, surveying me from head to foot with a perplexed look in his eyes.

Then Grace arose and came forward, her big cap bobbing up and down in an absurd way.

"So glad to see you," she murmured, giving him a limp hand-shake, "so glad. Come and see my lizard. He is finished, all but his tail. I know you can appreciate high art. Come and see him."

She returned to her seat, and held up the jar. Mr. Hewitt made no move in her direction, however. He stood gazing around with a bewildered face. Then he removed his gold-rimmed eyeglasses, and wiped them nervously.

"You—you are painting?" he faltered, looking at me interrogatively.

"I am," I sighed, languidly, "I am. I am painting a cat-tail. Is it not beautiful? The lines are so chaste and simple: the colors so cold and pure. You like it, do you not?"

He half nodded; but the expression on his face was certainly not one of admiration.

"This is our studio," I continued: "is it not a little gem?"

He stared at the dusty jars and casts, the lilies, sunflowers, dingy draperies, and old dead branches. Then he wiped his glasses again. He seemed unable to answer my question.

"Come and see my lizard," murmured Grace once more. "He is almost finished now." But Mr. Hewitt paid not the slightest attention to her.

"I—I—" he began, looking at me. Then he stopped, gazed around the room again, and finally removed a paint-rag from an antique chair, and was about to seat himself.

"Forbear!" I cried, hastily, almost tragically, starting forward, and clutching him by the arm.

He sprang back as if he had been shot, staring at me with a wild look in his eyes.

"You cannot sit there," I explained: "the leg is broken. All these chairs are broken. They are only to look at. I will bring you one."

I swept into the dining-room and brought him a seat. He did not offer to assist me. He seemed slightly dazed. I dropped the chair near the door, and he sank into it as if greatly relieved.

Grace went over to him, carrying her ugly jar. She sank on her knees before him, and held it up.

"See my lizard," she still reiterated. "Is it not beautiful? Is it not soulful? Is it not intense?"

"Hey?" cried Mr. Hewitt, in his old startling manner. Grace repeated her words.

"I don't know anything about it," he said, desperately, furtively glancing around to see if the door was open, and escape possible. "I don't know what you mean."

"You will learn," said Grace, softly, rising and going back to the table. "You will soon learn."

"Heaven help them!" sighed Mr. Hewitt, under his breath. "They are mad, both of them. What a terrible affliction!"

"I heard you," said I, turning suddenly and facing him. "You are mistaken: we are not mad: we are only esthetic. We worship the beautiful. We will teach you."

"But I don't want to be taught," he cried, alarm visible in his tones and face. "You were not like this, last summer," he continued, after a moment's pause. "What does it all mean?"

"It means that he, my soul's idol, has returned," said Grace, in a low, rapturous voice. "That he has inspired us. That we are his adoring disciples. That we worship—we cling—we yearn—oh!"

Grace broke off suddenly, as if the theme was too much for her, and gave a long sigh, that nearly convulsed me, clasping her hands in a dramatic way.

"Does she mean that painter she's engaged to?" asked Mr. Hewitt, looking at me appealingly.

"Yes," said I; "Sydney is home now. It is he who has taught us. He has lifted us from the black abyss of ignorance and darkness up to the empyrean heights. We feel that we must love—must worship—him for it eternally: that we could be content to sit at his feet and learn forever and ever."

I raised my eyes as I finished, and caught sight of Sydney himself standing in the doorway. Would that I could find words with which to describe his costume! It was a miracle of a combination of the ancient, mediæval, and modern. I could hardly keep from laughing outright.

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I waved my hand towards the door with a tragic gesture, however. "There he stands now," I added, breathlessly. "Behold him!"

Mr. Hewitt glanced quickly around.

"Oh, Lord!" he groaned, as the astonishing figure met his eye. "I don't wonder at 'em now," he added, beneath his breath, nervously hitching his chair a little further away.

"Mr. Hewitt," I said, in awed, hushed tones, as Sydney stepped into the room, "allow me to present to you Mr. Sydney De Quincy Bixby, our guide, philosopher, and friend."

Sydney made a profound bow, and held out two fingers. "Most happy to meet Mr. Hewitt," he murmured. "Quite an unexpected pleasure, I assure you."

Mr. Hewitt quickly dropped the extended fingers, and sat staring at him as at some hitherto unknown species of the genus-homo.

"I can tarry but a moment," continued Sydney, languidly. "I only came to bring my fair pupils a slight addition to their already choice collection of ancient bric-à-brac."

He pulled from his pocket a small, battered, greasy old candlestick, and placed it on the table.

With a low cry of rapture, Grace and I both seized it. We raved over it in the most extravagant manner. Mr. Hewitt looked on in silence at first, then with disgust and amazement. Presently Sydney picked his way over to my easel.

"All is not well here: you must give it more tone," he said, taking up my brush, and adding a touch here and there. "It is too cold; it needs more warmth—more feeling: there, 'tis better," he continued, daubing on a great blotch of Vandyke-brown.

"I must leave you now," he said, a moment after. "Grace, soul of my soul, I would speak with you a moment ere I depart. Adieu, Marian, most promising of pupils. Mr. Hewitt, allow me—"

He took from his buttonhole the sunflower he had worn, and gravely presented it to my admirer, who received it in silence, with a hopeless look. Then Sydney took Grace by the hand, and they both left the room, after making an astonishing obeisance on the threshold.

"Well, this beats me!" said my unhappy adorer.

"What do you mean?" I murmured, innocently.

"Why, all this—this art—these pictures—and sunflowers," he said, hastily dropping Sydney's parting gift on the floor; "this new-fangled talk, and all the rest of the tomfoolery. I—I never saw anything like it in my life."

I assumed an offended air.

"Can it be possible, Mr. Hewitt, that you have never heard of esthetics?"

"What did you say?" he stammered. "Extratics? N—n—o—no. Extratics! The whole world is going stark mad!"

As he spoke, he suddenly started to his feet, upsetting a broken-nosed Venus as he rushed towards the door.

"Come again to-morrow," I said, calmly. "You do not understand it yet. We are going on a little picnic, and I will try then to explain these things more fully."

He murmured something about being only too glad to join us, and departed.

I could not conveniently trail my classic robes around in the woods, but I made myself look as singular as possible. Mr. Hewitt and I drove out to the picnic-grounds together.

I pointed out the "beauties of nature," as I called them, as we drove along, and alluded to a haystack as a "sweet symphony." Mr. Hewitt kept his eyes fastened on the horse, and made very few remarks.

"Stop! stop!" I cried, presently, clutching wildly at the reins. "Don't you see them over there? Oh! I must have some, right away!"

"What? where?" exclaimed Mr. Hewitt, pulling up suddenly, and looking around in great bewilderment.

"Why, there—over there," I replied, pointing vaguely towards an adjoining field. "Aren't they simply divine? You'll get me some, won't you?" I added, entreatingly.

"But I don't see them," said Mr. Hewitt, more puzzled than ever. "I don't see anything over there but a big thistle."

"That is what I mean," I said, eagerly. "It's all in bloom. Don't you know that thistle-blossoms are considered almost as highly decorative as sunflowers? Please get me some. I never saw any more perfect than these."

Mr. Hewitt looked somewhat dubious for a moment. "Thistles are plaguey prickly," he remarked, "and I don't see any beauty in 'em myself; but if you want some, Miss Mary Ann, here goes." And he climbed laboriously out of the high buggy, and began searching his pockets for a knife.

Poor man! He pricked himself cruelly in gathering those thistles, and my heart quite smote me. "But 'tis better to be pricked by a thistle than with the pangs of unrequited love," I reflected.

This was but the beginning. When we reached the grove, Grace and I roamed up and down, plucking grasses and wild-flowers, which my

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unappreciative escort alluded to as "weeds." We fell on our knees before moss-grown stumps, went into ecstasies over an empty bird's-nest, and loaded both gentlemen down with gnarled and withered branches, which Mr. Hewitt supposed were for a bonfire, until we told him they were "artistic." He became thoroughly disgusted after a time, and retired to a shady nook with a newspaper, where I soon joined him.

"What do you think of Mr. Bixby?" I asked, earnestly. "Is he not fine-looking? Are not his eyes soulful? Do you not find his face very esthetic?"

Mr. Hewitt dropped his paper, and removed his eye-glasses.

"Do you want me to tell you what I think of him?" he inquired, looking me straight in the face.

"Yes," I replied.

"Well," he said, briefly, but to the point, "I think he's a confounded fool."

I hid my face in my hands, with a shocked expression.

"Oh! you must not speak in that way of him," I cried; "our teacher, our guide, our inspiration—"

"Inspiration be hanged!" interrupted Mr. Hewitt, hurriedly rising to his feet, and walking away.

By and by he returned, however, and resumed his seat, with a penitent face.

"Please forgive me, Miss Mary Ann," he said, entreatingly. "I have been very rude, I fear; but—but—I can't stand these new-fangled ideas."

He did not call for nearly a week after the picnic, and Grace was inclined to think that he had left town in disgust. She was mistaken, however: for one afternoon we discovered him coming slowly up the walk, and went out on the verandah to greet him. We had arranged his reception beforehand.

"I am so glad you have come," cried I. "We have a great pleasure in store for you."

"Yes, he has given his permission, though we had to beg very hard," added Grace.

"We had better start at once," said I.

"Oh, yes; do not let us wait a moment longer," chimed in Grace.

"Follow me—this way," I added, going down the path which led to the Bixbys', who lived just next door.

"Wh—where are we going?" asked Mr. Hewitt, hurrying after me, while the perspiration streamed down his face—for it was a very warm day.

"To visit the 'Inner Shrine,'" I answered, in an awed voice, as I opened the gate. "Mr. Bixby has finished his great picture. We shall see it to-day for the first time."

Sydney had fitted up an impromptu studio in a little summer-house. We went up the steps, and knocked at the door, which was painted bright-red.

"Hush!" whispered Grace, "I think he is within. Yes, I hear him. Oh, what a blessed, blessed privilege!"

The door swung slowly open, and Sydney appeared on the threshold, in all the gorgeousness of his painting-costume, with an Oxford cap on his head.

Our studio was mild and tame, compared with this one. It is a marvel to me how he ever managed to get such frightful things together. It was so crowded we could barely squeeze our way in. A large veiled picture stood on the easel. On this we fixed our eyes, waiting with bated breath while Sydney slowly removed the cloth. A canvas appeared, on which was painted something a little like Turner's Slave-ship as described by Mark Twain: for it certainly resembled "a tortoise-shell cat having a fit in a platter of tomatoes" more than anything else.

Grace and I gave a low cry of rapture, and clung to each other.

"Oh! it is heavenly—'tis divine," I whispered, rolling up my eyes.

Grace took out her handkerchief, and hid her face on my shoulder.

"'Tis so intensely beautiful," she murmured, in smothered tones. "It almost makes me suffer."

The little wretch! I could feel her shaking all over with laughter.

"I—I think we had better go," broke out Mr. Hewitt.

We accompanied him back. But he did not make a long stay. He promised to call the next day; yet there was a wild, uncertain look in his eyes, which filled me with ecstasy.

We were all ready for him when he arrived. Sydney lay stretched out in a hammock, under the trees. His head, adorned with a blue velvet smoking-cap, rested on an elaborate sofa-pillow. He was lazily smoking a cigarette, while Grace fanned him on the one side, and I read aloud to him on the other.

"Come and join us here," I called to Mr. Hewitt, as soon as he opened the gate. "We are having such a charming time!"

"I should think so," he panted, as he came towards us, fanning himself with his hat. "I should think so," and he sank into a garden-chair, with a severe look at the unconscious Sydney.

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"My cigarette has gone out," came in plaintive tones from the hammock, "and I have no match."

"I will get you one," cried Grace and I together, both of us starting to our feet.

"I will go," said Grace.

"No, let me," pleaded I.

"You cannot," returned Grace, decidedly; "for it is my turn. You brought him the ice-water, remember;" and waving me back, Grace glided towards the house.

"I can help cool your fevered brow while she is absent, if I can do nothing more," I murmured, tenderly, seating myself by Sydney, and gently waving the fan.

The disgusted expression on the face of Mr. Hewitt would have made a painter's fortune. Grace and I hovered around that hammock like devoted slaves, all the afternoon. Sydney languidly smoked his cigarette, giving us a lecture on art, as applied to household-decorations and furniture, between the puffs. We appeared to be greatly edified.

"I do so long to have a house," said I, earnestly. Mr. Hewitt straightened up, and looked at me eagerly. "I shall furnish it in Oriental style," I continued. "I shall not have a chair in it. We shall all recline on cushions and divans. I will wear a Turkish costume, and learn to smoke a hookah. I shall live on rose-leaves and nightingales' tongues. Nothing coarse or fleshly shall ever appear on my table."

Mr. Hewitt sank back. This was a most unattractive bill-of-fare for one who had a great fondness for roast saddle of mutton, or lamb with mint-sauce.

Just here, Sydney slowly swung his feet around out of the hammock, and languidly remarked that he really must tear himself away. One of the pea-green bows on his low shoes had come untied. He bent forward to re-arrange it.

"Don't! don't!" I exclaimed, hurriedly. "Let me do it. Oh! pray let me!" and I sank on my knees before him, and took hold of the ribbon. It was the finishing-touch.

Mr. Hewitt sprang to his feet.

"Good-bye," he said, with a hasty bow, "good-bye: I must go;" and before I could rise, he was out of the gate.

We exchanged significant glances.

"He's done for now—sure," remarked Sydney, taking off his smoking-cap and regarding it admiringly: and his words proved to be correct.

"See here, May," said my father, the next evening, "you haven't done anything to Hewitt, have you?"

"Why, no," I returned, opening my eyes innocently. "Why do you ask?"

"Because he has left town again. He came into my office to-day, to say good-bye, and told me he had finally concluded he was too old to marry. I thought that you would be very likely to know something about it."

"I don't!" I returned, most emphatically. "He did not tell me he was going;" and I added, as I made my escape from the room: "He probably found he did not like me so well, when he became better acquainted."

It was a beautiful moonlight night, and Grace and Sydney were sitting in the hammock. I ran toward them, crying, exultantly: "He is gone! he is gone! He left town to-day, and I am saved. You see, my plan worked to perfection," I continued, "and I am a thousand times obliged to both of you for your valuable assistance. I believe I will have it patented, and call it 'Mary Ann's Artistic Esthetical Remedy: a Painless Cure for Elderly Lovers.' Of course, you shall share the profits; and we can warmly recommend it to all suffering damsels who are similarly afflicted."

A FANTASY.

BY ANNA M. JACKSON.

GOOD-NIGHT to thee, love. As a sweet summer fountain
Shines limpid and low, like a star of the sea—
As the fairy-robed fern, and the bloom on the mountain—
My sweet sylvan charm, I'll remember but thee.

Good-night to thee, love. As the moonlight in blessing
Falls tender and soft on thy fair golden head,
I'd guard thee, my own, with a gentle caressing,
And tenderest love, when the sunshine has fled.

Good-night to thee, love. Oh, could I but only
Prolong this sweet parting forever and aye!
We would never be tired, nor weary, nor lonely,
With our hearts like the song of a glad summer day.

Good-night to thee, love. Just this once let me kiss thee,
While heaven and earth melt in rapture divine;
And tell me, loved angel, your dear heart will miss me:
'Twill wonderfully lighten this burden of mine.

Good-night to thee, love. I shall see thee to-morrow;
This fragrance will linger like dew on my heart.
God keep thee from pain, and God keep thee from sorrow,
And hasten the wearisome ages apart.

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RULE OR RUIN.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1882, by Miss Ann Stephens, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.]

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 424.

CHAPTER XXXV.

WHILE morning dew was bright upon the trampled grass of the park, and torn lanterns were fluttering upon the branches of that great elm-tree, where they had lighted up the military band only the night before, Lord Fausbrook was in the open air. He had found it impossible to sleep after the Governor's ball; for that scene with his mother, coming so rudely upon his interview with Angela, and driving her from his presence, shocked and depressed him terribly. Now that he was almost certain of the girl's identity with the person he had crossed the ocean to serve, this interruption to which he had been compelled to submit seemed all the more cruel. It had placed him in a position of great embarrassment: for he felt that a thorough understanding with the old gentleman should have preceded the rash impulse of his proposal.

Debating these things in his mind, and restless under this harassing struggle of thoughts, he wandered through the park, across the Bowling Green, and down toward the East River, where some vessels were lying at their wharfs. The wind blew upon him cool from the water, and he lingered there, watching the manœuvres of a pretty vessel that had rounded Battery Point, and was heading toward the wharf on which he stood. In a dreamy way he watched the bird-like craft as it came sweeping toward him, furled its sails, and was hauled up to its moorings. Then he was about to turn away; but his motion was arrested by three persons who appeared on the deck and were soon grouped upon the wharf.

Fausbrook started forward. There was the very man he was thinking of, leaning on the arm of Sir William Johnson, whose tall, healthful figure seemed to yield almost his sole support—for trouble or illness had changed the old missionary terribly: his shoulders were bent, his features pale, and he moved slowly, and seemed to keep up with the subdued but still long strides of his companion with considerable difficulty.

Behind these two came the young Indian, Locarne: grave, stately, and passing through the little grove of shipping—which must have been new to him—with as little seeming curiosity as if it had been a clump of dead trees in some forest.

A sense of great relief came upon Fausbrook when he fully recognized these travelers. With an extended hand he went forward to meet them, cordially welcomed the baronet, saluted the old gentleman with almost reverential courtesy, and gave a friendly recognition to the young chief.

"You must have been ill—very ill," he said to the missionary, walking by his side. "The change will pain your grandchild as it troubles me."

"Ah, this is nothing," broke in Sir William, in his frank, hearty way. "He has been ill—Locarne here and I can bear witness to that: but it is all over with now, and a few days in this fresh sea-air will bring him round famously."

The old man smiled a little sadly, and said that he had been ill, and very troublesome to his friends, but was getting stronger—indeed, was quite well again.

Fausbrook was full of anxious sympathy, and walked by the old man with shortened footsteps. When they came to the park, it was evident that their walk had been too much for the invalid's strength: he panted for breath, and dragged heavily on the strong arm of his friend.

Johnson was anxious to reach the public-house in which they were to lodge, and did not seem to comprehend this weakness; but Fausbrook saw and took advantage of it.

"Our friend has overtaxed himself, I fear. Pray leave him with me awhile. The air is bland as summer to-day: it will do him good to rest on one of the seats here, while you go forward and make arrangements. Would you not like this, Father Meda?"

The old man was a little startled; but, after a moment, gave his assent by moving toward a bench under the great elm-tree which had, only a few hours before, been occupied by the military band.

Sir William yielded up his charge with some solicitude, but made no serious objection; and

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after the old man was comfortably seated, went away with Locarne, anxious to secure a more permanent place of rest for his friend.

Fausbrook began to feel all the delicacy of his situation when once alone with the man he had been so anxious to meet. He felt that the half-hour he had secured would be the most potential of his life. His heart beat almost audibly; his lips seemed incapable of uttering the words he wished to speak. All his brave young strength was, for the time, held in thrall by a sensitive dread of giving pain.

The old man seemed to be waiting for some communication that he dreaded to hear: his hands rested wearily on his knees; his eyes were bent on the ground. After an interval of silence he spoke, but it was with effort:

"My child—my Angela—you have seen her? Is she well? Is she happy among these gay people?"

Fausbrook was relieved by this question: for it unlocked his own lips.

"I saw her last night," he said, "well, and the fairest among many beautiful women. If she was not happy, it must be imputed to something I was rash enough to say to her."

The old man lifted his head.

"What may that be?"

Fausbrook was not a timid man: he only shrank from giving pain to others, never from receiving it. With more eloquence than he was himself conscious of, he told the story of his love, besought the old man to pardon him for having declared it already to his granddaughter, and almost implored his consent to a speedy marriage.

Meda listened to him in grave silence, never once removing his eyes from that handsome face; but over his own countenance there came cloud after cloud of anxious listening that gave little sign of success to the cause so earnestly pleaded. When all was told, so far as regarded himself, the young man paused, and, with almost breathless anxiety, awaited some response to his proposal. There was evident struggle in the old man's bosom before he could force himself to utter a word. When he did speak, it was gravely and with forced calmness, through which the vibrations of a great struggle broke now and then.

"You love this girl—my child—a young creature brought up in the wilderness, without name, with no hold on the world save that which lies in the life of an old man now almost in his grave?"

"I love her more dearly than anything or everything on earth. For that reason I ask her of you—implore you to let no real or fancied impediment stand between me and your consent."

"And she loves you?"

"Had I not thought so, this interview would never have taken place."

"Then, without fortune, with no name save that of an humble Indian missionary, you are ready to make her your countess?"

Fausbrook smiled.

"These are not things to be taken into consideration when a man loves the woman he asks to become his wife. Besides," he continued, blushing at what seemed like his own arrogance, "what need have I of name or fortune? Is not that which I inherit enough for us both?"

"But," said the old man, with serious emphasis, "what if a marriage with my granddaughter should cast dishonor on the proud name you offer her?"

"That would be impossible. Honor or dishonor, save as it rests in the individual, is only the inheritance of a social prejudice—not a just estimate of worth."

The old man paused a moment, evidently struggling with himself: then his eyes, that had gradually brightened out of their tired look, sank to the earth, and on his pale cheek came a slow flush that burned there deeper and deeper as he spoke.

"Young man," he said, "when I first saw you on the camping-ground at Albany, you told me of a person you had crossed the ocean to find. How would it be if that person, with what your world would call her dishonor, stood in Angela's place: could you love her?"

"If she were Angela—yes."

"And you would marry her?"

"All the more because one of my race had done her wrong."

"Have you considered this? Have you ever contemplated the possibility of anything so unlikely crossing your path—the defiance it would offer to public opinion—the difficulty of making the world you live in understand the nobility of a sacrifice so great?"

Fausbrook laid his hand gently over that which was beginning to tremble on the old man's knee. His face was pale with generous emotion. If possible, he wished to spare this sensitive soul the pain of further explanation.

"All these things I have thought over and over again, ever since the first suspicion came to me that your granddaughter and that young lady were the same person. It was not till I was certain of it that I asked her of you."

A faint shock seemed to pass over the old man. Fausbrook felt the hand he had pressed

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with such tender sympathy close around his fingers, and the touch ran through his nerves with a thrill of pain.

"There is no need of explanation," he said. "I know all that you could say."

"No," said the old man, sitting upright for the first time during this interview, and appearing to lift himself out of the dull lassitude of physical weakness; "there is much to say that no one can tell you but myself. I have not the strength to dwell on details, or more than give you a broken outline of facts that I hoped would be allowed to pass with myself into oblivion: for even my granddaughter is ignorant of the blood that flows in her veins, or of events that have driven us to find a home with savages."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

"If you have heard of me at all, it has been as Signor Roberto: for in England and America I have taken no other name save that the Indians have given me. But you have heard of the Counts of Foscarelli, a Florentine family of some note?"

Fausbrook looked surprised—almost startled.

"An old family," he answered, bending his head with impulsive reverence; "honorably recorded in history hundreds of years before the Earls of Forsborough were heard of."

A faint sigh stirred the old man's bosom.

"When I am laid in the grave, the last count of that time-honored name will have passed away."

Fausbrook looked up in astonishment.

"And you are that man?"

"I am that man—the wreck of a race so proud that it saw all its vast possessions pass away, under many changes, till nothing was left but a fine old palace in Florence, and some outlying lands near that city, and felt no diminution of dignity from the loss.

"This was my father's inheritance, and is mine. He was an old man, and very anxious that the grand old name he bore should be perpetuated. My own inclinations seconded his wish that I should marry and form one household with himself. It was so arranged. My bride took her place in the old mansion, quite content with our narrow fortune, and happy in the studious pursuits that had made our race famous among learned men.

"Still, we had one cause of anxiety: no heir was born to us. My only child was a daughter, in whom the name that had come down to us through a line of honorable men and pure women during many generations would be lost.

"When this child was approaching her fifteenth year, her mother died. I need not dwell on the misery of that time. It shook all the strength of my manhood. I became gloomy, inert, and at last an invalid. The physicians ordered me to travel. I had seen all that was interesting in the Old World, in company with the woman who had been taken from me: to have visited them again would prove mournful as a funeral. But this Western continent, discovered by one of my own countrymen, offered a broad field of observation, perhaps usefulness; and in my sorrow I yearned for action.

"My father seized upon the idea of this ocean-voyage, and urged me to seek this broad, wild country, and study its features and its people: for both seemed to him full of picturesque interest. I went, leaving my child with her grandfather, and under the immediate care of a woman who had been the governess of her mother. Beyond all her powers of education were the wonderful learning and delicate social accomplishments that my father delighted to impart to the young creature, on whom he had always lavished more than paternal love. Thus sheltered and surrounded, I had no anxiety regarding the welfare of my daughter, and thought only of the pain of parting.

"I left Florence, and came to this country; remained but a short time in New York, then went up the Hudson, and traveled deeper and deeper into the wilderness. After stopping for a time among the Mohawks and Oneidas, I found the beautiful lake-country of the Cayugas, and rested with that tribe two years. They were a hospitable people, utterly uncivilized, but full of interest to a man who had the good of humanity at heart.

"Among these people the studies I had pursued came in use: out of my stores of what had seemed useless knowledge, I found means to aid these savages. Among them I established missionary-schools—not of doctrines alone, but of ideas useful to their every-day life and moral advancement. For the first time I felt myself to be useful to my fellow-creatures, and out of that won the healthful contentment that usefulness alone can give.

"At long intervals I had letters from Italy, in which my father urged me to go on with the work I had inaugurated. Sometimes came delicate little missives from my child, full of affectionate solicitude for my welfare, and expressions of loving regard that filled my heart with rejoicing.

"At last a letter reached me that had been months on the way. It was from my father's agent, asking orders about the property.

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"My father was dead.

"I left the Cayugas at once, crossed the ocean, reached Florence, and went directly to the old home. It was closed, the agent told me, in order that no one might disturb my father's art-treasures until I came to take possession. Soon after the Count's death, my daughter had left Florence with her governess, who was a native of some village deeper in the country. I knew the place, and sought it at once.

"The governess had retired to her own home, taking my daughter with her, thinking it a safe retreat until I should come to claim her. At first her charge had been sad and lonely, she said; but the village they were in was strangely picturesque, and so near to the city that parties were constantly coming and going between it and two or three villas occupied by a class of people with whom she might be permitted to form a pleasant intimacy. Sometimes these people gave rural fêtes, dressed like peasants, and enjoying their out-door life much in the same fashion; and it often happened that tourists and artists, loitering away the summer in that pleasant neighborhood, would be invited to join them.

"The governess was a simple-hearted woman, who found her greatest happiness in the innocent enjoyment of her pupil, and had no thought of the danger that this liberal way of life might bring upon her.

"In one of these out-door fêtes, where the young people were acting their favorite role of light-hearted peasant-girls, an Englishman, who was a guest at one of the villas, joined them, and during some weeks remained in the village. When he left, my daughter went with him.

"I left Florence in a blind search for my child. Almost an entire year I spent in going from place to place over the whole continent, and far into the East; but to no avail. At last I received news that my daughter was in England. I found her at Forsborough Castle, by the sea. She was alone. The man who had brought her there was absent much of the time, and she lived almost in solitude: for Forsborough was among the most remote of his possessions—a grand old structure, that had been given up to a household of servants for years before, she was installed there. In character and experience, my daughter was scarcely more than the child I had left her: a saddened and lonely young mother, yearning for the love to which she had so madly sacrificed herself. My appearance terrified her at first, and, with pathetic entreaty, she besought my forgiveness for the wrong she had done in abandoning her home, and the weary pain of her silence; but in all this there was no apparent sense of shame—no consciousness of the disgrace she had brought upon that home. Indeed, after the first pain and vivid excitement of our meeting was subdued, she brought her child to me, and, with proud tenderness, would have placed it in my arms; but, spite of my pity, spite of her loving entreaty, I turned from it with a gesture that brought tears to her eyes, and filled her voice with pathetic sorrow.

"'Ah, you, alas! will not love it: like my husband, you are disappointed that it is not a son.'

"Her husband! How could she speak that word so confidently? There was no embarrassment in her manner—no faltering of the voice when she uttered it. This thought thrilled my heart with a wild hope that she was indeed a wedded wife. I took courage, and questioned her. She seemed surprised and wounded. The tears in her eyes were quenched by a gleam of defiant scorn. 'Married?' she said, 'of course they were married, in a small place somewhere in Italy, on the very day that she left her governess. The name of the place she had forgotten—if, indeed, she ever knew it; but there was an old, old church there; they stood together at the altar, and a priest performed the ceremony. I ought to have understood that, being her father, and knowing the proud race she belonged to.'

"The proud emphasis with which she said this gave me confidence, and I questioned her still more closely. 'Had Lord Fausbrook proclaimed this marriage? Did the world know of it?'

"How could she tell me that? He was the world to her, and she desired no other. If the child had been a boy, he would have taken her and it up to London, where he went so often; but it was only a poor little darling of a girl, and a great disappointment, and had best remain with her at Forsborough. Was there anything wrong in that?

"I was relieved. A great burden of shame was lifted from my heart. Either my daughter was Lord Fausbrook's wife, or she believed herself to be so. At the worst, the crime of a false marriage had been perpetrated, of which she was the victim, not a participant. She might have been wronged; but oh! how I thanked my God that she had no conscious part in the wrong.

"I went to London, and found Lord Fausbrook: a haughty man, who disputed my right to question him, with imperious disdain. If the lady had told me of her marriage, why did I come to him for proofs? Surely a father might believe his own child. It would be time enough to give explanations when her word was doubted.

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He believed my daughter was content to remain at Forsborough; if not, I might choose her place of abode, and he would make no objections.

"I need not tell you how words like these made the blood burn in my veins, or how bitterly I denounced the man: but my wrath had no more effect on him than reasoning had produced. I was compelled to leave London without redress. At Forsborough I found opposition quite as firm. My daughter refused to believe that Lord Fausbrook had done wrong in retaining the proofs I had demanded. With equal firmness she resisted my entreaties that she would return with me to Italy. Her duty and her love for its master, she said, would keep her in Forsborough so long as her husband desired her to remain there; but if I would stay with her, it was all of happiness that she asked.

"While a doubt of my daughter's marriage remained, I resolved to remain in England, and watch over her. To this end I took lodgings near the castle, and spent much of my time with her, hoping that, after the first proud gust of resentment that my perhaps too peremptory demand for proofs of his marriage occasioned, he would tell me the truth, which would give me the right to insist on a public recognition of his wife, or to separate them forever. Indeed, it would have been forever: for, in her isolation, she had become a frail, sensitive creature, so absorbed in this intense passion that had led her to forsake everyone else for this man, that a knowledge of her position would have broken her proud spirit and delicate body as if they had been racked to death by torture. So sure was I of this, that no breath of the doubt that harassed me was allowed to reach her.

"Thus some months passed. My presence near the castle evidently kept Lord Fausbrook away from it; and, under a constant strain of loving expectation and keen disappointment, my daughter seemed to be fading away before my eyes. Driven desperate by this, I had resolved to make another effort to win the truth from him, when a letter came announcing his intention to spend some weeks at Forsborough, and ordering that preparations should be made for the reception of a lady relative and her son, who had announced her intention of visiting the castle."

Here young Fausbrook, who had listened with disturbing interest to the narrative, suddenly broke in upon it. Pale and excited, he laid his hand on the old man's knee.

"I entreat you—I entreat you—spare me and yourself the pain of detailing what followed that visit: I know it all. My mother was the lady—I was the child—who came to Forsborough. The death of your unhappy daughter, the marriage that took place afterward, and your own departure from England with the little girl, was told me on the night after Lord Fausbrook was laid in the tomb, by an old servant of the house—so old, that his failing memory and rambling words gave some false impressions with the truth as he understood it. But he was under the impression that you came to England with your daughter, and must have lengthened months into years: for he spoke of the child as being more than her possible age. Poor old Gibbs had almost outlived himself; but what he said that night, rambling in his speech and crying like a child, has almost taken the spring of youth out of me."

The missionary looked upon that frank, handsome face, turned upon him with such earnestness, and wondered if the Earl had in truth learned who it was that had broken that young mother's heart by coldly and craftily convincing her that the man she loved so devotedly had dishonored her by a false marriage. Could he know that this was done by his own mother, and that her smiling sarcasms and half-disguised sneers over the disgrace of his wronged daughter had driven him into the wilderness of America—there to hide his little one and the shame of her birth—among the Cayuga savages?

Something of this the old man read in Fausbrook's troubled face. He had no heart to force the whole bitter truth upon him; but, with a gentle touch of pity, sought to apologize for what he had felt compelled to say in exoneration of his own dead child.

"You have sought the hand of my Angela without knowing that her mother was in heart—yes, and in act, too—innocent as she is," he said, with gentle emphasis. "This you will be glad to know, whether she consents to become your wife or not. But for this, I would not, in anything, have corrected the story of poor old Gibbs."

"Whether Angela becomes my wife or not?" repeated the young man. "My dear friend, there must be no question of that. We are already pledged to each other."

The missionary shook his head.

"Angela knows nothing of her own history. She is sensitive, proud, self-sacrificing."

"But why must she know?"

"Because it is her right—because a secret is the most dangerous curse that ever comes between a man and the woman he marries. To-day Angela will know all that I have told you."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

As Lady Fausbrook stood before her window that morning, she saw her son sitting under the

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elm-tree, conversing with the old man whom she had hated and feared half her life. The sight struck her with a pang of surprise.

"He defies me, then," she thought. "He has sent for the old man. He said I was determined to rule or ruin, and dares me to it. Well, be it so. He has thrust the girl forward to her fate, and must take the consequences."

While these thoughts were burning through the woman's brain, her face, being in its natural state, grew more and more pallid in the fresh morning-air, and became absolutely haggard when she saw the two men arise and walk along a path leading to Broadway, the old man leaning on her son's arm, and looking up to him with a grateful consciousness of support, which was the bitterness of gall to her, and her face was hard as stone when she took a silver hand-bell from the nearest table, and rang it violently.

"Parsons! Parsons!" she called out, in a sharp voice, that made the handmaiden shiver with mingled dread and hate: for she had learned by the sound of that bell to understand the various caprices of my lady's temper, and was becoming terribly rebellious, if not vindictive under its subtile torment.

With all these feelings active in her own tough heart, the woman forced herself to obey the summons that called her to fresh insults.

Parsons appeared at a side-door that opened to her own room.

"Parsons, you know Mr. Roach, and where he is to be found: go to him at once, and say that I wish to see him as soon as possible."

Parsons opened her hard gray eyes wide, and a look of sullen rebellion came into them.

"Excuse me," she said; "it is no part of my duty to run errands."

My lady was struck dumb with amazement, that hardened on the instant into swift anger.

"Go back to your room," she said, with enforced quiet; "you are no longer in my service."

Parsons closed her thin lips firmly, thus forcing back a crowd of bitter words that sprung to them after months of slumbering resentment, and, erecting her person into a stiff, defiant attitude, made a low courtesy, and retreated into her own room. The sharp sound of my lady's bell followed her, but if it was intended to call her back she took no heed of it.

Okalona was in the habit of visiting the maid's room, and now occupied her usual place there, with her limbs gathered up on the window-seat, and both slender arms clasped around her uplifted knees. The fierce dejection of this attitude, and the wild dark face, appealed to the passions aroused in the serving-woman, who was ready to seize upon any instrument of vengeance that presented itself.

Looking over Okalona's shoulder, she saw a messenger, evidently from my lady, going across the park toward the Bowling Green, and afterward recognized Roach, who was walking hurriedly toward the Governor's mansion. Okalona saw him also, and a sharp, hissing exclamation came from between her teeth. A closet connected Parsons' room with the parlor occupied by her mistress. The door was partly of glass, and so out of keeping with the objects around it that it had been locked inside, and the folds of a crimson curtain so arranged that it had the effect of a window. Parsons had locked this door and arranged the drapery, but she had kept the key.

"Come," she said, in a whisper, drawing close to Okalona. "Come, and learn how treacherous a white woman can be. I have been here before. Come!"

Okalona arose, and, following the instinct of discovery born with her, entered the closet.

Parsons pushed the girl toward a line of light that broke between the curtains, through which Lady Fausbrook was seen standing by a small spindle-legged table, on which such delicate articles as were common to a lady's bower-room of the period were arranged. She was talking, fast and eagerly, to John Roach, who stood near her, listening with sullen attention, but evidently in no conciliatory mood.

"So she refused you? At last you did speak out, and she refused you?" my lady was saying.

"Refused me?" answered Roach, with scoffing bitterness. "Yes, as if I had been a negro-slave and she a born queen. You had led me to expect something better than that, my lady."

"But you hesitated—you wasted time in pursuit of that fiery-eyed young squaw, who seems to have bewitched you, with her feathers and wampum, into a ridiculous passion."

Roach laughed mockingly.

"Bewitched me—ridiculous passion! Dear lady, have I really fallen so low in your estimation as that?"

"At any rate, it has been enough like real love to keep you from speaking till Fausbrook's presence in New York rekindled all that artful creature's hopes of ensnaring him; and she has done it: for, in less than half an hour after she drove you from her with insults, my son proposed to her, and was eagerly accepted."

"Accepted? Lord Fausbrook accepted?"

"As you would have been, but for love of this dark-browed Indian girl," said my lady, with a silken sneer.

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"Love—love? You insult me, madam. The wild beauty of a creature like that can hardly be supposed to inspire love, though this one has learned to feel it with a savage intensity that is, at any rate, amusing."

"She seems to have amused you for some length of time, and at great cost, if Fausbrook is allowed to marry this girl Angela."

"But he shall not marry her. Though he were ten times a lord, he shall not have the girl."

My lady's eyes brightened; she drew closer to Roach, and spoke in a low voice, but with great rapidity:

"That is the spirit I wished to see—the spirit that will defeat him and secure her; but this young squaw must be given up."

Roach swept his hand back with an air of coarse disdain.

"Give her up? Why, if the creature broke her heart, it would be nothing in a case like this. I have given her up already."

"Then the course is clear. Had we known of a certainty, capable of proof, that this Angela was the person both you and Fausbrook were searching for, the plan we laid out would have been less easy than it is now; for, on their return, these people will be separated from their friends the Cayugas, and be a small party. You will start at once. The priest, with his band of converted Indians, must be placed in ambush somewhere on the cross-trails, deep in the wilderness that you told me of. Have horses ready: seize upon the whole party, and take the shortest route for Canada."

Roach was about to speak, but my lady silenced him with a lift of her hand. She had studied this subject too thoroughly for consultation to be needful.

"Once in the wilderness," she continued, "and out of all reach from the Cayugas, marry the girl then and there. The old man is too feeble for protest—the girl will be wholly in your power. The priest is legally competent. Take your bride to Canada. Send Lord Fausbrook proof of the marriage, and your fortune is made."

Roach stood in silence, regarding the woman with a glance of sinister admiration. Still he hesitated.

"Is it of the Indian girl you are thinking?" she said, impatiently.

"The Indian girl? Confound her, no! but—"

"Ah, I understand: money will be wanted—plenty of it—and that will only come to you with the bride's fortune. Here!"

My lady took a key that was attached to a chain that fell from her bosom, unlocked a casket that stood upon the table, and poured from it a double-handful of British gold, which she forced upon him.

Roach recoiled a little, and turned fiery red. He could have robbed the woman in the dark with far less shame than he felt in taking her carelessly-offered money; but he dropped it, with a heavy clink, into one of the broad pockets of his velvet coat, while she turned to close the coffer. A sudden jerk of her chain drew the key from its lock before the bolt was shot. She did not observe this: but Parsons, who was watching her like a fox, did.

"Make ready at once—there must be no delay," urged my lady, following Roach to the door, and closing it behind her. After this, only a low murmur of voices reached Parsons from the small ante-room beyond. Noiseless, and swiftly as a cat springs, she opened the closet-door, darted through the curtains, and seized the secret coffer. She stood a moment, breathless, then opened the coffer, searched it, and darted back through the curtains, with something, unknown as yet to herself, pressed between both her hands, and a heart that beat almost to suffocation with cowardly fear.

Parsons was not the only person among these conspirators who could act promptly, and with consummate deception. As Roach was crossing the park, Okalona came slowly from a side-path and stood before him, shrinking with modest surprise.

"Okalona! My own bright wild-bird here? I did not hope to see you this morning. Give me your hand, dear, for I am going away, and spring will come before we meet again."

Okalona gave him her hand. It was hot and quivering: but, in his excitement, Roach did not observe it.

"Going away?" she said. "Ah, as the birds fly: only to come back again."

"Yes, yes: as a bird flies to find its mate. I shall come to Owasco in the spring, and ask for Okalona. Will she be waiting for me?"

Okalona bent her head, and kissed his hand with her usual wild grace of homage. This time Roach started—the touch of her lips seemed to burn him. There was something fiercely strange, too, in her voice, as she said:

"Okalona will be there!"

Roach was about to question her further; but a glance at my lady's window revealed her vigilant face looking out. With a start, and almost an oath, he dashed the burning hand from him and hurried away.

Okalona uttered a low fierce cry, as the man left her—a cry so full of bitter anguish that it

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followed him like a death-wail of the civilization he had crushed within her. He heard it, but passed on without once looking back. Then Okalona became all the savage: she drew herself up, turned her dark young face upon him, and, with a wicked curl of the lip, repeated:

"Yes, I will be there!"

Then, with the slow, ferocious tread of a half-grown panther, she crossed the park, and went in search of Locarne, down by the water, where she knew he loved to spend the morning, when ships were coming in. The chief saw Okalona, and came to meet her. Her blood was on fire. She lost no time in explanation, but dashed into her subject at once.

"Locarne," she said, pointing to the retreating figure of Roach, "there goes a white man who has insulted the daughter of Dahionet. If you love her, kill him."

The black eyes of Locarne flashed fiercely.

"Do I love her? Tell me to kill him a thousand times, and I will do it."

"Locarne, listen. He wishes to make our Angela his white wife. She hates him. The great English lady hates her. They two will hunt her down. Father Meda has come to take her back to Owasco: for he is afraid of my lady, who is cruel like a panther and sly as a fox. Father Meda will take us all away from these white people. This man has a band of Canada Indians waiting for him on the great trail. To-morrow he will set out to join them, with his pockets full of the white woman's gold. He will seize Angela."

"And you—and you?" said Locarne, putting his hand on the haft of his scalping-knife.

"No, no: he would take her, and then leave Okalona in the woods to die. But you will not let him, though a thousand false Indians lie in ambush for us. You will lead our guides, and they will track the white man like hungry wolves, while I go forward, and bring down our braves from Owasco. Be ready with the guides, and Okalona will come."

Locarne's face lighted up. He was made too happy by the thought of taking Okalona with him for anything but faint opposition. This she silenced with impetuous force.

"He will lie in ambush for us all. He will rob us of Angela, and leave the good father to starve in the woods. He is a traitor—a fox—that Locarne will trap like other wild beasts."

"And then?" questioned Locarne.

The young Indian's face gave eloquent interpretation of his words. During a few seconds, the girl pressed back the ache at her heart with both hands. Then she folded them firmly over her bosom.

"Then Okalona will go to Locarne's lodge by the light of his death-fire."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THAT night, as Angela lay asleep, someone came into her bed-room, and touched her on the shoulder. She awoke with a start, and saw Okalona in the moonlight.

"Do not be afraid: it is Okalona. She can stay no longer with the pale-faces. They make her heart sore. She has seen the good father. He is sick. He and my Angela will stay safe with their white brothers. Okalona, Locarne, and the guides will go to Owasco first, and bring many braves down the great trail: for the forest is black with danger. Tell this to the good father, when he comes to you in the morning, and finds that Locarne has left him, and all the Cayugas are gone."

Angela started up from her pillow, and held out her arms. They gleamed like the limbs of a statue in the moonlight. Nothing else was there.

"Okalona—Okalona!" she cried out, but no answer came; and she fell back, trembling with wonder that a dream could be so real.

The next morning, when Parsons discovered that Okalona had disappeared, a grim smile came over her hard features, and she sat down leisurely to enjoy the counterplot her own ingenuity had set in motion, while her part in it was so craftily concealed that she was almost certain of escaping any evil consequences that might follow it. True, she had been ignominiously discharged by my lady; but that had happened more than once before, and directly after seemed to be forgotten. As nothing had been said to enforce this dismissal since it was given, she had gone on with her duties, fully expecting the same result now, and loitered in her room with great complacency some minutes, that morning, after that silver bell was rung.

When she did condescend to enter the dressing-room, my lady was seated before her toilet, with a thin veil of silver-gray hair falling over her shoulders, from which a slender mulatto girl was brushing the powder.

"What, you?" said my laky; "still here? How long is it, pray, since I requested you to leave the house?"

Parsons stood in the middle of the room, astounded and dumb. Then her face changed: her dull eyes gleamed with the glitter of melted lead, and a sharp laugh broke from her; and, wheeling around, she walked out of the room.

When the young mulatto had done her work, my lady went down to meet her son, who had returned to the mansion, where he had accom-

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panied the missionary, from whom that day Angela was to hear the story of her mother.

Nothing could be more sweetly maternal than my lady's reception of the young man—who met her, however, with a clouded brow: for he expected nothing better than a scene of expostulation and protest. On the contrary, she came up to him bright with caressing smiles. She put one arm around his neck, and lovingly bent down his head that she might kiss his forehead. She had been longing to see him, she said. Her heart was breaking under a sense of disunion with her son—her dear, only son—whose happiness was more precious a thousand times than her own. She was a woman perhaps too proud, too unyielding, but not incapable of self-sacrifice. If he was still resolved to marry this young lady, she would yield her consent.

Here Fausbrook's brow cleared, his eyes brightened; he raised his mother's hand to his lips, and kissed it with almost passionate gratitude.

Then she shook her head, and, smiling upon him still, went on: But there was something that she wanted in return—nothing hard to grant: but was it wrong to suggest a little separation before the marriage? They were both so young, and really had been given no time for study of their own hearts. It would be a terrible thing if this first love—that seemed immortal—should fail to endure the test of time. She only asked the separation of a few months—say from autumn till spring. Angela might return directly, with her grandfather, to their home among the Cayugas, while he was devoted to the duties of his regiment. Was this too much for a mother to ask?

The young man was irresolute. He walked up and down the room with impatient strides, while his generous nature reasoned with itself. She was ready to give up so much: was he to withhold all concession?

The brightening of his face—the kiss that he left upon his mother's uplifted and pleading face—was enough. The woman had played her last card well.

Meantime the missionary and his granddaughter were together in Mrs. Clinton's pretty parlor, quite alone: for the good lady had arranged it so. They were both very pale, and shaken by emotions made all the more painful from continued suppression. The old man lay back in his chair, completely exhausted by an explanation that seemed to have torn up the last remnants of pride left to him by the roots. He had watched that young face as he faltered through this narrative of shame, and, with breathless dread, saw the blood retreat from it, drop by drop, until she knelt before him dumb and white like a statue.

The old man leaned forward, and touched her with his hand.

She started, and looked wildly in his face.

"I know—I know," she said: "he is waiting for my answer. He understood this, and yet would have married me before all the world! Oh, grandfather, grandfather! I cannot see him—I never can see him again. Take me home. Take me back into the woods, where Okalona has gone. She fled from the white people—so will we!"

"My child," answered the old man, with persuasive gentleness that was almost divine, "even in our pain, we must not be unmindful of others. Take a little time for thought before you refuse to see this generous young man."

"Oh, grandfather, thought cannot change the truth, for him or for me. Only a little while ago, that good old lady told me what love is. Now you have taught me the meaning of shame. These things cannot go together."

The old man felt the chilling truth of these words. He had been forced to throw a burden of pain on this young life, only to increase that which had embittered his own. The thought filled him with exceeding pity. He took her hands, and smoothed them tenderly with his own, striving to give her a little of the sublime strength that had helped him forward in his duties to humanity. His arguments and his entreaties calmed her a little. She gave no consent to them, but listened.

Then the old man left her, and went into another room, where Lord Fausbrook was waiting.

"You have told her—she consents?" he questioned, with feverish anxiety, as Meda approached him.

"I have told her, but have not urged consent. In that she must be free."

Fausbrook did not wait to hear this, but went at once to the room where Angela was sitting. She lifted her eyes to his face one instant, and they fell again.

Fausbrook approached her with a pleading smile, and holding out both hands.

"You have heard all this: but what does it matter to us, my darling—my wife?"

Angela did not answer. Her hands lay like dead things in his clasp. He dropped on one knee, and strove to warm them with his kisses. She tried to draw them from him, but he would not give them up.

"If there has been anything in what your

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grandfather has said that can wound you, forget it," he pleaded, with eloquent intensity of desire. "There can be no misalliance with the descendant of an educated gentleman who has given the best part of a noble life to the good of humanity, and a man of as little real worth as myself. Believe me, dear one: that which seems to wound you so will always be a secret from the world."

Here Angela lifted her head, and wrung her hands from his.

"But we shall know it—you and I!" she exclaimed, with passionate intensity of feeling. "Remember—as I always must—that the sins of the fathers are visited on the children unto the third and fourth generation. I am only of the second. Let this shame, and the evil of it, die with me."

The young man was silenced for a moment; but he loved the girl too dearly for submission, and went on, pleading with eloquence so sweet and persuasive that sobs rose to the poor girl's throat, and tears stole to her eyes; but in no other way did she give signs of yielding.

While this scene was enacted in the bower-room, Father Meda sat alone in the parlor where Fausbrook had left him. Weak and weary with the pain of his interview with Angela, he was glad to rest himself awhile, and was sitting there inert and sad, when a side-door was partially opened, and a sharp, half-frightened, half-venomous face looked into the room. After this cowardly survey, Parsons came forward, holding a small parcel in her hand.

"This belongs to you," she said, speaking under her breath. "I found it in the coffer she would never permit me to open: but one who keeps sharp watch can always find the way to any secret. Once she forgot to turn the key—only for a minute or two; but that was enough. She had discharged me, because I refused to be her lackey. I will go—but not till I have the satisfaction of telling her that you have this."

The old man was bewildered. Parsons was breathless with passion, and crowded her words so closely together that he could not understand them. As he took the paper she forced upon him, she added, with emphasis:

"You are a Christian gentleman, and will not forget what a poor hard-used serving-woman has done for you."

With these words Parsons went out of the room, and walked deliberately into that where Lady Fausbrook was sitting. My lady regarded her with chill surprise.

"Still here?" she said.

"Yes, my lady, still here," answered Parsons, holding to the door, as a means of retreat. "I only came to say, if you should miss anything from that little silver box there, it was I who took it—I who have just given it to the old missionary, where it belongs."

Lady Fausbrook started to her feet, snatched the box, and dashed its contents out upon the table; then—sure of her loss, trembling in all her limbs, and white to her lips—turned upon the woman. But Parsons had disappeared.

During some minutes, Father Meda sat there in bewilderment, holding the paper thus strangely enforced upon him. At last he unfolded it, with a dreary sort of interest. It was a single sheet, closely written over, and, attached to it, a smaller paper, partly in print. He read this first, and instantly a shock of electricity seemed to have thrilled him from head to foot. He read the printed paper through again, though it shook and rustled like dead leaves in his hand. He then opened the larger sheet, hurried over it once, then, doubting his very eyesight, read it again with forced deliberation. At last the old man arose to his feet and stood upright, like one who had dropped a great burden of stone from his shoulders. All the nobility of his ancestors seemed restored to him.

Thus changed, he entered the room where Fausbrook was still pleading with Angela.

"Read these," he said, holding out the papers.

Fausbrook read them to the very end, at first glancing from line to line, with swift comprehension. For one minute his face flushed, and a glad smile lay about his mouth; but it faded slowly away, leaving him pale and serious. Angela watched him with grave interest.

"What is it?" she questioned, appealing to her grandfather.

Fausbrook came forward, with the papers.

"It is the certificate of your mother's marriage with my kinsman, the late Earl of Forsborough, with clear proofs of everything connected with it: written out by his own hand—proofs that must insure to you his title, and the estates I supposed to be mine."

"No, no!" protested the girl. "The marriage surely may be proven, but not the other—I am but a girl. Grandfather! grandfather! tell him that he is mistaken."

"No," answered the old man, with evident reluctance. "The Earldom of Forsborough goes to heirs in general; descends alike to males and females. It grieves me to say this, Angela; but these proofs make you a peeress of Great Britain."

"And he—and he?" exclaimed Angela.

Fausbrook answered her, with a faint smile:

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"I am colonel of a regiment in his Majesty's army."

Angela started to her feet, holding out her hand.

"Let me read the paper for myself."

As Fausbrook handed her the papers, the door opened, and his mother came into the room. There was something strange in her appearance; a sinister light quivered in her crafty blue eyes; faint flashes of pink shot over the whiteness of her face; and when she saw the papers in Angela's hand, her fingers worked and quivered for one instant, as if she longed to spring upon them. But this nervous strain was quickly subdued—a smile came to her lips, like light on a withered rose.

"Ah, I see: Parsons has obeyed my order, and at last my mission is ended. Arthur, you must forgive me. I did not think it fair to suppress those papers till after the marriage, though that was the dying wish of the late Earl—a sacred wish, which, but for an over-sensitive regard for the family honor, I would have carried out to the letter."

A look of sweet ingenuousness came over the woman's face as she said this. She absolutely seemed to believe the falsehood that struck her auditors dumb with its suave audacity.

"Having crossed the ocean," she continued, "in order to carry out this sacred mission of justice, at the peril of my life, I may perhaps claim the privilege of being the first to congratulate this young lady as a countess in her own right."

After uttering these words with an air of the most gracious courtliness, my lady approached Angela, holding out her hand.

Shrinking back from the offered courtesy, the girl turned her troubled eyes from the false smiles of the mother to the stern countenance of the son, and from that to her grandfather, who stood apart reading her thoughts, and perhaps anticipating them. Something in that calm, earnest face encouraged her. Back of the tiled hearth, a fire of hickory-wood was filling the room with its ruddy glow. Moving deliberately towards it, she dropped the paper into the heart of the flames.

"If I ever am a countess," she said, reaching out her hand to the lover she had not till then accepted, "it will be when my Lord of Forsborough has made me so."

The great forests of the lake-country had been beautiful when they lay outstretched beneath the skies of that early autumn, heavy with leaves, and rich with gorgeous coloring, as if all the sunsets of a year had fused their splendor in one vast painting. But since then, nature—the subtile artist—had swept those forests with cold November winds, torn away their leaves, and hurled them, knee-deep, into the hollows; robbed the gray rocks of their herbage and touched their rugged points with snow. The lakes, crystalized here and there with ice, reflected nothing but the black shadows of banks covered with sere grass, tree-boles, and naked boughs, that penciled millions on millions of dark lines against a bleak sky, until the whole landscape was like the gloomy engraving of a lost picture.

This scene was rendered more gloomy by heavy storm-clouds, on the night appointed for the death-fire of prisoners brought in from the cross-trails by the Cayugas that Okalona had sent to aid Locarne in the capture of those two conspirators—John Roach and the French priest—while lying in ambush for Father Meda and his party, who were still ignorant of the dangers they had escaped.

A messenger sent from the city, had brought many presents and kindly greetings from the missionary to his Cayuga friends. With the exception of a book or two, the lodge, with all it contained, was given to Locarne for a future home. The Indian woman who had served the old man so many years still occupied the darkened building, lamenting the friend she had lost that night. She placed herself in front of her old home, with her face turned toward a point of high land on the shore at her right. There a crowd of black figures were moving up the banks, or heaping pine-knots and chips, saturated with turpentine, around the stump of a girdled tree, which loomed up, grim and gaunt, in the light of their torches.

It seemed to the woman as if a thousand Indians, in fierce war-paint and glittering ornaments, were flinging the light of their torches on the black waters of the lake. It may have been so: for they had come from the villages on the Cayuga, and around the fortifications of Owasco, in crowds. Sachems, chiefs, braves, women, children, all were there—wild, eager, delirious with the hope of a grand death-fire, perhaps a little more exuberant in their cruelty than the high-born gentlemen and ladies of Spain assembled at a bull-fight, and almost as cold-blooded as a masked lynching-party in the heart of our own civilization. As the woman looked, those torches multiplied: she could see the dusky green of the pines and hemlocks back of the death-pile. Around it the savages gathered, howling and shouting out their rage of excitement in fierce yells.

Now the death-fire was kindled; a hundred

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slender tongues of flame shot up the circle of pine-knots. In its light stood two prisoners, white as the death they were waiting for. Nearest to them was a crowd of chiefs, with Dahionet in front, and Okalona at his side—Okalona and Locarne, who had seized upon those two conspirators, and given them up to the tribe for a jubilee of fire. These were closed in by a double and triple wall of savages—a lurid crowd, howling and shouting out their rage of excitement in fierce yells for the signal that was to hurl these white traitors into the flames.

That signal it was Okalona's right to give: her swift feet and keen intelligence had sent down the force which had taken the prisoners in the treacherous ambush. The right of inaugurating this carnival of fire rested with her. With all those wild eyes upon her—in the very whirlwind of those impatient cries—she stood mute, and more pallid than the wretched beings her uplifted finger would condemn. The man whose white face and wild eyes were turned upon her betrayed no cowardliness that could harden her heart; he made no gesture of entreaty; but there was something in his eyes that paralyzed her hand. She could not lift it, but stepped forward, and stood between the two men and the fire—beautiful in the courage of her resolve.

"The prisoners are mine. You have given them to me. By the laws of our tribe, I can give them up to torture, or set them free."

A hush of breathless expectation fell upon that savage crowd. In the wild-fire of those glaring eyes, the girl might well have trembled; but she only faltered for a moment, then spoke out:

"It is my will that a band of trusty braves shall take these two men a day's journey into the wilderness, guarding them from all harm. Give them plenty of bread, dried-venison, and a gun, then let them go free, and, when they think of the Cayugas, know that the good white father they would have betrayed has taught us how to forgive."

When Okalona ceased speaking, Dahionet stepped forward, and with his own hands cut the thongs that bound the two prisoners, and ordered a band of braves to guard them through the crowd. Before he went, John Roach threw himself at Okalona's feet, and would have kissed them, in the deep humiliation of his gratitude; but she recoiled from him as if a serpent had attempted to coil itself around her, and made a gesture that he should be hurried away.

It was indeed time: for her words had raised a wild tumult of dissatisfaction among the savages. Some of them lowered fiercely on the prisoners as they passed, and followed them with threatening gestures. Others expressed their bitter disappointment by breaking up the fire and scattering its brands abroad with sullen fury.

In the confusion, Dahionet came forward, with a stern and commanding front. His voice sounded loud and clear above the confusion as he spoke.

"There will be no death-fire," he said, "but a grand dance of peace, and songs that the winds will carry to every wigwam that a Cayuga sleeps in. Bring more wood, till the flames leap high. Light all the torches—fling them upward to the stars. This night Locarne will lead Okalona to the white father's lodge. Throw a path of fire across the lake, that the Great Spirit may watch the canoe that takes them there."

[THE END.]

BY THE SEA.

BY CATHIE JEWETT.

LITTLE fisher by the sea,
Catching fishes—one, two, three—
In your net of golden hair,
Little fisher, oh, beware!
Lest the fishes tangled there
Should become a living snare.

Well I know your face is fair—
That your heart is free from care.
Do you know the wrong you do,
Breaking hearts that love you true?
Oh! the days shall come to you
When such fishing you shall rue:

When the conquests that you make,
When the hearts that you shall break,
Shall in grim procession stand,
In the Past's remembered land,
Dimming all your future skies,
With their sad accusing eyes.

Quit your fishing, little one—
Quit the work so ill begun.
When your heart grows large and sweet,
Like a perfumed flower complete,
With his mystic where and how,
Love shall find you out, I trow.

Love, that fisher never caught,
All too priceless to be bought—
Just the "boy-god," white and sweet,
With blind eyes and wayward feet—
Love perfected, heaven-sent,
In your heart shall rest content.

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LILY ANN.

BY ELLA RODMAN CHURCH.

MR. COLEMAN was half reclining in a corner of the broad, comfortable sofa in his back-parlor, the very picture of middle-aged content after a busy day. The student-lamp was lighted on the reading-table in the centre of the room, and things looked generally—as things always did when Mrs. Coleman had to do with them—particularly cosy.

The gentleman, while enjoying sweet-do-nothingness to its fullest extent, was contemplating his wife, and thinking what a very comfortable and altogether nice-looking person she was. She had, too, the useful faculty of taking so much care from her husband's shoulders, that she might have said, after the example of the French monarch: "The house: it is me"; but, being modest and womanly as well, she said nothing of the sort. She was satisfied with Mr. C. just as he was—and he was certainly a very pleasant man.

One would never think of looking for the trail of the serpent in so peaceful an Eden; but it showed itself, nevertheless, on the evening in question; and began in the ringing of the front-door bell.

"I hope that is no visitor," said Mrs. Coleman, who was reading aloud a particularly interesting book, and did not feel like entertaining company.

"I hope so, too," remarked Mr. C., who never felt like entertaining company.

Some sort of altercation was evidently going on between the servant and the bell-ringer, and the lady of the house went to the rescue.

"It is a man, ma'am, with a note for the master," volunteered Bridget; "and you said he wasn't to be disturbed."

A great many useless communications, which seemed highly important to the bearers, were brought to the door for Mr. Coleman; and, as he was very tired, his wife resolved that, on this evening at least, he should not be disturbed.

"Give it to me," she said: "I am Mrs. Coleman."

"My orders was strict, mum," replied the man, who had nothing of the Mercury about him, "to deliver it into the gentleman's own hands, and wait for an answer."

Mrs. Coleman was a fine-looking woman, with quite an imperial presence: and her manner of saying "You will not see him this evening, as he is very much fatigued: I will attend to the note" completely quelled the opposition.

A queerly-folded and not over-clean half-sheet of note-paper was placed in her hand, and when she had made out the mis-spelled and pencil-marked contents, a flush rose to her face, as she said, very haughtily, to the messenger: "Tell the person who sent you that there is no answer."

She turned and swept back to the sitting-room, and the man, after standing irresolute for a moment, departed. He was kindly expedited in this movement by Bridget, who almost shut the door on his back: for, having left a follower downstairs, she had quickly settled in her own mind that he was only some "begging-trash."

"Richard," said Mrs. C., with dreadful calmness, "who is 'Lily Ann'?"

Mr. Coleman looked up, bewildered. Something in his wife's tone struck him as peculiar; but he never guessed conundrums, and was not quick at repartee. So he only replied, helplessly: "I don't know."

A certain expression flitted over the lady's face, and it was with slightly dilated nostrils that she continued: "Perhaps this note will enlighten you:

"'DEER MISTER KOLEMUN:

"'If youre goin to bee home this eavenin ile com over and sea you.

"'Yure effecshunate

"'LILY AN.'

"What does it mean?"

Mr. C. looked as though his hair were gradually rising up on his head, while his eyes grew in proportion. But his wife's eyes demanded an answer: and at length he gasped forth: "Susan Amelia, I never heard of the woman before."

Mrs. Coleman's full name was a form of oath with him, as he never used it on light occasions; and his words carried conviction with them. Besides, a glance at the open, guileless face, and eminently domestic air, was sufficient to disarm all suspicion; and it seemed as reasonable to expect a steady-going cart-horse to jump a fence, or exchange his moderate jog-trot for a race with the wind.

"It is a wonderfully brazen performance," continued his wife, in great perplexity; "and I

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begin to think that you are going to be blackmailed. But do not pay them one cent, Richard; stick it out to the last, and the wretches will be exposed."

This was not a pleasant prospect; but presently the gentleman exclaimed, with a sort of relief: "There is Walter's step—perhaps it is some affair of his."

Walter Coleman, the only child, *ætat* twenty-two, sauntered into the room as he came downstairs, on his way out for the evening, bringing in his wake an indescribable atmosphere of best Havanas, a touch of delicate perfumery, and immaculate cleanliness. It could be seen at the first glance that he was one of those favored mortals who have only to show themselves to win golden opinions from all sorts of people; and possibly this hapless moth of a Lily Ann had been singeing herself in the flame of his charms until her brain became disturbed. Nothing is impossible to parental vanity.

But oh! the delicate scorn in the young gentleman's well-modulated voice as he repeated the inharmonious cognomen, "Lily Ann."

"So far as I know," he remarked, loftily, "I have no correspondents among the housemaid class; and I should call this dainty epistle a clumsy attempt to blackmail father. I am not Mr. Coleman."

And kissing his mother good-night, he departed.

Poor Lily Ann herself waited in a fever of impatience for the return of her messenger. She had quarreled with her companions, and felt very much in need of a change: although this particular change was not one of distance, as she lived in the same street, only a few doors off.

She was quite a richly-dressed young person: her white India muslin, trimmed with lace and rose-colored ribbons, being of the finest and handsomest; and she would have been pretty, except for a somewhat sickly and fretful look. She was a decidedly immature rosebud of ten years; and she and her mother had come from New Orleans, to spend the summer with an aunt and cousins in B——.

Mr. Walter Coleman was well known and much liked by the family; and he had taken a sort of teasing fancy to the little Southern visitor. She was so precocious and full of airs that she amused him; and he was rather touched, too, by the child's desperate devotion. She claimed him as her own particular property, and would always sit as close to him as she possibly could. Mrs. Wrede, the mother, was a young woman, gay and worldly, and left Lily quite too much to her own devices.

Walter's chivalry was enlisted for the neglected child; and her young lady cousins were not too well pleased to see her monopolize so much of his attention. "You must come and see me," he had said, laughingly. But Lily took it quite in earnest; and on this evening—when she had been very generally sent to Coventry—she resolved to try it.

The queer little midget had views of her own on the subject of etiquette; and one of these was that young ladies should take no step without previously writing a note. Besides, "Mr. Coleman," as she had always heard him called, was the only one of his family whom she knew; and it would be awkward for her to go there if he was not at home. She bestowed a good deal of thought and labor on that note; and then—being well supplied with money—she paid the man who cut the grass twenty-five cents to take it to Mr. Coleman, and get an answer.

As this was a strictly private and confidential performance, Lily watched for her messenger from the door-step, and ran to meet him as soon as he appeared in sight. But when he told her that the note had been taken from his hands by a masterful-looking lady, who read it and said there was no answer, the child went upstairs, bitterly disappointed, and cried herself to sleep, with many sobs.

The next evening, when Lily had Walter Coleman in a corner to herself, she relieved her feelings by telling him the story: but she was very much puzzled at his amusement. It did not seem to her in the least funny; and she had expected him to sympathize with her, and tell her what to do next time.

Instead of this, however, he laughed and laughed, and finally said: "But why didn't you just sign 'Lily,' instead of 'Lily Ann'? I might have guessed then who it was. No one ever calls you 'Lily Ann.'"

"No," looking very wise, "but that is really my name: and I have heard that when people write anything, they must put the whole of their name to it."

"But you didn't put the whole of your name," persevered the amused young man, "for your last name is Wrede; and if you had signed that, I should have known who it was from, in spite of the 'Ann.' But come—I am going to take you to see me, and to see my mother, too; and then you will not have to write me any more notes about it."

The child put her little hand in his, with perfect confidence; and even while introducing the veritable "Lily Ann" who had been suspected of nefarious designs upon the peace of an inoffen-

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sive family, Walter Coleman was conscious of a feeling of tenderness toward the half-civilized girl, utterly unconventional, who had never known a mother's faithful, devoted care.

Mrs. Coleman took her at once to her loving heart; and in after years, when she had become her daughter, she often laughed at her own indignation over the episode of LILY ANN.

TWO SIDES

BY MARJORIE MOORE.

ONE SIDE.

I saw him again last night,
  I stood on the sloping hill,
The west was bright as gold,
  And the mocking wind was still:
The air was sweet with a breath
  That only belongs to June,
And down in the east hung low
  The full-faced, red young moon.

He walked along the road
  That creeps at the foot of the slope,
He would see me where I stood,
  And my heart throbbed wild with hope;
But he never lifted his eyes
  As he passed with even tread,
And I turned away with a sigh
  As we turn from the face of the dead.

Ah, perhaps he was vexed at me.
  For the very last time that we met,
We faced the truth and our lives
  With a bitter, unspoken regret.
Did he think me forward and bold?
  He must know that I meant no harm—
I had never a thought of wrong
  When I laid my hand on his arm.

It was only the touch of a hand
  On an arm that may never be
A folded shelter of rest,
  A haven of refuge for me.
We were busy with earnest talk,
  And I know not quite how it came,
But my cheeks grew hot in the dark—
  In the dark lest he thought me to blame.

So I stood on the hill till the night
  Came down, with her sable fold,
And stole the bloom from the winds,
  And robbed the sky of its gold;
Perhaps he might come to me yet
  In the glow of the young moonrise,
With the dew agleam on the grass,
  And the stars abloom in the skies.

He came, but he did not stop.
  He went, with the same quick tread,
Not even slacking a step,
  Not even turning his head.
He has conquered his love and pain,
  He is true to himself and his trust,
And I honor him all the more,
  While I lie in the dew and the dust.

THE OTHER SIDE.

I went for a walk last night,
  In the edge of the even-fall,
The thrush was singing sweet,
  And loud was the robin's call;
There was peace in the warm, soft air,
  And peace in the brooding sky,
But no peace in my restless heart,
  With its pain that cannot die.

I thought I had learned to endure,
  To suffer and bear alone;
I had fronted fate at last,
  With a face as grim as her own;
But just last night my vows
  Proved treacherous ropes of air.
For she stood at the top of the hill,
  With the after-glow in her hair.

Did she think me angry or vexed,
  Or cruel, or rude, or cold?
That I did not dare to stay—
  Did her true heart need to be told?
Had I looked at all on her face,
  In a madness wild and sweet,
I had periled her soul and mine,
  And laid my love at her feet.

I sat awhile in the gloom
  Of the sombre, solemn pines:
I would hide myself from the world
  Where the garish daylight shines:
Alone with my love and pain,
  And my memories sweet of her
Who thrills my blood like wine,
  And sets my soul [illegible]

At last, when long and slant
  The shadows lay to the west,
And softer sang the rill
  As it cradled the stars on its breast,
I girded my tired heart up,
  And with steadfast step and true
I passed once more where she stood,
  Alone in the moonlight and dew.

Had she spoken but one little word,
  Or ever so faint a call,
I had gone to her side at once,
  No matter what fate might befall.
But bravely she kept to her trust,
  She is noble and true I know,
And I love her all the more,
  That my faint heart fails to be so.

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LUCIA'S FOUR-LEAVED SHAMROCK.

BY ELLA GUERNESY.

It was a sad-faced yet lovely girl that stood by the window, looking out on the dismal streets, and on the driving December sleet.

"Lucia," said Mrs. Prime, a thin, pale invalid of forty, "how different this Christmas is from the one we spent in New Orleans three years ago. If your dear father had lived, we might be happy now. But how can I endure both his loss and our poverty?"

The poor lady sobbed aloud as she spoke: and her daughter, alas! already knew—and only too well—what poverty was. Less than three years ago she had been rich and courted: but one day her kind father had gone from their hotel hale and strong, to be brought back, within an hour, the pulse stilled, the soft brown eyes forever closed. Apoplexy, the physicians called it.

Lucia bore her trouble as best she could, and comforted her hysterical mother upon their painful journey home from New Orleans. When the last sad rites were over, and Mr. Prime's affairs came to be looked into, it was found that there were other troubles to meet: for the widow and daughter had little to live upon. Mrs. Prime's Southern winters and luxurious life—made necessary by her health, as the doctors had said—had cost them their fortune; and now they were compelled to remove to a small house belonging to them in a Western city, and to rely chiefly on Lucia's earnings for their support.

Mrs. Prime could not reconcile herself, however, to living in this rough, stinted way, nor to Lucia's standing behind the counter of "Pelham Brothers' Trade Palace"; and so, by fretful repinings and incessant complaints, made poor Lucia's lot doubly hard to bear.

This very morning the daughter had used the last of the coffee, the scant of butter for her mother's dry-toast. There was little food in the house, and no money to purchase more. But this was not all. Lucia, with a number of other clerks, had been discharged from the Pelham Brothers' service. "The times were hard, trade dull," they were told; and so they were left to starve. When Mrs. Prime finally was told this, her lamentations were loud indeed.

"Dear mamma, do not grieve so," said Lucia; "God will take care of us. Is there not a promise for the widow and the fatherless? It is always darkest before the dawn. Besides, we have each other yet." She spoke bravely, though she hardly felt so, in the effort to cheer her mother.

"Ah! but to think, my dear," replied the mother, wringing her hands, "that you will have now, maybe, to go out as a common servant a maid of all work! What else is left?"

Lucia had been looking at her window-plants, meantime, and now excitedly called:

"Oh, mamma, see! At the roots of this heliotrope there are three four-leaved clovers. Nurse Elsie used to tell me it was a lucky omen to find a shamrock, and we will take it so, dear."

She had hardly spoken, when there was a knock at the door, and a servant with a note. It was from Mrs. Lawrence, the great lady of the place, asking if Miss Prime would attend to the floral decorations for a large Christmas party to be given at her house that evening. She had admired, the writer said, Miss Lucia's taste in the flower-festival for the Sunday-school—which she had seen the day before—and she hinted delicately that she would pay liberally for asking her to come out on such a day.

Lucia read the note, with tears of thankfulness in her eyes. Here was a way, for awhile at least, out of their troubles. "Oh, mother dear," she cried, "did I not say God would provide for us?" She donned her old frayed cloak, and hastened to Mrs. Lawrence's house, regardless of the raging storm of sleet. Here, amid the beautiful flowers, she forgot her gloom; and even, as the nimble fingers arranged the wreaths and festoons of smilax, and baskets of loveliest roses, began to sing softly to herself.

When all was finished, Mrs. Lawrence herself came in, and, with a few kind words of approbation, placed a note in Lucia's hand. Left to herself, our heroine could not help looking at the note, which she found held twenty dollars. "Oh, how good of her!" she cried. "I must hurry and tell mamma." She began to put on her hat at the words, but was so full of joy that the singing, before half suppressed, unconsciously burst forth aloud. Thinking of the old times three years before, she remembered that on this very same day she had placed a bit of holly coquettishly in her hair, after dinner; and when young Colonel Darcy, the son of an old friend of her father's, had been dining with

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them in New Orleans. She recalled his look of admiration; and taking some green from a wreath, she began to adorn herself as she had done then. She remembered how he had hung about her all the evening; how she had sung "Annie Laurie," at his request; and as she glanced in an opposite mirror, she commenced warbling the dear old tune. Would she ever see the Colonel again? He had gone to Europe, just after that dinner, on Government business, and they had never heard of him since. He probably did not even know of her father's death, much less of their present destitution. Or, more likely, he had quite forgotten them. She sighed unwittingly at this idea. The sad thought lent, however, a deeper pathos to her tones: the tears came to her eyes, her voice almost broke.

Suddenly the door of the apartment was opened, and Mrs. Lawrence came in again: but this time she was not alone. By her side was a tall soldierly figure, whom Lucia recognized at once. It was Colonel Darcy himself.

"I thought I could not be mistaken," he cried, coming forward, with both hands extended. "I was making a call on Mrs. Lawrence, and, in the hall, heard your voice. Ah! do not shrink from an old friend." For Lucia, embarrassed, covered with blushes, and trembling so she could hardly stand, instinctively withdrew a step, for the moment fearing that her reminiscences had been divined. "If you only knew how often I thought of you all these years," continued the Colonel, "you would be at least a little glad to see me."

It was more than an hour after this before Lucia got away; and when she rose to go, she found Mrs. Lawrence's carriage waiting to take her home, with the Colonel as an escort. Mrs. Lawrence had known Lucia before to-day merely as a pretty pale-faced girl, who apparently had seen better times, and whom—meeting at church and in the Sunday-school only—she had simply a bowing acquaintance with. But when she heard our heroine's romantic story, which came out in consequence of the Colonel's eager questions, her sympathies were fully awakened.

"To think it is three years this very day since I saw her last," the Colonel had said, turning from Lucia to Mrs. Lawrence. "I was detailed, you know, to accompany the British army to Affghanistan, and afterwards to instruct the Japanese Government in our American system of tactics. I was thus, for more than two years, out of the way of hearing news from America. But I wrote twice to your father," he continued, turning again to Lucia, "and, I must confess, was hurt that he did not reply: for at that time I did not know the reason. It was only when I got back to New Orleans that I heard. In New York, afterwards, I made inquiries about you and your mother, but could learn nothing, only that you had come West. What a lucky chance that, in spite of the storm, on passing through this place, I determined to call on my old friend Mrs. Lawrence! I am on my way back to New Orleans, and here only for the day. If I had not come, and if I had not recognized your voice—"

He stopped, as if his emotion was too great, but his looks were eloquent with meaning; and it was at this stage that Mrs. Lawrence saw the possible romance, and rose and rung for the carriage.

It was a very different Lucia who went home from the one that had come. Lying back on the luxurious satin cushions, with a pair of dark, admiring eyes opposite to her, she was as oblivious of the blinding sleet without as of the cares and sorrows of the past three years. After the Colonel had bowed his leave at the door of the little cottage, she fairly flew upstairs to tell her mother the good news, and, to her surprise, found that lady even more excited than herself.

"Twenty dollars? Oh! that will keep us ever, ever so long. And Mrs. Lawrence sent you home in the carriage? And the Colonel came with you? Oh! I always liked him, but thought he had forgot us like the rest." She clapped her hands in joy.

"We can have such a happy Christmas now," said Lucia. "I will go out at once and buy some things. The storm? Oh! I don't mind it a bit, mamsey dear." And somehow—can the reader guess the connection?—as she ran out of the room she began to sing "Annie Laurie."

It was even a happier Christmas than Lucia had thought: for it brought the Colonel early to make a call; and before he left he had extorted a promise from our heroine to be his, early in the spring. "I have loved you all these years," he said; "ever since I d[illegible] your father's, in fact. Only the mission I [illegible]n hand prevented my speaking then: I knew it was too soon. And afterwards I fancied your father had divined my thoughts, and refrained from writing on purpose." While Lucia, on her part, with many blushes, acknowledged that she had been thinking of him at the very moment he was passing through Mrs. Lawrence's hall.

"Didn't I tell you, mamma," she said, when she and her mother were alone again, and she went to the window where her flower-pots were, "that good luck was coming to us? Oh, you needn't shake your head! I shall always believe it was because of this FOUR-LEAVED SHAMROCK."

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EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

No. 1—Is a dinner-toilette, of broché satin and plain satin the color of the brocaded flowers. Black brocaded satin or velvet, with black satin surah or cashmere for the basque and overskirt, will make a very stylish suit. The skirt, which is of the broché, is cut in battlements at the edge, the spaces being filled in with a knife-plaiting of satin. The basque is pointed back and front, with small paniers and full drapery at the back: all of the plain material. All

No. 1.

sleeves are put in to full up on the shoulder, which is quite becoming to a slight figure, but the reverse to a stout one. Our model calls for half-long sleeves, but this is optional. A bit of guipure embroidery or lace forms the cuff, and is simply turned up plain on the outside of the sleeve. Four yards of brocade, and twelve yards of satin, will be required for this costume. Of

No. 2.

course, the brocade is made on a foundation-lining, the back breadths being only a half-yard deep, as the back-drapery is arranged and fastened to the skirt; also the paniers. Small buttons are still the most popular.

No. 2—Is a walking-costume, of very dark

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navy-blue cloth. The underskirt is plain, and braided with black mohair braid, after the design seen in the illustration. A narrow knife-plaiting of silk or satin edges the skirt, and is put on to

No. 3.

the foundation-skirt. The drapery is simply hemmed on the edge, and forms a full apron in front, and irregular puffs at the back. At the sides it is caught up with a thick silk cord. The jacket-basque is pointed in front, and has two hollow plaits at the back forming the postillion. It is braided in a corresponding design, from the points in front to the side-back, as seen. And the braid is arranged up the fronts to form brandebourgs, with loops of the braid fastening over the buttons. All cloth suits should be made up over a silk foundation-skirt, to relieve the weight: if silk is too expensive, then use a cheap alpaca or serge—never the cloth. Eight to nine yards of cloth will be required.

No. 3—Is a walking or house-costume, for a young lady, composed of polka-dotted silk or satin for the underskirt, with cashmere for the overdress and basque. Any dark color—such as seal-brown, maroon, invisible-green, or marine-blue—is most suitable. The skirt, which is of the dotted material, is perfectly plain, but quite

No. 4.

full at the back. The overdress is simply hemmed on the edge, and forms a deep apron-front, drawn up very high at the sides, and bunched up very much at the back. The short

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basque has a plaited vest in front, fitted in to the figure as far as the waist, then the plaits are left loose from under the belt. Two hollow plaits make the fullness at the back. A velvet belt with buckle is worn at the waist. Standing collar of velvet; also cuffs. Six to seven yards of dotted satin for the underskirt, six to eight yards of double-fold cashmere for the overdress and basque, will be required.

No. 4—Is a redingote, of silk, cloth, or camel's-hair. It is to be worn over a plain silk or satin skirt, trimmed with three narrow knife-plaitings.

No. 5.

It is almost needless to say this costume should be of entirely black material. The passementerie trimmings for the front of the waist, shoulders, and back, are all of black chenille. Many ladies would prefer the garment perfectly plain, simply buttoned in front, and at the back a handsome sash bow and ends of velvet; or even that may be dispensed with and only two buttons used at the points where the plaits forming the fullness at the back turn under. Eight to nine yards of twenty-four inch silk or satin, or six yards of double-fold material, will be required.

No. 6.

No. 5—Is a coat, of drab cloth, for a little girl

No. 7.

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of six to eight years. The garment is cut with closely-fitting sacque-fronts, and two double box-plaits from the waist at the back forming the fullness for the skirt at the back. A small shoulder-cape, lined with silk, and trimmed with a band of plush, velvet, or fur, is fastened in front with two large silk buttons and loop of cord. Cuffs to match. A broad sash is tied at the right side just below the waist-line. This is altogether optional. We think the garment rather more stylish without the sash.

No. 6—Is a combined house and walking-costume, for a little girl of six to eight years. It is of cashmere, merino, or camel's-hair. The elongated waist has a double box-plait in front, and a corresponding one at the back. Two knife-plaited ruffles form the trimming for the skirt,

No. 8.

where the skirt joins the waist. A sash of velvet ribbon is arranged with long loops and ends both back and front, as seen in the illustration. The shoulder-cape is adjustable, and is of plush or velvet. Cuffs to match.

No. 7.—For a baby. We give here a tucked yoke, with skirt tucked into it as far as the waist in front, and loose at the back. A band of insertion is arranged at the waist, and strings tie from it to the back.

No. 8—Is a winter-coat, for a boy of five to seven years. It is made of brocaded velvet, and

No. 9.

trimmed with a band of fur on the bottom, on the sleeves, and at the throat. The coat is double-breasted, and buttons diagonally from the right to the left side. This model is equally suitable for plain or fancy cloth or velveteen.

No. 9—Is a costume for a boy or girl of four to five years. The skirt is of tartan plaid, set in box-plaits upon a petticoat-body. Under the edge of the skirt a tiny knife-plaited ruffle shows, of the plain material, which is cashmere. The bodice fits the figure like a little basque, and has a plaited vest in front. The back is cut in two square tabs from the side-seams to the middle back-seam, and trimmed with a flat worsted braid. The sash is tied across the front and under the tabs, the bow and ends coming out at the back. A deep sailor-collar, edged with braid, and cuffs to match, complete this costume.

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THE CARMEN JACKET.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give here a back and front view of the newest style of jacket that has come out this season. It is called "THE CARMEN JACKET," and is quite the most fashionable affair of its kind. Folded in with the number is a SUPPLEMENT, containing full-size patterns by which to cut it out. The jacket consists, as will be seen, of five pieces, viz:

No. 1.—HALF OF FRONT.
No. 2.—HALF OF SIDE-FRONT.
No. 3.—HALF OF BACK.
No 4.—HALF OF SIDE-BACK.
No. 5.—SLEEVE.

The letters on the SUPPLEMENT show how the pieces are to be put together. If the sleeve needs lengthening, it must be added to at the bottom. The skirt of the jacket can also be lengthened, if desired, without altering the style. The jacket is made of brocaded velvet, trimmed with bands of fur. Plain velvet or cloth will be equally stylish, trimmed with Astrakan.

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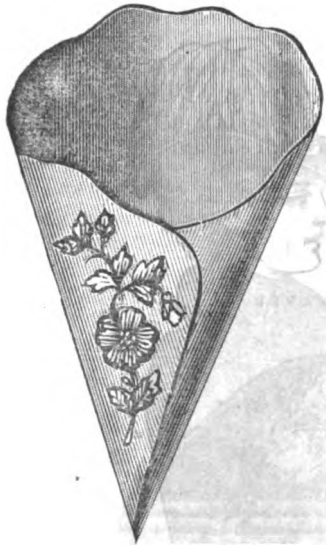
TOILET-TABLE POCKET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This useful little receptacle is made of plush, with a tiny spray embroidered on one corner. It is then stretched over card-board, and lined with silk; folded in shape, and suspended by a loop.

LADIES' PATTERNS.

Any style in this number will be sent by mail on receipt of full price for corresponding article in price list below. Patterns will be put together and plainly marked. Patterns designed to order.

Princess Dress: Plain,	.50
" " with drapery and trimming,	1.00
Polonaise,	.50
Combination Walking Suits,	1.00
Trimmed Skirts,	.50
Watteau Wrapper,	.50
Plain or Gored Wrappers,	.35
Basques,	.35
Coats,	.35
" with vests or skirts cut off,	.50
Overskirts,	.35
Talmas and Dolmans,	.35
Waterproofs and Circulars,	.35
Ulsters,	.35

CHILDREN'S PATTERNS.

Dresses: Plain,	.25	Basques and Coats,	.25
Combination Suits,	.35	Coats & Vests or Cut Skirts	.35
Skirts and Overskirts,	.25	Wrappers,	.25
Polonaise: Plain,	.25	Waterproofs, Circulars	
" Fancy,	.35	and Ulsters,	.25

BOYS' PATTERNS.

Jackets,	.25	Wrappers,	.25
Pants,	.20	Gents' Shirts,	.50
Vests,	.20	" Wrappers,	.30
Ulsters,	.30		

Infant's wardrobe, including seven pieces, $1.00: Slip, Dress, Baricoat, Band, Shirt, Bib, Cloak.

We have marked in the catalogue the patterns we always keep in stock.

In sending orders for Patterns, please send the number and month of Magazine, also No. of page or figure or anything definite, and also whether for lady or child. Address, Mrs. M. A. Jones, 28 South Eighth Street, Philadelphia.

COLORED PATTERN: TRELLIS-WORK.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

Always on the lookout for novelties for "Peterson," we give, in the front of the number, a new style of work, called Trellis-work, printed in the appropriate colors—one of those costly and beautiful embellishments, more expensive than many chromos, only to be found in this magazine.

It is especially suitable for chair-backs, mantel-piece valances, etc., or, in summer, for chimney-screens. It can also be appliquéd as bordering to curtains, or to the panels of standing screens. The materials required are slate-colored strong linen or brown holland for the backing, scarlet sateen, dark-green sateen, or cretonne for the leaves and flowers, and gold American-cloth for the trellis-staves.

For embroidering, various shades of floselle are used—two shades of scarlet, two of crimson, two of brown, one purple, one fawn, one light-yellow, and several of green and old-gold.

Commence and proceed with the work as follows: Cut two pieces of linen the size required for your piece of work. Lay them one over the other. Cut some strips of the gold-cloth half an inch wide; fasten them firmly down to the linen in the form of a trellis, by taking the stitches across the strips, not through them. Draw with a pencil the flowers and buds on the scarlet sateen, and cut them out with a pair of scissors. Proceed in the same way on the green and brown sateen or cretonne for the leaves, stalks, and calices. Fasten the flowers and buds in their

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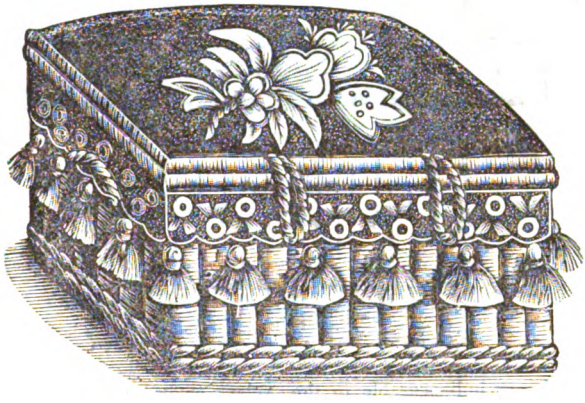
places with a needle and white cotton, and work the outlines with open buttonhole-stitch, marking the shape of the leaves where they overlap with three or four strands of the darkest shade of scarlet silk.

Now fasten down the calices, leaves, and stalks, and overcast them in the same way with different shades of green, old-gold, and brown. Shade the flowers and the buds with the lighter scarlets and crimsons. Work in the centres of the flowers with purple, fawn, dark-brown, and yellow-green. Put in the pistils and the stamens with light-yellow and a little bright-green. Vein the leaves in greens, browns, and old-golds. Overcast the under side of the gold trellis with dark-brown, and the upper side with light-brown. Then work on the top of the overcasting one row of crewel-stitch (taking the stitches into the silk, not into the gold-cloth), with the corresponding shades of brown. Now, with a sharp-pointed pair of scissors, cut away carefully all the backing that shows on the right side of the work. It may be necessary to put a few threads of black or green silk across the back of the work, in any places where the points of the leaves or flowers would curl up.

MUSIC BASKET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This is a time when everything is being utilized, whilst adding to the brightness of the room. The music-basket is composed of a strong square brown wicker-basket, mounted on white castors. The top is covered with a cushion, forming a seat. The embroidery is on black or dark-maroon velvet or cloth, and worked with crewels, with some few stitches in silks to brighten the work. Any simple design of flowers and leaves. The lambrequin is of good merino, the rounds worked in deep points; the rest in stem-stitch and point-lancés. Large pompons of wool of different colors are attached to every other scallop of the lambrequin, and nearly cover the rest of the basket. The basket is used for sheet-music or light fancy-work. Two loops of heavy cord are adjusted to the lid, to use in opening.

FOLDING-SCREEN FOR PHOTOGRAPHS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number we give engravings of a folding-screen for photographs, and also of one of the frames, full size. The folding-screen, as will be seen, is arranged to contain four *cartes-de-visite*. The frames are fastened together, and fold one above the other. They are covered with satin, and embroidered *en passé*, representing forget-me-nots, leaves, and buds, as will be seen from the full-sized one we have engraved. This would be a charming affair for a Christmas-gift.

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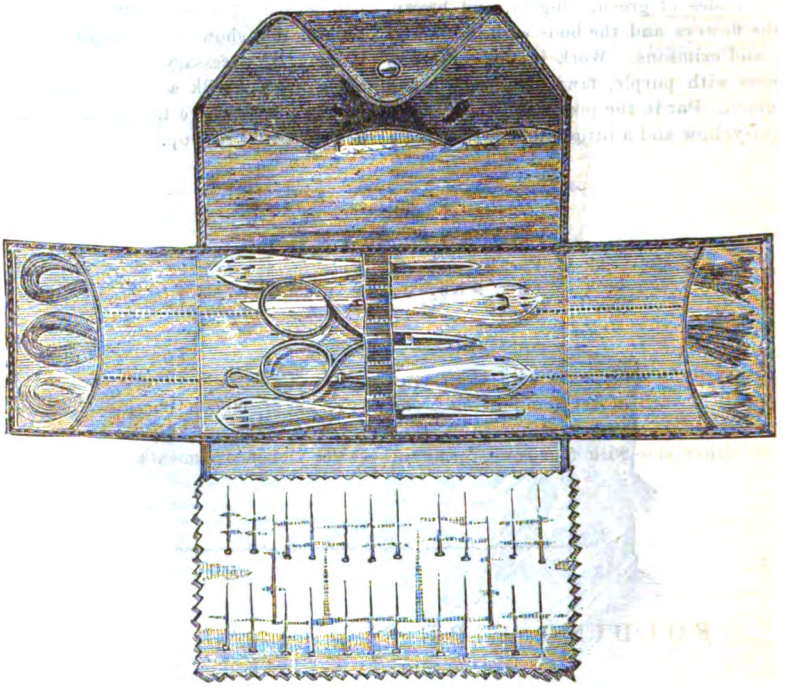
HOUSEWIFE: WITH DETAIL OF EMBROIDERY.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



A housewife is almost indispensable to the traveler of either sex. The model here illustrated is eminently simple and useful, containing, as it does, needles, pins, silk, thread, and instruments for working; and in the pocket are buttons, hooks, thimble, etc. Either cloth, velvet, or dull kid can be used for the outside, the lining being of silk, with a flannel leaf for the pins. The design of ivy-leaves can be either embroidered in silks or crewels. If kid be used for the outside, the design may be painted. An excellent thing for a Christmas gift.

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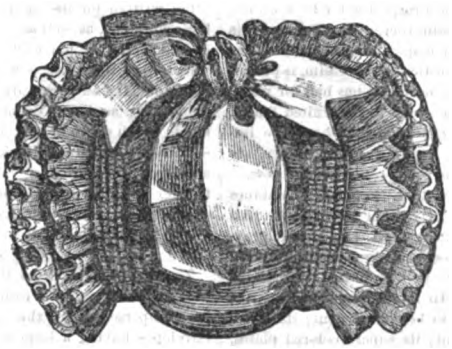
MUFF OF SATIN OR SILK.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This dressy little muff is made of black satin or silk. Half a yard of satin, cut in half, and the two breadths sewed together, and then gauged at either side with four rows, forms the centre of the muff. Two gathered ruffles of the satin or of ribbon trim the sides. Line and wad with silk and wool. A bow and ends of velvet ribbon ornaments the top.

FOLDING FIRE-SCREEN, ETC., ETC.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number we give a very beautiful artistic design for a folding-screen that may be used for a fire-place, or to shut off a draught from a door, etc., etc. It is designed expressly for needle-work, and should be executed in crewels and silks. Each fold of the screen is divided into three panels—the upper one for the birds, the middle portion for the rose design, and the lower for the fish. The rose—as will be seen in the illustration—is done on a light ground, while the bottom and top panels are the reverse. A very good material for embroidering on is cashmere, which can be had in every shade of color, from dark olive-green to lightest yellow, so that all tastes can be suited. The birds and fish-panels should be treated rather in outline, and in one tone of color—say blues for the birds, and browns and yellows for the fish. The use of gold thread to indicate the water or clouds would greatly enhance the effect. The rose is drawn very ornamentally, and should be worked in nice tones of green, the stems in reddish-brown, and the flowers in light-pink silk, with a darker red outline and yellow centres. The butterflies should be chosen from those with few colors, such as the whites, sulphur, and clouded-yellow. The color of the ground might be light lemon-yellow or yellow-green, or even a salmon tint; and the flowers and butterflies must be made darker or lighter, as looks the more effective.

The advantage of dividing up the leaves of the screen into two or three panels is that you gain variety by being enabled to treat each panel in a different way. If each pattern be in all the panels, it is difficult to avoid monotony; whereas, by introducing different birds and fish, it gives additional interest. The frame itself is improved, too, and is certainly made stronger, the cross-bars giving great support to the uprights.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

"PETERSON" FOR 1884. STILL GREATER INDUCEMENTS THAN EVER!—We call attention to the Prospectus for 1884, on the last page of the cover. We claim there that "Peterson" is both *better and cheaper* than any magazine of its kind. That the public at large admits the justice of this claim, is proved by the fact that "Peterson" has now, and has had for years, *the largest circulation of any lady's-book* in the United States, or even in the world. For 1884 "Peterson" will be improved still more, however. Among other things, *the reading matter will be greatly increased, even over this year.*

It is now universally admitted that "Peterson" combines more desirable qualities than any other lady's-book. All others, at best, play but a secondary part. Its steel-engravings are the finest: and a steel-engraving is the finest of all engravings. Its stories are the best published: no lady's-book has such contributors. In its fashion department, it has long been acknowledged to be pre-eminent; its styles are the newest and most elegant; its superb colored plates, printed from steel, are the only ones now given in the United States. The dress-patterns and the "Every-Day" department make it indispensable in a family *as a matter of economy.* No other lady's-book gives such illustrated stories and other articles. Where but one magazine is taken, "Peterson" should be that magazine; and every family that pretends to culture and refinement should take at least one magazine.

We continue to offer four kinds of clubs. For one kind, the premium is the unrivaled illustrated volume, "The Golden Gift," or the large engraving, "Tired Out," whichever is preferred. For another kind, the premium is a copy of "Peterson" for 1884. For still another kind, there are two premiums: "The Golden Gift" or "Tired Out" *and* a copy of "Peterson." For our very largest clubs, the magazine and both "The Golden Gift" and "Tired Out" are given—*three premiums in all!* No other magazine offers such inducements. Only our immense circulation enables *us* to do it.

Now is the time to get up clubs. Everybody will subscribe for "Peterson," if its merits and cheapness are fairly put before them. *Be first in the field.* A specimen will be sent, gratis, if written for. *Do not lose a moment.*

WHY WILL PEOPLE BE CHEATED?—A lady writes to us complaining that she was induced, by the promise of a chromo, to subscribe for a magazine, which, "when it came," she adds, "was worthless." She also says that the chromo was of the cheapest kind—"not near as expensive, apparently, as the colored patterns," to use her own words, "which 'Peterson' gives monthly." She asks us, in conclusion, what remedy she has. Of course, none at all. She ought to have known that if a magazine offers a premium to every subscriber, it must be because the magazine is not worth the money asked for it. This is the common-sense view. Why people allow themselves to be cheated in this way has always been a marvel to us. They ought to be too wide awake for it.

WE NEVER CONTINUE any stories from one year into another. It looks too much like a trick to force readers to subscribe again. "Peterson" wishes its old friends to renew voluntarily, feeling they are getting the worth of their money, or not to renew at all.

THE AUTHOR OF "JOSIAH ALLEN."—A subscriber asks us the real name of this author. It is Marietta Holley. She has often written for us—as old subscribers remember—under her own name, as well as under her fictitious one. A friend of hers describes her as "a most winsome lady, with large brown eyes that possess wonderful magnetism. Her presence," her friend says, "draws one to her side with as much persistency as ever. Samantha held her Josiah Allen in bonds which death alone could sever. She is full of humor—brimful—enjoying with keen zest the repartee, anecdote, and society of friends. Withal an earnest worker and teacher of the truth. Under all the humor, inexhaustible as it appears in her writings, there is really an earnestness often amounting to real pathos."

THE FASHION IN NOTE-PAPER is undergoing a change. The ragged-edged, or "torn-off" style, as it was called, has been superseded by the crocodile-skin paper, with the envelopes having a large square flap, like a pocket-book. The newest monogram is composed of two Roman letters—the initial of the surname in gold, and that of the Christian name in a single rich color. Young ladies have a fac-simile of their signature of their Christian or pet-name stamped in silver, gold, or bronze, transversely on one of the upper corners of the paper. The envelope must be perfectly plain.

A VERY BEAUTIFUL CURTAIN may be made out of a green-grounded cretonne, or crape-cloth, with a floral pattern running over it. Outline the material with crewels, a stitch of silk here and there; or if you get the cretonne of a plain ground, and add three-quarters of a yard of flowered cretonne for a border, you have an even cheaper but almost equally pretty curtain. Such curtains are very appropriate for bed-rooms.

THE RIGHT KIND OF MEDICINE.—A lady writes to us: "I have been sick, and the doctor says I have been overworked; and my husband wants me to take medicine; and the doctor says I know best what sort of medicine I want. So, as I always felt rested and refreshed after perusing our old favorite, 'Peterson,' I send two dollars for subscription for next year, quite sure that it is the best medicine I can take." *We* are quite sure it is.

A CHRISTMAS GIFT.—We give, this month, an unusually beautiful, as well as costly, colored pattern, in a new kind of work. "Peterson" is always foremost in introducing these new styles. We did it for the ribbon-work embroidery, etc., etc., years ago. This expensive pattern we offer to our subscribers as a Christmas-gift.

OUR TITLE-PAGE for this year represents an elder sister, followed by her younger brothers and sisters, going to their mother's chamber-door, on Christmas-morning, with their gifts for her. We think it one of the prettiest we have ever published.

THE ILLUSTRATED ALBUM, so popular with club-getters, will be sent for 1884, in place of the "Golden Gift," if preferred.

THE PRETTIEST PRESENT to make a wife, sister, or sweetheart is a subscription to "Peterson" for 1884.

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"THE GOLDEN GIFT"—OUR SPLENDID PREMIUM.—Our principal premium for getting up clubs for 1884 is a beautiful volume for the centre-table, similar in size and general appearance to our popular ILLUSTRATED ALBUM, but differing from that, and excelling it, in the fact, among other things, that it contains nearly twice as many steel-engravings. It will be richly bound in morocco cloth, with gilt edges, etc., etc. We offer this choice volume because many persons write that they have enough engravings for framing, and would prefer something else, for once, for a premium. We have never offered any premium that, on the whole, is so costly and elegant as the "Golden Gift."

We have, however, as usual, a large-size steel-plate for a premium, so that persons getting up clubs can have it, if they prefer it to the "Golden Gift." The size is twenty-seven by twenty inches. The picture represents a fond mother carrying her little-one up to bed, and is entitled "Tired Out." It would frame charmingly for the parlor or sitting-room. Or, if preferred, we will send the "Christ Before Pilate," or any one of our other beautiful and large-size premium engravings.

We will also give, for some of the clubs, an extra copy of the magazine for 1884; and, for large clubs, an extra copy, as well as the "Golden Gift" and "Tired Out." Now is the time to get up your clubs for 1884. *Send for a specimen to canvass with.* "Peterson" is the cheapest and best of all the lady's-books.

MENUS AT A DINNER-TABLE are going out of fashion, the costly shape which they had begun to assume having led many hosts to discountenance them. Frequently ten dollars apiece were paid for them. This, it seems to us, was the very essence of vulgarity, and the suppression of such, at least, is not to be regretted.

NO OTHER MAGAZINE of equal merit is as low-priced as "Peterson." No other is as cheap. No other gives premiums, really as good, for so little work. Subscribe, therefore, or get up a club for 1884, and earn a copy free, or the "Golden Gift," or both.

THE TRUE ARISTOCRACY of these United States is not the merely rich, says the New York Sun, for many such are insufferably vulgar; but all those who, whether rich or not, are intelligent and accomplished in mind, and gracious, refined, and sweet in manners.

THE JANUARY NUMBER will be ready by the 25th of November, for mail subscribers. Specimens will be sent, gratis, to those wishing to get up clubs. Hurry up your clubs, therefore, so as to get that "prize" number as soon as it is off the press. It will be really magnificent.

SOME EIGHTY THOUSAND DOLLARS were spent on the steel-engravings, colored fashions, colored patterns, and other embellishments of this magazine in 1883. No other lady's-book spent even a quarter as much. What others give are generally third-rate things, that cost little, or nothing.

"CAN'T DO WITHOUT IT."—A lady writes to us, and says: "Owing to my very bad health, I did not get up a club this year. But I can't do without the magazine another year—I miss it so much."

IF YOUR LOCAL NEWS-AGENT says he can't supply odd numbers of "Peterson," write to us, and, for eighteen cents a number, we will send by mail, postage free, all the numbers you wish.

"BEST I EVER SAW."—A subscriber writes: "I took your magazine this year, and think it the best I ever saw. I would like, for next year, to get up a club: so please send a specimen."

THE POPULARITY OF A MAGAZINE or newspaper can always be told by the pressure of advertisements on its pages. Advertisers are shrewd. They soon find out what has the largest circulation, from the answers to their advertisements. We print advertisements in "Peterson" extra, it must be remembered, however; and not at the expense of the reading matter: and this month give eight pages in addition, in the front of the number. Unless "Peterson" had, as it claims, a larger circulation than all the other lady's-books combined, it would not be such a favorite with advertisers. With the subscribers these advertisements, we find, are quite popular. "They tell us," writes a lady, "where to buy everything we want, and at the lowest prices. They add greatly to the value of the magazine."

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

Francatelli's Modern Cook-Book. 1 *vol.*, 8*vo.* *Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—Undoubtedly this is the best high-class cook-book extant. Every club, every hotel, every family that wants good food, ought to have a copy of it. This, too, is a new edition, reprinted from the twenty-sixth London one, with large additions, and Francatelli's instructions for serving a dinner, etc., etc. In all, there are fourteen hundred and eighty receipts, and sixty-two illustrations, in this handsome volume of six hundred pages. Francatelli, as is well known, was for a long time Queen Victoria's chief cook. If good cooking was more generally understood in these United States, there would be less indigestion.

Bible-Stories For Young Children. By Caroline Hadley. Illustrated. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo.* *Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.*—Of its kind, a good specimen. But, after all, are not the Bible-stories, in themselves, sufficient? We never meet books of this kind without remembering what old Doctor Alexander, at Princeton, once said to a college-student, who had recited before him a paraphrase of the crossing of the Red Sea by the Israelites. "Young man, you can't beat Moses."

Our Young Folks' Plutarch. Edited by Rosalie Kaufman. 1 *vol., small* 8*vo.* *Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.*—The writing of books for children—writing down, as it is called, to the juvenile capacity—has been, in our opinion, quite overdone. A book, to be really beneficial to a child, ought to be rather above its capacity. We are glad, therefore, to see our old favorite—Plutarch—appear in this shape.

Young Folks' Whys And Wherefores. A Story. By Uncle Lawrence. 1 *vol.*, 8*vo.* *Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.*—This volume, exquisitely printed and beautifully illustrated, is full of information—principally scientific—told conversationally, and in a way to bring it within the comprehension of quite young children.

Two Kisses. By Hawley Smart. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo.* *Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—A bright, breezy story, quite ahead of most of those recently published, and presented in that neat form, with mellow-tinted paper, which makes the books of T. B. Peterson & Brothers so popular.

Two Years at Hilleboro. By Julia Nelson. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo.* *Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.*—For a first effort, a very successful one—the chief merit of the story being that it is sketched from real life, and is not, as so many novels are, "evolved from the inner consciousness."

An Ugly Heroine. By Christine Faber. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo.* *Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.*—A novel of domestic life, the story well told, the characters naturally drawn—altogether a very readable fiction, one of the best of the season.

June. By Mrs. Forrester. 1 *vol*, 12*mo.* *Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.*—The novels of this lady are always sprightly, and always love-stories—two elements sure to win popularity. "June," too, is one of her very best.

Her Second Love. By Ashford Owen. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo.* *Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—This is an English novel, a love-story, and one full of complications. The interest begins at once, and is kept up to the last.

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OUR ARM-CHAIR.

SUBSCRIBE TO "PETERSON" FOR 1884.—Our old subscribers need no proof of the superiority of "Peterson" to other lady's-books at the same price. But it is well for our friends, when soliciting new subscribers to their clubs, to be able to show what the newspaper-press thinks of "Peterson." No other monthly, in fact, receives such praise. The Williamsport (Pa.) Bulletin says of it: "Recognized among ladies as the best of its kind. No family can well get on without it." The Savannah (Mo.) Reporter says: "Always ahead of others." The Seling (Texas) Signal says: "The stories are always superior; the illustrations are alone worth the price of the number." The Galesburg (Ill.) Register says: "It is a standing wonder how so fine a magazine can be published at so low a price: the puzzle is only to be explained by its immense circulation. The ladies have learned that they cannot afford to do without it. If you have not subscribed for it, lose no time, but subscribe at once." The Mifflintown (Pa.) Register says: "The exclamation of everyone on seeing this magazine is: 'How beautiful!' The fashion department is so complete that no lady of taste can afford to do without it." Says the Lexington (S. C.) Despatch: "Every lady should subscribe for 'Peterson.' It is an indispensable household article, and the subscription-price places it within the reach of all." It is the boast of "Peterson" that it is no flashy, clap-trap affair. What it promises it performs: hence its unrivaled circulation. *No other lady's-book gives so much at so low a price.* But this is not all. Everything in "Peterson" is of the best: steel-engravings, instead of wood-cuts, for its principal illustrations; colored fashions printed from steel, instead of coarsely lithographed; original stories, novelets, etc., by the best American writers, instead of second-rate articles filched from English magazines. Everything, in short, refined, elegant, and costly: first-class, in other words, in every way—just the magazine for a cultivated lady to take. "When I go into a house," writes a lecturer to us, "and see 'Peterson' on the centre-table, it is a warranty that I am among people of taste."

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE—OVERWORKED NERVOUS SYSTEMS.—Dr. Edward L. Duer, Philadelphia, says: "I consider it valuable in overworked nervous systems."

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

[MEDICAL BOTANY—OF THE GARDEN, FIELD, AND FOREST.]

BY ABRAM LIVSEY, A. M., M. D.

No. XI.—LOCUST-TREE—MAGNOLIAS.

THE LOCUST—*Robinia pseudo-acacia*—is an indigenous tree well known to persons living in the country; valued by farmers for fence-posts, on account of the durability of its wood, and admired by all for its beautiful foliage and sweetness of its flowers. Its leaves are odd-pinnate in several pairs; flowers white, fragrant, in axillary loose pendulous racemes several inches long.

Introduced in this series because it has recently been highly recommended in that form of dyspepsia characterized by acidity and fermentation of food. A tincture is made of the bark of the root in the usual manner, and taken in small doses—ten drops to a teaspoonful—before meals. By some it is claimed to be purgative and emetic, if not poisonous, in large doses.

The ROSE-ACACIA—*Robinia hispida*—is a shrub, with beautiful, somewhat pendulous, racemes of large rose-red flowers, with little or no odor. Found wild in the mountains South, growing to height of three to eight feet; seen also in gardens North.

MAGNOLIA—*M. glauca*; called also, in the South, white or sweet bay, and by some it is known as the swamp-sassafras and beaver-tree. The flowers are large, terminal, cup-shaped, cream-colored, of strong but pleasant odor; fruit conical, about one inch long, many-celled, each cell containing a single scarlet seed. Found growing along the coast from the North-eastern States to the Gulf: more abundant as we go southward, generally growing in swamps or damp grounds. Small tree or shrub. Leaves nearly evergreen (South), obtuse, glaucous, white beneath.

Magnolia grandiflora—Big Laurel. Found in swampy woods, South, eighty feet high. Leaves evergreen, rusty-downy beneath. Flowers nine inches broad, white; leaves seven by four inches.

Magnolia acuminata—Cucumber-tree. Not so large as the preceding. Leaves oval, acuminate, and scattered; flowers about three to four inches broad, with obovate petals. The cones of the fruit resemble somewhat a small cucumber—hence, probably, its name.

Magnolia umbrella—Umbrella-tree. Found also in the Southern States; about twenty-five feet high. Leaves are very large, cuneate-lanceolate, whorled at the ends of the branches, resembling an open umbrella—hence its name.

There are other species, besides the following two, which are cultivated: *M. conspicua* (*Yulan*) and *M. purpurea*. The petals of the former are cream-white, erect, six to nine in number, appearing before the leaves in the early spring. The petals of the latter are six—erect, lilac-purple outside, preceding also the leaves. Both are seen ten to fifteen feet high; natives of China.

The magnolias are named for Prof. Magnol, a distinguished French botanist of the seventeenth century.

The bark from the roots of the first species, powdered, is generally used in medicine. It is a gentle aromatic tonic and diaphoretic, and, given in teaspoonful doses, has been used with success in intermittents and remittents, as well as in chronic rheumatism. A few ounces may be put in a pint of whiskey, and used in teaspoonful or tablespoonful doses three or four times a day, in chronic rheumatism.

The magnoliads have not been included in this series of papers on account of their medicinal value or uses to mothers, but for the purpose of interesting them and their daughters in the beautiful flora of our beauteous earth. And now, as we are again approaching the winter's solstice, mothers should be very watchful of those under their care. See (by personal inspection) that they are properly cared for—are warmly clothed, not the body only, but the limbs also, looking well to the feet. Damp, cold, and wet feet, incurred in going to or returning from school, or in doing errands, *and neglected subsequently*, are the prolific source of much sickness, suffering, and death. The preacher may comfort mothers by speaking lovingly of the dispensations of Providence, His mysterious ways, etc., etc.; but the conscientious doctor will tell her, in these cases, that sickness generally arises from sad neglect—an unfulfilled duty—and that Providence willeth not that the young should die.

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

☞Everything relating to this department should be addressed "Puzzle Editor," PETERSON'S MAGAZINE, Lock Box 437, Marblehead, Mass.

No. 213.—DOUBLE DIAMOND.

Across.—1. A letter. 2. A beverage. 3. A measure. 4. A grain. 5. A letter.

Down.—1. A letter. 2. A resinous substance. 3. A mineral. 4. A measure. 5. A letter.

Denton, Md. M. A. M.

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No. 214.—Central Deletions.

1. In France, a city, the centre away,
Reveals an animal often we slay.

2. Of a fruit the centre delete—
A male name your gaze will meet.

3. A native of a foreign town—
A beast with spots both white and brown.

New Orleans, La. Demore.

No. 215.—Hour-Glass.

1. Explainers. 2. A fall of hail, or snow, mingled with rain. 3. Metal. 4. A letter. 5 To dwell upon. 6. Parts of the body. 7. A model.

The centrals, downward, name one of the United States.

Marblehead, Mass. Phinaulté.

Answers Next Month.

Answers to Puzzles in the November Number.

No. 209.

1. Glass, lass 2. Wheat, heat. 3. Stone, tone. 4. Swing, wing. 5. Gale, ale. 6. Cloud, loud.

No. 210

"Strain at a gnat, and swallow a camel."

No. 211.

Dandelion.

No. 212.

D E N O T E R
D E R I D E R
D E M I S E S
S E T O N I C
R E L A D E N
D E M E R I T
R E S E N D S

CHRISTMAS GAMES.

Confidences is a capital game in its way. One lady whispers a remark to her neighbor about someone present. She would say, perhaps: "Young Mr. Jones was coming home from a party last night, and lost his way in the fog, and had to leave his carriage, and walk home with two boys carrying lanterns." And this is whispered hurriedly from person to person round the circle, and the amusing part of it is to discover how the story has become altered by being passed on in this manner.

Many games are played entirely for the amusement of children, and only joined in by the elders with that object. It is not always easy at the moment to hit upon something to please children, other than romping-games, such as "Post," "Blind Man's Buff," "Puss in the Corner," "Hide and Seek," "Magic Music," "Oranges and Lemons," "Throwing the Handkerchief," etc. But these games, although very well for the nursery or for the play-room on a wet day, or for the garden on a summer's day, occasion a good deal of noise when played in a drawing-room. Children are apt to become rough and quarrelsome when these boisterous games are indulged in for any length of time, and parents generally prefer to see their children amused and interested in a quieter way. "Shadows" is a good game wherewith to amuse children, but it is best to play it in the school-room or in the dining-room. The plan is to fix a linen sheet across the room, and to place a lamp on the floor behind it; the actors dance and perform a sort of pantomime, with much gesticulation and many quaint antics, and the shadows thus formed on the sheet are a source of great delight to the young spectators.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

MEATS.

Chicken Pie.—Cut the chickens in pieces as for a fricassee. Cover the bottom of the dish with a layer of veal and ham, season with parsley, pepper, and salt; add a little gravy, then place the chicken in neat order, and in each cavity put slices of hard-boiled egg. Repeat the seasoning and sauce, lay a few thin slices of ham on the top, cover the pie with puff-paste, ornament it with leaves of paste, egg the pie over with a paste-brush, and bake one hour and a half.

Pork Steaks.—Cut the pork into slices, season with Cayenne pepper, salt, and pulverized sage. Fry them a fine brown on both sides. Place a form of cranberry-sauce in the centre of the dish, and lay the slices of pork around it. Apple-sauce may be preferred to the cranberry—in which case it must be piled up in the centre of the dish.

VEGETABLES.

How to Fry Potatoes.—Boil some potatoes in their skins; when cold, peel them, cut them in slices a quarter of an inch thick, and fry them in beef-dripping a nice brown; when done, take them out with a slice to drain any grease from them, and serve piled as a pyramid on a hot dish.

Oyster Macaroni.—Boil macaroni in a cloth to keep it straight. Put a layer in a dish seasoned with butter, salt, and pepper, then a layer of oysters; alternate until the dish is full Mix some grated bread with a beaten egg, spread over the top, and bake.

DESSERTS.

CHRISTMAS COOKERY.

Mincemeat.—Two pounds of fresh beef-suet, carefully minced and freed from all skin or hard pieces; two pounds of currants; two pounds of sultana raisins, well washed and rubbed in a linen cloth; one pound of large raisins, stoned and minced separately; two pounds of apples (after being pared and cored); two ounces of mixed spices; two glasses of brown sherry and one glass of brandy poured over the above. It should be packed down tightly into a jar, and used as required, with plain ordinary paste, not too rich.

Mincemeat.—One pound and a half of beef-suet, one pound and a half of apples, one pound and a half of raisins, one pound and a half of currants, one pound and a half of moist sugar, one-fourth of a pound of candied peel, half a tumblerful each of sherry and pale brandy; the juice and grated rind of two lemons; one pinch of salt, powdered mace, nutmeg, and cinnamon to taste. Chop the dry ingredients all rather fine, and when well mixed, pour on the sherry and brandy.

Plum Puddings.—Two pounds of raisins stoned and chopped a little, two pounds of currants, two pounds of suet, one pound of moist sugar, four or five large spoonfuls of flour, the yolks of eight eggs and the whites of five, two pounds of breadcrumb, a little lemon-peel, a little candied peel and spice, two ounces of sweet almonds pounded well, two glasses of brandy. Boil for eight hours.

Four pounds of raisins, four pounds of currants, one pound of mixed peel, one-fourth pound of sweet almonds (cut very fine), one and one-fourth pounds of beef-suet, one and a half pounds of flour, half a nutmeg, one small teaspoonful of mixed spice, twelve eggs, half a pint of brandy,

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one small teaspoonful of salt. To be made into two puddings, and boiled eight hours each.

CAKES.

Crullers.—Rub two ounces of butter into ten ounces of flour and a tablespoonful of white sugar. Knead into a stiff paste, with three eggs beaten; if the eggs are not sufficient to moisten the flour, a spoonful of milk can be added. Flavor with lemon or almond, and leave it an hour covered with a cloth. Pinch off pieces the size of small eggs; roll them out into an oval shape the size of your hand and the thickness of half a crown. Cut three slits, with a paste-cutter or knife, in the centre of each oval; cross the two middle bars, and draw up the two sides between; put your finger through, and drop the cruller into boiling lard in a stewpan wide enough to admit of three at once. Turn them as they rise, and, when a light brown, take them up with a fork and lay them on a dish, with paper underneath them. They are best eaten within two days after they are made; but, if kept longer, it re-crisps them to place them in a moderate oven for ten minutes. Two or three pounds of lard are required, and what is left will do again, with the addition of a little more.

Scotch Short-Bread.—Rub half a pound of fresh butter thoroughly into three-fourths of a pound of fine flour and half a pound of sifted sugar. The secret of making this cake successfully lies in mixing it up into a paste without any liquid, or at least with a very small quantity of it. If the butter is soft and rich, there is no difficulty about this; but if otherwise, a very little milk, cream, brandy, or water must be used. Put the paste on a floured board, and press it out with the hand to the thickness of about half an inch, pinch the edges neatly, press a few comfits on to the top of the cake, and bake it on an iron sheet in a moderate oven. It will take at least half an hour. An usual addition to this cake is pounded citron, one ounce to the above quantity of flour, and the same proportion of sweet and bitter almonds, blanched and pounded.

Pound-Cake.—Beat well together half a pound of butter and half a pound of fine-sifted sugar; when this is thoroughly mixed, add by degrees six eggs, beating well with a whisk as you go on. Mix in one-fourth of a pound of currants (well cleaned dry, and then swelled), the grated peel of a lemon, two ounces of candied peel cut very small, a tablespoonful of brandy, and a few drops of extract of almonds. Lastly, mix in lightly ten ounces of fine flour. Put the cake in small hoops, with three or four thicknesses of buttered paper at the bottom and round the sides, and place on an iron baking-sheet. Ordinary cake-tins can be used if more convenient.

Molasses Pound-Cake.—The ingredients are: one pound and a half of butter, four eggs, one pint of molasses, half a pound of sugar, one pint of milk, one tablespoonful of pearlash; cinnamon, cloves, nutmeg, to your liking; and one gill of brandy. To be mixed the same thickness as pound-cake batter.

MISCELLANEOUS RECEIPTS.

Chapped Hands.—Chapped hands may be in part prevented by carefully and thoroughly drying the skin after washing; and when they occur, can be quickly cured by rubbing the hands over with lemon-juice. When the chaps have been neglected, and suffered to become large, this remedy causes considerable smarting for a few moments; if, however, as soon as the skin of the hands begins to get rough, a cut lemon is rubbed over them after washing, it does not cause pain, but produces a pleasant softness of the skin, and keeps off the evil. If this application is objected to, the following lotion may be used twice a day: Borax, two scruples; glycerine, half an ounce; water, seven ounces.

To Make Good Chocolate.—Do not grind the chocolate. To three pints half milk and half water, hot, but not boiling, add one-quarter of a pound of Baker's common chocolate in the cake, setting in a warm place ten minutes to dissolve. It will look speckled then, and must be set to boil in a shallow saucepan, first stirring in half a pound of coffee-sugar and a spoonful of cinnamon. When the specks disappear, and it looks smooth and creamy all over—which will be in five minutes after it boils—the chocolate is done. It must be stirred well, to prevent burning, while on the fire. Serve as wanted, in a quart pitcher, keeping the rest hot in the saucepan.

Balsam for Chapped Lips.—Take two spoonfuls of clarified honey, with a few drops of lavender-water, or any other perfume. Mix, and anoint the lips frequently.

FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER.

FIG. I.—VISITING-DRESS, OF DARK SMOKE-BLUE SILK. The bottom of the skirt is trimmed with four narrow knife-plaited ruffles; the front is ornamented with an arabesque appliqué of velvet. The tunic, which opens in front, has a narrower trimming of the same kind. The mantle is of chocolate-colored brocade and plain velvet, the back and front being of the velvet, and the sides and full sleeves of the brocade. The brocade is cut in points, and beneath these falls a trimming of colored lace. Bonnet of chocolate-colored velvet, trimmed with smoke-blue feathers and aigrette.

FIG. II.—EVENING-DRESS, OF MAUVE-COLORED SILK, WITH ORIENTAL STRIPED OVERDRESS. The short skirt is made with a very narrow knife-plaiting and three box-plaited ruffles; above the latter is a wide full shell quilling. The Princess overdress is of rich Oriental striped silk, made with paniers, and looped drapery at the back. The bertha and sleeves are of white crêpe-lisse; mauve silk bow on the shoulder, and long mauve feather in the hair.

FIG. III.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF MYRTLE GREEN CAMEL'S-HAIR AND VELVET. The skirt has a narrow knife-plaiting at the bottom; above this, clusters of fluted plaits alternate with wide bands of velvet. The tunic is very much gathered in front, and looped at the back, so as to form a large tournure. The waist and sleeves are plain, and trimmed with velvet bows, fastened with steel buckles.

FIG. IV.—WALKING-DRESS, OF DARK BLUE-GRAY CLOTH. Above the narrow knife-plaiting at the bottom is a band of beaver-fur. The front of the dress is of velvet of a darker shade than the cloth, and is arranged in loose puffs. The Princess overdress is trimmed down the front with a row of beaver on either side, and it has a beaver-fur collar and cuffs. The scarf-drapery is of the velvet, and brandebourgs fasten the dress together. Hat of blue-gray felt, with feathers to match.

FIG. V.—EVENING-DRESS, OF FINE NUN'S-VEILING. The skirt is of light-blue, gathered to the foundation, so as to fall in a loose puff above the ruffles. The bottom is trimmed with alternate ruffles of blue and white nun's-veiling, and above the upper one of blue is a full fall of imitation Mechlin lace. The overdress is of white nun's-veiling, made Princess-shape, opening in front, and forming pointed paniers at the side, and draped slightly in the back. The whole is trimmed with the imitation Mechlin lace and blue ribbon.

FIG. VI.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF DARK-BLUE VELVET. The skirt is edged with a narrow knife-plaiting of dark-blue satin. The skirt and bodice are of the velvet. The overdress is of blue satin, the front being brocaded with different-colored roses, and the back being of the plain dark-blue satin. The pointed bodice has a waistcoat of satin, and the revers are trimmed with lace.

FIG. VII.—REDINGOTE, OF MYRTLE-GREEN CLOTH. It is Princess-shaped, made quite long, and has a plastron-front of ottoman silk, brocaded with green leaves. Small green buttons down the side. The brocaded ottoman silk which

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trims the bottom is cut in square tabs. Green felt hat and feathers.

FIG. VIII.—WALKING-DRESS, OF BROWN NONPAREIL VELVETEEN AND WOVEN BROCHÉ COMBINED. The underskirt and bodice are of the velveteen, and the draperies of the woven brocché. These combinations of velveteens, etc., etc., are very fashionable this season, as see our Paris letter.

FIG. IX.—WALKING-DRESS, OF PLUM-COLORED CACHEMIRE MARGUERITE. The skirt is finished with two narrow knife-plaitings of the cachemire. The panels at the side are ornamented with pointed pieces of the cachemire, fastened with steel buckles; and the front of the waist is trimmed in the same way. The scarf-drapery is made very bouffant at the back.

FIG. X.—WINTER-COAT, OF BROWN BEAVER CLOTH. It is long, but the skirt at the back is laid in large plaits, to make room for the tournure. The pockets, collar, muff, and cuffs are of black Astrakan fur. Brown velvet hat, trimmed with feathers.

FIG. XI.—BLACK CLOTH JACKET, braided in black, and trimmed with cords and brandebourgs.

FIG. XII.—HAT, OF BLACK VELVET. The crown is high, and the brim is turned up at the side. The feathers are black, but the bird is yellow and orange.

FIG. XIII.—BOUQUET-BROOCH, of gold filigree, studded with turquoise.

FIG. XIV.—WINTER-JACKET, OF GRAY DIAGONAL CLOTH. It has sleeve-ornaments and froggings made of Russian braid, and the barrel-buttons are of gimp. The trimming around the bottom, the collar, and cuffs are of chinchilla-fur. Gray felt hat and feathers.

FIG. XV.—BLACK CLOTH JACKET, trimmed with black brandebourgs.

FIG. XVI.—BONNET, OF CHESTNUT-BROWN VELVET, trimmed with brown satin ribbon on the top, and with tea-roses and buds under the brim.

FIG. XVII.—BOWS AND ENDS for the neck, or other ornamentation, of blue-and-gray striped satin ribbon, fastened with a steel bar.

FIG. XVIII.—VISITING-DRESS, OF BLACK SILK. The bodice is cut in tabs at the edge, and is trimmed with black brandebourgs. The large cape is of black plush, and fastened with brandebourgs. The collar is of the Medici-shape, and is faced with black satin; and the cuffs are of plush. The hat is of black beaver, trimmed with black feathers.

GENERAL REMARKS.—All shades of gray are exceedingly popular; but care should be taken to select a warm tone, as the colder ones are so often unbecoming. But our readers have a large range of colors to select from, as browns, greens, and dark-reds are all sought after. In fact, the fancy can always decide the color, and the wearer can be sure to be in the fashion. Two, and even three, materials are much used in making up a dress—silk and velvet, or brocaded satin, or camel's-hair, or any of the numerous rich goods which are now so plentiful, can be employed in the making-up of the new winter-dresses. Both materials may be plain, or one plain and the other figured; in this way, two, or even three, old dresses may be made up to look like a new one of the latest style.

Skirts are still close-clinging in front, but are growing more and more bouffant at the back. Of course, all waists and basques must be cut with sufficient "spring" to allow for the extra fullness at the back.

The mode of making the waists is as varied as possible: long or rather shorter bodices, plain or much-trimmed. Those closed to the throat, or open at the neck, are all equally fashionable, only care must be taken that the open bodice, or the much-trimmed one, is not worn at inappropriate times. For persons whose wardrobe affords but few dresses, the less pronounced and marked ones are in better taste, as the date of a very much trimmed dress is apt to be remembered.

Sleeves are still put in high, and rather full at the shoulders; and the extremely tight sleeves, making the arms look like sticks, are no longer the fashion, though great pains is taken to have this important part of the dress fit well.

Black dresses can be varied in appearance by putting on a gathered jabot of colored silk or satin, with a band of the same round the neck, and a black waistband. A kind of Norfolk jacket is a good deal worn as a dress-bodice, with three plaits back and front, or else with gaugings at the neck and waist. These bodices are cut straight round the jacket, and only extend about six or seven inches below the outside waistband. They are very suitable for slim figures.

Wraps are of all shapes, and in the more dressy kinds are frequently made of two materials; the long square-sleeved Russian cloak is much liked, as it is so comfortable; the tighter-fitting coat or jacket is jaunty-looking, but has the disadvantage of not being easily removed in the house or at church. Lace, chenille—or other kinds of fringe—and fur, are all used. Many of the expensive new cloaks are lined with gay silk or satin; sometimes brocaded silk is employed.

Bonnets are generally small, though larger ones are seen; the crowns are made ample, and often square, to fit the hair, which is now usually worn high on the head.

In hats, the Henri Trois is the leading shape, with its high stiff crown and straight brim. The crowns here are also important, being large enough to take in the coil of hair which the Parisians now set on the top of their heads, having repudiated the classic Greek knot in the nape of the neck.

Felt hats are trimmed with lustreless cloth of light quality, with velvet of short pile, and with terry velvet. The ribbons used are mostly reversible—plain velvet on one side, and repped velvet on the other; then there is the new Astrakan ribbon, woven in loops or tufts.

Gray is likely to be the leading color in millinery, and the newest bonnet-trimmings are steel net and steel lace, woven of metallic threads, but very fine and filmy-looking. Escurial lace and heavy ficelle lace are much used, so are large beads—principally jet or tortoise-shell—in eccentric shapes—pear-shaped, spiked, and oblong.

Dark-red velvet, trimmed with black lace, or having a network of black chenille over it, is also a style that is much liked to brighten up black or other dark costumes. Bonnets partly made of the material of the dress are also popular. Strings are often made of a reversible material—such as velvet on one side, and satin on the other. Silver and gold braids are frequently employed for the whole hat, and at other times trim velvet and satin for more dressy wear. Feathers, wings, and whole birds are much used for hats and bonnets.

OUR PARIS LETTER.

RUE DES PETITS CHAMPS.

Stamped velvet, or rather velvet-flowered satin, is highly in favor this season for handsome toilettes, either for visiting or dinner-dress. The figures are very large, and are in various styles, sometimes the pattern being in dark velvet on satin of a lighter hue, and at others the flowers or fruits are in shades of their natural tints on a pale-colored background. The patterns are very varied, the newest being oak-leaves and acorns in dark velvet on light satin, very large dahlias and chrysanthemums, in the same style, and branches of fruit, such as peaches and plums, in their natural colors, as finely shaded as a water-color, on cream-white or pale-blue satin. The new copper-red—known as volcano-color—blends admirably with the last style of material.

Worth now shows for walking-dresses a front in stamped

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velvet placed over the underskirt, which is in satin, the draped back of the skirt being in satin. Another of his models blends satin, ottoman-silk, and velvet, the skirt-front having an apron-overskirt of ottoman-silk caught up to the waist at one side so as to show a satin underskirt, plaited from waist to hem, and bordered with a two-inch wide band of velvet. The back of the skirt is formed of velvet draperies, and the corsage is a plain short cuirass of velvet.

Worth is employing a dark rich shade of brown very extensively, even for full-dress occasions. In satin, combined with a brilliant gold-yellow, the effect of this hue is admirable.

Cloaks of stamped velvet, in dark colors, lined with satin or plush in vivid violet or scarlet, and trimmed with bead fringes and passementerie, are very much in vogue. Almost any shape can be worn, the styles being decidedly eclectic. In the way of trimmings, heavy handsome fringes in jet beads and chenille are the most effective. Less costly, and very showy, are the wide network fringes in narrow worsted braid, hung with round balls, which are used for covering the underskirts of walking-dresses in cashmere. They are worn in hues contrasting with the underskirt itself: such as red on navy-blue, black on dove-color, or silver-gray and dark-brown on beige-color. There is a positive run on neutral-tints this season, all shades of brown and gray being especially favored — that is, so far as dresses and cloaks are concerned.

Bonnets and hats—to relieve the more sombre hues of the costumes—are frequently shown in very brilliant colors. The bonnets are still very small, but there is a slight modification in the crowns, which are sometimes seen in set flat shapes. For ornamenting bonnets in dark velvet, the head and neck of a tropical bird, in very delicate hues, are combined with the breast of another bird, also in some pale tint, and the effect is exquisite — the palest pinks, blues, and cream-tints in plumage being employed on dark brown and olive-green velvet. Scarlet-velvet roses shrouded in black lace are seen on the small capote-bonnets of a darker red. Bonnets of pale-blue or of pale-pink English crape, with fronts formed of a puff of velvet matching the crape in hue, are shown for evening-wear. The bonnet is formed of crossed scarfs of the crape at the back, meeting the puffed velvet brim.

Morning-dresses are more elegant and elaborate than ever. The richest styles are formed of Princess-cut dresses —that is, all in one—of plush or ottoman-silk, trimmed with fur, and opening over elaborate lace underskirts. Sometimes the underskirt is composed of a series of narrow lace flounces; at others, it is formed of full or transverse draperies of lace, or rather of rich silk lace-net. If the wearer has a very slender figure, a blouse-vest of the lace is admissible, confined in place by a sash of narrow satin ribbon. A less dressy morning-toilette is composed of a sacque and skirt in cashmere. The first is rather short, and is bordered by an inch-and-a-half-wide plaiting of cashmere, headed by a band of velvet of the same width. The skirt is formed of a single kilt-plaiting from waist to hem.

Fans are of medium size, except when formed of ostrich-feathers, and they may then be as large as the fancy of the owner may dictate. The Spanish fan, with gilt carved sticks, and with a narrow leaf in gold-spangled crape, is very much in vogue for opera or dinner-wear. Painted-satin fans, with sticks of violet wood or ebony, relieved with gold, are much used for dinner-toilettes. A new and very effective style is in black crape, with the design—such as cupids, watteau-personages, etc.—painted in shades of gold, the sticks being in gilt wood or in ebony and gold. Tortoise shell mountings are less in favor this season, except for ostrich-feather fans, mother-of-pearl and ivory being more extensively employed for the more dressy styles. In some of the newer fans the leaf is so large as to take up two-thirds of the expanse, and is very beautiful, showing designs of fruit elaborately painted by hand on white or black satin.

The Jersey has been adopted in Paris at last, and has become the rage. Silk Jerseys—such as were fashionable in England—are not seen; but in worsted, the variety is great. They are shown plain, or braided, or trimmed with heavy braid, and closed with frogs. The result of their success is that very thin and very stout women are often seen in them, with most disastrous effect. They are invariably worn with skirts to match them in hue.

Stockings embroidered with beads, either in jet or colors, are amongst the latest innovations. Sometimes the instep shows a very fantastic pattern, such as a beehive with bees hovering around it, in shades of amber and olive silk and beads, on a pale-blue silk stocking, or a lizard, in ruby, gold, and emerald beads, on a black-silk one. Jet arabesques on black-silk stockings, and similar designs in gold and amber on dark-red ones, are in better taste. A very pretty style has a fine lattice-work in jet or steel beads, on black silk, on the instep.

House-shoes are cut very low in front, and are elaborately worked with beads, the little bow on the front of the slipper being also embroidered with beads.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—COSTUME FOR A GIRL OF FIFTEEN. The skirt is laid in plaits, and is of dark-green, crossed with red and dark-green lines. The tunic and jacket are of dark-green cloth, are cut out in battlements, and braided in a trefoil pattern. The collar and cuffs are of sealskin. Green felt hat, trimmed with shaded feathers.

FIG. II.—GIRL'S COSTUME. The dress is of dark-blue winter serge. The coat is of dark-blue cloth, made with a wide sailor-collar, faced with blue plush, and trimmed with brandebourgs in front. The sailor-vest is of dark-blue and light-blue stocking-net. Blue felt sailor-shaped hat.

FIG. III.—BOY'S COSTUME, OF BROWN CLOTH. The skirt is laid in large box-plaits. The Louis XV coat buttons crosswise, is edged with braid, and the large collar and cuffs are of fur. Astrakan fur cap.

FIG. IV.—GIRL'S BONNET, OF BROWN BEAVER, trimmed with a rosette of brown satin ribbon and brown feathers.

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